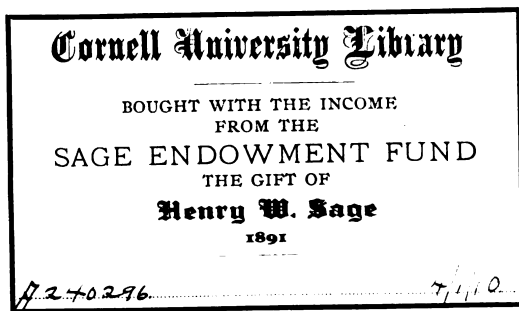


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Grones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beholden whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
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EVELEIGH NASH
LONDON

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Duchess of Sutherland has probably considerable ground of complaint against the *Evening News*. For on Tuesday last, under the head of "Sayings of the Day," that organ attributed to her Grace the following words:

We live in a transition period; the old days of patronage and of the rich being kind to the poor are coming to an end.

Without its context this bald passage might help people to conclusions about the views of the Duchess of Sutherland which would not be of the pleasantest. "The days of patronage and of the rich being kind to the poor" are not coming to an end. "The days of patronage" may be coming to an end, but the day when the rich will cease to be kind to the poor is very far distant, and it does not become Duchesses or other fortunately-placed, and presumably rich, persons to herald it with trumpets. The only business in life of him or her who possesses is to give, which is a blessed act. When the rich cease to be kind to the poor the rich will cease to be worth a moment's consideration, or a moment's mercy. We are aware that there is in existence a type of rich person who professes to look upon "charity" as a harmful and degrading thing, and who buttons up his pocket and makes his heart as a flint, all for the moral benefit of the indigent. When this kind of rich person wishes to salve his conscience he sends a cheque for half a guinea to some hide-bound charitable organisation, which can be warranted to keep a starving man filling up forms and producing certificates of character for weeks on end before he will be advanced so much as a shilling. The rich need no charity organisation, and the poor need no characters. The fact of their poverty should be character enough for any reasonable being. Despite the Duchess of Sutherland, our advice to rich people is that they should give continually and without any other than ordinary discrimination. The cant about "deserving cases" is sheer cant. If you have superfluous money, give it

away, and make a point of giving it to the poor. One hears continuously of misdirected charity. We should like to wager that the sum total of the money given away in the course of a year in England by rich people to poor people who don't deserve it would be as a molehill to a mountain compared with the sums which the rich will spend in a year on gegaws for the rich, who don't need them. The wealthy humbug who will spend fifty pounds on a diamond brooch to present to the bride of some young gentleman richer than himself omits to give the battered and, it may be, gin-sodden match-seller, with a babe in her arms, a shilling, on the grounds that she is probably undeserving. This is absolutely the wrong principle. If all of us, rich and poor, received only what we deserve, the rich amongst us, at any rate, would receive a great deal less. Let the Duchess of Sutherland follow the dictates of her heart, and let her be most careful not to follow or suggest that other people should follow the stupid exhortations of the curmudgeon.

We have received the appended letter from that wonderful poetess, Miss Acadia Panter:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My attention has been called to an unwarrantable attack upon me appearing in *THE ACADEMY* of December 26th regarding my Sonnet on Milton, published in *The Outlook* of December 12th. First, I will demand why your critic presumes to insinuate to your readers (after suddenly breaking off his quotation from my sonnet, which, by the way, was not sent to him for review) that "Modesty compels me not to proceed further," thereby implying that my verse contains something offensive to decency? Is not this a striking instance of libel by implication? I protest against this grave libel. I regret the absence of poetic perception in your critic when he asks, "Will no one tell us what she sings?" concerning these lines:

"Then climb didst loftiest where Olympus' mount
sublime
Cradleth the clouds, and Morn's child sunbeams leap!"

I will instruct Ignorance as follows:—Milton, I here suggest by imagery, soared in the later period of his career as a poet, even above his earlier exquisite verse-power, into regions of a *diviner sublimity*, where he mentally beheld, springing from the Cloud-mystery of Eternity, the young Morn of Time in Eden, as pictured by him so fresh and fair.

I trust this definition of my meaning will not overmount your critic's understanding! Then he carps at a *plus* in the tenth line. Here, unfortunately for his pre-eminence as a critic, he shows an astonishing ignorance of technique, the most simple of the art of poetry. One of the greatest effects of ease in versification is obtained by the appropriate use of the *plus* or *minus* in the line. Is he quite unaware that Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and others of our greatest sonneteers use frequently either the one or other to fortify or smooth the cadence of their measures?

Lastly, I take serious objection to the word "*graceless*" as employed by him in his attack on me. The dictionary meaning for that word is "abandoned," "profligate." For the entirety of these libellous statements I must request a public apology from you, to be inserted in your paper, and also in the *Outlook*.—Yours faithfully,

L. L. ACADIA PANTER.

Miss Panter is clever enough to save us a great deal of trouble. Her letter speaks for itself. We do not suppose for a moment that anybody in his senses would be able to construe our phrase about "modesty" into a suggestion that Miss Panter's "sonnet" contained "something offensive to decency." We refrained from quoting the whole of her "sonnet" for very simple reasons, not unconnected with the law of copyright. We should be sorry if any foolish person, not even forgetting Miss Panter herself, should misconstrue what

we said. And we shall be pleased to express this sorrow in *The Outlook* at the cost and charge of the editor of that journal as soon as he, on his part, expresses the regrets which he owes to his readers for having foisted on them such an uncouth piece of work as Miss Panter's fourteen lines of German-English.

And this brings us to a far more serious case. Some weeks ago we had occasion to notice what we can only describe as a distinct failure in the matter of critical sagacity on the part of Mr. W. L. Courtney, who, it will be remembered, devoted a column and a half of the valuable space of the *Daily Telegraph* to a flowery appreciation of Miss Maud Allan's fribbling book, "My Life and Dancing." As we pointed out at the time, Mr. Courtney rounded off his foolish pæan by misquoting one of the most familiar tags in Wordsworth, an offence which would have been shocking in a schoolboy, and is quite unpardonable in a person of Mr. Courtney's presumed literary consequence. Among other literary offices, Mr. Courtney edits *The Fortnightly Review*, and he has just issued a number of that review for January. It contains a poem initialled "W. L. C.," from which we take the following stanzas:

How shall we pay the debt we owe
To the God who ordains the tribute just?
How can the creatures that are but dust
Give of their fulness, or out of their woe,
To the Primal Fate who arranges it so
Not as we will it, but as we must?

How shall he pay it, old and grey,
Whose feet just skirt an open grave?
Little enough has he managed to save
From the dolorous toil of every day—
Little enough! He can but repay
His life, his life, to the God who gave.

Our opinion of Miss Maud Allan's literary abilities is not an exalted opinion. But we imagine that if she were put to it seriously she could write a better poem than this of "W. L. C.'s," and we assert that we have here still another case of an editor printing verses which lack the distinction one has a right to expect in poetry appearing in a literary organ of supposed weight and importance. Mr. Courtney's effort has just one good point about it—namely, that it enables us to conclude by implication that the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* has not gone over to the camp of literary atheism. On this fact we may congratulate both himself and his readers; and we do so sincerely.

Yet in another part of the field, as it were, we find Mr. Courtney publishing a seventeen-page article, entitled speciously "The New Poetry." Now, an article so named is obviously calculated to excite the anticipations. And there are people in the world who, observing such a title on the cover of *The Fortnightly*, would be provoked to huy and peruse. But, unfortunately for itself, *The Fortnightly* prints on its cover opposite the article the name of the author, which is the name of a gentleman who has been wont to describe himself in *Who's Who* as "literary editor of the *Daily Mail*." So that the wise know exactly what to expect, nor will they be disappointed.

"The New Poetry," if you please, consists simply and solely of an impudent puff of the poetical works of none other than the "tousy tyke." We use the words "impudent" and "puff" advisedly. That there may be no mistake as to the sense in which we employ these words, we will set forward their meaning as stated in

the nearest dictionary, which happens to be Chambers's:

IMPUDENT: Wanting shame or modesty, brazen-faced.
PUFF: An exaggerated expression of praise.

We contend that nothing in the way of critical writing could be more shameless or brazen-faced than the following "gems of critical appreciation" by the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*:

"To destroy this unfit world, and make it over again in my own image"—that is the task Mr. Davidson has set for himself, and it is essentially a religious task. We desire to invite from serious people—if, indeed, it be necessary—a patient respect and attention for this utterance.

We should grievously misrepresent Mr. Davidson, however, if we presumed to show him as a disappointed kicker against the pricks. . . . He is magnificently above complaint.

A world without worship, for example, immediately suggests to the ordinary mind a world without reverence or guiding sense of any kind: a dreadful place. Yet Mr. Davidson means something very different from that; the "knowledge" of his sentence is a deep and high thing, very different from the ordinary man's mere cognisance of things, and includes what the ordinary man would feel when he used the word "worship."

This latter piece of delicate sophistry, by the way, is the comment of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* on the following words of Mr. Davidson:

We can never know enough that man is the universe capable of self-consciousness, that there is nothing higher than man. This is the knowledge that will change the world.

We are told, further, that "there can be no question of the grandeur of his [Mr. Davidson's] conception of life and the universe; it is immensely stimulating, it is brave, it is inspiring, it is tremendous." The fact that it is also impious and blasphemous, the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* carefully omits to mention.

Now, as to the "puff." We assert that the following statements with regard to the genius of the "tousy tyke" and the beauty of his multifarious small works are so many "exaggerated expressions of praise":

Mr. Davidson is more staple in intellect than Burns was, his mind is far better equipped, and far more powerful; he is more spiritual than Carlyle, and therefore he talks of matter, while Carlyle talked of Spirit—both meaning wonderfully nearly the same thing. Less perfect a poet than Burns, less tremendous an intellectual power than Carlyle, yet of splendid poetic and intellectual endowment, Mr. Davidson completes this triad of Presbyterian Scotland's revolt against the world and Christianity.

[Mr. Davidson's publications] make up a body of work which contains, one would say, every quality of genius that can command attention and following, not from the few, but from the many.

It is literally true of this poet that you cannot open any book of his without finding on the chance page an example of peerless mastery in the use and combination of words, as well as powerful, stimulating, original thought.

As for our poet himself, we certainly do not deem it likely that the Poetic Spirit will again manifest itself in so generous a quality during this century; might the world but realise that, and learn to offer some welcome to that Spirit, when from beyond Time and Space he comes to make sojourn with us, it would be well for the world.

It is notable that, in common with the rest of the "tousy tyke's" champions, the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* does not attempt to substantiate his noble view of our poet's "great Testaments" by

quotation of the more idiotic and blasphemous passages in the last of them. If such quotation had been duly and properly made, Mr. Courtney could not very well have printed the article, at any rate side by side with his own poem about the Deity. And thus the "tousy tyke" would have missed his advertisement. As it is, the readers of *The Fortnightly Review* are, in our opinion, being not quite fairly dealt by. First, in that they are invited to believe that the writings of Mr. Davidson represent "the new poetry"; and, secondly, in that Mr. Davidson's blasphemies are not nailed to the counter, but glossed over and praised with faint and half-hearted damns. We are not astonished that the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* should have committed himself to such a sophisticated and dubious appraisal of a middling poet, but we consider that it is at once amazing and distressing that the editor of *The Fortnightly Review* should permit him to do it in a journal which lays claim to serious importance. We sympathise with Mr. Courtney to a certain extent, and, as a sort of golden rule for his editorial guidance in the future, let us advise him to be aware of the contributions of persons who have at any time been associated with the *Daily Mail*. The judgments of such people may be sincerely and honestly intended, but they are bound, in the fundamental nature of things, to be crooked and unsound.

We have received the second number of *The English Review*, which may be considered notable, inasmuch as it contains a long ballad by Dante Gabriel Rossetti which has not before been published. Here are the first four stanzas:

Full of smoke was the quaint old room
And of pleasant winter-heat;
Whence you might hear the hall-door slap,
And the wary shuffling of feet
Which from the carpeted floor stepped out
Into the ice-paved street.

Van Hunks was laughing in his paunch;
Ten golden pieces rare
Lay in his hand; with neighbour Spratz
He had smoked for a wager there;
He laughed, and from his neighbour's pipe
He looked to his neighbour's chair.

Even as he laughed, the evening shades
Rose stealthily and spread,
Till the smoky clouds walled up the sun
And hid his shining old head,
As though he too had his evening pipe
Before he tumbled to bed.

Van Hunks still chuckled as he sat:
It caused him an inward grin,
When he heard the blast shake shutter and blind
With its teeth-chattering din,
To fancy the many who froze without
While he sat thawing within.

We can well understand that Rossetti himself should not have seen fit to include this ballad in his serious poetical publications, and the persons who have unearthed it for the consideration of a gaping world have a surer eye for the main chance than they can be said to have for the memory of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. For the rest, No. 2 of *The English Review* is neither better nor worse than No. 1. We have no doubt that there is plenty of "poetry" in existence which has hitherto been considered unpublishable by the eminent hands who wrote it; and people possessed of such stuff may be glad to know that *The English Review* is apparently prepared to make a market on it.

THE DEAD SAILOR

WOULD I had herded goats upon the brown
Stones where Pan pipes at noonday, and I knew
Cyllene still, and the webbed clouds that strew
Their shadows on her fine-breathed mountain crown,
And o'er Stympthalus. Better are her down,
Rough with grey lavender and clots of thyme,
Her thorn-choked gullies and bright-streaming rime,
Than where the Hyades have washed me down.

For not this sod, nor this blue-lettered stone,
Nor high Nonacris holds my relics; these
O'er Doliche or steep-up Dracanon
Are broken on sands by the Icarian seas,
And by the lentisk-bush mark is strown
In grave-deep herbage of the Arcades.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE SUFFRAGIST PARLIAMENT

It has been said that while woman is most fertile in the manufacture of trouble, she can be equally ingenious in discovering ways out. There is an old tale of a woman who had a banking account. The banker sent her a beautiful pink cheque book, and whenever she wanted money she wrote in it. And one fine morning the banker wrote to point out that the lady's account was "seriously overdrawn." Whereupon she wrote sweetly again in her pretty pink book and "begged to enclose cheque for the amount." The banker gasped, as bankers will. And so we are inclined to gasp when we find the Suffragist factions beginning to look round for a dear, delightful feminine way out of the Donnybrook Fair they have themselves created. "We want the vote" has ceased lately to be a cry of the smallest importance. The mob, which has ever possessed its full share of horse sense, is no longer amused by this shibboleth, and it has already determined that woman with a vote would be an entirely deadly and dangerous creature. What we are pleased to consider the ruling classes are a trifle wobbly and tremulous on the point; but they take good care that while soft speeches and counsels of patience may be forthcoming, the vote for an Englishwoman is kept just as far off as ever it was. The Suffragists themselves recognise these important facts. Some of them shriek all the louder in consequence. Others of them are bent on the saving of the face, the *modus vivendi*, compromise, and a delectable way out. In this latter category we must give a high place to Miss Caroline E. Stephens, who, in the current issue of *The Nineteenth Century*, publishes an article entitled, "A Consultative Chamber of Women." Miss Stephens believes "that a Consultative Chamber of Women recognised by Parliament would satisfy many of the women, who are now taking it for granted that votes are the only possible channel for the expression of their opinion on legislative questions." And she goes on to say that in her opinion it would not "be beyond the skill of constitutional experts to devise such a method if three main conditions were kept in view," the three main conditions being as follows:—

1. The political office of women should be purely consultative, not legislative.
2. Women should be elected to fill this office by women only.
3. The representatives thus chosen should deliberate in a separate chamber.

She adds: "My dream would be" ["dream" is an engaging feminine touch] "that a certain number of representative women (say two for each county) should meet during the session of Parliament to consider, revise and suggest amendments to any Bills sent to them by either House, *at its own discretion*. These would, of course, be chiefly Bills relating to social subjects, and especially those affecting women and children—for example, educational, sanitary, and Poor Law measures; such Bills to be returned to the House in which they originated, *by which the women's suggestions could be either adopted or rejected, as the House saw fit*."

The italics are our own. Miss Stephens is clearly a sound, old-fashioned, womanly woman, and we take this opportunity of rising up most respectfully and calling her blessed. For the good creature has actually hit upon the way out. A wagonette with white horse should be prepared for her at once, and the sooner Miss Christabel Pankhurst calls to render the lady her allegiance and fealty, the better it will be for all parties concerned. We approve most heartily of the aforesaid proposals, because, while they should quieten all sections of the Suffragists, they amount practically to nothing. Women will elect their county representatives, who will meet and deliberate, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "in a separate chamber"; the Lords and Commons will send down Bills, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "at their own discretion," in order to give the woman's chamber suitable opportunities for the suggestion of amendments, and, as Miss Stephens very wisely puts it, "such Bills will be returned to the House in which they originated, by which the women's suggestion can be either adopted or rejected, as the House saw fit." What woman in her right mind could desire more? She will get her vote. She will be able to prance round excitedly at election times, and she will have a chamber in which her own particular and special representatives may hold forth at length, and, if needs be, pull each other's hair to their hearts' content. And out of this chamber is to come forth, not peremptoriness, not rude demand and impudent insistence, but sweet and comfortable suggestion, which the other chambers may adopt or disregard according to their own sweet will and pleasure. We are all the more in favour of this scheme because it seems to us to be a perfectly natural scheme, and possessed of many of the attributes which are commonly associated with successful domesticity. In every properly-managed household, women, and even little girls, have a vote. The man who fights the wolf and pays the beer bills, be he ever such a hector, and ever such a master, and ever such a bully, does in reality consult his womenkind in pretty well all the actions of his domestic life. When he proposes to go forth in a silk hat, it is a woman who suggests to him mildly and by way of amendment that the glass is going down, that it seems to her that we may have some rain, and hadn't he better put on a bowler, or take an umbrella? This is a trivial matter, and my lord can either accept the suggestion or reject it. In any case, the lady has done her duty; she has registered her protest, she has given him due warning and counsel, and she has consequently fulfilled the duties of her being. It is so when the man proposes to take a holiday, or when he purposes buying a house, or when he is of opinion that the garden requires to be "re-done up." The woman will vote on these questions, because it is her natural right so to do, and she will formulate more suggestions and amendments in five minutes than would fill a pantechion. The man accepts or rejects, as seems to him best, and the inner spirit of Pankhurst, which inhabits all feminine breasts, flaps its wings in triumph or feels snubbed, as the case may be. This has been the rule of life from time immemorial. Adam

was doing very well in Paradise, but Eve insisted on bringing in an amendment or suggestion, and the bitter consequence of it is that here we are. It is perfectly obvious that a system which has conferred such benefits on the individual might be brought to bear with equal profit upon the affairs of the State. We consider that the hands of the present Government, at any rate, would be greatly strengthened by such a chamber as Miss Stephens suggests. If ever there was a Prime Minister who was plainly in immediate need of the advice and support of the Blessing of Heaven, that Minister is Mr. Asquith. And another really serious case is that of Mr. Lloyd George. Here, at least, you have persons of splendid genius who would be running round to the Consultative Chamber quite frequently. At question time in the Commons we should have Mr. Asquith explaining that he did not propose to answer the right hon. gentleman opposite until he had consulted with the Ladies. And Mr. Lloyd George would tell us that he had decided to rob such-and-such hen-roosts, on the advice of the supporters of the Government "in another place," at which he hoped he might be permitted to call "the Boudoir." We believe indeed that the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer might find the Consultative Chamber so helpful and so restful and so soothing to tired and weary brains that they would be fain to go and live there. What is more, when the dignity of the Ladies had become sufficiently established, it seems to us more than possible that "elevation to the Boudoir" might become an honour similar in degree to elevation to the Lords. Lady Grove would like this, not to mention Lady McLaren, who, we take it, would insist that Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Mr. Israel Zangwill, and the rest of the "chivalrous knights" who have "so nobly assisted the women's cause," should be made the first recipients of the honour. And in process of time, no doubt, when the average height of womankind has risen to anything between eight and nine feet as Lady Grove so majestically prophesies, there will be such a rush of poor little five-foot-five men into the Boudoir, that the Lords will be entirely vacated, and the ambition of all political male persons will be to become peeresses. Depend upon it that here we have the only sure method of dealing drastically with the gilded chamber as it now exists, and we commend the idea to that great reformer, Mr. Augustine Birrell, in order that unnecessary bloodshed may be prevented. Let us have a Woman's Consultative Chamber by all means. It will please the women, whom Heaven help, and it will take that furtive look out of the eyes of the poor, hunted persons who are so anxious about Cabinet Ministers' pensions.

THE COUNSEL OF RETROGRESSION

WHAT strikes them as the melancholy spectacle of British Art has often left our censors mourning; their critical tears well forth because of its desperate condition. The writer in the *Saturday Review* (we hope for pardon if we give its name in full) these many months has uttered his lament over the shallowness of present efforts and achievement compared with the graver inspirations of an earlier time. Considering his environment—and we refer less to Southampton Street than to Great Russell Street—this is very natural, for at the Museum he is steeped in the fine austerity of very earnest work. Conspicuously among critics Mr. Binyon has lifted voice against the eclipse of serious artistic endeavour by the flashy notes of colour, *plein air*, and line, which so engross so many of our younger bloods as to lead to the public exhibition of the merest sketch-book jottings, *ad nauseam*. Mr. Binyon's message is "For heaven's sake, give us less of this competition with the actual

realism of Nature, if by so doing you can see your way to more of the dignity, design, and import of the older masters." Thus far the scholarly pen at work in the *Saturday Review* deserved the eager gratitude of all who inevitably are depressed by the glut of tricky superficialities which at present cumber us.

For consider but a moment how epidemic is this sickness, how it flourishes in New English Art, how it has carried off, bodily almost, the young disciples of Impressionism and Whistler. It assails the technicalities of painting seriously, and more deeply yet the mental fibre of our Art. The other day we had it from an artist of considerable rank, whose opinion, say, is probably tinged by his particular obsession, that the art of painting, so as to extract the full quality and colour of pigments, is as lost as that of oratory. And certainly modern exhibitions are rich in unmasterly bravura, in pigments piled to dull opacity, in coarse, unbeautiful technique. Regrettably, we find Mr. Tonks' latest canvas, "The Strolling Players," exposing this annoying quality, destroying thus his usual distinction. This, then, is the one flaw of contemporary technique: the opposing one is more disgusting; but between an excess of freedom, which easily is confused with wildness and unpleasant texture, and an academic soapiness, there is ground for a safe and beautiful manipulation.

But this dashing spirit now abroad is more disastrous to the mental quality in pictures, fathering execution rather than a thoughtful art. So that painters go about intent on the hasty indication of obvious effects, and a modern symbolism, pregnant with menace, can be seen on the horizon. Tumbling over each other in the desire of deft "impressions," our artists have no ambition to cherish the unobvious and subtle revelations of Nature: the standard of the ideal is threatened by the baldness, or slowness, of those in high places, who, in their abhorrence of finish, fail to satisfy the definition of completion so justly set forth by Rousseau.

Such grounds there are, then, for Mr. Binyon's uneasiness, and while he is content with demanding more dignity of composition, thought and form at the expense of all this "snapshotting" of effects he must command our attention and sympathy. But when we see him, as the other day, unfeignedly preaching a return to the past for salvation rather than a further excursion to Nature our sympathy is curiously checked. For what does he suggest as the cure for "the raw literalism of clever bits of observation"? As far as one follows him, he advocates what he is eager to condemn—namely, the throwing away of our inheritance, and a trooping back to pre-Turnerian water-colour in place of Nature; whereby, abandoning the precious qualities of sunniness, of atmosphere, and breeze, now seen to be translatable in paint, we shall regain the "static elements" of Girtin's art, which, though wonderful in beauty, is an immature expression, cut off in its adolescence. We would suggest that if it were expedient to revert to older methods, why should we not select the water-colours of Turner and David Cox, which reached maturity? But, after all, the safer plan, regarding the probabilities and the history of Art, would be for our painters in a body to throw off this burden of clever bits of observation by seriously approaching Nature herself, taking with them, as a map, the precious legacies of Turner and Barbizon, of Whistler and Impressionism.

We cannot say whether at the time of Claude or Rousseau it was accepted that the final range of artistic expression had been gained, that Titian and Delacroix had reached the summit. Nowadays it seems we are resigned to the enervating conclusion that Rembrandt, Turner, Corot, Whistler, and Claude Monet have filled the book of Art, leaving for our embroideries but the margins and the covers. If, however, we will brush from our eyes the webs of our proper awe of these masters' accomplishments, looking out on Nature we

shall everywhere see that the infinities of character, of form, of light and atmospheric influences have been only fingered in the past, and that the London Thames, or Berkeley Square in the winter's sunset, a slum in Notting Dale, or Piccadilly Circus glowing through the obscuring mists of nightfall, suggest what even Turner never neared, while within doors, the quiet light and subduing atmosphere of almost any room gird at the hard prose of those dreary interiors which seem peculiarly beloved by New English Art. Realising this, the most despondent critic need preserve a little hope, and set about proclaiming the only cure for contemporary stagnation. Very clearly he will see that our painters have no call to relapse to the period of more incomplete compromise, but that they must arm them with the utmost they can learn from modern art, and set about renewed perception in the fields of Nature.

And, on the other hand, the optimists are justified in taking courage here and there. For there are not wanting, in Dering Yard, and in Scotland, and in that contemned and motley gathering at Burlington House, clear signs of substantial promise, and more rarely of notable achievement: work of which any period in Art might well be proud. Holding firmly on his own course, observant of external influences, though independent of them, Mr. Aumonier, for example, makes yearly for a vaster expression of Nature's bigger aspects. And, ably proving that to be enrolled with Academicians does not necessarily involve decadence, Mr. Clausen has undoubtedly attained the rare position of revealer. To posterity his name will be significant of a rarely beautiful and adequate approach to the poetry of sunlight and shadow, and of foliage flickering in the light and wind Unequaled, so far, has been his expression of these qualities. Another painter in whom the sure advance towards the impressive wonder of the Infinite in light and atmospheric influence can cheer the pessimists is Mr. Annesley Brown, who perceptibly acquires more penetrating insight. With such men as these, we think the future of our Art is intimately bound up, for they are never so complacent as to throw off smugly slight suggestions, nor so unfertile as to revert to mannerism by frankly throwing overboard the possibilities revealed to them of attempting the real light and atmosphere which are Nature.

They, on the other hand, who wilfully maim their art by lopping from it "the charm of lightness, of airy and translucent colour," though they may please Mr. Binyon by their pleasant company, are making straight, without excuse, for mannerism; and for a pretty comprehensive definition of the mannerist, Constable's is far from despicable.

BEAUTY

THE seeker after beauty has fallen on evil times, for unless he be a hermit content to pass his days in the country, or a Poet inhabiting a dream-world of his own, or has that fine temper of things spiritual, he can never hope to behold The Blessed Vision, to bless his eyes with a glimpse of the loveliness that is at once without reproach, and beyond criticism. And even for the hermit the haunts of peace and dwelling-places of Beauty grow yearly harder to find and more difficult to keep with the inroads of the motor, and the increasing invasion of the tripper, with his noise, his sacrilege, his trail of banana skins and dirty paper. The hermit finds Beauty in his surroundings, the poet and spiritually-minded in their own dreams and thoughts, but how seldom do we see it in the human face. A hideous age truly, whose children grow daily more animal-like—the board school notwithstanding, and the ways of higher education. If this higher education be reflected from the faces and conversation of those we see in the crowded train, or pass in the busy street, the epithet applied to our present educa-

tionary system is a paradox, a hopeless misnomer. But if education consists of a taste for cheap literature, and cheaper journalism, of a love of tawdry finery, and sham jewellery, then we are the most educated people in the world. In the faces of how many persons that sit opposite to us in the railway carriage, or at the restaurant—be they those of the rich or poor—can we trace a thought beyond the thought of self, and of that self's baser desires and appetites! False ideas, false complexions, false hair—these are to be heard and seen in plenty, but how rarely do we surprise in the eyes of those who throng our streets and railways, that awed and sacred light of the spirit within, whose rays are truth and purity and loveliness. It is a light that we do not look for in the eyes of the very young—in them we look for the joy of life, that first and purest child of Beauty, but how seldom do we find it, rather do we surprise discontent, peevishness, ill-temper, proofs of a nature warped and spoiled by licence and a surfeit of its own desires. The child is father to the man; can we hope that out of such sterile soil will spring the good seed that no one has taken the trouble to sow—a love and honour of parents, a reverence of things pure, holy, and of good report? No; such a child was yonder stodgy youth who chuckles to himself over the obscenities of his so-called sporting paper; such a child, the girl who sits opposite with her penny novelette, who has drawn off her gloves that we may see the rings upon her dirty hands. And can we hope to find that light in the eyes of those richer brothers and sisters, whose only god is wealth, who sleep and eat and drink between the whiles of more questionable pleasures? Look at them as they file into some fashionable after-theatre resort! Rouge on the face of youth, the hair of dead woman on its brow, the powdered cheek, the bisted eye, the sickly perfume, and the idle clatter! Is it here that you would see the face of Beauty, hear her voice? Aye, the form is here, but not the spirit. For Beauty looks and speaks from the soul, and here we eat, drink, and are merry, for to-morrow we die. It is a curious and mournful reflection on the civilising claims of Christianity, and its spiritualising influences, that here, now in the twentieth century after Christ, we, as a nation, are less enlightened worshippers of, and seekers after Beauty than were the pagan Greeks and Romans. We have a less universal appreciation—if, indeed, we have any at all—of what Beauty is than had the worshippers of Jupiter, and Mars, and Venus. And this is because the Greeks and Romans followed the only ennobling way of education: they sought—and with what success history shows—to inculcate a love of the beautiful in the hearts and minds of their children. And is it not true, and proved in the case of the Greeks themselves, that a love of the beautiful, and a practice of it, give beautiful forms and faces to its disciples? For such a love teaches restraint, moderation, refinement, and after a while comes to be reflected from the faces of those who practise it. Even athleticism was looked upon by the Greeks as a means to the attainment of physical beauty, giving, as it does, the elastic step, the clear skin, the bright eye of perfect health. But here, again, we have gone astray: we do not practise athletics from any aesthetic sense, but as a means of money-making, or of gaining cheap notoriety, as worshippers of that golden calf which to-day serves us in the place of Apollo. And we have so much more to beautify our thoughts, and spiritualise our lives than had the Greeks and Romans, for to us the Blessed Vision has been vouchsafed, with the bread of life, if we will but eat, the living water if we will but drink. And it is from the lives and faces only of those who have eaten of this bread, and drunken of this water, that we catch a glimpse of The Loveliness.

REACH-ME-DOWN LUCAS

WE continue to be a nation of shopkeepers. And whereas there was a time when some of us were supposed not to keep shop, and when some of us made a pretence of not keeping shop, at the present moment even the very finest and most exclusive of us would appear to have turned huckster. Now the excuse for huckstering, as put forward by the huckstering element, has always been that times are bad, that genius is seldom properly paid, and that one must live. On the whole we are disposed to agree that something is to be said for these arguments. The poet who finds himself equal to, say, one thin small volume per annum, cannot hope—unless he be a very lucky man indeed—to keep the wolf at bay on the proceeds. It is clear that he must eke out his income in other ways. He may review, he may write for the comic papers, he may prepare anthologies, he may even work at the British Museum, or get a soft job at the Treasury. The poor devil has to live, and the poor devil's wife and children are just as hungry and just as anxious to keep warm as the next man's wife and children. So that when you find a poet doing his best with the scissors, or with the feather duster on that heavy rag "note" stamped with the crown, which is so useful in Government offices, you must not be displeased with him, but disposed rather to applaud him for a great man, fighting his way through the world like a common, little, ordinary man.

If Mr. E. V. Lucas were a poet we should be sorry for him. And while we should still be compelled to say our say about his work in other departments, we might temper our civilities with a certain mercy. As it is Mr. Lucas is not a poet of any parts. He has never published a volume of strict poetry; he writes here, there, and everywhere under various pseudonyms; he is an authority on Lamb, and a great purveyor of children's books; he writes comic almanacs; he is a contributor to *Punch*; and he has compiled many successful anthologies. Now it is plain that a man with so varied a mind is cut out by nature for a literary shopkeeper. Here is your beautiful French-polished counter. Behind it is a charming array of vermilion canisters with gilt on them. And between the counter and the canisters, with his hair neatly parted and pencil behind ear, and all bows, smiles and fine manners stands Mr. E. V. Lucas. "Good-morning, madam; beautiful weather we are having. Humour, mum; yes, mum. We have a very choice little article here called 'If,' price one shilling, and a cheap line, mum. Full of pictures of fat men, just sufficiently vulgar—you'll pardoning me, won't you, mum—and warranted not to make you laugh in an unseemly fashion. One shilling net, mum. Perhaps you would like something a little more serious—get down the top left-hand canister, Johnnie—here you are, mum, a sweetly pretty line for the household—'Domesticities'—all about muffins and bright firesides and carpet slippers and hot tea. And for missy, mum—oh, yes, mum, we have a speciality for young missies, mum—teaches them always to be good and kind, mum, and to spend their money on copies of the *Sphere*, edited by Mr. Shorter, mum, and contributed to—if I may say so, mum—by yours truly." And so the little man might continue *ad nauseam* and as grocers will.

If you asked him for literary mousetraps he would oblige you. He has made a special study of the market and of public requirements, and he makes a point of "being out of nothing." All goods of the far-famed Lucas brand are guaranteed of fine quality and up to sample, and are issued to patrons in accordance with the provisions of the literary food and drugs act. You can depend on them, and though he may say it himself as shouldn't, Mr. Lucas never sent out a bad

tin in his life. This is greatly to the credit of his neat spick-and-span, double-fronted, plate-glass windowed, brisk, bright and breezy little establishment, and we shall not deny it. One of the Lucas leading lines for the present season consists for the most part of other people's poetry. It is all about women—woman in the shape of the Suffragists being pretty much to the fore just now—and it is warranted to suit all tastes and every pocket. The article is called "Her Infinite Variety." This title is excellent. And of course our principal did not invent it himself, and he desires to be grateful to Mr. J. L. Garvin for the title. All the rest of the book, excepting, of course, the words in it, are Mr. Lucas's own. Quite legitimate and proper. The book is divided up into compartments, and it is in the bestowing of appropriate sub-titles on these compartments, and on the arrangement under the sub-titles of appropriate matter that Mr. Lucas particularly shines. Here are a few of the sub-titles:—"The Buds" (this means little girls); "Virginal" (explains itself); "The Poets and the Ideal" (Good Lord!); "A West Country Bevy," "Daughters of Erin," "The Tender North" (the requirements of all classes met, you will note, with neatness and dispatch); "Wayside Flowers" (dear, dear!); "Shakespeare's Women," "Sir Walter's Ladies" (a choice and gratifying distinction); "Good Company" (whoever knew a woman who wasn't); "The Wife Perfect" (naturally); "Family Friends," "Mothers" (heaven, home and mother!); "Dianas" (do you hunt?); "Aunts and Grandmothers" (a shrewd touch); "Adventurers" (where's my fan?), and "Dead Ladies." Nothing in the world could be more complete or more closely calculated to appease the righteous demands of all purchasers of reach-me-down goods.

To his help, aid and assistance under these various ravishing heads, Mr. Lucas has summoned the mighty dead from Shakespeare to Leigh Hunt, and the mighty living from Mr. Wilfrid Whitten to his own perky and business-like self. There is no deception. Each author gets his name; each of them is represented by his mildest, most dulcet, or most bewitching utterances; nothing unsavoury or unsafe has been allowed to creep in, and the volume is quite fit to be adopted as a reading book in young ladies' schools, and, for that matter, might constitute a pillow book for that ardent admirer of little singing birds, Mr. Max Beerbohm. "Her Infinite Variety" is a book into which you may dip or let anybody else dip, just as you might dip into a bran pie. It is full of threepenny bits and they are all bright and shiny, and though some of them are wrapped up in a paper that has a motto on it which it is intended to make you cry, the tears you will shed, if you shed them, will be "happy tears." On the face of it there is no great harm in all this, any more than there is harm in other kinds of shopkeeping. The pity of it is that literature should be dragged down and scissored, if not exactly butchered, to make a feminine holiday. "Her Infinite Variety" is a book for young men to give to their sweethearts, and old men to give to their wives when they wish to curry favour with them. Mr. Lucas intended it "as such."

Out of his own writings it can be proved that he knows a good deal about women, and he will not contend that, though this book represents woman in many of her infinite varieties, it does really represent what it purports to represent. That is to say, the picture is not filled out in accordance with the title. And why not? Well, it would not have been "safe," and consequently it would not have been business. In other words, it would not have been smart shopkeeping. We say seriously that it is evil for letters that such books as "Her Infinite Variety" should be thrust upon a gaping market. The public taste should not be mollicoddled and pandered for in this subservient

manner. If anybody wishes to know about Shakespeare's women, let him read Shakespeare, who has writ plain and bold for the reading of all who run. The plausible scissors of Mr. Lucas can be of no earthly use. It is so in the case of Sir Walter Scott; it is so in the case of Robert Burns, and in the cases of all the rest of them who happen to be of consequence. Of Mr. Whitten it is true we should never have heard as gynæolater had it not been for Mr. Lucas, but none of us—not even the women—would have repined for that. And had it not been for Mr. Lucas we should never have suspected that a woman who unfortunately suffers from congenital idiocy has any sort of right to a compartment in his box of pretty pictures. It is true that the poor creature in question has been invested with some pathos by her poet, the poet being Mr. Lucas himself, but that she represents a "variety" in the sense of Mr. Lucas's title is preposterous on the face of it. And if the poem had been by any other hand than his own, the strict anthologist in him would most certainly have prevented him from including it. We are far from wishing to asperse Mr. Lucas in his figure as a literary person. His single contribution to serious letters has been an important and creditable contribution. As journalist, also, he is not without a legitimately-earned distinction. But as sheer shopkeeper we do not like him, and we shall refuse to like him. Mr. William Archer would doubtless call the literature of England "a mine of gold." It is right that we should have a high opinion of literature, and that if we are trite enough to describe English literature as a gold mine we should not be altogether blameworthy; but when we become literal about it, and begin to serve up gold out of our mine in the shape of gilt on gingerbread for the sentimentalist and the feather-head, we resolve ourselves into one of the undesirable hangers-on of the decent Muses. People will buy "Her Infinite Variety" for a boudoir book. Why should Mr. Lucas press Shakespeare and the rest of them into the service of chiffon and the curling tongs? Literature ought never be confounded with face cream.

A DISCOVERY OF FAIRYLAND

THE honest truth about fairies has yet to be written. We have previously pointed out in these columns that literary opinion on the subject is not to be trusted. It is the pose of our minor poets, and of our middling journalists, that they believe in fairies, and that they can put their inky fingers on Fairyland at any moment, if they so desire. We cannot count ourselves among the fervent holders of this faith in fairies. Quite half of the people who write about it, write giggling clap-trap, which the other half dare not but applaud for fear of being considered "out of the movement." Hence we are all the more disposed to welcome a real square and fair handling of fairies and Fairyland when it happens to come our way. And we are of opinion that it has come our way with considerable force and certitude at His Majesty's Theatre, where Mr. Tree is now producing nightly, to audiences which have been rather thinned out by the late blizzard, a piece of fairy drama entitled, flatly and obviously enough, *Pinkie and the Fairies*. The author of this work, Mr. W. Graham Robertson, is to be congratulated on two circumstances, one of which is that he has contrived a fairy spectacle which, in the main, will amuse and bewilder small children, and the other is that he has written a treatise about fairies which will confirm the intelligent world in its suspicion that fairies and Fairyland alike have no tangible existence. With regard to the spectacle, we can only say that it is a sweetly pretty affair, much more charming indeed than "Faust," absolutely devoid of a trace of artistic vulgarity, and nicely calculated

to bewitch the eye of youth. It is not every day in the year that you may take a child to the theatre with the certainty of offering to his delighted gaze a Fairy Queen of the right diminutive stature, with a fairy court to match, and glimpses of Cinderella, the Sleeping Beauty, Dick Whittington and his Cat, and Beauty and the Beast thrown in for luck, as it were. But these personages, we are pleased to be able to announce, are now on view at Mr. Tree's theatre in their manner as they are believed by infancy to live, and the prices of admission are as usual. Of Miss Craven's Fairy Queen a great deal has been written which fires the imagination. She has been described as the infant Genée, and her dancing, not to mention her deportment, are said by competent judges to be well nigh too wonderful for words. It is no disparagement of this pretty little girl to say that her dancing, though excellent and remarkable in one so young, is not by any means the revelation which the enthusiastic believe it to be. And as for her deportment, it seems to us to be a trifle stilted, and rather too obviously learnt by heart. We have seen a young lady at the Empire, who is, perhaps, a head taller than Miss Craven, whose dancing is much nearer Genée's than her Fairy Majesty's is likely to be for a year or two to come, and who is much more graceful and easy and captivating. What we say, as has already been explained, is not intended as disparagement of Miss Craven, but merely by way of a hint to people who are disposed to visit a public entertainment focussed for marvels on the strength of over-enthusiastic Press notices. We consider that Miss Craven is an entirely satisfactory Fairy Queen, and that is as much as we shall say for her. One does not require a child Fairy Queen to be either a Genée on the one hand—or, should we say, on the one foot?—or an Ellen Terry on the other. The fact is that Miss Craven delights the children, and wins the hearts of their elders, and no child should be expected to do more. As a spectacle for children, we can cordially recommend Mr. Graham Robertson's effort, though it is not always suited to their comprehension.

In other respects, the work may be best described as a rather humorous treatise upon fairies, specially intended for the edification of "grown-ups," which is the author's phrase for adult persons. Right through the piece the author exhibits and insists upon a contempt for human beings who happen to be more than ten years of age, which is positively distressing. If the youthful part of the audience is capable of appreciating Mr. Graham Robertson's cynicisms on the subject of their elders and betters at all, we are really sorry; for never in the history of the stage has the truth about children's elders and betters been so plainly and brutally stated. For one thing, Mr. Graham Robertson makes it quite evident that your "grown-up" is absolutely stone blind and stone deaf where fairies are concerned. Your Elf Pickle, your Elf Whisper, your Elf Twinkle, and the rest of them, may sing and dance and cut airy capers, as fairies will, but "grown-ups" are quite incapable of seeing or hearing them. The "grown-ups" senses are entirely concerned with the concrete things of life. Their imagination is dead within them, and their fancy utterly blunted and destroyed. As an example of the "grown-ups'" degraded condition as conceived by Mr. Graham Robertson, we may instance the fact that he makes them sing the following Philistian chant:

AUNT CAROLINE.
Here you see our homely cot——
AUNT IMOGEN.
Latticed casement! Latticed casement!
CAROLINE.
When we came we found dry rot——
IMOGEN.
In the basement. In the basement.

CAROLINE.
Then of course the kitchen sink——
IMOGEN.
Something frightful! Something frightful!
CAROLINE.
Yet the place is now, I think——
IMOGEN.
Most delightful! Most delightful!
AUNTS.
East or North or South or West,
Though you travel, though you travel——,
When you come to make your nest,
See the soil is of the best.
Build on gravel—build on gravel.

There is a great deal more to the like effect, and one wonders what the innocent child of the period can possibly make of it all. The whole spirit of the play, *qua* play, appears to us to be "grown-up" in the extreme. On the whole, however, we must be grateful, because even if it fails at ideality, *Pinkie and the Fairies* is a distinct step in the right direction. There are no politics in it; there are no jokes about strong drink, red noses, mothers-in-law, suffragists, widows, policemen, and kindred butts of the popular comic spirit, and the passages which may be difficult for the understanding of childhood can at least be explained to babes who make enquiry without damaging their moral outlook. Furthermore we are inclined to think that the play is to be welcomed as a much-needed relief to productions of the *Peter Pan* order. Mr. Barrie's "master-piece" is all very well in its way, but one grows a trifle tired of seeing it served up as if it were the only honest nursery dish in the wide, wide world. We hope that Mr. Graham Robertson will try his hand again. He has a delicate touch, and a nice sense for shrewd humour, and although his faith in fairies is neither here nor there, he manages to pretend that he believes in them, without being in the least boisterous or offensive, or sentimental or silly. We need scarcely say that Mr. Tree has done very handsomely by his author in the matter of general cast, dresses and scenery. The pictures presented to us are all beautiful, and the stagecraft is perfect. For the acting, whether of the youngsters or their elders, we have nothing but praise. Miss Craven's Queen of the Fairies is a very finished and charming bit of work. Miss Ellen Terry plays Aunt Imogen with a skill which only herself could command. Mr. Frederick Volpé is admirable as Uncle Gregory. Miss Stella Patrick Campbell makes an effective Molly, and Miss Viola Tree, Miss Marie Löhr, and Miss Winifred Beech, in the respective parts of Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, and Beauty, do very well indeed. We hope that the common ruck of pronounced fairy worshippers, Messrs. Shorter, Noyes, Chesterton, and the rest of them, will make a point of visiting His Majesty's Theatre forthwith, and thereby convince themselves of their extreme foolishness in this matter of Fairyland. Even Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. J. M. Barrie, whom the good doctor once actually described as a fairy, might, we think, occupy occasional stalls to their great intellectual improvement.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

MR. W. T. STEAD has been contriving a further "symposium." He has written to the eminent in various walks of life to require and demand of them a strict account of the number of hours they may spend in slumber; and the eminent appear to have replied in amazing numbers. We gather from Mr. Stead's tabulated results that authors, as a body, are a fairly sleepy lot. Mr. W. M. Rossetti, for example, confesses that his night's sleep runs to nine or nine and a half hours. Mr. Israel Zangwill is another nine-hours

man; and Mr. W. L. Courtney—the rapierist—spends eight hours in bed, though he does not undertake to sleep all the time. Other eight-hour men in the writing way are Mr. Goss, Mr. Sidney Lee, Dr. Nicoll, and Mr. Frederick Harrison. Mr. William Archer would appear to be the sleepless boy of the galaxy, for he is only fifty-one years of age, and six to seven hours of innocent slumber suffices him. Coming to other professions, we find that one of the politicians, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton to wit, sleeps only five and a half hours “consecutive,” with one and a half hours “broken” thrown in for a make-weight. This is terrible enough in its way, but poor Professor Ramsay (Professor of Humanity) is in worse case still, for he manages only three to four hours. Actors seem to be fairly good sleepers in the main, but it must be noted that Sir Charles Wyndham puts himself down for no more than five and a half hours, and that Mr. George Alexander fluctuates between four hours and a comfortable eight. On the old principle of six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool, the best of us would seem to come out rather badly.

It would be interesting to know what real advantage Mr. Stead imagines will accrue to the species from a knowledge of the foregoing and kindred wonderful facts. The symposium may nowadays be reckoned rather an antiquated journalistic fetch, and of late at any rate, one has heard very little of it. A few years ago every editor, worth his salt, was keen on symposia; with the result that the distinguished in art, letters, and science were more or less worried out of their lives. Invitations from able editors to answer this, that, or the other stupid and frequently impertinent enquiry were fired at “people who were talked about” without rhyme or reason. In time, of course, there was a rebellion. Having projected a series of illustrated symposia, which included pictures of the eyes, noses, mouths, finger-prints, and we had almost said birth-marks of our chiefest celebrities, some genius in the purlieu of Fleet Street hit upon an idea, which he considered to be one of the brightest “scoops” of a bright age. He prepared sundry basins of gelatine and sent them out to the usual addresses with the request that the great man or the great woman, as the case might be, would make a print of his or her naked foot on the gelatinous substance, and return it carriage paid for the purposes of reproduction in *Smart Chunks*. The editor’s letters ran something like this:—

DEAR SIR,

Will you kindly oblige me by putting your nude foot into the accompanying basin, so that I may have the pleasure of publishing a photograph of same in the April number of the above Magazine.

The idea, however, did not “take on” quite as it should have done, and a certain irascible, literary gentleman is said to have replied as follows:

DEAR SIR,

I have received your basin of gelatine, which I beg to return. Will you please have the goodness to put your head in it?

Such is life. We do not vouch for the truth of the story, and it is certainly not a new one, but Mr. Stead might take a warning from it lest some day he comes to similar grief.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for January, Mr. Stead has an article which he calls, “How I know that the Dead Return.” The subject is obviously rather serious. Needless to say, Mr. Stead holds that the dead really do return, and he proffers “personal experiences” in proof of his belief. “For me,” he says, “the problem is solved; the truth is established.” Frankly we are

glad to hear it, and without the smallest desire to be flippant, we can assure Mr. Stead that he is to be complimented on having settled (for himself) an infinite question. We reserve the point as to whether his testimony will be received with approval by the properly constituted authorities. The “influences” which have caused his hand to write and brought him to his condition of sure conviction, may or may not be holy influences. A bishop, probably, could tell Mr. Stead a good deal more than he believes he knows. And we must leave it at that. In a book entitled “First and Last things,” Mr. H. G. Wells expresses himself on practically the same subject in a manner which will please neither bishops nor Mr. Stead. Here is Mr. Wells:

Indeed I dislike the idea that those I have loved are immortal in any real sense; it conjures up dim uncomfortable drifting phantoms, that have no kindred with the flesh and blood I knew. I would as soon think of them trailing after the tides up and down the Channel outside my window. Bob Stevenson for me is a presence, utterly concrete, slouching, eager, quick-eyed, intimate and profound, carelessly dressed (at Sandgate he commonly wore a little felt hat that belonged to his son) and himself, himself, indissoluble matter and spirit, down to the heels of his boots. I cannot conceive of his as any but a concrete immortality. If he lives, he lives as I knew him and clothed as I knew him and with his unalterable voice, in a heaven of dædal flowers or a hell of ineffectual flame; he lives, dreaming and talking and explaining, explaining it all very earnestly and preposterously, so I picture him, into the ear of the amused, incredulous, principal person in the place. I have a real hatred for those dreary fools and knaves who would have me suppose that Henley, that crippled Titan, may conceivably be tapping at the underside of a mahogany table or scratching stifled incoherence into a locked slate! Henley tapping!—for the professional purposes of Sludge! If he found himself among the circumstances of a spiritualist séance he would, I know, instantly smash the table with that big fist of his. And as the splinters flew, surely York Powell, out of the dead past from which he shines on me, would laugh that hearty laugh of his back into the world again. Henley is nowhere now except that, red-faced, and jolly like an October sunset, he leans over a gate at Worthing after a long day of picnicking at Chanctonbury Ring, or sits at his Woking table praising and quoting *The Admirable Bashville*, or blue-shirted and wearing the hat that Nicholson has painted, is thrust and lugged, laughing and talking aside in his bath-chair, along the Worthing esplanade. . . . And Bob Stevenson walks for ever about a garden in Chiswick, talking in the dusk.

Many men many minds. And neither party edifies us.

The *British Weekly*, which is always interesting reading for anybody possessed of a sense of humour, announces a small symposium of its own on the “Early Struggles of Popular Novelists.” It seems that the early strugglers include Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Gilbert Parker, Mr. George R. Sims, Mr. Frankfort Moore, Mr. Silas K. Hocking, and “one well-known novelist who has written so frankly of his personal experiences that he prefers to remain anonymous.” It is a thousand pities that all the other gentlemen named in the advertisement should not have indulged a similar preference. And if some of them would struggle to write a reasonably entertaining piece of fiction the libraries would probably be grateful. The accounts of the early struggles of authors are, as a rule, most depressing fare. Occasionally, of course, they are also passable fiction. We hope that the *Bookman* has managed to get hold of some of the fiction. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to learn that the January issue of Dr. Nicoll’s famous literary journal will contain, in addition, to the “exceptionally” interesting symposium in question, “results and announcements” as to the *Bookman’s* prize competitions.

The very latest thing in Socialism is an organisation which calls itself "The Reform Tea Association." There can be no doubt in the world that those responsible for the success of this association have a wide and accurate acquaintance with the Socialist mind, for they head their "business announcement" with the magic words

SOCIALISTS HELP YOURSELVES.

The red-tied "stalwart," not to mention his "com-ride" "intellectual," who can resist this fiery appeal deserves to be excluded from the meetings of the Fabian Society. The association announces that "arrangements have been made that (*sic*) half the profits resulting from the sales of the undermentioned goods through this advertisement will be handed to the Directors of the *New Age* Press for disposal at their discretion in aid of Socialist Propaganda Work." So that the directors of the *New Age* Press are evidently coming in for still further barrels of money. What with the enormous profits on the wonderful Christmas number of the *New Age* which was to be printed and printed and printed until "the machinery broke down," and the fifteen hundred pounds which was lately subscribed by the smaller fry of Socialism in the way of capital for the *New Age* Press, the company should by this time be fairly well breeched. But no doubt the half profits of the Reform Tea Association will come in most usefully for the work of propaganda. The goods which the association offer for sale comprise several kinds of China and Ceylon tea, together with pure coffee and cocoa essence in tins. Clearly the "movement" is making rapid headway. If the *New Age* is desirous of increasing its advertising connection on the half-profits principle, we believe that there are several firms of hair restorer, and pill and potion people who could be roped into the advertising columns of "the best penny review" without difficulty. Mr Orage and Mr. Victor Grayson are evidently possessed of sound ideas as to the possibilities of modern advertising.

We are glad to be able to announce that the "tousy tyke" with the rapier and his doughty henchman, Mr. James Douglas, have ceased to bawl and complain about THE ACADEMY. We admire their wisdom, though we cannot say much for their pluck. Of course, it may be that they meditate further ululation, and that it is the Christmas festivities and not wisdom at all which have kept them silent. Possibly, too, their rapiers are just now out at the grinder's. Meanwhile, Mr. Douglas is missing no opportunity of proclaiming the "tousy tyke's" atheistical exercise in blank verse for a work of shining genius; though he continues to refrain from the harmless necessary quotation which to people who understand these matters would appear so desirable in the circumstances. The fact is that the *Star* newspaper dare not quote with approval the passages from the "tousy tyke's" testament, which THE ACADEMY has already quoted with condemnation. The *Star* very properly is compelled to consider the feelings of Dr. Clifford. And Dr. Clifford is still a thousand years behind the massive intellects of the "tousy tyke" and Mr. James Douglas, the which, on the whole, is very much to his credit. We note also with satisfaction that Mr. Parks, who so ably edits the *Star*, will not now be able to take up our challenge with regard to "The Yoke." It would be a frightful thing if the *Star* were at any time to be seized by the police. So that "menace to freedom" or no "menace to freedom," the *Star* scarcely gets the best of the argument.

It is also worthy of mention that Mr. Jacob Tonson, who lately bragged in the *New Age* that he was for-

merly a contributor to THE ACADEMY, fails to reveal to us indications of his identity which might enable us to verify his statements. The matter is of small consequence, but it shows plainly what manner of person Mr. Tonson really is. It may be admitted that a writer who issues his lucubrations over a pseudonym is in somewhat difficult case when he is invited to disclose his real name. Persons who cannot find it in their hearts to print their own names to what they write should be careful to steer clear of writing which concerns their private selves rather than the public. It can be of no possible interest to readers of the *New Age* that Mr. Tonson may formerly have written for THE ACADEMY. We should have imagined on the whole a red-hot Socialist is ill-advised to confess, by way of a boast, at any rate, an old connection with a Conservative journal. However, Mr. Tonson is nothing if not an indiscreet writer, and as he brings his own trouble on his own head we shall not offer him sympathy. There is really no excuse for pseudonymity in the case of a paragraphist like Mr. Tonson, other, of course, than the possible fact that if he signed his own name he might be prejudicing himself in the estimation of editors who are not particularly convinced of the literary consequence of the *New Age*. We gather from the current issue of Mr. Orage's paper that Tonson is full of money just now, and that he is in a position to survey himself "lapped in luxury and clinking multitudinous gold coins extorted from publishers by my hypnotising rascal of an agent." This is good socialism, even if it be vulgar writing; and on the whole we can readily comprehend Jacob's indisposition to let out the ghastly secret of his name. Some day perhaps he will oblige us. Meanwhile we must live patiently.

REVIEWS

THE PARSON AT THE BAR

Memories of Famous Trials. By the REV. EVELYN BURNABY, M.A. (Sisley's, 3s. 6d.)

"I CAN truly say 'Vixi.' I have lived my life. I have lived to see no less than six Lord Chief Justices of England. I have lived to see the old Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas and Exchequer abolished, and all merged into one King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. I have lived to see the quaint little courts adjoining the famous Rufus Hall in Westminster demolished, and the Royal Courts of Justice set up in their place. My late brother was a prominent figure at the opening of the Royal Courts of Justice." A man who can say "Vixi" and "I have lived my life" because he has seen "six Lord Chief Justices of England," and the rest of it, is plainly a complacent and, on the whole, perhaps, rather a foolish person. We have heard of people who boasted that they had seen such and such a number of races for the Derby; but to have seen six Lord Chief Justices of England is somehow less magnificent. The fact is that the Reverend Evelyn Burnaby writes himself down in the volume before us for a shining example of the cleric who has missed his vocation. Not that we wish to suggest that he is inefficient or careless in the exercise of his holy office; for if we are to believe the learned, it is possible to be a very good minister of religion and still take one's chiefest joys in the secular world. Mr. Burnaby's joys—and he appears to have indulged himself in them pretty freely—have amounted to "being present in Court" when such and such blackguards were tried, or such and such a judge "made his famous summing up," or such and such counsel fired off his brilliant speech in defence of

this, that, or the other scoundrel. It is a strange taste for a minister of religion, but it is deeply rooted in Mr. Burnaby, and he has cultivated it for all it is worth. It is impossible to recall the name of a judge or pleader of eminence during the later Victorian period who was not "a close personal friend" of Mr. Burnaby. The Court clerks and understrappers have also enjoyed his friendship, and he is not above claiming acquaintance even with some of the subjects of judicial attention; for it is apparently a rule with Mr. Burnaby that when one is writing a book one should never miss the smallest chance of indicating one's self-importance. Hence it comes to pass that we find our trial-obsessed parson writing on the one hand of the late Baron Huddleston as "poor old Huddy," and explaining on the other hand that he knew Lee the Babbacombe murderer "very well," and that Lee waited on him at dinner "when he was footman to Colonel Brownlow of Torquay." Hence also it is that "Memories of Famous Trials" is prefaced with four pages of biographical particulars concerning the Reverend Evelyn Henry Villebois Burnaby, all of which particulars, with the exception, perhaps, that Mr. Burnaby is the brother of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, appear to us to be entirely uninteresting and superfluous. We have read Mr. Burnaby's chapters with mingled feelings. They are not ill-written, and they deal with matters which have a fascination for a certain type of mind, but in the main they irritate the intelligent, inasmuch as while they purport to deal with famous trials, their intention on the whole is to advertise the friendships and importance of Mr. Burnaby. Egotism of this cheap sort is not becoming in a common man. Still less does it become a man of our author's family, not to mention his cloth. We deplore it altogether, and we hope Mr. Burnaby will have the good sense to refrain from treating the public to further similar exhibitions. There are passages in this book which we should scarcely wish to quote as coming from the pen of a parson; and on the general question we are disposed to think that it is a thousand pities that Mr. Burnaby could not stay at home with his flock, instead of gallivanting about the country in order that he might be present at murder trials and hob and nob with roaring counsel and whiskyful reporters when the "day's work" was over. There can be no doubt that the life of the Bar mess is, or used to be, pleasant enough and jolly enough, and there is probably no reason in the world why its pleasantness and jollity should be interrupted because some poor creature has just been sentenced to death; but, as we have said, the consistent presence of a sort of free-lance chaplain, whether at trials for murder or the subsequent relaxations of the Bar, does not strike us too pleasantly. On the whole, "Memories of Famous Trials" is a book which may conceivably effect a good purpose, though it is a purpose not foreseen by the author. We are of opinion that no clergyman could read it without learning from it the important lesson that it is undignified for the cobbler not to stick to his last. The Church has been the mother of many distinguished persons. She offers leisure, or, at any rate, she permits leisure to be compassed by many of her servitors, and some of them use that leisure to the great advantage of mankind. There have been Churchmen who have performed great feats of scholarship and great feats of authorship in what a Scotchman would call "the Church's time." To these persons we suppose it would be improper to offer reproof. But at the present moment we have amongst us a really monstrous regiment of ministers of religion who, it seems to us, contrive for themselves a great deal too much leisure, and employ that leisure in dubious, if not entirely unworthy, side occupations. For example, there is

scarcely a parson in England who, given the opportunity, will not undertake as much literary work as any literary layman. And the great majority of these parsons will be found to be engaged in departments of literature and journalism which are concerned with sheer money-making. These men will write for anybody who will pay them, and they will write sympathetically about anything under the sun, not even excluding new religions. We believe that Mr. S. R. Crockett, to take an instance in point, commenced life as a Scotch minister. He took to fiction and ultimately discovered that his duty lay in that beautiful medium, and not in the professional service of God. So that he forsook the ministry, thereby doing, let us say, the absolutely proper and correct thing in the circumstances. If the other parsons who write for gain, and make a point of getting it, were to follow Mr. Crockett's admirable example, we should hear very little more about clergymen without benefices, and curates with large families who are unable to obtain employment. This is not intended to suggest that Mr. Burnaby has neglected his clerical duties, or that he should have relinquished his living; for it cannot be charged against him that his peculiar hobby is likely to have brought him emolument. But we do say that the clerical profession is different from other professions in that a member of it should make a point of devoting himself to it, and leave other businesses to take care of themselves. There has never been a time when the cure of souls was a more important or exacting affair than it is to-day. And we say that it is not seemly that the responsible shepherd, whether he be bishop or curate, should be amusing himself at the Law Courts, or writing idiotic stories for Messrs. Harmsworth, Pearson, and Newnes what time the sheep graze where they will and die as they may. While there is a soul to be saved or helped no parson in the world has a tittle of right to leisure which enables him to turn out even so little as a thousand words a week for the secular press. Mr. Burnaby, who has had the satisfaction of seeing "six Lord Chief Justices of England," must not be angry with us for these our words, which words we intend, not for his injury, but for the benefit of all other persons who have taken upon themselves the professional duties of religion.

A YORKSHIRE "COUNTY"

Richmondshire. By EDMOND BOGG. (Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE question which may possibly suggest itself to some who first see the title of this book is "Where on earth is Richmondshire?" and it takes very careful reading to find out its exact boundaries. We read that it was "an ancient Palatinate enjoying Royal privileges," and that "through this shire of Eld . . . the Swale and the Yore flow to their union in the Ouse and their bourne in the Humber Sea," and Mr. Bogg adds to the history of the Palatinate that of the adjoining shire of Allerton. We do not think that this work deserves its introduction, "a Geological Sketch of Richmondshire." Mr. Fowler, who writes it, complains that the remark is often heard, "How dull the country is!" Undoubtedly a knowledge of geology adds immensely to the interest of country, but there are comparatively very few geologists, and the beautiful land which is described so minutely in this compendious volume will not be made a bit more interesting to the ordinary lay reader by the knowledge that its carboniferous beds are known "as Palæozoic or Primary." The history is written in three sections: Richmondshire, the Wild Borderland, and Wensleydale, and it includes seven maps and no less than 230 illustrations. We gather that the Palatinate extended

from the river Tees on the North to Wensleydale on the South, and from the North Sea to the Western border of Yorkshire; but it would be well if there were a map which included the whole area. He who reads this book will know the Northern part of Yorkshire by heart. The author misses scarcely a stick or stone. Every town, village, and hamlet is conscientiously chronicled, with its past history to its present, omitting no detail from the signboard of the inn to tombstones in the church. There is no connection between the things suggested, unless it is the unusual length of years recorded on many tombs, for Mr. Bogg encourages the idea that the longevity of Allerton was due to the brewing in that shire of remarkably strong ale. And many capital legends are told. Perhaps the best is of the Royal group that lies below the keep at Richmond. There, King Arthur and his knights of the round table are said to lie in state. The tale goes that they have been visited twice—first by a wastrel cobbler, who saw the King and knights and stretched out his hand to draw "Excalibur," but whose heart then failed and he fled to the open air. The second time a drummer of the Castle Guard marched boldly in beating his drum lustily, but he has never since been seen, though sometimes there is still heard the roll of his drum under the keep. Genealogy is given full place. We read, again, of the quarrel of Scrope and Grosvenor as to which should bear the Bend Or on his shield, and also of the doings of the Nevilles and of other great houses; but the families of yeoman, of farmer, and of cotter are not neglected. None is better reading than the record of the Yeoman House of Broderick, from all time Richmondshire men, and no scene is more picturesque than the burial of one of them in his own rock-hewn tomb on the hillside that he had loved.

Mr. Bogg appreciates the beauties of nature very really, and has written with much feeling of the scenery in the country of which he tells us. But sometimes he is betrayed into extravagance of language, and a redundancy of words. His imagination peoples castle and inn with the shades of those that once were there, and sometimes very aptly; but sometimes, too, it runs away with him, and not always along roads that vary quite enough. But what would such a work be worth without imagination?

Perhaps too much detail has been included, too much conscience has been devoted, by Mr. Bogg to his task. Thus when we read on page 45 that he had been told that the sites of other lost villages are known, we feel almost thankful that their secrets have not been divulged. The illustrations are exceedingly pretty, and we have no complaint against their number. There are three good chapters on botany, and it is a book which those will enjoy who love archæology, folklore, and nature.

SNOW

The Living Chalice, and Other Poems. By SUSAN L. MITCHELL. (Maunsell, 1s. net.)

WE gather that this is Miss Mitchell's first appearance in volume shape. It is an appearance of some promise. A poet who can produce lines like the following may one day have to be reckoned with:

LONELINESS.

They lift me up, they set a crown on me,
Fold upon fold their love enwraps me round.
Beyond them all I strain my eyes for thee,
Without thy crowning, love, I am uncrowned.

Soft dews fall round me but my heart is dry,
I stand in melting sunlight yet am cold,
Lonely across the world to thee I cry,
Here on my breast thy wandering pinions fold.

There is great emotion in several other of the lyrics in this slender booklet, and always the workmanship is fair and sound. If Miss Mitchell has staying power—which is a quality so many modern poets lack—she will go far. Meanwhile, if she never writes another line, she has given us matter for which we must be grateful. One of her pieces begins:

Age cannot reach me where the veils of God
Have shut me in,

There can be no denying that this is poetry. The defect of the work generally lies in its treatment of trite subjects. But this is a defect capable of removal by process of intellectual growth.

Life's Enigma. By M. BRADS. (Allen, 2s. net.)

MR. BRADS is a moderate performer on what is usually termed the oaten stop. This is how he begins to deal with *Life's Enigma*:

Fair Goddess of the far Pierian hills,
That o'er Thessalian realms in days of old
Held magic sway, whose gift divine instils
The Soul of Song where Genius would unfold
Its ear-compelling strains, help me to sing
In strains seductive such as may too hold
The ear enraptured while on Fancy's wing
We range the ages till my tale is told.

We are not enthralled. Still less do we rejoice when Mr. Brads proceeds to warble as follows:

By the Esk's meandering stream
Of my love I often dream,
Dream with joy of when we met,
Of our parting with regret,
And those visions bright I see
Bring my lost love back to me.

The River Esk, which is doubtless a very good river in itself, has been responsible for many bad verses, and the present increase to the number does not appear to have helped matters.

Christmas Songs and Carols. By AGNES H. BEGBIE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

CHRISTMAS is past, but in all probability it will come again, and it may be that there are people in the world who will like to read Miss Begbie's songs and ballads—next Christmas. Taking them all round, they are not ill done, but they fail of the supreme quality which alone would make them acceptable from a literary point of view. We append an example, entitled, "Unto us a Child is Born."

While the Angels sang hosannas!
And the stars in glory span,
When the lambs slept on the meadows
Then was born the Son of man:
Sweet, his mother in the shadows
Leant, and sang a lullaby,
While the lambs slept on the meadows,
And the stars watched in the sky.

The elder songs are better than this.

Love as Pedlar, and Other Verses. By LADY ALICE AYRE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

It is about time that love in the figure of pedlar was presented with an old age pension. However, the Lady Alice Ayre does not distress us overmuch. She sings gaily:

Round Pedlar Love, like swarms of bees
Women thronged of all degrees:
Peasant, actress, high-born dame,
Shop-girl, beggar—still they came.

And some of them might choose their fate
While others for the gift must wait,
And some went desolate away
To live sans love their life-long day.

Bella chose poppies, crown of pleasure
And luxury, and golden leisure,
With a drug within to lull the pain
Of a heart that's sold for love of gain.

And Veronique, with the gentle eyes,
Forget-me-nots—Alas her sighs
And tears too soon, like evening dew
Will dim the lustre of their blue.

Which is not half so bad as it might have been. There are other pieces in the book, some of them a trifle less airy, and on the whole we are inclined to think that our poet will not hurt anybody if she tries again.

Flashes from the Orient. By JOHN HASELHURST.
(Hazzell, Watson and Viney, 2s. 6d.)

WE are compelled to describe Mr. Haselhurst as an incorrigible writer of sonnets. In the booklet before us he offers to people who can read a matter of three hundred pieces in the sonnet form. In a literary sense, nothing could be more appalling, not to say scandalous. If Mr. Haselhurst had contented himself by printing fifty or sixty examples of his attempts at the sonnet we might have forgiven him. As it is, he bores us beyond measure. What is one to say of the "sonnet" we print below?

Somnolency and summer rule the day,
A lotus-langor steals o'er sense and soul,
And indolence doth Fancy's flights control.
That laureate of the grove, the tireless thrush,
In silence his eternal song doth hush,
Or idolently chirps spasmodic lay.
As in a bath of tropic heat we roll,
Abortive are all efforts to be gay.

Imagination's flights are feebly flown,
And Poesy hangs up his tuneless lyre.
We might long for the northern frozen zone,
Did not the effort panting spirit tire.
E'en Pegasus is limp and wingless grown,
And from low earth is powerless to aspire.

And this is not by any means Mr. Haselhurst's worst.

A Man's Vengeance, and Other Poems. By GEORGE BARLOW. (Glaisher, 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. BARLOW has published a great deal of verse in his time, but somehow he does not seem to get "any forrader." The present volume has nothing in the way of excellence or defect to distinguish it from its predecessors. It is simply the old, old sesquipedalian and fairly correct metricism over again:

While our puny tasks engross us, while the hearts of
thousands dream,
While we dally with our pleasures or our grief,
Gladly, sadly, the world marches towards some destiny supreme
And it may be that the fatal hours are brief.

We quite agree. On the other hand, it may not be so. In the meantime we suppose hearts will continue to dream, though how they manage it is beyond us.

The Mockers. By JANE BARLOW. (Allen, 2s. 6d. net.)

WE have here a Barlow of another sort. Miss Jane Barlow's poetical contributions to the *Saturday Review* and similar journals have been greatly admired, and

they certainly deserve admiration. In the present volume the author gives us some of her best work. We reproduce a short lyric, which sufficiently indicates her quality:

SUNSHINE.

With never a cloud from north to south,
The faint blue sky is bright and clear
As a mirror held to a dead man's mouth
Whilst one breathes quick for hope and fear.

All day the harvest fields lie blest
With a golden glow no mist-fleck mars:
All day a heart cries toward the west:
Come, night, but bring nor moon nor stars.

National Songs and Some Ballads. By HAROLD BOLTON. (Constable, 5s.)

AMBITION is a bold quality, and Mr. Bolton has a full share of it. In his preface he tells us that, under the title of "National Songs," he has "brought together a limited collection from many verses written during the last quarter of a century." And he adds that, "Lovers of our indigenous folk-song music will recognise old acquaintances from 'Songs of the North' and 'Songs of the Four Nations,' made familiar by the musical arrangements of Malcolm Lawson and of Arthur Somervell respectively." We hope they will. Our poet presents us with English songs, Scottish songs, Irish songs, a Canadian national song, and so forth. From the Welsh songs we take the opening lines "Gwenlilian":

Oh, know you the maiden
That robs my repose,
With her brow like the lily,
Her cheeks like the rose?
Her lashes are darker
Than the dark clouds of night,
Bright eyes glance beneath them
Like the moon's tender light.

We have heard, in Welsh connections, of robbing hen-roosts; but robbing repose savours of the tall order. Probably Mr. Lloyd George is the only man now living who could tell us how to set about it. Besides which, what should glance beneath a lady's "lashes" save and except "bright eyes"? If Mr. Bolton expects that his songs will attain to the dignity of consideration as national songs we imagine that he is doomed to black disappointment. It is true that some of his verses have a lilt and a swing with them, but this of itself is not exactly a soaring merit. We are of opinion that our poet will be well advised to drop the epithet national from his title. English, Welsh and Scotch Songs would be a fairer description.

Songs Without Music. By F. G. ATTENBOROUGH. (Walter Scott, 1s. net.)

IT seems that Miss Attenborough writes for the press under the engaging pseudonym of Chrystabel. She is a very frank poet, and she describes the collection of verses hereby put forward as "lyrics suitable for composers, orchestral ballads, cantatas, etc." We like the "etc." And we are free to confess that musical composers in search of words whereupon to exercise their gentle arts might do worse than consult Miss Attenborough's collection. Many of these lyrics are of the drawing-room drawing-roomy to the last degree. "Scotch Rose" is a good sample:

The little Scotch Rose is on the thorn,
With a look of snow on a summer morn.

There is almond scent for the bee to praise,
As he loiters long in the tangled ways;
Whilst eager butterflies drop to see
What this pale compeer of their wings may be.

Oh, little Scotch Rose that's on the thorn,
Let me thank you twice for your buds new-born!

Mr. Lulu Harcourt himself could not produce a more treackly "composer's lyric."

The Love of Eros. By VAUGHAN GREY. (Simpkin, Marshall, is. net.)

THE ripe lusciousness of Mr. Vaughan Grey's verse does him credit:

My wrath upon this mortal who so dares
Her beauty thus to flaunt in face of Heaven.
Go Eros! Seek her; then by subtle snares
With love contemptible this Psyche leaven;
Teach her, forsooth, that she may know the gods are mighty,
Beauty belongs of right alone to Aphrodite.

The people who arrange "books" for pantomimes may be glad to hear of Mr. Vaughan Grey. The rhyming of "mighty" with "Aphrodite" will move them utterly.

Songs of Manhood. By F. B. WOOD. (Routledge, 5s.)

OUR poet of manhood is an old-fashioned gentleman with a fancy for "toasts." "Charge your glasses, gentlemen," would appear to be his motto. And his toasts are of the good old honest sort:

Here's health to him who dares to do
At any cost what he deems right,
Who struggling bravely keeps the path
That leads at length to manhood's height.

Here's health to him who triumphs o'er
Whate'er would bring the blush of shame,
Who leaves to those who follow on
As heirloom—an untarnished name.

And here's a health to him who refrains from printing all such "havers." And when Mr. Wood is not toasting, he writes like this:

I know a little vixen,
She's only five years old,
Who is to me more precious
Than all the Klondyke gold.

Vera, little Vera,
With her sparkling eyes,
The sweetest lass, the dearest lass,
Beneath the sun-crowned skies.

Surely this song is related in some way to that touching ballad, "The Bird in Nellie's Hat." In any case, it seems to run away with itself.

Poems. By J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX. (Smith, Elder, 4s. net.)

THE frontispiece of this volume is an exceedingly black affair. At a distance it looks like the end of a coffin. But on closer approach we read beneath it:

There are four windmills on the hill
And a stream that glides below.

And a minute examination convinces us that the picture does not represent the end of a coffin, and has really nothing to do with goliwogs. Fortunately, the

poetry itself is a trifle more convincing, though in the main it lacks body and force. Here is the beginning of "Better So":

O whither should we turn, love,
If ever love were dead,
With all the strange things answered
And all the sweet things said?

If this lyric were continued with a sustained skill, we should have little room to grumble. But, unluckily, the note of interrogation is kept up till one imagines that one must be reading the *Daily Mail*. Mr. Fairfax fails, in our opinion, because he will not wrestle, and because he will not select. It is easy to warble, but difficult to make a song.

The Rustic Choir. By A. R. THURLOCKE. (The Samurai Press, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a fine-looking volume, well printed on good paper, and neatly bound. It appears that the author has contributed to the *Pall Mall Magazine* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His opinion of himself may be gathered from his opening sonnet, part of which we quote:

Full many a dream of beauty have I known
When the wise soul, within itself withdrawn,
Mused absently: full many an emerald lawn,
Or purple wood, or lofty mountain lone,
Rose, like a bright ethereal picture thrown
Upon an inner curtain;

But all were evanescent, fugitive—
• Mirage-like fading in a waste of sand,
• Dying when most I needed they should live—
Till something moved a kindly Fate to give
The Poet's sceptre. Then I bade them stand
And make for me perpetual Fairyland.

We discern nothing in Mr. Thurlocke's subsequent pages which justifies the assumption that either Fate or anybody else has handed him the poet's sceptre. He seems to us to have been born to wrestle rather than to reign. But he writes with some poetic feeling, and sometimes he hits upon a happy thought, and expresses it with reasonable skill.

The Bridge Builders, and Other Poems. By HARROLD JOHNSON. (Nutt, is. net.)

MR. HARROLD JOHNSON believes in giving honour where honour is due. It rather takes the breath to find him writing three whole lyrics about bridges; but when one comes to think of it, bridges are useful erections, and some of them have just as much right to be praised in song, as, say, "old" farm houses or moated granges. And bridges have been painted by the masters rather finely. Mr. George Cadbury, however, is not a bridge. All the same, he will probably be pleased with the appended lines which Mr. Johnson addresses to him:

While others with their gold crushed Love and Beauty,
Square-jawed, with ruthless will,
You, pitying men, held it to be your duty
To raise them still.

Fair cottage-homes, a garden-land of flowers,
And a clean Press, the Guardian of the Age,
More than our thanks and the rich crown of hours
—These are your wage.

We shall make no demur, particularly if Mr. Cadbury has, indeed, created "a clean press." And we are not winking at Homer down the road; inasmuch as a "clean press" is greatly to be desired.

Day Dreams of Greece. By CHARLES WHARTON STORK. (Elkin Mathews, 1s.)

MR. STORK dedicates his volume to his father, thus proving once again that the storks are a filial people. But, alack and alas, Mr. Stork, junior, does not strike us as being properly qualified to indulge in day-dreams of Greece. His verse is very young, and his dreams are the dreams of the confirmed undergraduate. We have all loved the classics in our time, even as Mr. Stork loves them; we have all tried to rewrite them, and only the very greatest of us have succeeded. Mr. Stork must not be discouraged; for some day he may, perhaps, write a satisfactory poem. Meanwhile, let him dismiss from his mind any suspicion that the view from the chimney-pots is at all similar to the view from Olympus.

THE MACHINE IN MODERN MUSIC

THAT music is the most emotional of the arts will be to many a debatable question. For architecture, they will remember, there are "stories in stones," and the vision of a great cathedral may hold us spellbound in an instant; for painting, that there is the same arresting power in a beautiful picture; for sculpture, that feeling is aroused readily enough by some well-carved statue, say, of an angel "Whose stony hands pray for ever tender words of peace." Undeniably, and it is not disputed, these arts can touch us; the weak spot is that the gamut of emotions which they reach is limited, and, as a rule, too restricted. There is a sense of wonder, maybe, and of admiration and of approval, but—not much more. When moved at all it is, so to speak, like the rippling of water by a summer breeze; we have been stirred only on the surface, played upon only by the shallowest and least energetic of impulses. And this, from the emotional point of view—which must also be reckoned the artistic point of view—is the short-coming of the arts of architecture, painting, and sculpture. With the drama and fiction generally, it becomes another matter. Here, in a seemingly realistic presentation of humanity, there is an appeal direct to the human heart, an appeal direct to all that is sympathetic in a man's nature. As a consequence, an individual, or a whole audience, may be excited to boisterous hilarity, to the deepest grief, to the sternest anger and indignation, or to a dozen other emotions as turbulent in their effect. It is no longer the rippled water, it is rather the storm-tossed ocean; for who has not seen a theatre-full of sobbing people, or a villain hissed furiously from the stage? Who has not heard of Charles Reade's influence on the laws of this country? And, if the proposition be enlarged, and the art of oratory ranked as fiction—which may be done without straining the fact—then who can deny that fiction, in one form or another, and as the result of its emotional effect, has gone far towards ruling the world? But, even so, amidst all this possibility of emotional influence, there is a weakness as compared with music; for each of these arts is well-nigh worthless in a primitive state. Let, for example, the orator make his statements without colouring, let the novelist tell his tale in the fashion of a newspaper report, let the stage-play run its course without stage, scenery, trappings, or embellishments—in short, take away the tinsel and the spangles and all deception—and your appeal is no longer to the emotions, but to the intellect. Are you right, or are you wrong? True or untrue? That is the only consideration arising in such circumstances, a consideration which one may safely say will be dealt with by the reason alone.

Hence the claim for music that it is the most emotional of the Arts because, unlike all others, it can

accomplish its purpose, it can reach the heart-strings, fully and completely, when presented in an elementary shape—that is, in the shape of a simple flowing melody. We know, of course, that this effect may be enhanced by the surroundings, that there is something that moves us out of all reason in the Hungarian peasants' dance to the wild music of their country, and in the overpowering solemnity of the Dead March at a military funeral; we know, too, that there never has been within our history, or is ever likely to be again in any history, so emotional an event as when the skirl of the bagpipes floated at last over the plain to those spent men and women in Lucknow. But such things are quite beyond the point. There is in them a dramatic element which is outside the realm of music proper, and which, therefore, is not to be considered. What concerns us is the bare fact that melody in music is intrinsically and powerfully emotional. The clearest evidence lies in its immediate incitement to action, for this is characteristic of all strong emotions. When we are amused, we laugh; when we are in sorrow, we cry; when angry, we contort the limbs or the muscles of the face; when jubilant, we give vent to exclamations. These things result by a natural process, and, unless restrained by an effort, are unavoidable. Thus, with melody in music, it needs no more than the lilt of a jig to set all the children capering in the street, or the swing of a march-tune to make the grown man square his shoulders and step out more firmly; and this, though the melody be played inaccurately enough on nothing more pretentious than a penny whistle.

But, if this is clear evidence, it is yet far from reaching the bed-rock of the argument. We have spoken of a well-defined rhythm which is pleasing to the ear and excites it; we may part with much of this rhythm now, and, turning to the music of Eastern races, take a cruder form of melody altogether and still find no less an influence on the emotions. In India, when you listen to the droning of the Nautch dance, it resembles nothing that can be satisfactorily transcribed into musical notation; the series of notes cover an extremely limited range, and, to our understanding, follows a somewhat uncertain sequence; it is music in its infancy, not wholly indefinite—for the rhythm is unmistakable—but nearly so; yet it serves and never fails to stimulate the dancing girls. On the Nile, too, one may see the boatmen turning up their eyes in ecstasy at music which is much on a par with this. And, again, there are the war-songs of the savages. We have never heard them; but it is likely, seeing that they have not been reproduced by musicians, that they were of as primitive a type, and yet it is on record that they have always managed so to rouse the singers and listeners as to instil them with a fierce fighting spirit. And, lastly, to jump to an opposite extreme, to remember those great composers whose popularity is established in more civilised lands and who never cease to charm, there is not one of them—no, not one!—whose work is not distinguished by the abundance of its melodies. So that, clearly, it has become a mere matter of enquiry to show conclusively that the emotions of the inhabitants of all countries, and of all grades of those inhabitants, respond instinctively to the influence of melody, even though, in some cases, that melody may be presented in the least attractive form. With this natural instinct, then, so firmly planted in our nature and so easy, apparently, to satisfy, the wonder comes that we should have so little music written to-day of the more advanced type which is pleasing and so much that is displeasing. The fact, of course, is not to be disputed; it is the common complaint of musical people, and the never-ending source of regret that, as the programme grows more modern, it grows in proportion more dull. It is a question of degree which might be fixed with some accuracy by the years. Watch the unmistakable

signs of enjoyment displayed in the faces of an audience listening to Beethoven or Tschaikowsky, and note at the end that really genuine outburst of applause. Then, in contrast, watch the same audience listening to one of these later composers—obviously, we may name no names—and see how the interest dies gradually from their faces, and the heads begin to nod; watch the look of boredom, the drowsy eyes, the wriggling in the seats which tells its own tale of aching backs and cricks in the shoulder; and, finally, note again the applause when it is all over, the feeblest flapping of the hands, as half-hearted as you please, the merest compliment—in fact, offered out of good nature. To say that such stale periods occur in the history of every art is merely to state the fact; there are runs of luck, as it were, a plethora of talent or of mediocrity. Yet, though this, no doubt, is in part an explanation, it is far from being the whole of it. For in music, it is submitted, another cause has been at work, one which has tended directly to the encouragement of mechanism rather than of Art. It may be summed up under two headings—the difficulty of writing melody and the comparative ease of writing music (of a sort) without melody.

The first of these propositions seems to negative what has been already said. Melody even in its crudest form has, as we have seen, proved its ability to exercise an emotional influence. How, then, can there be difficulty in devising so simple a thing? Why, even the savages have done as much! Yes, and that is just where the point comes in—we are not savages; we have advanced with the times, we have been going through a lengthy education and a wide experience of melody, and—now—we ask for something new. That is the difficulty. The old hackneyed ideas will not suffice. Many of them, of course, still have the power to charm and will retain that power to the end; but, when a new composer enters the arena, we look for new ideas. And that, we repeat, is the difficulty. For, the conception of an original melody is just like the conception of any other original artistic thought, it must spring from an artistic mind. And artistic minds are scarce. They are born, not made; they cannot be produced to order, they cannot be created in the schools. On the other hand, the least talented may go a long way in composition (of a sort) by a process of thorough and diligent study. Consider, as evidence of this, the evolution of music. If we may believe Herbert Spencer—and he certainly makes out a plausible case—"all music is originally vocal." The speaking voice rises or falls, increases or decreases in power, and indulges in many other marked variations responding instinctively to some emotion of the moment. "Every one of these alterations . . . is carried to an extreme in vocal music . . . Thus, in respect alike of *loudness, timbre, pitch, intervals, and rate of variation* song employs and exaggerates the natural language of the emotions; it arises from a systematic combination of those vocal peculiarities which are the physiological effects of acute pleasure and pain." In short, the singer suggests the emotions by a play upon the qualities just enumerated; and such, briefly, is the philosophical view of the elemental stage. Later, it was found that the charm of a single note could be enhanced by the simultaneous sounding of some other note; and, later again, that not one note only but many could and should be added to produce the best effect. Hence, Harmony and Counterpoint. And, concurrently with this discovery, came the further knowledge that there was beauty in contrasting the different qualities of tone. So, to state the transition broadly, we progressed from the single voice to the four-part song, then to the small orchestra (chiefly "string"), and then to the great orchestra which we know to-day. But this was not quite to end it. The treatment of the orchestra developed apace, and, with this development, there grew up

a clearer recognition of the dramatic and illustrative possibilities of which it was capable. Thus, the blare of the trumpets sounded the triumphant or militant note, the triplet rhythm suggested the galloping horse, the groan of the basses would do for grief, the rattle of the kettle-drums for musketry, the tootle of the flute or piccolo for the singing of the birds, the reedy tones of the oboe for the rustic "pipe," and the sweeping downward scale passages of the violins, finished off by a crash on the big drum, for the climax of a storm or battle.

Here, then (stated in outline), were the mechanical aids to the effective handling of a beautiful thought—the science of the art—and we know how right well the great masters of melody have used them. But here, too, in the very perfection of the science, is to be found that fatal call to the uninspired to step forward and believe themselves musicians. Here is the door held open, it would seem, for the incompetent. The whole thing is cut and dried. There is a symbol for everything which may be learnt with industry, and the way is made easy. Admit a minimum of aptitude and a maximum of study and application, then the intellect can do the rest, and, presently, this man, without one original thought in his head, without any real qualification whatever for composition, may launch out into "programme" music, and produce, forsooth, a "tone-poem"! Why not, when the machinery can take him so far? Yet what a mockery it is—this substitution of brain for heart! What a palpable sham inevitably, and what a hopeless pretence thus to appeal to our judgment, and our judgment alone, and try to stuff it with such humbug as this! In such circumstances, surely, in this cold, machine-made atmosphere, where we listen critically and without emotion, to imitate the birds can only be to burlesque them, to counterfeit rifle-fire simply to rattle the drum, and to symbolise the storm to leave us wondering at the fiddlers. Yes, indeed; for the means have been mistaken for the end, the entire concern is topsy-turvy, and there is nothing left to think upon but the naked truth—the resin and catgut and the many hours that the fiddlers must have practised. Whilst, all the time, the real land of Art is so different—a land of dreams where there can be no room at the moment for dissection or analysis, where the thought becomes idealised and lifted up, the true vision clouded. Then, the shams are shams no longer. It is not the fiddles that matter now, or the drums, or the trumpets, though we hear these with delight; it is first, and above all, the fancies which they conjure up. But the melody which is to create this emotional state, which is to bewitch the listener and carry him off into this land of dreams—that is the difficulty!

The trouble, then, lies in a nutshell, in this possibility of aping the artists without an artist's capacity. And what applies to the creative musician applies equally to the executive. Through one cause or another, some individual is pitchforked into the musical profession; he is the son of his father, say; or, for some equally idiotic reason, it becomes his fate to depend for bread and butter upon the following of an inexpedient pursuit. It is not actually distasteful to him, we will suppose, and he has a certain aptitude, but—and he himself may know this well enough—he has no very deep sense of emotion in music, and, therefore, a correspondingly trifling power to arouse emotion in others. In short, he is not an artist. What, then, remains? Why, clearly, that he shall endeavour to become a perfect machine, that he shall cultivate the muscles until they can accomplish something prodigious. There are the jugglers, he remembers, who earn applause and bread and butter in exact proportion to the number of balls kept rotating simultaneously in the air. Why not, then, be a juggler in music? It means slogging hard work, of course, but it opens out

a way to popular favour which must otherwise remain closed. What is the natural consequence of so inviting a prospect? What but this, that the musical juggler is a standing dish in every concert menu—always some singer reaching out for the topmost note, and, to speak the truth, generally hitting it—always some instrumentalist gallantly struggling to prove that he can play some particular composition in just ten or twenty seconds less time than any other man breathing? And the number of the musical jugglers is legion. Indeed, we may be wonder-struck, almost any day, by the astounding development of the throat or by the strength and agility of human fingers; whilst, alas! it will rarely be our fortune to meet with the sympathetic rendering of music.

Whether this is ever to cure itself is a question. Most likely not. This attitude of the professional is all too apt to re-act upon the public and persuade them that mechanism is the most acceptable thing. The public demands much music, and, with not enough artists to go round, will have it—or the imitation of it—nevertheless. So, for a time at least, probably a long time, we must live in the age of the machine, of the pianola, the orchestration, the gramophone, and, worst of all, the human machine. D.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. ANDREW LANG'S ACCURACY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Birmingham University,
December 25th, 1908.

SIR,—Mr. Andrew Lang in the *Illustrated London News* of December 26th, replying to my remarks on his criticism of the late Professor Churton Collins, concludes as follows:—"Mr. Macmillan should not accuse me of inaccuracy. He heads his own letter 'Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus.' Does he think that Horace wrote prose, or can he scan the Latin words as part of a hexameter, which they are, in Horace, but not as Mr. Macmillan arranges them?"

Here Mr. Lang, while accusing me of inaccuracy, is himself guilty of a double inaccuracy. In the first place, I headed my letter not "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus," but "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerides." It is not Homer, but an eminent member of the noble order of Homeridae, whom I accuse of nodding. In the second place, the words "Aliquando dormitat bonus Homerus," which I am wrongly asserted to have put at the head of my letter, cannot be arranged so as to form part of one of Horace's hexameters, because the word "aliquando" does not occur in the line of Horace referred to. Horace wrote "*quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*" (whenever good Homer nods), which, being a dependent clause, can hardly be utilised without alteration as a heading. Can it be that Mr. Lang by a slip of memory supposes the exact words of Horace to have been "Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," although this combination of words, if inserted in the *Ars Poetica* l. 359, would make the final "o" of "aliquando" short in accordance with the practice of the silver age, would entail a false quantity in the last syllable of the preceding word, and would spoil the sense of the passage?

Mr. Lang calls Prof. Collins's *lapsus calami* "a very comic inadvertence, for surely he read his proof-sheets." Surely Mr. Lang does not think the reading of proof-sheets an infallible preventive of slips not due to ignorance. If he does, let him turn to page 204 of his own *Homers and the Epic*, where it is asserted that "all the heroes, except Odysseus, Diomedes, and Aias, are capable of fear," although clear evidence of the susceptibility to fear of two of the heroes mentioned is afforded by *Iliad* VIII., 77, 79, 93-98 XI., 544, 546, XVII., 242, *Odyssey* V., 297, 406, IX., 256, 257, XI., 43, 633. Yet the proofs of this book were read by Mr. Lang and Mr. Munro, both of whom must have been perfectly familiar with the lines to which I have referred. Sarpedon should be substituted for Odysseus and Aias in the list of exceptions.

In case anything that I have written in defence of the late Professor Churton Collins or myself should appear to be disrespectful to one from whose writings I have received much instruction and delight, let me conclude with the modest

words addressed by Hector to Achilles, which have, indeed, been present to my mind since I first had the temerity to engage in this controversy:

Οἶδα δ' ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὸς, ἐγὼ δὲ σθέεν πολλὸ χεῖρων,
'Αἶψ' ἤτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κείται.

Perhaps Apollo may still preserve me from the Pelian spear that has been recently wielded with such power in the chivalrous task of defending the Maid of France against all detractors.

MICHAEL MACMILLAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

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W. B. Yeats' *Collected Works*. Vol. VII., The Secret Rose, etc., John Sherman and Dhaya. Vol. VIII., Discoveries, Edmund Spenser, Poetry and Tradition, etc. Bibliography. Shakespeare Mod. Press.

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Olney, Bucks

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Author's Club has decided to celebrate the centenary of Edgar Allan Poe by a dinner on March 4th, at which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will preside. There is something delightfully incongruous in the association of the name of Poe with that of the principal stand-by of the *Strand Magazine*. Edgar Allan Poe was at his best a very exquisite poet and a prose-writer of cunning and poignant power. He is, on the whole, the finest product that American literature has given to the world, and if that is not saying very much, one may add that he takes his place definitely with the masters of English letters. We altogether fail to see what constitutes the claim of the inventor of that wearisome character, Sherlock Holmes, to "preside" over anything connected with Poe, even a dinner at which the American Ambassador is to be present. On the other hand, it is gratifying, in a sense, to find the Author's Club endeavouring, according to its lights, to do honour to the memory of a poet. A dinner in honour of Poe, even presided over by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is better than a dinner in honour of, say, Mr. Max Pemberton presided over by, say, Mr. Pawling. Thus, ever, can the optimist find consolation in a woeful world. On the whole, the worst doesn't often come to the worst.

We must confess that the arguments for "simplified spelling" propounded in the December number of a new publication entitled *Modern Language Teaching*, in an article by Professor Skeat and Mr. William Archer, fail to convince us. No doubt we are prejudiced in favour of our conventional spelling, but we cling to our prejudices for all that, and we maintain that nothing that could be gained by spelling the word "give," "giv," could reconcile us to the change, while as for the word "jogd" for "jogged," it seems to us barbarous and hideous on the face of it. The joint authors of the article to which we have referred tell us in their own spelling that: "It ought to giv these gentlemen (the so-called purists who believ that

our conventional spelling contains some treasure of historic instruction which would be lost to the world were it amended) some pause to note that not a single profest student of the history of language attaches the smallest importance to this argument." That may be all very well for "the profest students of the history of language," but what about the poets and the writers of prose who use, for purposes of beauty, the language which the "profest students" seem to imagine is their own private property? We frankly admit that we are conservative to the point of hating on principle any change that cannot be shown to possess overwhelming advantages. We deny that Professor Skeat, to whom we naturally listen with the greatest respect, has made good his case as to these overwhelming advantages. We quote Professor Skeat alone advisedly, for we are at a loss to understand why he should have thought it necessary to drag in Mr. William Archer. We have yet to learn that Mr. Archer has the smallest claim to speak as an etymologist, or even as a "profest student of the history of language," though we have it on his own authority that he did not discover that Milton was "a mine of pure gold" till he was over twenty-one, and then on a railway journey. Professor Skeat would have been well advised if he had endeavoured to secure as his collaborator in his plea for simplified spelling some great poet or man of letters. The name of, say, Mr. Swinburne would not have failed to "giv us pause" in this connection; the name of Mr. William Archer produces no such effect—quite the contrary, indeed.

Mr. Collinson, to whose interminable reiteration of the same arguments against judicious and judicial corporal punishment we have at various times allotted more than their fair share of space in our correspondence columns, is getting quite perky. In the current number of the *Humanitarian* he accuses one of our correspondents of "ruffianism," and makes scathing references to the supposed badness of "Academical manners." The fact is that we allowed him a very sufficient quantity of rope in his squabble with one of our correspondents, "R. S.," who ventured to point out certain logical dilemmas into which Mr. Collinson's methods of discussion had landed him; but because, chiefly in his own interests, we did not let him have the last word in a controversy in which he manifestly met more than his match, he abuses us, as one might say, "like a pickpocket." Mr. Collinson's zeal on behalf of such people as the young ruffian who was recently convicted of torturing a donkey in such a manner as to elicit from the magistrate the remark that it was the most horrible case of cruelty he had ever come across, and that he regretted that the law did not allow the culprit to be flogged, leads Mr. Collinson into a quite naughty violence of language. With some of the objects of the Humanitarian League we are, as we have already said, in hearty agreement, but we cannot follow them in their tenderness for the hides of animal-torturers, garotters, and others of like nature. We have before now expressed our regret that the good work of such a Society as the Humanitarian League should be marred by the ridiculous intemperance, and want of sense of proportion, of many of its members. Mr. Collinson is indignant because "R. S." referred to his League as a "crank society." We are sorry to say that, in spite of its well-meaning efforts, it deserves the epithet, and a glance at the list of the names of the members of the committee of its Criminal Law and Prison Reform Department shows clearly enough that it is a happy hunting-ground for every conceivable kind of meddlesome, loose-witted, "advanced," "intellectual," and "stalwart" believer in his or her

infallible nostrum for the regeneration of mankind, who make rational social reform next door to impossible, and who alienate from what might be a praiseworthy and useful movement all those who are not infected with their own particular form of crankiness.

A lady from Finland has kindly come over to this benighted country to explain the advantages of Female Suffrage. The daily papers have accordingly blossomed out into columns of interviews, while in the *Daily Mail* we are favoured with a portrait of the fair prodigy. It appears that her name is Miss Thekla Hultin, that she is a Doctor of Philosophy, secretary of the Statistical Bureau of Finland, and a member of the Finnish Diet, who "impresses one with a sense of alert sanity." Needless to say, Miss Thekla is of opinion that the mixing of the sexes in politics is a great success. In support of this opinion she announces that there are twelve women members of the Finnish Diet, and three married couples. That in itself does not seem to prove very much, except that if a married woman becomes a member of Parliament, her husband's best chance is to become one, too. Far be it from us to interfere with the domestic concerns of Finland, but as we have yet to learn that this particular country is in any sort of position to pose as a model worthy of imitation by this great Empire in any single particular, we shall endeavour not to be unduly cast down. We should like to hear the views of the male portion of the married couples, and the other male members of the Finnish House. It is just possible that they may not be found to agree with Miss Thekla Hultin. But even if they were in agreement with her to a man, it would prove nothing. No doubt a gifted lady from the South Sea Islands might be found who would consent to come over to England and explain the advantages of the cannibal method of dietary, and the undesirability of superfluous clothing, to those who sympathised with these peculiarities; but it is probable that the rest of us would not therefore feel impelled to adopt her habits. When the insignificant—not to say tin-pot—little State of Finland has furnished to mankind at large proofs that it has achieved any kind of superiority, mental, moral, or physical, owing to the influence of petticoat government, it will be time enough for its emissaries to go forth and preach the glad tidings of Woman's Suffrage. Meanwhile, in spite of her appearance of "alert sanity," we shall take the liberty of regarding Miss Thekla Hultin's recommendations as so much entirely superfluous impertinence.

Mr. Herbert Vivian (the rejected of Deptford and Constantinople) continues to disport himself elegantly in the columns of Mr. Horatio Bottomley's organ of culture, *John Bull*. He distinguishes himself this week by remarking that he has "now received what are, happily, the last two volumes of O. Wilde's unnecessarily collected writings." We venture to doubt if Mr. Vivian has done anything of the kind. We happen to know that the publishers of Oscar Wilde's collected works sent them for review to not more than six journals, and we question whether *John Bull* was included in the number. Of course, Mr. Vivian may have "received" the collected works in the sense that he has bought and paid for them, or that he has borrowed them from a friend, but when a reviewer talks about "receiving" books he implies that they have been sent to him or to his editor for review. That this has not been done in the case of Mr. Vivian or Mr. Bottomley we are prepared to wager. The value of Mr. Vivian as a critic of literature may be gauged by the fact that he refers to the late Walter Pater as "his (Wilde's) impossible friend Pater." Meanwhile,

we note with some amazement that *John Bull* is organising a "defence fund" on behalf of its editor in connection with his trial at the Guildhall. Mr. Bottomley, it seems, is anxious that "the burden should fall" upon himself "alone"; nevertheless, he has "devised a scheme" which will rope in the public. It seems but yesterday that this ingenious gentleman was appealing to this same public to share with him the handsome profits derived from the sale of his publication. Indeed, in an advertisement of the *John Bull* company, which we were the only paper in London to refuse, he painted the condition of his financial affairs in very glowing colours. Mr. Bottomley, therefore, is either a rich man or he is not. If he is rich, he should pay his own way. If he is not, what becomes of the prospectus of *John Bull*, for particulars of which please see the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* of a few weeks ago?

The *Westminster Gazette* is very indignant with Lord Ardilaun because he does not intend to allow his house in Carlton House Terrace to be disfigured by having placed on it "a large medallion of blue, with a bright yellow wreath around it," to commemorate the late Mr. Gladstone, who at one time occupied the house. The *Westminster Gazette*, pushing aside the various other reasons which Lord Ardilaun gives for not wishing to have the outside of his house adorned by this beautiful effigy, such as that "there are three or four other houses once residences of Mr. Gladstone available," and that he would not have objected to a smaller tablet, remarks bitterly that the real reason of his refusal is to be found in the last part of Lord Ardilaun's letter to the *Times* of January 7th:

I freely confess that I should rather not have on my house a memorial of one, who, notwithstanding his "charm and genius," by his measures reduced the value of Irish property by a half, and reduced vast numbers of my countrymen and women to poverty, and who disestablished and disendowed the Church to which I belong.

We are inclined to agree with the *Westminster Gazette* that the strongest reason Lord Ardilaun brings forward is the last. If the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* were called upon to allow his private residence to be decorated with "a large medallion of blue, with a bright yellow wreath around it," setting forth to the world the features or the virtues of, say, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, it is highly probable that he would not relish it at all. If he takes the trouble of looking at the matter from this point of view he will perhaps be able to arrive at a state of mind which may enable him to take up a somewhat less idiotic attitude about Lord Ardilaun's very natural and honest feeling of dislike to disfiguring the outside of his house by an ugly effigy of a man whose memory is the reverse of pleasing to him. It takes a "Liberal," and a very advanced "Liberal," to propose seriously to plaster the walls of other people's houses with hideous memorial tablets of their recently-deceased political opponents, and to get up a show of indignation when these people politely decline the projected "honour."

Referring to Mr. Watts-Dunton's recent note about "The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks," the *British Weekly*, of all papers in the world, remarks: "Mr. Watts-Dunton explains again why he did not do this piece of work or that piece of work, and seriously comments on the flight of time, just as he has done for many years, and will continue to do for many years." This is at once scathing and prophetic—for the *British Weekly*. There can be no doubt whatever that Mr. Watts-Dunton is far too prone to avail

himself of opportunities for treating the world to triviality with respect to him and his "work." We noticed in the *Daily Mail* the other day a statement to the effect that during the present year Mr. Watts-Dunton is to publish quite a number of important works. We shall naturally be glad to see them, but we wonder if he will really produce them. "Alwyn," which Mr. Watts-Dunton will be delighted for us to notice once again is included in the *World's Classics*, did not see the light till after it had been many years in type. Mr. Watts-Dunton's reasons for holding it back, so to speak, were no doubt momentous, but so far as we remember, they amounted to a mere question of modesty. We trust that this consideration will no longer be allowed triumphant possession of Mr. Watts-Dunton's breast, and that in the promise of January we have something that will blossom into performance, say, in May. Our own opinion is that persons who possess unedited works from their own hand should not chatter about them until the act of publication is seriously and immediately contemplated. And we are glad to observe that the *British Weekly*, which has always been most civil to Mr. Watts-Dunton, should at length reprove him somewhat, even though it be with ethereal mildness.

The Poet Laureate has written a good many letters in his time, and there are people in the world who would be disposed to consider that he is afflicted with the somewhat inelegant habit—at any rate, in a poet—of putting his finger into too many pies. On the other hand, it seems to us that the bare fact of a man's principal writings being metrical in form should not debar him from expressing freely in prose, opinions which seem to him meet for expression. So that, while the letter about "Suffragitis" which Mr. Austin contributes to the *Times* will have to run the gauntlet of a good deal of cheap criticism, there can be no doubt as to its author's strict right to indite such a letter according to his discretion. For our own part, while we do not see that Mr. Austin raises any new points, we are glad to note that he emphasises an important old one.

"Great things, grave questions, weighty issues," he says, "arise from time to time, and in their solution stormy passions are aroused in Parliament, on platforms, and in the Press. Are these to rage equally on the domestic hearth and between men and women?"

It is plain that in the event of women being given the vote the Poet Laureate's query will have to be "answered in the affirmative." Even as it is, on the mere question of a proposed female suffrage domestic bickerings and hair-pulling in the family circle are not entirely unknown. When woman was not suspected of the desire for direct political representation it was virtually she, and she only, who voted. At all Parliamentary, or, for that matter, other elections, you will find that the strength of either candidate's canvassing is invariably directed towards capturing the women. And why? A clever woman can make a man vote for anything and anybody. And in effect she has hitherto had a great deal more to do with man's voting than either he or she suspects. But now that the cat is out of the bag, as it were, the mice are growing a trifle cautious, and the natural result is bickering. Until the Pankhurst troupe came upon the scene the women of England, at any rate, had all the cards in their hands, and all the real power, and all the real glory, and all the real triumph. And now they are asked to exchange their birthright—that is to say, their ability to do just as they like with a male person—for a common vote!

TO FRANCIS THOMPSON

DIED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1907.

Not when the poor breath fails and flutters forth,
Not when the eyes are closed, nor when the grave
Receives its solemn burden, when the earth
Rains down its pitiless stones upon the dead:
Not at the bedside, nor the graveside, comes
The catch of the breath, the realising pang,
The sense of loss: but when the living turn
Back to the olden ways—and understand.
So now I come, the long day rolling down,
To cry farewell, to pay the homage due,
My salutation to the passing soul.
Lean down awhile: I do not bring thee praise,
Nor adulation of a flattering tongue.
Thou didst not ask our praise. Doth the lone bird,
That to the night outpoureth his packed heart,
Wait on the condescension of our ears?
Thou didst not sing for us: thy passionate strains
Thrilled like the bird's strains—nay, were like the ring
Of beaten iron clanging to the blow
Of Vulcan's hammer: or the thunderous sea
Pealing to Heaven, when all its hungry deeps
Lift to the ever-unattained moon,
And know God close, crying "Where art Thou,
where?"

Crying un comforted. Even such thy song.

Alas, what conflict of the soul was thine,
What storms, what desolation! What unplumbed
Terrific depths, dark tenements of grief,
Caverns of sorrow, did they feet explore!
Beneath thee what profound abysses yawned!
And all around thou sawest a grim world,
Whose golden fruit was ashes, and its streams
Ran tears; whose winds were naught but bitter sighs
Heart-breaking, irremediable pain,
Unslaked desires, yearnings unsatisfied.
Poor dreamer, with what disillusioned eyes
Thou looked'st on life, the sad and sorry thing
We build our hopes on, hug to ourselves awhile,
And all reluctantly put by at last—
Standing aloof, how thou didst look on life
With mournful eyelids humid, seeing yet
What Love could make it, might but his wings spread
Their aureate fulness over the cold world.
Well didst thou know, too well, his mighty power,
His brightness and his glory. And afar,
Sure-based upon an awful silent hill,
Whose head was in the clouds, whence ceaselessly
The dreadful lightnings cleft the liquid skies
With trailings iridescent, and the noise
Of terrible thunders shook the breathless air,
Thou sawest Beauty sit, her goddess form
Robed round with cloudy darkness, and a mist
Of distance inaccessible. And there,
There thou didst fix thine eyes, and thereto strive
With bleeding feet. Thou didst cry out to Love
And Beauty, the twin-shining stars of God,
Famished for need of them, and in thy dearth
Receivedst for thy portion endless grief,
Anguish of heart, immeasurable pain.

Anguish of heart, immeasurable pain.
Yea, for thou wast, dead singer, of the band
Of those rare spirits whose Æolian hearts,
Strung at the verge of life, where the two worlds,
Of mortal and immortal, mix their airs,
Make song, not as they would, but as they must.
Others there are, the blind world's sentinels,
Outposts on our beleaguered city's walls,
While the city sleeps watching the ominous fires
On the night-curtained hills, interpreting
Their march and counter-march: astrologers

To read the faces of the stars and tell
 Their high celestial meaning, drawing down
 The wide circumference of the universe
 Unto its centre, Man. Like some great bell,
 Calling, muezzin-voiced, from tower to tower
 The multitude to prayer, unceasingly
 "There is no God but God," their cry goes forth.
 Their witness-bearing cry. But ye are more,
 More than all this, even high ambassadors
 From Man to God, our princely mediates,
 Plenipotentiaries to Heaven's courts,
 To voice the prayers of so-much-suffering Earth,
 Her woes, complaints, rebellions—to win through
 The barring clouds, the frozen wilds of Space,
 The burning suns, if so that at the last
 Ye may draw near the throne, and at its base
 Dark-shadowed, falling at His dreadful feet,
 Speak for the tongueless world. And from his lips
 What voiceless messages of thundering sound
 Catch ye, vibrating on the shaken air—
 Dark imports of His will, oracular
 Dim sayings inarticulate, whose words
 Are clouds and stars, presences unperceived,
 Dawn-light and sunset, promptings spiritual,
 Visions of dreams, unloosings of the hair:
 Which for your fellow-men, as best ye may,
 By wandering paths, circumlocutions wide,
 Strange indirections and obliquities,
 As best ye may, things all ineffable,
 Ye mould into our little human speech.

Anguish of heart, immeasurable pain!
 Think they ye suffer, they that move and dwell
 Within the city and the noisy mart,
 Crying "What lack ye?" Let them ask thy soul
 What fiery places it inhabited:
 Thou that stretched forth thine arms in loneliness
 To grope the way to God: that from the earth
 Caught at the veil that hung from the high stars,
 Screening thy vision (oh, with what torn hands
 Flung back its hem) and with half-blinded eyes
 Stood for a moment—if but one short breath,
 Yet surely for a moment—stood at gaze
 Upon the very zenith-point of Life,
 Where shone the terrible glory of His face.

The ways are hid from them where thou went'st
 down

Alone and silent, even among the graves,
 The graves of love, the tombs of buried hopes,
 Houses of lone abandonment: the ways,
 The shivering paths that lead to Hades' doors,
 Nay, unto Hell herself. Thou atest the bread
 Of bitter dust: and tasted'st of the fruit
 Of the Tree of Knowledge, guarded though it be
 By flaming swords angelic. There was no road
 Of any sorrow thy feet did not tread.

Yet not alone of lamentations sad
 And black eclipses of disastrous suns:
 But mountain-sides where glad Apollo sits,
 Shaking from his bright wings the dewy morn
 Upon the valleys: glades of shimmering day,
 Where Artemis upon the expectant grass
 Presses her sandals, and the crocus springs
 Behind her journeying: twilight-shadowy woods,
 Where from the rugged tree-stems laughing Pan
 Looks out, and then again is gone, and now
 From some far interspace of misty boughs
 Pipes a low mocking note, and all the Fauns
 Rustle within the dusk invisibly.
 Even such is thine inheritance and fief—
 Whose sun is Beauty, and its moon is Truth,
 And Love the tiller of its soil: and there
 Walk the old gods, the mighty ageless ones:
 There thunders Zeus, and there Poseidon wields
 The fury of the sea, and in his den

Hephaistos fans the red earth-shaking flame,
 And the queen-regent, airy-charioted,
 Most-glorious Athene, rules the heart,
 Wisdom of God, the stainless Maidenhood.
 And in what starry places else ye move.
 What luminous heights and rapturous dizzy peaks,
 Thy song hath spoken, thine effulgent song,
 Thy gorgeous harmonies. So didst thou pass,
 By those strange pathways of unpeopled realms—
 Striving to utter things too great for sound,
 Things not to be encompassed by the lips
 Of poor mortality—so went'st thou up,
 Into thy land of Luthany, the high
 Passes of Elenore, to come at last
 Unto the Breast where Grief shall fall asleep,
 And wild-eyed Passion rock her heart to rest.

And for thy legacy to us thou leav'st
 Thy jewelled tears, which in the darkened mine
 And the white furnace of that fiery heart
 Were fashioned, and with trembling feverish hands
 Their shining facets carven. With thy blood
 Thou didst enrich them—and the world goes on,
 Unheeding of thy voice, and here and there
 Some two or three alone shall stay their steps
 To mourn thy passing and in silence pray
 A "requiescat" for thy parting soul.
 What matters it? Thou art beyond our hail
 (Unless some message like to this may still
 Reach to thine ears, and win a smile perchance
 From thy new-tuned lips). Thou knowest now
 The worth of thy work, its dignity appraised
 By other hands than ours, and art content.
 Lo, in thy name I thank the careless world,
 Which, when its nightingales sing forth, sleeps on
 With a deaf ear, and leaves the lonely bird
 To voice his silver sorrows in the night,
 The star-lit shrine of holy silences,
 In sacred stillness pure and unprofaned.

Farewell, sweet soul, the darkness comes: thou
 goest

I know not whither: the great veil falls between.
 But thou, O Earth, lift up thine eyes and mark.
 Thou seest a thing of dreams, a broken form
 Marred deep with scars and piteous wounds, the blood
 Mingling with tears. Oh, be not pitiful.
 Be silent, reverent, awed. He looked beyond
 The verge of the world, where God sat clothed about
 With Beauty like a burning dazzling fire.
 There, where we dare not look, his eyes were fixed.
 His soul was hungered for immortal light,
 It needeth not thy pity: all its pain
 Was but the wonder and excess of bliss.

W. G. F.

THE LOST VOCABULARY

A TRAVELLER returning to London after a few years' sojourn in the back-blocks of a remote colony, would be at once struck and bewildered by the large number of unfamiliar slang terms, catch-phrases, and unsanctioned colloquialisms, which figure in the ordinary conversation of those around him. This slipshod habit has grown to such alarming proportions during his absence, as to make it extremely difficult for him to converse intelligently with his fellows on the topics of the hour. Without presenting an extreme case, it is conceivable that such a person would fail to understand more than the gist of the racy remarks which the young man about town of the present day addressed to him; and that the latter would have equal difficulty in comprehending the speech of the returned exile. Yet both speakers might be persons of education, their diction marred by no burr, twang, or drawl, and the

actual words made use of neither common *argot* nor unpardonable vulgarisms.

Many interesting observations suggest themselves to the returned wanderer faced with the necessity of re-acquiring the facility of conversational intercourse with his fellow countrymen. Yet, when he has once surmounted the irritation natural to his anomalous situation, he will, if he be candid, concede that the practice of coining words or expressions to describe newly-invented articles, or to define sensations hitherto unnamed, is a perfectly legitimate one. He will remember that during his absence in the trackless Australian bush, thousands of new problems must have arisen to puzzle the ingenuity of the national lexicographers. Yet, when due allowance for these facts has been made, the practice of substituting a newly-manufactured synonym for a word of ancient and honest lineage, which expresses the meaning just as well, is all too common. If not checked, this tendency will inevitably lead to the permanent injury of our language—the richest and the noblest heritage which our fathers have handed down to us.

It is interesting in this connection to note the effect which the requirements of the Patent and Trade Mark laws are producing upon the language. It is only fair to the inventors of talking-machines and mechanical piano-players that they should be allowed to label their ingenious contrivances with protective titles. But whatever the talents of these American gentlemen may be in other directions, they are not exactly the persons to whom we should address ourselves for lexicographical suggestions. Yet they are allowed, without protest, to put into circulation a host of dreadful verbal compounds, whilst the utility and popularity of the inventions they designate will ultimately compel us to admit these words into the dictionary. We have but to recall the thousands of names in vogue for the various systems of wireless telegraphy and continuous photography, the innumerable cleansing compounds, cereal foods, beef extracts, and patent medicines, to recognise that this license is threatening the integrity of the English tongue. In his wrath at the irresponsibilities of these advertisers of proprietary articles, with their dread composites, their punning abbreviations, and their artless onomatopoeia, the bewildered student of the language of London is tempted to confound all word-makers in one common damnation. Or, he will at least consider the desirability of the appointment of a select committee of scholars to examine the efforts of the gentlemen of the stage, the Stock Exchange, the sporting clubs, and the members of the learned and unlearned professions, to add an apocrypha to the dictionary, and to deliberate on all insinuating pleas of the appellants for a verdict of extenuating circumstances.

Nor are these the only difficulties which present themselves to the returned exile. He will be puzzled by the large number of words which it has become fashionable to use in fresh senses. Members of all classes of the community are responsible for these changes, from the empire-builder to the music-hall artiste, and from the Parliamentary wit to the Cockney cabdriver. An intelligent enquiry into the origin of these transformations would provide ample material for a philosophical treatise on the poverty of occasions. The use of these colloquialisms, prolonged beyond the period of their applicability, would likewise provide a strong argument against the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. Because many patent medicine vendors, and other less aggressive philanthropists, have achieved fame and fortune by the invention of showy catch-phrases, that is surely no reason why these expressions should be deemed necessary to the conduct of present-day conversation.

The fact that the homing Londoner is faced in his middle age with the prospect of serious study, or the irritating alternative of understanding no more than the gist of the remarks addressed to him, seems to call for the appointment of an educational adviser to the Colonial Conference, resident in the Metropolis, and for the foundation of Chairs of Quite Modern English in the outlying Universities of the Empire.

The establishment of cordial diplomatic relations with France has also influenced the development of up-to-date London speech. It is pleasing to note the disappearance of our insular prejudices. The spasmodic efforts of the converted Briton to become acquainted with the language of his neighbours is deserving of praise. The temptation to make a display of the fact that he has availed himself of the opportunity of a cheap excursion to Paris, is doubtless, at times, irresistible; but the prevalent mania for thrusting doubtful Gallicisms into ordinary English speech is an annoyance to the dweller in the Bush whose French "hath long lain a-rusting." The poser—which, by the way, is quite as good a word as *poseur*—will reply that there are French words for which there is no English equivalent; and, of course, so far as the practice is limited to the adoption of such expressions, it is legitimate. But the length to which this habit has now gone is beyond endurance.

Passing over a hundred side issues which will at once occur to him, let the conscientious Colonist pause to examine the deficiencies peculiar to his own vocabulary. That during his absence he has forgotten the correct use and meaning of innumerable English words is natural enough, since the conditions of life in remote territories are so strange and utterly unlike those at home. But, like the faces of old friends, they will come back to him, and he would not dream of complaining of having to re-learn them and of familiarising himself again with their varying significance. What he does complain of, is that so many words have been tortured into meanings which they were never intended to convey. Even though he has sought to keep in touch with the Homeland by studying the great English classics, it will avail him nothing; for he will find upon his return that the classics are the very last source to which his countrymen fly for inspiration in the making of new words and phrases. It seems to him that the sayings of great Englishmen were never more mis-quoted, or so prostituted to the purposes of advertisement, as at the present day.

To the positive grievance of having lost a vocabulary, moreover, is added the vexation of having acquired one which is of no use to him. He soon discovers that a large proportion of the terms he has been used to employ whilst in the Bush are barely intelligible to the Londoner; and he feels it an act of courtesy to his audience to arrest on the tip of his tongue the Australian slang and colloquialisms to which, for a decade or more, he has been accustomed. Is it too much to beg a reciprocal compliment on the part of his fellow countrymen, or have they lost all reverence for the purity of the mother tongue?

Thus the returned exile, already past his prime, is forced to take a course of linguistics, and sits thoughtfully down to learn a new language, the tongue of latter-day London. To some the task may be congenial. To others the heroic example of Cato beginning to learn Greek at eighty may be an encouragement. Historians, from Mommsen downwards, have explained at great length and with profound learning the reason of the noble Roman's suicide, and their views have been commonly accepted; but many a returned native, such as we have described, thinks he knows better.

A REFLECTION ON REALISM

THE truths of philosophy are often the truisms of experience; and when Emanuel Kant taught his disciples that an element of error is inseparable from the process of human thought, he merely enunciated as a dogma what generations of men had apprehended as a doom. Age after age, the light of a great truth bursts through the night of ignorance which envelops the human mind; but the very rays which reveal it, as if suffering refraction in their passage through a dense medium, exhibit as distorted and out of perspective objects which in their former obscurity were relatively distinct. The treasure of a great truth, in fact, serves too often as a fund of false analogy. History furnishes many instances of this in the political and intellectual spheres. In mediæval Europe, for example, how noble was the feudal system in its conception, how serviceable in its application, fortifying by the strongest moral appeal a social structure as marvellous as the material buildings of the time; and how disastrous were the consequences of the misapplication of this political theory to the intellectual and spiritual regions of human life! The cultivation of classical antiquity in the succeeding period yielded most precious results in the fields of philosophy, letters, and the arts of painting and sculpture. But when the practice of the same golden age was made the criterion of architecture and its attendant crafts, the fruit of centuries of labour and experience was irrevocably lost. The nineteenth century, which saw such a harvest of facts gathered into the storehouse of human knowledge, revealed the great scientific truth of evolution, which, once declared, was to serve thereafter as a guiding principle of thought. In the science of biology this theory produced invaluable results. The point of view from which living organisms were regarded was completely changed. Life was seen to be a single stream, and the various forms which reveal it were no longer isolated enigmas, but were recognised as related to one another as records in the varying course of the same river in its journey to an ultimate and unimaginable sea.

A theory thus brought forward in connection with life itself was speedily applied to the various activities of life. It was applied to the history of human industries, not without success; and to the history of human thought, not without justification. What concerns us at present, however, is one of many fatal misapplications of the theory—its introduction into the world of Art. This mistake was as plausibly excused as it was readily made, and the apology must be noticed in order that the error may be exposed. Art, then, it was said, is a product of the cultivated imagination, and the imagination is one of the activities of the human mind. Art, therefore, though not in itself a form of life, is dependent upon life for its existence in exactly the same way as any industry or craft, and hence, in exactly the same way, it is reducible to the test of a theory which issues from the essence of life itself. On this we must observe that while Art is certainly produced by the cultivated imagination, it requires, like other products, more than a single factor; and it is in the ignoring of this second factor that the fallacy which vitiates the argument is concealed. The nature of this factor we not at present attempt to define, beyond pointing out that it cannot be the various phenomena of life and the external world, which form the subject-matter of Art; for, clearly, if it were so, Art would consist solely in imitation, and that creative element would be entirely and inevitably absent which men of understanding have in all ages instinctively and unanimously acclaimed. Despite the fallacy, however, this argument in fact, if not in form, became current; and the theory of development which was serving as a cement in science, and as a solvent in theology, was crystallised

into a kind of touchstone in the laboratory of criticism.

The history of Art, then, was made parallel to the history of life, and its various manifestations regarded as so many stages in its progress to a definite goal. This goal was determined, arbitrarily enough, to be, not the perfect expression of ideal beauty, but the exact representation of life. The object of Art was not beauty, but truth. But it was forgotten that truth is in reality its own evidence, and truth was judged by its conformity with visible and tangible things, with the sensible facts of life, whereas the existence in man of the creative element of imagination is sufficient witness to the fact that absolute truth, which is beauty, so far from being exhaustively revealed by the phenomenal world, is only most feebly and partially represented thereby. The cause of the misconception was, no doubt, a confusion between the content of Art and its technical excellence of expression—a mistaking of the form for the meaning, or a false identification of the one with the other. In the art of painting, for example, an improvement more or less uniform may be traced in the technical ability with which ideas were expressed in form and colour. Each generation inherited the experience of its predecessors in the matter of craftsmanship, and thus the theory of development may be in that department usefully enough applied. But in the region of inspiration there is no such parallel. Artists sought and found their subjects not necessarily in the work of their immediate predecessors, but wherever their spirits led them in the infinite fields of existence. The history of painting is full of revivals of the past and anticipations of the future, and is in no way the record of a purpose increasing in the precision of its revelation throughout the ages. Were it true that there is such a purpose, as alleged, to represent life with exactness, the art would find its perfection in the invention of a process of colour-photography. That is the mischievous absurdity to which the proposition may be reduced. In the art of letters there was the less excuse for the introduction of this unhappy criterion; for here there are not, as in painting, dependent crafts the development of which may confuse the issue; and yet the cult of realism has won far more votaries here than elsewhere. To such an extent is this the case, that the popular taste, following more eminent, if not more enlightened, minds, condemns or approves an imaginative work on no other grounds than the degree in which it reflects the phenomena of daily life. The reader opens a novel to look for something which he can recognise, and with which he is familiar, forgetting that his object might be more effectually obtained by a walk down the street.

The misfortune of modern fiction is not the lack of talent or of style. Talent is abundant; style is cultivated with an unparalleled assiduity. The fault lies in the manner in which the gifts are exercised, and the ideals which call them into play. Realism reduces letters to a needless appanage to life, in whichever of the two great schools it is sought, whether it is the realism which depicts individual life, or that which defines types. The latter, indeed, is the more deadly, as it tends to narrow experience and to reduce the study of character to a series of fatal generalisations. The former demands more talent and more pains, but its logical issue is in disingenuous biography in a setting of the commonplace. In all this the true aim of Art is forgotten, and its real utility ignored. That aim and that utility consist in extending human experience, and in triumphing over the limitations of life. The genuine mission of Art in all its forms is to raise men for a season above space and time and the weariness of sensible things, and to reveal to them a world of moral beauty, the source of all that is lovely in life, whence they may return replenished with food imperishable, and enriched with treasure beyond counting or price.

PUNCH AND "RUDY"

We suppose that books of reminiscences will always have a charm for persons who read for amusement. Occasionally, too, such books may have value for the historian, and even for the critic. We are not disposed to be over-enthusiastic about reminiscences generally. Written by the indiscreet they are capable of harm; written by the discreet they have a tendency to travel into the region of twaddle. Unless your author with a memory is blessed with other special gifts, he usually makes a mess of the business of record. And not only does he require special gifts, but it would seem also necessary that he should have led a special life, a life, as it were, subconsciously devoted to the work of preparation for reminiscence. It is said that every man has a novel in him if he could but write it, and it seems more than probable that every man or woman who has lived a certain sort of life believes that the publication sooner or later of a volume of reminiscences is one's duty not only to society, but to that very much more important entity, one's self. In "Memories of Half a Century," a volume which has lately been published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann, J.P., M.P.—a member of the staff of *Punch*—gives us what he is pleased to call "a record of friendships." We believe that there are plenty of Justices of the Peace, not to say Members of Parliament, whose lives have been quite as interesting as that of Mr. Lehmann, whether from the point of view of friendships or otherwise. And it seems to us more than probable that it is the fact of his connection with *Punch* which enables Mr. Lehmann to excuse himself to himself for inviting the public to peruse his book. Right at the beginning our author confesses that these memories are not "exclusively, or even mainly," his own. It is from some MS. left by his father, and letters written to or by his father and mother, that he draws his material. And with due respect to Mr. Lehmann's father and mother, to say nothing of their distinguished friends, we are afraid that the materials are not of a very solid or serious nature. It seems that Mr. Lehmann, senr., was acquainted with Dickens. He knew him so well, in fact, that he intended to put together the usual reminiscences, but the appended rough notes were the only result.

"With Dickens at Crystal Palace performance of Sullivan's 'Tempest.' Walked with Dickens from Crystal Palace to Chorley's, 13 Eaton Place."

"Dickens fond of Americans. But when I returned from America in the spring of '63, and expressed my firm belief in the ultimate triumph of the North, he treated my opinion as a harmless hallucination."

"Sunday walks with Dickens in 1862 (February to June), when he was at Hyde Park Gate. Walked back with him from 'Star and Garter,' Richmond, April 2, after dinner to celebrate John Forster's birthday."

"With Dickens in Paris, November, 1862. Course of restaurants."

While Mr. Lehmann tacitly apologises for the trivialities hereby set before us, these notes about Dickens are typical of what he has to give us. They amount to nothing, and they can interest nobody save the most meticulous, scrap-keep-haunting compiler of unnecessary biographies. It is of no importance in the world that Mr. Lehmann, senr., should have walked with Dickens to the Crystal Palace to Chorley's, 13, Eaton Place, and one is not uplifted to learn that to have been with Dickens in Paris in November, 1862, meant nothing more to Mr. Lehmann, senr., than a "course of restaurants." Of course, Mr. Rudolph Lehmann is not to be blamed for the possession of filial views as to the excellence of his parents, and we are disposed to forgive him for explaining that his mother's "playing of the piano

was a revelation of the divine capacities of that difficult and much-abused instrument." Most of us remember our mothers' piano playing with feelings which would break the heart of, say, M. Paderewski. But to write them down in Mr. Lehmann's strain is simply foolishness. The fact that Mr. Lehmann was known as "Rudy" in his bright infancy is another item of information which scarcely concerns the polite world. It seems to us very doubtful, also, whether a really cautious compiler of memories would have committed himself to the following passage:

My own memory of my grandfather, Robert Chambers, is, with the exception of one interview, somewhat vague and indistinct. He died when I was fifteen years old; and during the latter part of his life we, who were living in England, had not been able to see him frequently. That one interview, however, stands out in my mind with a startling distinctness. It must have taken place in 1864, when, as a boy of eight, I had just begun learning Latin with a tutor. This great intelligence had been communicated to my grandfather, and I can remember my feelings of mingled pride and apprehension when the towering and dignified figure took me by the hand and began to question me: "So, my little man, you're into Latin?" "Yes, grandpa." "That's good; that's good. Now then, can you go through *mensa*, a table?" "Please, grandpa, we call it *musa*, a muse, in our book. I can do that for you." And I did, without in the least understanding why my grandfather gave a Homeric shout of laughter. The consequent gift of a shilling, was, however, thoroughly intelligible, and served to impress the little incident indelibly on my mind.

If Mr. Lehmann's tutor had taught him a little English as well as a little Latin, we should probably have been spared some of the loose English in the foregoing artless tale, and if Mr. Lehmann had read his Latin authors properly, and to advantage, we might have been spared the story as a whole. It is natural that persons who contribute to *Punch* should be great simpletons at the age of eight, and that they should still consider the shillings bestowed upon them by admiring grandpas worthy to be enshrined in ten-and-sixpenny books. Most boys have had shillings from their grandpas, but, somehow, Mr. Swinburne does not write odes about his shilling, and Mr. Meredith is quite dumb on the subject, even in prose. On the other hand, neither of these gentlemen contribute to *Punch*, and neither of them has written nor proposes to write reminiscences of his little-boyhood; which, on the whole, perhaps, is just as well. Even when Mr. Lehmann leaves himself out of the pretty domestic picture, and proceeds to the printing of letters written to his mother, or to his father, or to himself by eminent hands, he scarcely succeeds in convincing us that his "memories" are important. For example, how has James Payn, as one figures him, helped, or hindered, or in any way modified to the view by reason of the fact that he sent Mr. Rudolph Lehmann—then, apparently, in his teens—the following letter:

My dear Boy,—This poem is very nice—I mean really nice—but not so good as "The Dolomites." The last line is a metaphor drawn from the subject which is contrary to the canons. Still, it is good. Why do you want to attempt the *Cornhill*? I happen to know that *Chambers' Journal* is in want of good verse. If you do not want to send a few specimens to your Uncle Robert I will send them for you. There! Love to Fred.—Yours ever, JAMES PAYN.

There are people writing for *Punch* who would parody a letter of this kind over a whole page, and make a great sport of the business. Clearly, there is nothing in it that was worth printing. It is just the common, kind letter of the ordinary, kind man to the ordinary simple boy, and of no literary value whatever. "Mr. James Payn's compliments to Mr. Rudy Lehmann, and will he please come round to lunch?" would be just as useful. Our author assures us that

the letter, as quoted, shows James Payn "in his character of amiable and encouraging critic." That, we take it, is justification. But in view of the fact that Payn was always an amiable and encouraging critic, where in the name of goodness is the point? We shall not assert that Mr. Lehmann's memories are wholly and entirely concerned with trivialities. But pretty well every page of them contains matter which might very well have been left out. For example, this of Thackeray, on page 197:

We had many intimate friends in common, but it was never my good fortune to be on very intimate terms with Thackeray himself. He was to have dined with me on the day after he was taken ill, and his daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, has told me that when she left him on the evening before he died, the last words she ever heard him speak were, "Tell Lehmann."

One might almost infer from such a statement that Thackeray died with the blessed surname, "Lehmann," on his lips. Possibly he did; but what of it, anyway? If the story has importance at all, it is important to the Lehmann family, and not to Thackeray, and consequently not to the public. Then we have Robert Browning writing to Mr. Lehmann's mother that nothing would give him "so much pleasure as forgetting sad old Christmas Days in her house" had he not been otherwise engaged. And so on, and so forth.

There can be no question that Mr. Lehmann and his parents have moved in considerable literary circles, and that they have enjoyed the friendship of literary and artistic people of eminence. But with these facts we think Mr. Lehmann might have been content. His endeavour to prove and establish them appears to us to be superfluous and ill-advised. Mr. Lehmann lacks those powers of selection which are most essential where a work of this nature is concerned. Any document with the name of Lehmann about it is to him a treasure, and, perhaps, very properly so. But whether the public should be called in to share his admiration is another question. To our mind, "The Memories of Half a Century" is a piece of book-making in the absence of which we should have been little the poorer.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

FROM an advertisement in the columns of *Punch*, we take the following:

In response to suggestions made to us by Editors of London daily papers and magazines, suitable applicants (limited to ten) will be coached for well-paid positions on the Press at a moderate premium.

We may conclude, therefore, that the editors of London daily papers and magazines are at length in a tight corner. It would be interesting to know specifically who these editors may be, and what well-paid positions on the Press happen just now to be going a-begging. The gentlemen who are to perform the much-needed educative work are Mr. Arthur Lawrence, Sir F. C. Burnand, Mr. Laurence Clarke, and Mr. Mostyn T. Pigott. We believe that all of them are busy journalists, and we should have imagined that if "well-paid positions" be toward, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Clarke, and Mr. Pigott at any rate would have condescended to undertake the duties themselves. Sir Francis Burnand, probably, might not care to become definitely attached to any particular journal, no matter how handsome an emolument were offered him. He has laboured in the vineyard with credit for many years, and we can well understand that he now prefers the rôle of mentor to that of pupil. As for the others, to say the least, it is benevolent of

them that they should come forward to assist "editors of London daily papers and magazines" at a moment of bitter need. Their qualification is obvious, and aspirants who wish to be coached "at a moderate premium" will no doubt keep well in mind the fact that Mr. Arthur Lawrence was one of the moving spirits in Messrs. Samuda's delightful Limerick competitions, while Mr. Pigott, M.A., B.C.L., acted as one of the judges in those competitions. So that what they do not know about journalism can scarcely be considered knowledge. We have no desire to throw cold water on a scheme which is so plainly intended for the benefit and advantage of harassed "editors of London daily papers and magazines." But we should advise intending "coachees" to make sure that, at the end of their pupilage, the well-paid positions will be inevitably forthcoming.

It appears that Mr. W. H. Lucy has been retelling in the *Cornhill Magazine* an anecdote which he originally published twenty years ago. This anecdote bears reference to a statement of the late Mr. Gladstone that a Member of Parliament who was so nearly dead that he "had only just a little breath left in him," was dragged into the lobby of the House of Commons to vote on a motion which was carried only by a majority of one. Mr. Lucy asserts that the Member of Parliament in question was a Conservative member of Parliament, and that it was the Tory whips who were responsible for his unseemly appearance before the tellers. At the time when the story was first promulgated a Mr. Beavan, of Leamington, wrote to Mr. Gladstone enquiring whether the incident referred to was not the same as that narrated by Greville (in his *Journal of the Reign of Victoria*, vol. II., p. 11, under date June 6th, 1841), and whether the Member of Parliament in question was not Lord Douglas Gordon-Hallyburton, the then Liberal M.P. for Forfarshire, who died the same year. To Mr. Beavan's enquiries Mr. Gladstone replied: "Mr. Greville is right, only my reporter (who is unknown to me) is in error. I can never forget the scene." Mr. Lucy was advised of what Mr. Gladstone said, but he still continues to tell the story in its original and inaccurate form. And as we have seen, he repeats it in a recent number of the *Cornhill*. For this lapse Mr. Beavan brings Mr. Lucy to book in the *Standard* of Thursday, and prints the whole correspondence. It seems to us that the situation is a little awkward for Mr. Lucy. On the other hand, he may have a good defence, in which case it would be well for him to produce it. Surely if Mr. Gladstone could afford to admit that his "reporter" was wrong, Mr. Lucy can afford to follow suit. In any case he must cease from ascribing his version of the story to Mr. Gladstone.

One of the Socialist papers has discovered a sonneteer who indulges in six times fourteen lines at one fell swoop, as it were. Being a Socialist he naturally dubs his verses "Dream Sonnets." Here is the upper portion—we will not say the octave—of the first of them:—

And is it meet, beloved brother mine,
That on my head thy brazen heel be prest,
With thy sharp weapon thrust against my breast,
Or haply my stiletto laid to thine?
Brother, behold, I kiss thee for a sign
That jungle-dictates do I not obey,
But, coward if you will, desert the fray
Till thy coarse tinder catch the spark divine.

We conclude that the Socialists imagine that it would be correct to write "thy hand is on your heart." The

"intellectuals" of the movement may be possessed of a nice taste in "neck-wear" but they appear to know precious little about sonnets.

Mr. George Meredith is anxious that literary London should be made aware of the fact that he did not cease to visit Rossetti's house because Rossetti was in the habit of eating "thick ham and fried eggs." We are indeed coming to something. Nobody in his senses ever supposed that Mr. Meredith would cut a fellow poet from the list of his weekly calls for any such stupid reason. And as for Rossetti's "thick ham and fried eggs"—if he liked his ham thick and his eggs fried—what in the name of goodness have the literary reviews to do with it? We consider that Mr. Meredith's note on the subject does credit to his heart, if not exactly to his head—which head happens to be the head of one of the very few men who stand for what is noble in English letters to-day. We are reminded of a story of a certain American lady, who on hearing that an eminent poet was in the habit of dining at a tavern not many miles from Fleet Street, begged the waiter to point the gentleman out to her. The waiter said, "Certainly, mum, there he is in the corner." "Thank you so much," said the lady, "and—er—by the way, what's he eating?" "Well, in point of fact, madam," replied the waiter, "he's 'aving a pork chop." "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the fair American, "I thought he lived in the clouds." "That may be, mum," remarked the waiter, "but he dines here." For our own part we shall assert that the poet who does not like his ham thick—that is to say, if it be fried ham—is a foolish person; for thin fried ham may be reckoned one of the abominations. In the words of the old song:

Why should the poet not
Eat his ham thick? God wot,
Why should the poet not?

REVIEWS

MORE POETRY

The Cry on the Mountain, and Other Poems. By JAMES A. MACKRETH. (Nutt, 1s. net.)

MR. MACKRETH writes smooth and, indeed, rather glib verse. For example:

I stood in the nave alone;
And the rich and amber light,
Like paths to a sky unknown,
Led up to an unseen height.
And the wonderful rose was blown
To a glory wooing the sight
Far up in the chancel lone.
Commingling, noon and night
Made vastness and mystery known;
And I knelt as before God's throne
Where mortal had shaped in stone
His dream of the infinite.

All of which, somehow, strikes one as being in the nature of *bouts rimés* rather than of poetry. However, it is due to our poet that we should say that his booklet contains a good deal more passable stuff than one is wont to discover in the average sheaf of new verse.

Hugo of Avendon. By E. L. M. (Kegan, Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a drama "in four acts." It contains passages which may have merit as rhetoric, but there is little,

if any, poetry. And at times the diction becomes absolutely ludicrous.

On rushing in,
We found him swooning, stretched along the floor.
Raising him up, we called his senses back.

It is astonishing that a writer possessed of so poor a sense for poetical locution should desire to write blank verse at all.

Nature Poems. By W. H. DAVIS. (Fifield, 1s. net.)

MR. DAVIS is not without his particular gift. His verses have a tendency to over-simplicity, and at times they drop into downright bathos. But he is full of conceits, and, as a rule, they are fresh and original. We append a short lyric, which is indicative both of Mr. Davis's merits and his defects:

THE RAIN.

I hear leaves drinking rain;
I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
After this rain shall stop,
A wondrous light will fill
Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright;
'Twill be a lovely sight.

The first of these stanzas has obvious merit; the first four lines of the second one are not ill done; but one finds it difficult to be delighted by the final couplet.

Psyche, and Other Poems. By JOHN GARTH. (Allenson, 4s. 6d. net.)

ON his title-page the author prints "Psyche Odes Light Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems." The collocation is a little odd. And in the preface Mr. Garth remarks: "In venturing to place these poems before the public eye, I may be permitted to explain that the four divisions of this book have not been made in loose and haphazard fashion, but are specifically representative of a certain conception and ideal of poetry. The Psyche clearly stands by itself, as possessing a sustained epic character. . . . The Ode also stands apart, owing to a certain elevation and elaboration of thought, feeling, and diction." So that, one way and another, the reviewer feels himself a trifle superfluous where Mr. Garth is concerned. From Psyche and the Ode we might quote prettily, but the "Light Lyrics" are an equal joy. Here is the beginning of a "Song to Aurora":

A song to Aurora! She calls for a strain!
The bringer of joy and the soother of pain,
The goddess that conquers the shadows of night,
That conquers the shadows and puts them to flight.

On the whole, we are inclined to wish that Aurora would call for a cab, and leave "strains" severely alone—that is to say, if they are to be purveyed by Mr. Garth.

Poems. By EVELYN MOORE. (George Routledge, 1s. net.)

MISS MOORE writes with a quiet thoughtfulness which will please some readers of verse. But she is disposed to express metrically thoughts which are really not entitled to the metrical dignity. At her best, however, she is not to be despised:

I know that I should breathe
The openness of hope; on everything
Would rest the cordial tinge of my content.
Each day would be a net at morn forth spread,
At eve drawn in again, from the blue sea
Of distance, where I seek what yet may be
Gold of glad hope, or precious ornament.

This is the conclusion of a poem called "The Fortune Seeker." One does not commonly encounter such writing in small verse books.

Pan-Worship, and Other Poems. By ELEANOR FARJEON. (Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.)

MISS FARJEON is a bold enough poet to write lilting verses under the title, "In the Oculist's Ante-room." Browning, or, perhaps, Matthew Arnold, might have succeeded where Miss Farjeon has failed, which is neither here nor there. But people who are not very strong on their poetic, or even intellectual, opinions, really should not rush into oculists' ante-rooms. There is something very human about the present poetess, however, for she winds up her sally with the following lines:

He has spoken. The man with his cold voice has spoken.
The seal of suspense lies here shattered and broken,
And I know . . . And I know
What the coming years hold which an hour since were dumb
to me—
God! how precious the jewel of your light has become to me
Where's my hat? Let me go.

"Pan-Worship" contains much better poetry than the foregoing. And after reading such pieces as "Colour-Tones," and some of the lyrics which Miss Farjeon prints in a section marked "From an Old Garden," we have hopes of her.

Powder and Patches. By VERA CANUTE. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

We reproduce Miss Vera Canute's opinion of the moon:

Is she an Eastern maid, or in disgrace
That she doth veil her shy, unpainted face?
Sometimes, in modest mood, this pallid nun
Sits in the cloistered clouds, unloved, alone.
Then, as a bride, she'll rise but to invite
The sweet, sweet kiss and wooings of young night.
Next, as a corpse, bound up in tidy shrouds,
She waits interment by the dawn's pale clouds.
Then, as a mother, when the wind unbars
Her storm-locked House, and out there spring babe stars.

Which is not altogether bad, even if it be a trifle thin. Miss Canute has evidently read Herrick:

UPON A CHILD.

Nay, lady, now no longer weep;
By the larks' songs she's sung asleep,
And every daisy bud's astir
In readiness to cover her.

And Herrick happens to be, perhaps, the only English poet who will not bear imitation. But, at the same time, we are not at all disposed to frown on Miss Canute's talent. We should wish her to employ it with a trifle more seriousness and application.

Dramatic Odes and Rhapsodies. By F. P. B. OSMASTON. (Kegan, Paul, 5s.)

MR. OSMASTON is full of sound and fury, and he writes blank verse with a continuity which reminds us of the conjuror who pulls yards of coloured tape from his mouth. Here is a just sample of Mr. Osmaston:

Or, suiting thought to somewhat homelier guise:
When my wife tends her pudding, she takes heed,
As every housewife should, to mete the flour
And measure plums and milk—all that well goes
To build it handsomely, nor less with care
Doth nurse her oven at the proper heat,
Lest oven prove false traitor after all,
And hand her blackened cinders for the cake
To my astonished palate; and in this
Illimitable bakehouse of the world
Shall we presume the several elements,
Traced momentarily upon a myriad spheres,
Are suffered now to fly about at will,
With just a random chance that finally
They may commingle, fuse within the flame,
Relieved the while of all their fulsome weight,
In such a way to shape before the Lord
His perfect shewbread?

For all that, there is a good deal in Mr. Osmaston's volume which will bear perusal, and on occasion he comes very near compassing his ambition, which, apparently, is to hit the sun. Mr. Osmaston is pretty sure to give us more volumes, and if he would only prune himself and consider himself, they might be acceptable volumes.

The Burden Bearer. By FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS. (Jacobs.)

MR. WILLIAMS describes his poem as "An Epic of Lincoln"—Abraham Lincoln, that is to say. Really, the work is a sort of rhymed biography:

Time's wheel turns slowly, but at last the day
Set for the marriage came, and Jesse Head,
Exhorter, preacher, and the friend of both,
With ceremony due made these two one
In eyes of God and man. And Nancy faced
The stern realities of coming trials
With faith which knew no faltering.

This reminds us of Tennyson's famous line of parody:

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman.

"The Burden Bearer" may find appreciation in the United States, but we fear that its reception in this country will not be enthusiastic.

DEINON TO THELY

THE Princess of Cinthyanum pushed her dessert-plate, opining that life was too short for eating prickly-pears.

"I think they're the most delicious fruit in the world. I'm sure they're what the angels eat in heaven. But do consider the form they take here—little tiny parcels of what's purely ambrosia, each packed separately in the crevices of a huge core made of sharp steel knife-blades. No doubt there's a moral lesson in it. I suppose it's meant to teach us that nothing really nice is to be had without no end of pains. Every time I see prickly pear, I feel perfectly piggyish. I'd suck them, if the cores didn't gash my palate into slices. Do you know what I want? I want a clean slave, with very dainty fingers and a little silver scoop, who should sit by me all through dinner, and pick me out a plateful of prickly-pear pulp, so that I might eat it for dessert with a table-spoon. But there—we never get what we want."

"No," said Nicholas Crabbe.

"Why do you say 'No' like that? Are you nourishing a secret yearning too?"

"I am," he answered. "You began to tell me a lovely tale about the way in which what you call the Arbiters - of-temporal-as-well-as-spiritual-Elegancies hurt you personally. It was a truly ripping tale; but there was nothing about Arbiters in it, as far as you went. Then, that horrible brown marchioness with fat stockings came to call, and interrupted you; and you promised to tell me the rest after dinner. It is after dinner now."

"Let's have coffee first. Three lumps or four? Can't you understand that I don't talk about those dreadful Arbiters, just simply because I talk of nothing else. They aren't in my stories: they're the story itself."

"How?"

"Why, because they're at the back of them all. Look here: you know that I am friendly with the Order of Divine Love. I knew its founder. A saint, he was; and thought quite properly about the king too. Well then: the Arbiters don't think properly about the king; and so they're the enemies of the Divine Lovers, just as the Dominicans used to be of the Franciscans, on account of some trumpery politics."

Nicholas shook his head with a gesture despairing of unravelling these intricacies.

"I know," he said, "that the Order of Divine Love is under a cloud just now: because of some thirty-nine propositions, which Leo the Thirteenth commodiously anathematised a little while ago."

The princess put her hands in her apron pockets, and set out to be categorical.

"I'll have you to know," she asserted, "that those propositions were not theological, but philosophical."

"What difference does that make?"

"The difference that they're profoundly unimportant. Everyone knows how absurdly philosophers philosophise on such subjects as (for example) the unanswerable question as to the number of angels who can dance on the point of a needle. No one dreams of cursing pious old maids of the masculine gender, who waste their time in arguing that the moon either is, or is not, made of green cheese, and that, as it certainly is not, therefore it is. These diverting pastimes are comparatively harmless. The thirty-nine damned propositions are, as I thought all the world well knew, simply a subterfuge. The real reason why the Order of Divine Love is in Rome's black book is something quite different. Leo the Thirteenth is all very well: but what I'm talking about happened under Pius the Ninth. I've known three paparchs personally—Gregory, Pius, and Leo—and every one of them has been the tool, or mouthpiece, or catspaw, of some monkey in the background. When Domeniddio gave us Pio Nono, I remember thinking that we'd gotten a Man with a mind of his own. He'd been about a bit, you know. But he turned out as they all do, only much worse. Oh yes; well-meaning, of course, and all that kind of thing; but never able to make a plan and stick to it; and always under someone's thumb. First, it was one; then the other; after that, the next; and never the same for a year together. Well, and so in the revolutionary days, He came under the influence of Father Antonino Rosmarini, who founded my dear Order of Divine Love. That was the best thing which could possibly happen to His Holiness. Rosmarini, you must know, was a rather fantastic broad-churchman, a real idealist, for (as you say) the Ideal is the Real, seen as it is. He contrived to persuade Pio Nono to become poor, and without possessions, and so to be the lord and sovereign of all things. Isn't that pretty? In fact, Rosmarini was employed to compile the Bull which was to proclaim this new arrangement. Pio Nono was so much in

love with his notions, that He denounced him cardinal *in petto*. How do I know? Why, because Rosmarini had his state-chariot built, with his armorials blazoned on the panels; and we stored it in our coach-house in Rome till he could use it. But the Arbiters didn't like this poverty-business at all. Their philosophy, you know, prefers being poor with great possessions. So they scampered in, and began to argue against Rosmarini with all their might. A pack of diorthotic pedants, I call them, with a mania for setting people right. The Paparch wavered: being one of those amiable ineptitudes who feel pained when their children scuffle. And then, Rosmarini very intempestively died, leaving behind him the draft of the Apostolic Bull, and his newly-pledged Order of Divine Love, and his state-chariot in our stable. The Arbiters, of course, came into power as paparchal advisers: because no one else had a policy cut and dried at the moment. They promptly used the draft of Rosmarini's Bull for pipe-lights and other purposes. They bade the Divine Lovers to stand in the corner, till such time when their founder's writings could be examined and corrected. And I'll tell you what became of the chariot another time. The Arbiters took twenty years or so, as you see, over the second job. Rosmarini's apostolic views, concerning the trivial question of Temporal Power, were considered to infect his spiritual sons. But the Order of Divine Love hasn't been damned on that count; because the world would have laughed all over its newspapers. Instead, the Arbiters (like the sage serpents they are) waited till Pio Nono had evolted to the superiors, and till they'd made their own position secure as Leo's directors; and then, these thirty-nine harmless intensely uninteresting and altogether negligible propositions were picked out of Rosmarini's philosophy, and ceremonially cursed, as you say. Don't pay the slightest attention to it. The sheep of Christ's flock are always being neglected, while the shepherds exchange anathemas. That's one of the many comical ways in which Christians love one another. It's not one of the things which matter. So make your mind easy. Of course, I'm glad to see that my friends, the Divine Lovers, have incontinently submitted, and thrown the thirty-nine propositions overboard. And now they've quietly retired into private life, like the sensible saints they are, until the tyranny of those oligarchic Arbiters shall be overpast. My dear Crabbe, you know it's frightful waste of time to kick against the pricks."

"Well?" said Nicholas, undesirous of sermons or personalities.

"That's all," the princess starkly announced.

"All about the Divine Lovers, perhaps; but you were going to tell me how the Arbiters hurt you personally."

"God, bless this man! Haven't I been telling you about it all the time?"

"Only by faint indirections. I suppose you mean that the Arbiters were behind Pius the Ninth when He banished you—"

"I do. And then think of the way they made Him treat me when my darling Bosio was married. Oh, my dear Crabbe, you don't know half—"

"But I'm sitting here, dying—simply dying, princess—to (ha!) well, to know all."

"You're not smoking! Well, I do call that a compliment. Have you got your cigarettes? Do smoke one here. Are you sure my gossip doesn't bore you? Where did I leave off when the Ascapettatoli came?"

"You went to spend your exile in England."

"So I did. And took a house in Granville Place. Yes. And then my poor dear Bosio must needs get married. You see what Valeria is now? You'd never have thought she'd turn out so splendidly, if you'd

seen her then. She was a gaunt, long-legged white-skinned hoyden of fifteen on her wedding-day, without a single good feature to her name, except her hair. *Madonnina*, what hair it was! It was the palest, brightest yellow I ever saw; and she really and truly could cover herself with it from head to foot, just like *Diva Agnese*. We think a lot of those sparkling flaxen girls in Italy; because they're so rare, you know. It was an excellent match in every way. The County of Santa Cotogna is a very good title. Though it is only our second, it's older than all our duchies and principedoms. In fact, till only the other day, it was a sovereign tyranny, with a knighthood of the Golden Quince, and rights of pit, gibbet, and the question, all complete. So I can promise you that my poor Bosio was extremely respectable. Valeria, of course, was a *Poplicola* in her own right; and I don't need to tell you what that means. It was an immense relief to me to hear that they fancied each other. My darling Bosio was a great anxiety to me. One never quite knew but what some day he might give one for a daughter—but that doesn't signify. Well; they arranged to be married at Turin. Of course, I wanted to be present. But, to get to Turin, in those days, from England, meant going through a bit of what were then the Paparchal States. And I happened to be a bandit, liable to arrest on sight. Monsignor Ermogene, the dear, arranged that difficulty for me; and the Holy Father was persuaded not to be a beast, and prevent a mother from seeing her son married. What harm could an old woman like me do, by just driving across His Holiness's territories and back; for that was all the indulgence permitted. So I went to Turin, and saw them safely married. Lord, how pretty they were! Then, it appeared that Valeria was determined to spend her honeymoon at a castle of hers at Deira, right down in the south by Reggio. She was a most wilful young woman, even then. Nothing would put her off it. The *Poplicolæ*, of course, came from Ardea originally; but I forget which paparch took that place away from them and gave it to us. It doesn't matter; because it happened quite four hundred years ago. But, you see, Deira, consequently, is the oldest place they have left. She had a little sentiment about it. There she'd go; and nowhere else. But what was the use of her going alone? Who ever heard of such a thing as a girl leaving her husband at the altar-steps for the sake of a sentiment about a tower? Dear me! I suppose I've left something out—"

"Why couldn't her husband go with her?"

"Yes, that's it. You see, my poor dear Bosio was a bandit as well as his wretched mother. Don't dare to think that it runs in the family. Nothing of the kind. I'm proud to say that I'm the only deliberate criminal of the *Attendoli-Cesari* in this century. My darling Bosio wasn't a bit to blame. It was forced on him. He did so many noble deeds all through the war that the king gave him the medal *For Valour* on the battlefield, and the Romans elected him senator. He couldn't help being elected, could he? But that's why Pio Nono put the ban upon him—at the instance of the Arbiters, I needn't say. Well; there we were, planted at Turin; Valeria swearing that she would go to Deira, which meant quite a long journey through the Paparchal States; me, a bandit; and Bosio, in the same plight. He was quite willing to risk arrest, and capital sentence, and all the other unpleasantnesses which those rascals had ready for him. Can't I imagine how they'd have glutted themselves with the head of a Roman patrician! They didn't often get a chance of making an example of a man of my Bosio's consequence. He said that he could get through secretly. I really believe he thought an adventure like that would be rather a lark. Men are so queer. But I and Valeria both shrieked at him, till he promised

not to be rash. Beside, suppose he had put on a false nose, or something of that kind; and suppose he had managed to evade the Arbiters and their informers, who simply infested the whole peninsula; what good would that have been? Deira is in what was then the kingdom of Naples; and the King of Naples was Pio Nono's ally. It wasn't a question of flitting by night through an enemy's country. It was simply going straight into the depths of it, and thinking oneself safe there. What that girl really wanted was a plenary indulgence for her husband to spend his honeymoon in Pio's friend's kingdom, and a safe-conduct there and back. Neither more, nor less. To my mind, she might as well have wanted the morning-star. However, I myself had to go on to Rome, to pay my respects and to thank my sovereign for His clemency in letting me come to my son's marriage; and I said I'd see if anything could be done. Off I went. The Holy Father was receiving ambassadors; but I claimed my privilege as Roman patrician, and saw them all shunted into an antechamber, while I sailed straight into The Presence. Pio let me go down on my old knees—didn't say a single word, and never even offered me a stool. Why, He wouldn't even concede my patrician's right to His hand—just stuck out His foot, as though I were Mrs. Anybody. Horrid of Him, wasn't it? I was younger then than I am now; but not by any means what you'd call a young woman. Bless me, how hard that floor was! And there was His Holiness sitting stiff and as black as night. People used to rave about His good looks. As for me, I don't think I ever saw a more repulsive face. Nothing is so ugly as a good weak man trying to look hard and bad. All the same, I didn't forget what I'd come for. I behaved very humbly—the hypocrite that I was!—recited my little piece, you know—told Him how grieved I was to have offended Him, how grateful I was for His kindness, and would He be so good as to make a mother happy by letting her son have a pleasant honeymoon. What do you think His answer was? Nothing at all. He got off His throne without a word, and waddled away, leaving me rooted where I was. My dear Crabbe, you know, I've the greatest possible respect for the Holy Father, and all that kind of thing, but you must admit that no gentleman ever would have behaved like that to a lady. Well, I managed to pick up my old bones, and toddled back to Turin. 'My dears,' says I, 'it's no good. The Holy Father's a bit of a bouncer. He won't even speak to me.' And I told them how elaborately I'd been humiliated. Bosio was furious. As for Valeria—well, you know her well enough to understand how she went on. 'You stay here and console your mother,' says she to Bosio, 'and I'll go and have a try. I'm by way of being a Roman patrician myself,' says she; 'and I'd like to see any man, paparch or pork-butcher, who'll dare to deny me a thing I've set my heart upon.' Pretty bold for a girl of fifteen just out of her convent, wasn't it? So off she swam. When she entered the Presence, Pio Nono seems to have been in a better humour. He found her simpatica, and ordered a stool for her at once. Dear me, what a difference those few days of marriage had made to her—especially her neck. You know, quite the loveliest thing in the world is a slim girl who has been happily married for a week or two. I expect she looked something amazing in her black lace, and her heavenly hair piled up and crowned with the *Poplicola* cat's-eyes. Have you seen that crown? It's the most wonderful thing. Fourteen enormous balls as big as five-shilling pieces—green, you know, and with the mysterious lambent light always moving round to look at you. I always say that it makes her head look as though it were full of huge eyes. She shall show it to you some day. Well; there they sat, all happy and comfortable, He on His throne, and she

on her stool paying Him all kinds of pretty compliments, and cooing like the dove she never was. And presently she began to wheedle Him. 'Ah, Santissimo,' says she, 'but what an unhappy girl I am!' 'And why, pray?' says the Holy Father. 'What else can I be, when You're so unkind?' says she. Pio Nono stared. He didn't understand that at all. 'There's my poor husband in Turin, dying to pay his respects to You, and You want to cut off his head,' says she. 'Ah,' says He, 'but what a naughty girl, to go and marry into such a family—a most dangerous family, the General Arbitrator says, and with such a mother-in-law, too!' Rude of Him, wasn't it? 'Ah, well, Holy Father,' says Valeria, 'I didn't marry my mother-in-law; but she really is Your best friend, if You'll believe me,' says she; 'and how can I spend my honeymoon at Deira, unless You'll be a dear and let my husband take me there?' says she. 'Certainly not,' snaps the Paparch, short and sharp. Valeria bursts out crying at once. That made Him uncomfortable. 'Oh, what will people think of me,' says she. 'Fancy a young married woman gadding about like this without her husband! It's not respectable,' says she, leaning her cheek against His knee. 'There, there,' says He, to console her; 'but, you know, you should have thought about that before you married the man,' says He. 'Ah well, Holy Father, it's done now and can't be undone,' says she. And, without letting Pio Nono see what she was doing, she began to fumble under her veil for the pins which held her crown on. 'That's true,' says He, puzzling in a quandary. 'Then we must make the best of it,' says she. 'Yes,' says He, 'you'd better go back and try to make the best of it,' says He. 'I'm not going back without what I came for,' says Valeria. 'And that is?' 'Your Holiness's safe-conduct and plenary indulgence for my darling husband.' 'No,' says Pio. 'Yes,' says Valeria, shouting. And then, my dear Crabbe, all in a moment, she flung herself on her knees, tore off her crown and slipped her arm through it; all her lovely hair fell down in floods, and covered her and the throne-steps and everything. And then she caught His Hand in both of hers, and swore that she'd never let go till He gave her what she wanted. It's solemn fact. Did He? Of course He did, after a bit—walked over to a table, with her hanging on His hand, and wrote the whole thing out then and there. And what's more, she declares that He actually helped her to twist up her hair and put her crown on again, in case the curia should have cause for *admiratio*. She says she never laughed so much in her life. And now I think that's all. She came back to Turin, and I saw them both off for Deira. Then I went back to my exile in England, where I stayed till Vittoremmanuele, who may have been a beast, but who certainly was a gentleman, was master of Rome."

"Thanks," said Nicholas. "But, princess, didn't you ever make it up with Pius the Ninth?"

"Never. They wouldn't let Him make it up with me."

"And that's why you dislike them?"

"It is."

"I think I understand," said Nicholas Crabbe.

FR. ROLFE.

THE GERMAN FORERUNNERS OF J. S. BACH

LOOKING back into the history of music as an art, it may strike many people as strange, that comparatively so few German composers before Johann Sebastian Bach have come to be widely known. It is true that at a time when the musicians of England, Holland, Italy, and France had already produced masterpieces, the characteristics of the Teutonic school were but

scantly developed. It was only when the stimulating influence of the foreign masters began to be felt in Germany, about 1550, that the line of great composers arose, who continued steadily, until the genius of J. S. Bach put such a magnificent crown on the first period of German music. As was perhaps inevitable, his greatness has eclipsed the individual merits of many of his predecessors, some of whom are only now being appreciated as they so richly deserve.

The first attempt to introduce a foreign element into German music appears to have been made by Leo Hasler, a native of Nuremberg, born in 1564. He seems to have been of a singularly enterprising character, and was the first German composer to be educated in the Italian School. Hasler was for some time a pupil of Andrea Gabrieli's, whose teaching pervades his canzonets and madrigals, whilst his larger choral works resemble rather those of Giovanni Gabrieli, his fellow pupil, and nephew of Andrea.

Hasler's influence in Germany was great, and after his stay in Italy we find him in the service of Kaiser Rudolph II. in Prague, the Elector of Saxony, Prince Octavius Fugger in Augsburg, and finally in Nuremberg. He died in 1612 at Frankfurt, a/M. Many of his compositions have been preserved, the "*Cantiones Sacre*" appearing in the second volume of the "*Denkmäler deutscher Tonkunst*."

Hasler's fame was undoubtedly overshadowed by that of Heinrich Schütz, a composer of the most remarkable individual genius, and one of Johann Sebastian Bach's most prominent musical forerunners. Born in 1585, Schütz early displayed his aptitude for music, but at the wish of his parents resolved to adopt a university career; and for that purpose spent some time in Marburg. When, however, the Landgrave Moritz of Saxony offered him a yearly stipend of 200 florins, on condition that he should cultivate his musical talents in Italy, Schütz at once accepted the offer, and set out for Venice, where he became the pupil of the celebrated Giovanni Gabrieli.

The Venetian School had now reached the climax of its glory, and Schütz found himself plunged into the reforms which were then being accomplished in music throughout Italy. Both the Gabrieli's were at that time unequalled in their use of double and treble choruses, whilst especially Giovanni's instrumental works were epoch-making in the direction of sonatas for several instruments. The Venetians, moreover, did not exclusively cultivate chamber and sacred music, but also took a lively interest in Monteverde's reforms of the dramatic style, and although he only came to Venice after Schütz's departure, it is highly probable that his works were well known there some years before. After G. Gabrieli's death in 1612, Schütz returned to his native country, and in 1615 was appointed Kapellmeister to the Court in Dresden, where he at once set about introducing Gabrieli's reforms. Much of his work in the direction of opera has unfortunately been lost, including a drama *Dafne*, the first German work of its kind, and of which only the text has survived. In the line of sacred music a great deal still remains, among other things, four complete sets of Passion music, and the "*Seven Last Words from the Cross*," all of the highest interest.

From the earliest times, indeed, composers had been attracted to the Gospel stories as very appropriate themes for music, and after the Reformation, these settings became one of the most popular services of the Protestant church, appealing as they did to some of the deepest sentiments of the Teutonic nature. During the early years of "*Passion musics*," the text was exclusively drawn from the words of the Bible, and B. Gese, about 1575, was probably the first composer to begin and conclude his work with a chorus, whose words were not taken from the sacred text.

Schütz at once adopted this new idea, and added, among other numbers, a beautiful six-part chorus of the Apostles into one of his settings. The contemplative and personal element thus became more pronounced, and some years later J. Sebastiani introduced chorales into his works, thus further paving the way for the "Matthäus Passion," in which this form of art reached its highest point. Although Schütz continued nominally to occupy his post in Dresden till his death in 1672, much of his time was spent away from Saxony. He returned twice to Italy in order to keep in personal touch with the movements in progress there, and also visited Copenhagen, where he established an orchestra, of which he acted as conductor for a short time. Besides the settings of the Passion above referred to, many other of Schütz's works have happily been preserved and edited by Breitkopf and Härtel. They include a number of Psalms, motetts, madrigals, and chamber music, all of profound beauty and sincerity.

Schütz had a very ardent follower in the Saxon composer Hammerschmidt, whose own great talent, however, saved him from ever becoming a mere imitator of the older master. Hammerschmidt was born in 1602 and died in 1675, after having been for many years organist in Freiberg i/S., and during the latter part of his life, also in Zittau. In the development in Germany of the style of organ and instrumental composition, he is certainly one of the most important musicians of his century, and both the Passion musics of Back, and the oratorios of Händel undoubtedly owe much to Hammerschmidt's "Dialogues." There are still many of his works in existence, among which are to be found some lovely sacred and secular songs, as well as suites of dances, motetts, symphonies for two voices with continuo, or instrumental accompaniment, and chamber music. These, with much other music of the seventeenth century, assuredly deserve more than the almost total oblivion to which they have been consigned. A further impetus was given to the rise of instrumental music in particular by Johann Jakob Froberger, a pupil of Frescobaldi's in Rome, and one of the most genial composers of the early seventeenth century. He was for a long time organist in Vienna, which town still possesses a number of his manuscripts, and died at the Castle of Héricourt, belonging to the Duchess Sibylla of Würtemberg.

Froberger wrote with all the ease and finish of the Italian school, and joined to these Southern qualities deep German feeling, which lends to his toccatas, fantasias, capriccios, partitas, etc., a very peculiar charm of their own. A number of his works have appeared in one of the volumes of the "Denkder Tonkunst" in Oesterreich.

Another great composer, who helped largely to encourage music in the North of Europe, was Jan Pieter Sweelinck, a native of Holland, whose name is perhaps more generally known than that of many of his contemporaries. Born in 1562, he studied for many years with the famous theoretician, Zarlino, in Italy, and afterwards succeeded his father as organist in Amsterdam, from where his fame quickly spread. He remained in Amsterdam till his death in 1621. Sweelinck was equally successful as a performer on the organ and composer, but he must especially be forever remembered as the founder of the modern Fugue. He was the first composer to take one theme and treat it in the Fugal style, adding secondary themes in the course of the development. His organ and piano pieces, as well as his Psalms and other vocal works, many extremely beautiful, have been published by Breitkopf and Härtel. Sweelinck was not only a great composer himself, but also the master of some of the most prominent organists of the seventeenth century, and his traditions were handed down through a brilliant line of his pupils and followers.

Foremost amongst these must be mentioned the family of Prätorius, especially Michael Prätorius, one of the best musicians of his day. He was born in 1571 and died in 1621, after having been for some time secretary and Hofkapellmeister to the Duke of Brunswick. Besides suites, motetts, Psalms, and madrigals, his "Musæ Sionæ" is a colossal collection of some 1,244 vocal pieces, of varying lengths and contents. Added to his renown as a composer Michael Prätorius was also the author of the important theoretical work "Sytagma Musicum," which is one of the chief authorities on the instruments and music of that time.

Rather younger than Michael Prätorius was Samuel Scheidt, one of the three contemporary masters whose monosyllabic names each begins with an "S," Schütz and Schein being the others. Scheidt was born in Halle, and after studying with Sweelinck in Amsterdam became organist of the Moritzkirche, and conductor in his native town, where he died in 1654. That Scheidt was a prolific composer may be seen from the number of his works, which include a quantity of songs and chamber music. His most important composition, the "Tabulatura Nova," alone contains a Mass, Psalms, toccatas, fantasias, passamezzi, and "chorale variations," which appear in the "Denkmäler deutscher Tonkunst." Scheidt's chief characteristic is that he was the first composer to take a chorale and set it as a separate organ piece, elaborating the original melody. The chorale formed a very important part of the service of the reformed church, and it gradually became the rule for the organist to improvise a Präludium and Postludium on the hymn sung by the congregation, this being the origin of the "Choralvorspiele" of J. S. Bach.

Johann Herrman Schein, the third of the "S's," was a Saxon and was born in 1586, and died in 1630. He does not seem ever to have been a pupil of Sweelinck, but to have studied in Dresden and Leipzig, before becoming Hofkapellmeister in Weimar, and finally Kantor of the Thomaskirche in Leipzig. He wrote many vocal and instrumental pieces, his best work, the "Gesangbuch Augsburg Konfession," for four to six voices, being preserved in Wernigerode and Leipzig.

Heinrich Scheidemann was one of those who studied directly under Sweelinck, having journeyed to Holland from his home in North Germany; but, besides various songs, only eighteen organ and piano pieces in manuscript seem to have survived to this day. Scheidemann came of a musical family, his father having been organist of the Michaeliskirche in Hamburg (unfortunately burnt a couple of years ago), and he himself filled a like post at the Katharinenkirche in the same city. Hamburg was indeed fast developing into one of the chief centres of North German music, and many famous names can be traced in its registers of organists and Kantors.

First among these were Johann Adam Reinken and Matthias Weckmann, two masters of the highest order, who did much to form the music of their time. Johann Adam Reinken was a pupil of Scheidemann's and was born in 1623. On finishing his studies he was first of all organist of a church in Deventer, but in 1658 he went to Hamburg as his master's subordinate at the Katharinenkirche, of which he became the regular organist after Scheidemann's death. Reinken remained in Hamburg till he died in 1722, and was one of the chief representatives of the North German school of organ-playing, a school in which much stress was laid on the virtuoso side of the instrument. Reinken's reputation as an organist was indeed so widespread that people came from all parts to hear him. Among these was J. S. Bach, who, during his stay in Lüneburg, made several journeys to Hamburg, in order to learn from the great organists of that town.

Bach's admiration for Reinken's works is proved by the fact that several of them are to be found in the "Andreas Bach Buch," which also contains pieces by Tunder, Böhm, and many others. There are also a number of Reinken's organ and piano works in existence, besides the so-called Hortus Musicus for two violins and bass. Matthias Weckmann was a lifelong friend of Reinken's, and was born in Thuringia in 1621. He went early to Dresden, and was for some time the pupil of Heinrich Schütz, who, however, insisted on his also studying with Scheidemann and Jakob Prätorius. He thus acquired the best traditions of both the Dutch and Italian schools. Weckmann first became Court organist in Dresden, during which time he visited Copenhagen, and in 1655 moved to Hamburg, having been elected organist of the Jakobikirche. It was in Hamburg that his fame grew so rapidly, and he was the soul of the world-renowned Collegium Musicum, to which many great composers of all nations thought it an honour to belong, but which almost disappeared after his death. Mattheson, in his *Ehrenpforte*, devotes a long article to Weckmann, who, indeed, did much to prepare Hamburg for the reception of the opera, of which Mattheson was such a warm advocate. Weckmann had honours showered upon him by the Elector of Saxony, but did not live to enjoy them for long, as he died in 1674. A few of his works are preserved in the "Andreas Bach Buch"; but the credit for bringing the whole scope of his great genius to light belongs to a musician of our own day. Herr Richard Buchmayer, after years of research, has finally discovered most valuable compositions of Weckmann's and other masters, thereby enriching considerably the musical literature of that time. Weckmann was equally great in both his organ and piano compositions, his piano works, indeed, surpassing any of his predecessors in their musical importance and in the demands they make on the performer.

Not far off, in the town of Lübeck, Weckmann and Reinken had an extremely distinguished colleague in the person of Dietrich Buxtehude, also one of the most famous organ-players of his day. He was born in 1637 in Helsingör, and, without doubt, studied with his father, also an organist, before going to Lübeck, where he became the pupil of Franz Tunder. He afterwards married Tunder's daughter, and succeeded his father-in-law as organist of the Marienkirche, a post he held till his death in 1674. It was as organist of the Marienkirche that Buxtehude organised the *Abendmusiken*, an institution which did much to spread the fame of their originator. The *Abendmusiken* were concerts which took place after the afternoon service on the five Sundays before Christmas, and were devoted chiefly to organ compositions. Many of the best composers of the time were represented, besides a number of Buxtehude's own happiest inspirations having been written for these occasions. He was especially great in free improvisations, and was looked on with profound veneration by the younger generation. Thus it was that, as a youth, J. S. Bach set out on foot from Arnstadt on purpose to hear the Lübeck master's organ-playing for himself. It is said even that Bach had hopes of becoming Buxtehude's successor and son-in-law, but this position remained vacant for some years, presumably owing to the sharp tongue of Sibylla Margarete Buxtehude, whose hand was one of the conditions attached to the post of organist. However all this may be, it is certain that Bach returned home without attempting to secure the coveted position at the Marienkirche. A charming account of this episode in the great composer's life is given by Karl Söhle in "*Sebastian Bach in Arnstadt*." Up to the present time all efforts to discover any copies of the *Abendmusiken* compositions have proved fruitless, but Buxtehude's other works are very numerous and in-

teresting, and include twenty-six cantatas, organ pieces, etc., many being still in the Library of Upsala.

Many people will remember the interest aroused a couple of years ago at the Birmingham Festival by the revival of a beautiful Cantata of Christian Ritter's. This master had unfortunately fallen into almost total oblivion, although when he was conductor in Dresden Mattheson ranks him among the fourteen most celebrated Kapellmeisters of the day, together with Kuhnau, Telemann, Keiser, and Händel. Besides some charming piano pieces in the "Andreas Bach Buch," there are a quantity of sacred compositions of Ritter's in Upsala, many as yet undeciphered from the original Tabulatura.

Another composer, the details of whose life have nearly all been lost, but whose piano and organ works have left a standing memorial to his name, was Johann Kaspar Ferdinand Fischer. It is certain that Fischer was for several years Kapellmeister to the Margrave of Baden, and that he had the reputation of being one of the best piano-players of his day. His style of piano-writing bears distinct traces of French influence in its grace, and many of his compositions are as fit for public performance now as when they were written. The most important of these are the "*Musikalisches Blumenbüschlein*" and the "*Musikalischer Parnass*," both containing partitas and arias, with variations for piano, the "*Ariadne*" and "*Blumenstrauss*" being collections of organ pieces. Fischer also wrote various vocal numbers, and all his works enjoyed a widespread circulation during his lifetime. A contemporary of Fischer's in Southern Germany was Johann Pachelbel, who was probably an intimate friend of the Bach family. Pachelbel was born in Nuremberg in 1653, and, after passing some years in Vienna, was organist successively in Eisenach, Erfurt, Stuttgart, Gotha and Nuremberg. It was during his stay in Thuringia that he found himself in the midst of the Bachs, who for generations had filled many of the prominent musical offices of that part of the country. During Pachelbel's time Johann Michael and Johann Christoph Bach were the most famous members of their family. They were the uncles of Johann Sebastian, and, without doubt, Johann Christoph Bach was the most illustrious ancestor of his great nephew. Nowadays he is known chiefly by his "*Sarabande*," and variations for piano. Johann Michael was the author of a number of vocal works, and is also interesting as having been the father of Maria Barbara, Johann Sebastian Bach's first wife. Pachelbel's piano and instrumental music is on the whole an advance on that of Johann Christoph Bach's, being written with greater fluency and ease. He did much to forward the style of piano and chamber works, as can be seen in his numerous partitas for two violins and accompaniment, some of his solo organ and piano numbers being in very close affinity to J. S. Bach. The name which brings us into closest connection with Bach is, however, certainly that of Georg Böhm, one of the greatest composers of the whole seventeenth century. Böhm was also a native of Thuringia, and was born in 1661. He seems to have gone, as a young man, to the North of Germany, for there are traces of his having spent several years in Hamburg before finally settling down as organist in Lübeck, where he died in 1734. In Hamburg he not only had the examples of such masters as Reinken, Weckmann, and Buxtehude before him, but also saw the beginnings of the opera in that city. The opera was then a rarer form of art in the North of Europe, and Hamburg was one of its earliest strongholds. There, indeed, it soon became popular, under the influence of such men as Keiser and Kusser, the friend of Lully, but it is curious to read nowadays the record of bitter antagonism between the supporters and opponents of the opera as it is

shown us in some of Mattheson's treatises. Although Böhm must have witnessed the success of Keiser's "Basilius" he seems to have preferred the side of absolute music, for shortly afterwards he moved to Lüneburg, there to follow the direction which appealed most strongly to his individual genius. The experience which he had gained could not, however, fail to be otherwise than beneficial to his later work.

It was in 1700 that Johann Sebastian Bach obtained a scholarship at the Michaelisschule in Lüneburg and that this connection with Böhm began. This connection was in every way profitable to the young musician, on whom the influence of the older artist had the best possible effect, and must assuredly have been a source of joy to Böhm. The works of his which have been preserved all show on what a solid foundation Bach's admiration for his master was grounded. Böhm's great worth has been duly appreciated by Phillip Spitta in his admirable "Life of J. S. Bach," who writes as follows about the Präludium, Fugue and Postludium, contained in the "Andreas Bach Buch": "This beautiful work would alone suffice to place its author amongst the foremost talents of his day. In the first place, the whole is conceived in a totally different form to what had hitherto been known, yet perfectly justified by its musical importance and necessity. A Prelude in 3/2 time, with rising and falling broken chords, and after a short Adagio, a highly-developed Fugue, leading finally to a free Postludium, with harp-like effects, also at last calmed into a concluding Adagio." Spitta goes on to remark especially that the best German qualities are in much of Böhm's work, joined to an ease and lightness which at that time were thought to be almost exclusively French characteristics. There are still many instrumental compositions of Böhm's, as well as a number of Cantatas, waiting to be given the place due to them in any programmes purposing to give examples of the best music, whether of the seventeenth or any other century.

In a short sketch many great names must of necessity be altogether omitted, and others only unworthily touched on, and so with Georg Böhm these lines must end. It has often been a common mistake to suppose that the age of years means a lack of the power of expression in musical compositions, but a study of some of the above-mentioned works will suffice to prove that genius and sincerity remain for ever young, whether written down yesterday or three hundred years ago.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HOWLS OF HOWELLS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am a constant reader of THE ACADEMY. I value highly your able, fearless, and impartial criticism on literary matters.

I would be glad to have you give your opinion through THE ACADEMY on the following astounding statement from Mr. W. D. Howells, published on page 310 of *Harpers' Magazine* for July, 1908.

Speaking of the world's great authors, Mr. Howells says: "We could not think of more than ten or a dozen first-rate authors, and if we had begun to complete a list of the best authors we should have had to leave out most of their works. Nearly all of the classics would have gone by the board. What havoc we should have made with the British poets. The Elizabethan dramatists would mostly have fallen under the ban of our negation, to a play, if not to a man. Chaucer, but for a few poems, is impossible; Spencer's poetry is generally duller than the President's message before Roosevelt's time; Milton is a trial of the spirit in three-fourths of his verse; Wordsworth is only not so bad as Byron, who thought him so much worse. Shakespeare himself, when he is reverently supposed not to be Shakespeare, is reading for martyrs; Dante's science and politics outweigh his poetry a thousandfold, and so on through the whole catalogue."

If Mr. Howells cannot discover the genius of the world's greatest authors, does not the fault lie within himself? Is he qualified to give a correct, authoritative opinion upon the world's best writers? How does he rank as a literary artist and critic?

ARTHUR W. ATKINSON.

10 Lawton Avenue, Lynn, Mass, U.S.A.

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Just as, instead of abolishing the House of Lords (which were arrant foolishness), we ought to reform the House of Commons; so that, instead of enfranchising the women (which were stark madness), let us thoroughly re-cast the existing electoral scheme. The Pankhurst gang's cuckoo-cry runs: "Taxation without representation is tyranny. Pure justice demands that propertied women should have some voice as to how the money they disburse is expended"; and only a bigot can deny that they ask more than men have asked before them. Now I cheerfully admit I am bigot enough to do my level best to keep women away from the hustings. But the present situation is illogical, untenable. We must cut the Gordian knot by rendering women incapable of holding any real property whatever. Suffragitis would at once become pleasantly uncommon.

I should regulate the suffrage thus:

- (1.) No woman to be allowed a parliamentary vote in any circumstances.
- (2.) Male voters must be twenty-five years old, and must be married.
- (3.) Every man who rears a family of four to the age of sixteen to be given a second vote.
- (4.) Bachelors at the age of forty may claim one vote.
- (5.) A husband divorced by his wife, or a man who marries a *divorcée*, would be incapable of exercising the franchise.

The above become law would, I am convinced, raise the state of matrimony once more to its lost honourable position. A married woman would command the respect of her sisters, and a married man have that dominant voice in the councils of the State which is his indubitable right. Women would certainly have no actual voting power; but by marriage alone could a man exercise his, unless prepared to accept a thinking part until reaching his fortieth anniversary.

A. R. MASON.

Cricklewood, N.W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I learn there is great jubilation amongst the Suffragettes, and gratitude to Miss Caroline Stephens for her exquisitely coherent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, advocating a "Consultative Chamber of Women." As the Suffragettes say, Miss Stephens' services to the Suffrage cause are immense. Surely she will now be made Commander-in-Chief, for she has shown greater genius in advancing the cause of "Suffragitis" than even the great Mrs. Drummond.

But, sir, we intelligent women who are against "Woman's Suffrage," who, in spite of the amateur and naive leaderettes of the *Daily News*, have as much intellect as the other side, are ruefully asking ourselves why we should be associated with the fatuous remarks of Miss Caroline Stephens, remarks which you very properly make fun of. The genesis of this remarkable "Matriarchal Chamber," I believe, is due to the distinguished novelist who has for some time successfully carried on the interesting novel of culture, with its orthodoxly unorthodox hero, initiated by her equally eminent sister, the late Miss Edna Lyall, and with the assistance of her able lieutenant, the Secretary of the Woman's Free Trade Union, who has lately appeared as the champion of the "Consultative Chamber Anti-Suffrage," it has no doubt been satisfactorily arranged as to which lady will play the part of High Priestess in this singular "Chamber."

But, sir, permit me to say on behalf of scores of women of intelligence who, like myself and Mrs. Simon, are opposed to the Suffrage (which, by the bye, ought to be called by its right name, "Bachelor Woman Suffrage," for it is stated authoritatively that married women are to be debarred from the vote), that we think this absurd "Chamber of Women" too silly even to discuss.

It is surely a little hard upon women of sense that they should have to bear the onus of such folly. Of course, the

very suggestion gives away our whole position, our single reason for existing, and justifies the demands of the Suffragettes. Our position is that we help to make the laws as effectually and directly as do men, and have, from the beginning of time, with the sense of responsibility that any woman who has a heart and a conscience feels, knowing how great her influence and example are in the Home and in society, the twin great arenas for moral and social action.

FRANCES H. LOW.

London, S.E.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The most amazing genius that ever appeared in the art world was an Englishman who has been neglected in a way that is a deep disgrace to the nation. The pedigree of nearly every other great genius can be traced, and his indebtedness to his predecessors can be discerned; but this man stands alone, without a recognisable predecessor, and without a follower. Despite faults and shortcomings, he possessed in a superlative degree just those qualities which are now most needed for a revival of Art. He boldly left the beaten track, and grappled with subjects till then regarded as impossible. With a Dantesque or Miltonic imagination, he realised the most stupendous events in sacred history, and bodied them forth with a dramatic energy quite unprecedented. His thunderous epics, strangely enough, appealed to the multitude and to men of genius, rather than to his brother painters; but painters, however much they may dislike the storm and stress of his subjects, will not question the claims I urge for him. Christopher North declared that he "had the grandest imagination of them all." Bulwer Lytton said of his startling works that they "ravished the senses of the multitude, and revealed a greatness and a grandeur which were never dreamed of by men until they first flashed with electric splendour upon the unexpected public."

It is needless to say I refer to John Martin, whose popularity rose to phenomenal heights early in last century. He received prizes and honours, was made a member of the Belgian Academy, and received the Order of Leopold, and a special medal from Louis Philippe. But the surprise and enthusiasm could not last; he allowed his imagination to feed on itself, and neglect began during his life, and has since deepened, to our national disgrace. He was the pioneer who led the way in that creative idealism which was carried to such glorious heights by Turner, and in which we stand alone. Martin overstepped the modesty of nature, and lacked the "truth" smaller men can give; but in some phases of artistic power he was unrivalled. He was a master of composition, and could order stupendous masses of material into an organic whole; and whether he was working on a twelve-foot canvas or a four-inch wood-block, he gave those "immeasurable spaces, innumerable multitudes, and gorgeous prodigies of architecture and landscape," with breadth and unity of effect.

The neglect of this amazing man of genius is equally amazing; not one of his works has been shown at the Academy Winter Exhibitions, and while all our smaller men are boomed, the name of this Titanic painter is never heard, and his last three works have been wandering around the world without a permanent home. At last an attempt is being made to atone for this disgraceful neglect; the three "Judgment Pictures" are being shown by the United Arts Club at the Grafton Galleries, and a movement is on foot to have them purchased by subscription for presentation to the Newcastle Art Gallery. May it be entirely successful. Of these pictures, "The Great Day of His Wrath" is one of the most perfect of his works, but the others show signs of failing power. In "The Last Judgment," in aiming at the sublime, he toppled over the perilous line; still, it is an amazing work, which only such a giant could have conceived or executed, and these works should find a national home.

E. WAKE COOK.

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The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT

Eight years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the chairman. The object in view is clearly stated in the following extract from a letter signed by the Bishop:—

"At present the Institution has an income of only eighteen pounds a year, and this is insufficient for its due maintenance. The front of the Museum has recently been restored, but the two rooms now used for exhibits are overcrowded, and we feel that the whole of the house should be devoted to the public, who would then be admitted to the 'John Gilpin' room and other rooms now occupied by the Curator. For this purpose it will be necessary to form a small endowment, and it has been calculated that the sum of £2,200 is required. We sincerely trust that the public will respond generously to this appeal."

HANDLEY DUNELM, Chairman of the Committee."

The Secretary is MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER has been giving his views on "Philistinism" and the nude in art. He is of opinion that "The noblest work of art is the representation of the human figure, and flesh-painting represents the highest work of the painter. When one produces a masterpiece in this direction it is nobody's business to inquire as to the identity of his model or as to what her moral character may have been." With all of which we can readily agree, but when Sir Hubert von Herkomer goes on to particular instances he gets on to dangerous ground. He says: "Some years ago I painted a life-size nude figure of a female, with a landscape background, and I attached to it the poet's line, 'All beautiful in naked purity.' I sent it to the Royal Academy and was told by a member of the Hanging Committee that, in the face of English prejudice, they dare not hang it in the room it deserved. As a fact, it practically emptied the room in which it was hung." It does not appear to have occurred to Sir Hubert von Herkomer that possibly the startling effect produced by his picture was not due solely to "Philistinism." For our part, we can only say that if the life-size female nude figure was painted in the same style as the life-size male clothed figures which he is in the habit of exhibiting at the Royal Academy, we are not surprised at the consternation it seems to have evoked. Perhaps the member of the Hanging Committee who said that they could not put the picture in the room it deserved was pulling Sir Hubert's leg. Might he not have been thinking of the cellar as the most suitable room? However, be that as it may, we are glad to hear that "in the end a German Philistine bought the picture and built it into the niche of his dining-room, where it evokes many expressions of appreciation," so that, on the whole, everything seems to have worked out for the best in the long run.

We are inclined to think that the Puritanism which is supposed to afflict the English in matters of art is greatly exaggerated. Objections to the nude in paint-

ing are, of course, made from time to time by silly people, but no particular notice is taken of them, and if it were not for the idiotic habit indulged by the lesser newspapers of giving violent prominence to any kind of nonsense which may be talked or written by any of the numerous half-witted cranks and agitators who infest, and always have infested, these islands, we should probably not hear even so much as we do on the subject. Anyone who is infected with the notion that prudery, generally speaking, is a specially English attribute should visit a French seaside place and compare its rigid regulations with our own free and easy seaside habits in the matter of sea-bathing.

We have received the following letter from Professor Skeat:

SIR,—May I be allowed to explain that the article on "Simplified Spelling" to which you refer in the last number of THE ACADEMY, at page 651, was not partly written (as you suppose) by "Professor Skeat," but by Walter W. Skeat, author of "Malay Magic" and "The Pagan Races of the Malay Peninsula"?

When you speak of "the poets and writers of prose" who use English language "for the purposes of beauty," it would be interesting to know whether, amongst these, you include such writers as Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton. One object which the "Simplified Spelling Society" has before it is to induce people to ask themselves why it is that they spell as they do, and whether it is true that Shakespeare's works were originally printed with the spelling which we employ now? The very fact that spelling is now judged of by the eye instead of by the ear as formerly, is a severe practical satire upon our present methods. Whilst you would object to the use of "jogd," instead of "jogged," you may perhaps admit that "blest" is no more barbarous than "blessed."

A very great deal might be gained by the substitution of "giv" for "give," and by the tardy admission that there is no reason why *v* should not be admitted as a final letter like any other consonant. It would enable us to distinguish between "a live dog" and the verb "to liv." What matters much more is that if such a reform were carried out, there would be one anomaly the less for children to master. The ultimate result of many such reforms would be the saving of years of labour to millions of children, and the saving of large sums of money, for we might employ much shorter forms than those which we now use.

The objection which most people have to all such reform really goes back to the fact that they have forgotten their own early difficulties, and have no sympathy with or pity for the affliction to be endured by those who have yet to learn.

We really do claim, as collaborators, such poets as Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. All who will study their spelling will come to know much more about the subject than they do at present. It is precisely this want of knowledge which has wrought such invincible prejudice against the consideration of the question. WALTER W. SKEAT, Litt.D.

It would be interesting to know what Professor Skeat means by the first part of his letter. Are we to understand that the article on "Simplified Spelling" was not written by him, but by another person of the same name? In any case, Professor Skeat appears to accept responsibility for the article, and as we are not good at conundrums we shall not endeavour to solve this one. When we spoke of "the poets and writers of prose who use the English language for purposes of beauty" we were referring, of course, to living writers; one can't very well consult the opinion of dead writers. Our reference to Mr. Swinburne surely made our meaning obvious. When Professor Skeat invites us to ask ourselves "whether it is true that Shakespeare's works were originally printed with the spelling which we employ now" he seems to us to go dangerously near to impertinence. Professor Skeat must know that we are just as well aware as he is that the spelling in Shakespeare's time differed from the spell-

ing of our day. But that is neither here nor there, and the assumption of Professor Skeat that only very learned persons like himself are aware of what is a matter of common knowledge is an amusing instance of the arrogance of the "Professor" as opposed to the poet and the man of letters. What we said last week, and what we say again now, is that any proposals to change the spelling of the English language would require the sanction of those who use that language for the purpose of beauty in verse and prose—i.e., poets and writers of prose. To put the case quite frankly, we contend that a man who has written even half a dozen beautiful sonnets knows a great deal more about the English language than all the "profest students of English language" and all the dry-as-dust experts in etymology put together in a bracket squared. As to the difference between "blest" and "jogd," if Professor Skeat can't see it we are sorry for him. Does it not occur to him that "st" is a common collocation of letters and does not offend the eye for that reason? It occurs in such words as west, nest, rest, and a thousand others. Where is the word in the English language that ends in "gd"? We notice that in the article on "Simplified Spelling" the word importance is spelt "importans." That may be the way Mr. Archer and Professor Skeat pronounce the word, but it is the wrong way for all that. It may seem to Professor Skeat that his arguments in favour of simplified spelling are unanswerably convincing—in fact, he seems to have arrived at a state of mind in which he assumes that the mere fact that Professor Skeat says so settles the question once for all. The fact that his arguments are not considered convincing by those who have a knowledge of the English language which he can never hope to possess, should at any rate "giv him paus."

The great Mr. Horatio Bottomley's beautiful scheme for obtaining financial assistance from the public for the purposes of his defence does not seem to have survived the comments we made on it last week. At any rate, we can find no mention of it in the current issue of his noble journal. Ever since we took the liberty of refusing to insert in our advertisement columns the prospectus of the *John Bull* company the rage against us of Mr. Bottomley and his gallant lieutenant, the rejected of Constantinople, has gone on increasing in a truly alarming manner. This week we are pained to find that Mr. Bottomley has come to the conclusion that the editor of this paper is no gentleman. This is a crushing blow, especially coming from such a source, and he is feeling duly chastened. Curiously enough, the same indictment has been brought against him before now on at least two occasions: once by a taxi-cabman disturbed at his tea and compelled unwillingly to face the cold blasts of a winter's evening; and at another time by a bibulous butler, whose undue fondness for a cheerful glass had provoked rebuke. The evidence against him is accumulating in a disquieting fashion. Meanwhile, we note that Jim Crow does not deny the soft impeachment which we brought against him last week—namely and to wit, that when he stated in his paper that he had "received" for review copies of Oscar Wilde's collected works he was not writing with that strict accuracy which we are accustomed to expect from the friends of Mr. Bottomley. However, the matter is a small one, and as Mr. Bottomley has apparently withdrawn the wonderful financial scheme whereby the "burden" of his costs at the Guildhall should fall on his own shoulders, and yet be wiped up by public subscription, we may dismiss him for the time being. We note, in this connection, that Messrs. Odhams, who are also associated in business with Mr. Bottomley, will

publish shortly a work in *belles lettres*, entitled "Bottomley's Book," and that this work "will include photo of author, with character-sketch by Herbert Vivian." We hope Mr. Vivian will give Mr. Bottomley a better character than he found himself able to bestow on the late Mr. Walter Pater. As for Mr. Vivian's opinion of the late Oscar Wilde we refer our readers to our correspondence column.

We are glad to be able to congratulate the Editor of the new weekly journal, *The Englishman*, on the distinct improvement which is noticeable in the quality of his matter. The article on Woman's Suffrage in the issue of January 13th is well written and well argued, if somewhat long-winded. But some gentleman, who writes under the heading "Editorial Notes," is badly in need of an editor. We quote:

Far from the madding crowd, as some madman once remarked. Talking of madding, how truly are my beloved countrymen herewith revealed. In my modest youth such a book (*sic*) might often be seen on many a modest table. It made me blush even then, however,—for my countrymen. Had it been properly written in good English—as thus, maddening—no man would have regarded it, I ween. But "madding" not being English at all, naturally achieved a "well-deserved success," as the reviewers have it. For at least in England we never, never will be slaves—at any rate to the degrading rules of grammar or King's English.

The writer of this extraordinary farrago of nonsense is evidently not aware that the words "Far from the madding crowd," used by Mr. Thomas Hardy as the title of one of his finest novels, are quoted from Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Is there a schoolboy in England who does not know the line:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife?

Anyone who is capable of saying that Mr. Hardy's great novel would not have been "regarded" if the title "had been properly written in good English" ought to be at once restrained from opportunities for making further "howlers." The word "madding" is, needless to say, quite excellent English, as the gentleman who wrote the silly paragraph we have quoted might have found out by consulting any standard English dictionary, or, more simply, by taking it on trust from the poet Gray.

One of the objects of the Humanitarian League is the abolition of capital punishment. We imagine that it is idle to suppose that the particular kind of crank who patronises the League will be guided by the object-lesson provided by France. The result of the suspension of the death penalty in that country has been an appalling increase in crimes of the most brutal character. Knowing that his precious life was secure, thanks to the energy of the sentimentalist, the gentle apache in Paris and other towns has been demonstrating in a most joyous fashion. Such a little joke as robbing a man's house and then playfully tying him to his bed and setting it on fire and leaving him to burn to death has been perpetrated under the benign eye of the beautiful "humanitarian," without in the smallest degree affecting his convictions as to the atrocity of executing murderers. The return of the guillotine, which has now taken place in France, was effected in response to what amounted to a national appeal for protection against every kind of inhuman assassin and ruffian.

It really seems as if at last we are to be allowed a little rest from the nuisance of the Suffragists—at any

rate, they cease to take up their usual quantity of space in the daily papers, whose editors seem at last to be dimly realising that the mere fact that a vulgar and uneducated woman chooses to call herself a Suffragist does not necessarily imply that the public is anxious to read her views set out at length, and her "demands" formulated in its news-organs about four times a week for two or three years. We are glad to read in one of the papers that a party of Suffragists, including various Pankhursts, Pethicks, and other bright specimens of manly womankind, have gone to Geneva, where they are staying at an hotel and indulging in "winter sports" in bob-sleighs decorated with flags bearing the device "Votes for Women." We are sorry for the people of Geneva, and especially for the unfortunate persons who happen to be staying in the same hotel, but it is very gratifying to those who have remained in England. We sincerely hope that these charming ladies will continue to abide in Geneva and drive bob-sleighs decorated with flags. For all practical purposes they will be doing just as much good to their "cause" as if they continued their idiotic antics in London, and they will be giving gratification to a vast host of people at home. In the words of the old song: "They will enjoy themselves and so shall we."

The *Athenæum* will really have to look to itself. Only the other week we had occasion to call attention to the absolute foolishness of a "poem" which Mr. Rendall saw fit to offer his readers. Never before in its history, perhaps, has the *Athenæum* been convicted of publishing verses which were devoid of some sort of literary grace and spiritual meaning. On Saturday last our contemporary published a review of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's selection from the poems of Francis Thompson. And this is the kind of criticism the review contained:

This volume will serve to bring before a wider circle of readers some of the most individual poetic work of the last century, though, indeed, we hope that "The Hound of Heaven" is known to most lovers of verse. Thompson, however, will not be popular in the sense that Tennyson and Keats and, *longo intervallo*, Kipling are popular. His obscurity, his love of unusual words, his Latinisms, his mysticism, all mark him out as appealing mainly to a special type of mind. This sense is heightened by the themes he chooses, and the lack of narrative and dramatic elements in his work. The ode is his chosen vehicle; and odes are not popular. Perhaps the affinities of his work are beyond the ordinary reader. One must know something of Crashaw in the Caroline period, of Blake in the Georgian, of Coventry Patmore in the Victorian, fully to appreciate his value—although his work is all his own, anything but a *pastiche* of remembered phrases and cadences. Still, there is no doubt that Thompson will have a place of his own in the English Pantheon of poets. What that place will be it is too soon as yet to say, and we shall not attempt to prophesy.

One does not expect a high literary organ to engage in the discussion of poetry from the point of view of popularity. To say (at any rate in the *Athenæum*) that odes are not popular is sheer and inexcusable stupidity. One might expect that sort of "criticism" from the *Daily Mirror*. Then the *Athenæum* quotes at length the most familiar passages from "The Hound of Heaven," with the comment: "Surely nothing could be truer or more broadly human than this." Surely nothing could be less illuminating or more wooden than such a remark. In view of the prevailing lack of taste we can forgive an editor for making a mistake about poetry, but when we find him permitting his contributors to foist off such dullness about a poet like Francis Thompson we can only wonder what has happened to his editorial wits. A strenuous use of the blue pencil would do the *Athenæum* a great deal of good just now.

THE MAGIC ORCHARD

From the French of HENRI DE REGNIER.

"*Je vis de ma fenêtre ouverte sur le Rêve.*"

My casement to the Dream is open set,
And in the magic square of that lone place
A marvellous orchard, lush and dewy-wet,
Streams in the auroral air, in that faint space
When the night fails, and morning is not yet.
The wind that stirs the interlacing branches,
And smooths the glaucous grasses on the lawn,
Has from the trees, in delicate avalanches,
The treasure of their liberal blossom torn,
That glows, or palely blushes, or that blanches.

From the French of CHARLES-AUGUSTIN SAINTE-BEUVE.

Last night I watched in my dark bed, and there
My silent spirit grew from more to more;
Till, with a sudden foot spurning Heaven's floor
The lightning like a courser with bright hair
Flashed past, and thunder rattled in the air,
Drawn like a car behind. Then earth was stirred,
And beasts of earth in sacred terror heard
That sound, and hid them deep within their lair.
But I was fired by the heaven's flame,
My spirit woke, and every shock of fire
Tore from my heavy brow the clouds in sunder;
A part of the great concert I became,
A greater than the elements; and higher
Rose God's still voice within me than the thunder.

M. JOURDAIN.

MR. SHAW'S OBITUARY

It seems that we have a great man in our midst, and that his name is George Bernard Shaw. According to a journalist—we will not name him for the moment—"Mr. Bernard Shaw has thrilled and filled crowds of thinking and thoughtless people with his destructive and constructive theories, and is now, at a ripe age, sitting on a recognised and unassailable critical throne." This obviously is a delightful picture, though the recognised and unassailable critical throne may be a figment of the imagination. It should be observed, too, that, in mercy for all parties, we have omitted to quote our journalist quite accurately; for, in point of fact, he does not say that Mr. Bernard Shaw has thrilled and filled crowds, etc., but that "a man like" Mr. Bernard Shaw has thrilled and filled crowds. Of course, Mr. Chesterton—it is really Mr. Chesterton—means Mr. Bernard Shaw and none other, and we must always strive to discover what Mr. Chesterton means, and not content ourselves merely with what he says. "A man like Mr. Bernard Shaw" is probably not to be found in the wide, wide world, not to mention "Queechy," and on the whole we are disposed to thank our lucky stars for it. A man like Mr. Bernard Shaw sitting on a recognised and unassailable critical throne would mean pretty much the same thing for common sense and reasonable living as a man like our old friend the Maori sitting on the ruins of London Bridge would mean for the metropolis. But Mr. Chesterton is not content with the recognised and unassailable throne of criticism. He goes on to tell us some of the truth.

For example, he assures us that if Mr. Shaw "appears for an instant in a daily paper, he always appears as a juvenile and impertinent guttersnipe, saying smart things that no one can understand." We concur most heartily; what is more we agree, and whisper, "Exactly so." And then, of course, Mr. Chesterton pulls us up very short indeed. "Some day," he continues "[Mr. Shaw] will die, and we shall have a cataract of newspaper columns telling an astonished public for the first time that he was a great sociologist, an original philosopher, and one of the pillars of the nineteenth century. In other words, "Mr. Bernard Shaw will suddenly become a classic when he has ceased to be an influence." Mr. Chesterton it is who says so, consequently let no dog bark. At the same time, we can tell Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Shaw exactly what will happen when Mr. Shaw dies, a catastrophe which we hope is still far distant. There will be notices in the daily and weekly prints; there will be the usual and very proper expressions of regret, but there will be no cataracts, and there will certainly be no foolishness as to sociology, philosophy, or pillar-furnishing for the nineteenth century. We could write Mr. Shaw's obituary notice with a degree of niceness and finish which would probably be very astonishing to Mr. Chesterton, and very consoling to Mr. Shaw. If ever there was a creature of an hour, a whimsical, naughty, and rather pushing and impertinent creature of an hour, that creature is Mr. George Bernard Shaw. He is one of those men who, without being great or distinguished or wise, or, for that matter, over-brainy, has taken the measure of a small and impressionable section of the world, and made himself appear to be master of it, whereas in reality he is not its master at all, but merely its grinning and subservient slave. The hackneyed phrase about the triton and the minnows exactly suits Mr. Shaw's case. We will suppose that he believes himself to be a person of great literary parts. It is obvious that a person possessed of such a faith would, in the ordinary course of human affairs, be aware that he was not the first human being who had possessed such parts. Shakespeare, for example, had the advantage of being born before Mr. Shaw. The ordinary literary man who remembers Shakespeare assesses his own parts accordingly. Not so Mr. Shaw. For him, Shakespeare and the rest of them have no public existence. If you say Shakespeare to him publicly, he has the wag's retort for ever on his lips. "Shakespeare is dead, my good fellow; Shaw is alive. Shaw is better than Shakespeare." The good-natured guffaw, and are inclined to the opinion that there must be some soul of genius in a chap who has the cheek to talk like that. Having learnt to read, of course, Mr. Shaw knows in his private heart that Shakespeare could have put all Shaw into the little finger of his left-hand glove without feeling him. But publicly, so long as the hapenny papers exist, Shaw is expected to be waggish in the matter of Shakespeare, and waggish he must be. On questions of "sociology" and "philosophy" the same method must be Mr. Shaw's method. "Marriage," says Mr. Shaw publicly, "is all my eye and Peggy Martin." There have been sociologists before Mr. Shaw who took another view, but these poor devils are dead, and Shaw is alive, and what he does not know about marriage is not worth talking about. As to philosophy, all the philosophers are dead, save and except Shaw—and perhaps Chesterton. Chesterton says that Shaw is a philosopher; Shaw has always had a sort of idea that he might be—and there you are. Then there is politics. The *Observer* newspaper suddenly concluded, at the suggestion of a handful of obscure persons who call themselves the Fabian Society, that Mr. Shaw might conceivably be a statesman, and the *Observer* sent round a gentleman with a sweet smile and a fountain pen to enquire and demand of Mr. Shaw. "Are you a

statesman?" Shaw dare not say that he wasn't, and consequently he said firmly and without flinching, "I am." And, of course, it must be so. It is not for us to doubt Mr. Shaw, particularly when he happens to be backed up by Mr. Chesterton. Unfortunately the statesmanship of Mr. Shaw has been studiously buried alive by the London Press. "The London Press," says Shaw, "have consistently ignored my political speeches, although [mark you] they readily printed any reference to Shakespeare, which, uttered as serious criticism, became transformed somehow into gross and ill-mannered stupidity." Here we get it both ways. The London Press has at length taken notice of Mr. Shaw the politician, and Mr. Shaw the politician opens his private heart as to his public utterances with respect to Shakespeare. And in the true spirit of the agile Mr. Shaw would have us believe that he does not complain against the London Press for not recognising his high gifts of statesmanship, but that he does complain of the readiness with which the London Press printed his stupid and ill-mannered references to Shakespeare. In point of fact, so far from complaining as to the suppression of his political views, Mr. Shaw considers that such suppression has rendered "the greatest possible service to the Fabian Society." We can well believe it, but we do not believe it in the same way that Mr. Shaw believes it, for he says, "Thanks to this suppression, our operations are never discovered by the enemy until we have carried them on for twenty years, by which time opposition to us is hopeless." Here, of course, you have more waggery with a good spicing of bunkum. The general mass of reasonable mankind has not heard of Mr. Shaw and is not likely to hear of him, even when he is dead. He is neither a man of letters in the large sense nor a philosopher, and his sociology amounts to his own particular brand of cheap Socialism. He has written a play or two, and he has made a few silly speeches. Because he happens to have more wits than the average Socialist, the Socialists and their hangers-on, not forgetting Mr. Chesterton, consider him a huge man, and eye him with pretty much the same eye that a fly might have for a football. If the hapenny papers and the Fabian Society were to disappear to-morrow Mr. Shaw and all his works would go with them. When he dies there will be an end of him, and as he is a fairly vigorous person, and may happily live for quite a number of years, we should not be at all surprised if he outlived the gimcrack reputation which he has managed to make for himself. Mr. Chesterton compares him with Darwin. For our own part we should liken him to a sort of literary and sociological Mrs. Pankhurst.

ARCHER AND HANKIN

It appears that Mr. William Archer is the dramatic critic of the *Nation*. And it appears that he has lately had something unpleasant to say of a play by Mr. Hankin. We have not seen Mr. Hankin's play, and we do not propose to see it, but out of a correspondence which has arisen on the subject between Mr. Archer and a person who signs himself "Old Playgoer" we may extract matter. It is not unfair to Mr. Archer that he should be described as a somewhat heavy critic. Among the journalists of his time he figures as a person of reputation in his line, whom no professional person reads. If our recollection serves us, he has written many articles in the *World*, all of them about the drama; and he has written also on the same affair in the *Tribune*, now happily defunct, and, as we have seen, he is still engaged on the *Nation*, which may live for ever. For ourselves, we have tried to peruse his criticisms, but with the best will in the world we have never been able to get along with them.

Mr. Archer is a serious man; he conceives the drama as an institution of importance, and he looks on the theatre as a sort of temple of Art and Grace and Beauty, which, on the whole, is rather old-fashioned of him. Once on a time he stood for Ibsen, and it may be that he now stands for Maeterlinck or for Mr. George Bernard Shaw. But nobody is a penny the better, and certainly nobody is a penny the worse. We consider that this is a pity, because the serious man is a very serious business to himself, and if the world will not take him seriously so much the worse for the world. The fact is that throughout his brilliant career Mr. Archer would appear to have made the blind worm's mistake. With the modern drama and the modern theatre a serious person should really have nothing to do; inasmuch as neither one nor the other can be said to merit serious thought. Herein we have Mr. Archer's stumbling-block. He can never be gay. He goes to the first night of a farce in pretty much the same spirit as an undertaker might go to measure the corpse of a pauper. He knows what ought to be, and what possibly might be, but isn't, and he can be neither happy nor savage about it. So that he prosed and prosed and prosed, and states the old truths and the old dullness, and he is always right and always beaten. The world is not too much with him, but too much for him. We believe that he is a competent critic, and we believe that he can distinguish sound dramaturgic work from the other kind; but there, it seems to us, is the limit of Mr. Archer. Consequently, it gives us the greatest possible pleasure to find him for once in a way coming out of his excellent shell and waving his horns somewhat—like a disturbed snail, or, if we may use the simile without offence, like a fairly angry and sarcastic bull. There can be no doubt in the world that Mr. Archer's treatment of Mr. Hankin's play would be the correct, sound, wise and proper treatment, and that in any case it would represent Mr. Archer's conscientious views, and his true and honest opinions. As we have said, we did not see the play, but we are given to understand that it was a play of the new, old sort, and full of nonsense about a woman and a baby and the stupidity of marriage; and while we have not read Mr. Archer's criticism, we can read it with our mind's eye, as it were, and we can well understand that it would not be altogether gratifying to Mr. Hankin. Naturally, Mr. Hankin, like the next man, is not without his unknown friends and admirers, and one of these, the aforesaid "Old Playgoer" to wit, has written to the *Nation* for the purpose of calling Mr. Archer "a doddering reactionary." It was wicked of "Old Playgoer" to do this, but probably he could not help it, and it was wicked of the editor of the *Nation* to print the letter. For ourselves, however, we are much obliged to "Old Playgoer," not because he is the kind of writer one may applaud, but because he has managed to rouse Mr. Archer. Here are some of Mr. Archer's own words on the subject:

Yes, yes, I am growing old; there is no doubt about it. If by nothing else, I can measure the lapse of time since I was young at criticism by the change—for the better: oh, yes, certainly for the better—in editorial ethics. In my young days, an editor would suffer no one to question the infallibility of his critic. If an exasperated author wrote to the paper (except, perhaps, on the plainest matter of fact) his letter was either quietly wastepaper-basketed, or forwarded to the critic, that he might store it up and "have his knife in" the audacious dramatist at the next opportunity. Quite seriously, this was a barbarous state of things; and again and again, in those far-off days, I urged its reformation. There is no reason why critics should affect to be infallible; and there is every reason why an injured, or merely irritated, author should be suffered to have his say—if his friends cannot keep writing materials out of his reach. So far, I applaud the humane impartiality of the modern editor. But I do not quite see what

dictate of humanity or maxim of policy compels an editor to inform the world, on the authority of an anonymous "Old Playgoer," that his critic is a doddering reactionary, blind to the abounding merits of "our latest drama." When I noted in the contents of last week's *Nation* a letter on "Mr. Archer's Criticism" by an "Old Playgoer," "Aha!" thought I, "here is some generous champion come forward to defend me from the merciless onslaught of Mr. St. John Hankin. Now for some balm to my wounded spirit!" But when I turned to the page—oh, dire disappointment! oh, cruel deception!—the "Old Playgoer" merely rubbed brine into my sores. He thought, indeed, that Mr. Hankin had gone a little too far in calling me a rat: rather because "our latest drama" is by no means a sinking ship, than on account of any fundamental inaptness in the simile. But otherwise he vowed that I richly deserved every stroke of my castigation. To the Young Playwright's whip, in fact, the "Old Playgoer" did his best to add scorpions.

Apart from all considerations of argument, who in the name of goodness would have imagined that Mr. William Archer could write in this sprightly and juvenile fashion? It will be a revelation to his friends, and it will most certainly give his enemies pause—that is to say, of course, if he happens to have any. It is desirable, however, for us to note that at the foot of Mr. Archer's letter, Mr. Massingham remarks: "We have not allowed anybody to call Mr. Archer 'a doddering reactionary.'" This, again, is rather a pity, because it spoils the sport. On the other hand, it is better so. As to the general question of an editor permitting angry authors or their friends to attack his accredited critic, we are sorry we cannot agree with Mr. Archer. If people wish to attack the critic, say, of the *Times* newspaper, they should not be permitted to do it in the *Times*; and we certainly consider that Mr. Archer was not quite so serious as he should have been when he urged such a piece of reformation as that involved. The infallibility of any newspaper's critic must be taken for granted by its editor, and authors who write with the intention of proving that the critic does not know his business should be advised to take their animadversions elsewhere. Otherwise, the average journal would soon resolve itself into a mere Donnybrook or bear garden. There is all the difference in the world between a letter of complaint or defence as to criticism and a letter in which the critic is attacked on the grounds of incompetency, stupidity, or bias. Mr. Archer cannot have said much that could not be justified or that was not proper to be said in the matter of Mr. Hankin's play. Critics like Mr. Archer seldom, or never, make mistakes as to certain broad questions. If they do make mistakes, the author concerned has a clear right of correction and a clear reason for complaint; but he has no right and no reason to charge the critic with incompetence, or to indite him generally as a false and bad critic. The letter from which we have quoted is a lengthy letter, and it consists for the most part of a defence, or, at any rate, an explanation of Mr. Archer's attitude towards the modern drama. We do not consider it seemly that the critic of any respectable review should be compelled by the actions of his editor so to defend himself. Mr. Massingham must know perfectly well that Mr. Archer is a safe critic, if not a merry one; and we consider that his note as to not having permitted anybody to call Mr. Archer "a doddering reactionary" is altogether an inadequate note, and that it is discreditable to the *Nation* thus to throw its critic overboard. Mr. Archer's defence of himself is complete, and it turns the tables on the enemy in a manner which they are little likely to relish. We are glad to see that our old friend has in him a Roland for every Oliver, and we trust that if Mr. Massingham finds himself unequal to take up the cudgels for Mr. Archer, he will at least have the decency to let the last word be Archer's word, and to mark under it, "This correspondence must now cease." An Englishman's

house is his castle, and an English critic's paper should be his strong defence and sure rock in time of trouble. Justice is the finest thing in the world, but we question very much whether it can ever be just to permit your own critic to be reproved over the mouth with a brick in his own column. An editor's proper way with a critic is first of all to have confidence in him, and to stand or fall by that confidence as long as he may, and when he ceases to have confidence in him and finds himself unable to support or defend him, it is better that he should discharge him than that he should allow him to be held up to the sport and contumely of the world at large. Mr. Hankin's part in the matter does not appear to have been at all terrible, and as for "Old Playgoer," we can only hope that Mr. Massingham has his name and address and believes him to be a more trustworthy judge of the drama than Mr. Archer. We may note further that in another journal, which shall be nameless, we observe an editorial disposition to permit fancy bouts between contributors. We do not know whether Mr. Archer would now advocate this kind of thing, but in any case it is certain that such proceedings inevitably result in bad blood and worse journalism. Birds in their little nests should agree, and even if they must fight it is not creditable for the parent or master bird to egg them on. "Quarrel with the children in the next house and never among yourselves," is an old principle of the nursery. And when all is said, ninety-nine journalists out of a hundred would appear to be fairly quarrelsome children.

WHITELEY'S AT THE COMEDY

It seems but yesterday that the cheap newspapers were bragging on behalf of Mr. Somerset Maugham that he had a play "running" at practically every theatre in London. We do not know that there is any particular harm in sheer fecundity or in the capacity to toss into the public maw repeated doses of something which the public maw appears to relish. That such gifts should be held up before one as plain proof of an author's intellectual merit, however, is, of course, preposterous. At the time of Mr. Maugham's control of the London stage—that is to say, when he was at the height of his boom—we did not trouble ourselves to visit his multifarious exhibitions. So that we are in no position to speak of the excellence of his general achievements. But in consequence of the fact that his sundry tremendous works would appear, after the usual "extraordinary successes," to remain no longer in the metropolitan dramatic bill of fare, we have been round to see *Penelope*, which, if we are to believe the daily press, is a very fine example of Mr. Maugham's "art," and which we shall presume represents him in a mature, ripe and finished vein. We sat through the whole of the three acts, though the play really ends in act two, and we came away with the conclusion that *Penelope* is prettily named; that Mr. Maugham is most fortunate in having Miss Marie Tempest for his leading lady, and that, on the whole, *Penelope* is exactly the kind of play which one might expect to be supplied by Whiteley's. Messrs. Whiteley, we believe, will forgive us if we say that they are "universal providers," and that if you put them to it they could bring to your door, as it were, anything in this world that you may require, from a pocket handkerchief to a middling-sized elephant. They conduct their business on very smart lines; they know their public; they do not profess to concern themselves over closely with strict art or, still less, with affairs of the intellect, and their desire is to please and satisfy all comers. Mr. Maugham—and we say it to his credit—is imbued with the Whiteley spirit. In *Penelope* he has put up a smart business-like

play, concerned with the simple domestic passions of love and jealousy; he gives us a number of figures of the sort which are known to be thought "real" in Westbourne Grove, and the wit, humour and pathos of him are nicely calculated to meet the very proper emotional requirements of Sloane Square and South Kensington. *Penelope* herself is intended to captivate the middle-class woman. She is a trim, pert, and rather passionate matron of five years' standing. There is no nonsense about her, and she loves her husband, who happens to be a rising young physician, not to say a good deal of a bounder. In this excellent little lady, as represented by Miss Marie Tempest, and in this slack and graceless, rising young physician, the femininity of South Kensington will see the sexes painted as they should be painted—the woman a confiding and affectionate bundle of pretty clothes and pretty ways, possessed, however, of a good deal of the nous of the courtesan; and the man a blundering, but nevertheless artful and untruthful jackass. For the rest, there is a gentleman who boasts continually of his acquaintance with duchesses; there is *Penelope's* father, whom we are requested to accept for a mathematician, and who is really a dodderer; and there is *Penelope's* mother, whom we may dismiss as the usual flustered, middle-aged female. These people are of no real concern to the play, and Mr. Maugham has really roughed them in because the people in the stalls would not have been satisfied without them. Practically the only person who matters, after *Penelope* and her husband, is the wicked married lady who tangles up the husband of *Penelope*. With these three characters Mr. Maugham might have made out of *Penelope* a passable, light, one-act piece, suitable for performance as a curtain-raiser. For very obvious reasons, however, he has preferred to squeeze the play into three acts. And as he does not possess the intellectual equipment, which is necessary to excusable or brilliant padding, *Penelope* is an artistic disappointment. Perhaps the best that can be said of it is that it is trite comedy served up in a manner which savours of the farce. There is nothing new about it, nothing witty, and nothing moving. At times and in places the author displays a certain admirable intention, but one feels that on the whole he botches his own chances. It is Miss Marie Tempest who saves the situations all the time. In point of fact, while she appears to be one and the same *Penelope* from first to last, she is really compelled to be quite half a dozen different women through Mr. Maugham's failure in the matters of coherence and clarity of conception. And as for minor blemishes, they may be said to abound. For example, it is a little foolish of Mr. Maugham to make *Penelope* sigh for "something with boiling oil in it" when she is imagining tortures for her rival. Sir William Gilbert is the registered proprietor of this poor witticism, and one is astonished to find it raising giggles in the new century. But the boiling oil touch, and another which bears reference to a rooster's "run for his money," are the only verbal points with which Mr. Maugham manages to secure palpable hits. And the rooster joke is unfair, because it is a joke for the ribald. Then again, Mr. Maugham brings into his doctor's consulting-room two patients who are introduced for the mere, sheer and obvious purpose of passing the time. It is not even pretended, as in the case of *Penelope's* father, mother and uncle, that they have anything to do with the story. Consequently they are unnecessary, superfluous, and, strictly speaking, they have no business in the play. We have already said that the third act is also superfluous, and particularly so, as it is full of anti-climax. The good qualities of *Penelope* are that it is brisk and pretty to look at, and that a great many of the situations are amusing. The play also has the advantage of reasonable propriety of tone, and it is not preachy on the one hand or contemptuous of the conventions on

the other. For the male section of an audience there may be considerable suggestions of twaddle about it. For young women, however, it is probably all wrong, because no woman in her senses will agree that the best way to cure a husband of an infatuation for somebody not herself is to "give him his head." Neither is it good for young women that wifely tenderness should be proclaimed from the house-tops to be much the same thing as strawberry ice; which statement, of course, will be appreciated by persons who have no sense of humour. The fact is that *Penelope* as a whole is a poor play because there is no human blood in it. It is make-believe, and cheap, and in the main hackneyed make-believe, for which reason possibly it will bring "good business" to the box-offices. For Mr. Maugham we have one other word. Let him fore-swear universal providing. He has a sense for the stage, and he has a sense of the comic. It may be that, in spite of his apparent facility, he is really a toiler. If this be not so we should advise him to toil, and if it be so we should still advise him to toil after larger and ampler things. We do not think that Mr. Maugham could ever write a play which would be worth reading in the literary sense, but we imagine that he could do better than *Penelope*, not only in the literary sense, but also in the dramatic sense, if he were to take the necessary trouble.

JANUARY

THERE is little use in asserting, as do some worthy people, that the passing of the Old Year and the first few moments of the New Year bring no change—that their celebration is merely an arbitrary arrangement of man's devising, and that, in short, "nothing happens." Time, greedily clutching at the final sheet of our annual record, and doling out a fair white page for our consideration, cannot help a muttered word of caution that we be less hasty in our writing, more stringent on the subject of blots and smears; and for the life of us we cannot avoid a little thrill of dismay or pleasure, as the case may be, when we realise the position. For here, we think comfortably, we have a fresh chance; our good ship has found once more the bearings of those Fortunate Islands whose shores we have so often sighted mistily, far away on the horizon; we captains will make sure this time that chart and compass are correct, that the sextant and chronometer work harmoniously together, and that the engines are sound and speedy. What hurricanes may come, what shoals or rocks or stubborn currents may threaten, what siren voices may charm us from our true course, we heed but little. And if sun and stars are veiled, we will steer, we say, by dead-reckoning; but, alas! dependence upon that method of navigation often brings us to grief; on that point our past log-books will not bear too close or prolonged examination.

We are, as a rule, inclined to be optimists during the first month of the year, in spite of the wintry hours and sullen skies which it so frequently brings:

Each year bears something from us as it flies,
We only blow it farther with our sighs,

sings Walter Savage Landor; and our chief regrets are reserved for the months when the year is on the wane. The harshness of January is beneficent, without doubt; man's power of appreciation is trained by contrasts, and we look forward to the lessening keenness of the winds, the first fine green flush of the woods, the spreading flame of buttercups through the level meadows, with a heartier welcoming thrill for the meagre joys of the present. Country folk in more lands than one do not care to find genial weather too early in the year: "*Mieux vaut voir un chien enragé*

qu'un soleil chaud en Janvier." runs a French proverb; and we have rendered the same idea into a jingling couplet which varies for different counties:

If the grass grows in Janiweer,
It grows the worse for't all the year.

But January is often under-rated. It has its pleasant side, in spite of the season. The "in-between time," we might term it, when the first scanty efflorescence of the coming month—the venturesome primrose, peering forth in a dell of sunshine out of the wind, the sheltered wood-violet, the kingly daffodil, the pale bells of the snowdrop—has not yet begun; the period of suspense, of expectation, of joys enfolded and beauties withheld. On many of the trees the sticky leaf-buds show plainly, only waiting for the encouragement of warmer sunshine to uncurl their dainty spirals to the light. It is the month when the word signalled from the clouds seems to be indistinct, yet of a cheerful burden; the month of patience, of hope, of faith—"the evidence of things not seen." Daybreak and sunset may be wild and grey, or may illumine and encrimson coldly the wastes of snow, blur with dusky colour the sombre vistas of the city streets, but there prevails a sense of something beyond, something that is worthy of the waiting; we are conscious that the flower of the year is opening, not closing, and a certain heartiness of thought is ours thereby. "Every dull mood of nature has its compensations to shame us out of peevishness." "After a still winter night," writes Thoreau from his lonely hut, "I awoke with the impression that some question had been put to me which I had been endeavouring in vain to answer in my sleep, as what—how—when—where? But there was dawning Nature, in whom all creatures live, looking in at my broad windows with serene and satisfied face, and no question on *her* lips. I awoke to an answered question, to Nature and daylight. The snow lying deep on the earth, dotted with young pines, and the very slope of the hill on which my house is placed, seemed to say 'Forward!' Nature puts no question, and answers none which we mortals ask. She has long ago taken her resolution. . . . Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads." Still, it is well to look upwards, for the lark is often the only creature visibly undiscouraged by the impassive canopy of cloud which our English January so frequently refuses to furl. Mounting, as though in search of the sapphire vault beyond, he sings:

He rises, scarcely seen against the gloom,
Spills his full heart in crystal drops of song
That mingle falling to a slender stream
Of fairy music; then, all silently,
Descends forlorn athwart the darkening sky.

A brave, bonnie little bird is he—the clearer and the dearer for the silence amid which he sings.

And herein lies the beauty of the January landscape for those who see with the spiritual eye as well as with outward vision—the song of joyous waiting, set to music by the lark's high notes, is written there. The heather on the cliffs is dry, rattling in the salt sea breeze; the twisted hawthorn is "carved clean to the way of the wind"; the river is livid and moaning, as though chained by regretful dreams; but the frailty and the barrenness is not that of November; it is suggestive; it is on the side of increase, not of decay. We may become pessimists toward the end of the year, with a surly shrug for the memories of what we meant to do; but ungrateful and perverse is that man, shouldering his discontented way through the shrill blasts, who does not now open his heart to that inspiring word "Faith!" For in the Summer he will have realised no splendid anticipations—he will be bankrupt of the bounty of the gods.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

We print the following for what it is worth:

LUCY'D HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The subjoined correspondence between Mr. H. W. Lucy and myself refers to that travesty of historical fact which he has contributed to the current *Cornhill*, and to which I drew attention in the *Standard* of the 7th inst.

I may explain that on the 1st inst., Mr. Lucy, in the course of an article in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, entitled, "Romance of the House of Commons," made the grotesquely erroneous assertion that Disraeli "entered it (the House) as an impecunious Radical." On the 6th I contributed to that paper a correction of this blunder (so characteristic of its author), and referred to, without specifying, that triumph of misrepresentation which I exposed in the *Standard* on the following day.

As you will see, I accepted Mr. Lucy's challenge at once: I am still awaiting his reply. His prolonged silence suggests that he recognises discretion to be the better part of valour, and that as THE ACADEMY of last Saturday plainly puts it, "the situation is a little awkward for" him. Surely there is only one course for Mr. Lucy to adopt. Better late than never. Had he been endowed with a keener sense of the responsibilities of a "public writer," and of the rudimentary ethics of literary veracity, he would have adopted that course twenty years ago, when it was brought to his notice that he had attributed to Mr. Gladstone a statement which Mr. Gladstone did not make, and which reflected discredit on the Conservative Whips of 1841, one of whom was, in 1889, already dead, and the other a nonagenarian who passed away in the following year.

Mr. Lucy is the master of an attractive style, but I trust that his many readers will henceforth temper their admiration of his narrative powers (in which I cordially concur) with a healthy scepticism as to the facts of what may appropriately be styled, in this connection, "Lucy'd History."

Constitutional Club, London.

ALFRED B. BEAVEN.

Jan. 14th, 1909.

Whitethorn, Hythe, Kent.
8th January, 1909.

SIR,—I have received a copy of the *Liverpool Daily Post* containing a letter from you in which you say: "Mr. Lucy has in the *Cornhill* reproduced an oft- (by him) repeated story on the authority of Mr. Gladstone, although Mr. Gladstone has repudiated it, and his repudiation had been communicated to Mr. Lucy years ago to my knowledge."

This is a serious charge to bring against a public writer. I must ask you to particularise the story you allude to, and to cite the authority for the alleged repudiation.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LUCY.

Greyfriars, Leamington,
January 9th, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed correspondence, which was published in the *Standard* of Thursday last, will, I hope, be sufficient reply to your challenge to me to substantiate what you rightly characterise as "a serious charge to bring against a public writer."

I need only add that I forwarded to you a copy of Mr. Gladstone's postcard (marked II. in the enclosed cutting), together with either a verbatim copy or an abstract of the letter to which it was a reply; that you acknowledged its receipt, and that in the course of further correspondence you admitted that your version of Mr. Gladstone's anecdote was in error in the very material point to which I drew attention. Nevertheless, so far from complying with my reasonable request to take the earliest opportunity of correcting your error through the same channels by which you had secured its wide dissemination, you have reproduced it on several occasions since 1889, the last being in the current *Cornhill*.

I may remark in passing that my letter in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, to which I am indebted for the honour of your communication, deals with another illustration of the tendency of your facile, but very inaccurate, pen to libel the memory of the dead.

Yours very faithfully,

ALFRED B. BEAVEN.

We do not quite see what possible defence Mr. Lucy can set up; and it appears to us his proper course would be frankly to admit his error and to promise amendment. Silence is all very well in its way, but it ceases to be golden, and, indeed, puts on much of the appearance of brass, when matters of this nature are concerned. Of course, it may be that Mr. Lucy is out of town or otherwise prevented from replying to Mr. Beaven's letter. If this be so we must reserve judgment.

Last week's issue of the *Nation* contained a poem by Mr. William H. Davies, whose recently-published booklet, "Nature Poems," has already been noticed in these columns. We take the liberty of reprinting some of the verses:

Though I do love to feel the Rain,
And be by winds well blown,
The mystery of mortal life
Doth press me down.

And, in this mood, come now what will,
Shine Rainbow, Cuckoo call—
There is no thing in Heaven or Earth
Can lift my soul.

* * *

I sit between two fair Rose-trees;
Red roses on my right
And, on my left side, roses are
A lovely white.

The little birds are full of joy,
Lambs bleating all the day;
The colt runs after the old mare,
And children play.

And still there comes this dark, dark hour—
Which is not born of care;
Into my heart it creeps before
I am aware.

The *Nation* is fortunate. Mr. Davies may be reckoned a "natural born" poet. Though he may lack the erudition of the schools and consequent powers of self-criticism there can be no question as to his authentic parts. At times he comes very near Blake himself.

The irrepressible Lady Grove has been reviewing a book for the *Daily Chronicle*. The title of the book is "The Making of a Successful Husband." The *Chronicle*, however, prints Lady Grove's review in the next column to its priceless political leaders under the head of "The Making of a Husband. By Lady Grove." We are inclined to think that, on the whole, Lady Grove would have amused us much more considerably if her "article" were indeed an article, as it purports typographically to be, and not a mere review, as it really is. However, we must put up with small mercies. "It is not extraneous advice," says Lady Grove, "however admirable, that will ensure wedded bliss, but the characters of the contracting parties as they develop," which, on the whole, is a somewhat cryptic utterance. We should have imagined that from Lady Grove's point of view the handiest way to "make" a husband would be to steal his vote, or at any rate to neutralise it by getting a vote for yourself. Development of character would ensue of necessity. Our own opinion is that husbands are born, not made—and so are wives. Why a woman who wants the vote so badly as Lady Grove would appear to want it should be considered an expert on husband-making, even by the *Daily Chronicle*, will pass the average comprehension.

The fact is that Lady Grove should not be allowed to discuss the state of matrimony at all. Here is a good

sample of her tender, critical method in dealing with matters of the heart:

Much consolatory counsel is given as to the advisability of perfect confidence between husband and wife, and to emphasise this point the father relates a touching tale of a young friend of his who had kept his worries a secret from his wife, whose discerning eyes had nevertheless perceived that something was amiss. At last, however, he faced the music like a little man. What do you suppose that woman did when he told her? Did she have a fit? No, sir. She threw her arms around his neck, and cried, "Oh, Johnny, is that all?" He confided later to his friend the fact that his failure had been the greatest success of his life, for it had enabled him to become for the first time really acquainted with his wife. Well, that is possible. But it would be rash to say that the result of this more intimate knowledge would invariably be to enhance the value of either husband or wife in each other's eyes.

Of course, your true Suffragist would have told Johnny very sternly and sharply that he was a fool and a rogue combined, and that he had not in the least enhanced his value in *her* eyes. The enhancing or depreciating of values between married couples may be a philosophical duty from Lady Grove's point of view, but it can be proved out of the book to be an idiotic pursuit and a sure enemy of married happiness, for precisely which reason your Suffragist would advocate it. Among decent married persons questions of value do not arise. If a man's actions or emotions, or a woman's actions or emotions, are to be trimmed with a view to possible enhancements or otherwise of "value in each other's eyes" we might as well shut up shop. "Charity thinketh no evil," and "it suffereth long and is kind." "Votes for women" is another affair.

It seems that Mr. Lloyd George has been giving a dinner party at Cannes, and the "voracious" fashionable reporter has been informed that the guests were Lady McLaren and three Mr. McLarens. His paragraph was set forward with all the pomps and dignities as if the fact that Lady McLaren and her sons had picked a bit of dinner with Mr. Lloyd George was a matter of the highest international importance. Of course, the Lady McLaren in question is the Lady McLaren who believes that chivalry is dead, and that your civil man of the period limits his gallantry to the opening of doors for pretty women. We conclude that Mr. Lloyd George opened the door for Lady McLaren after the banquet, and was not reproved for his chivalry in the matter. When Mr. Asquith dines with Mrs. Catharine Nation there will doubtless be more paragraphs. What will some of us not do for England?

According to one of the Radical literary gossips "Mr. Frank Harris has almost ready for publication a book called 'The Man, William Shakespeare, and His most Tragic Life Story.'" Our gossip omits to mention the name of the publisher who is to issue the book. In point of fact, Mr. Harris has had this work ready for publication for a considerable time past, and we happen ourselves to have read it. Making allowances for certain blemishes which Mr. Harris will by this time no doubt have removed, there can be no question that "The Man, Shakespeare," is about as excellent a piece of writing on the subject as has yet been penned. If the book ever does get published Mr. Sidney Lee and Professor Raleigh will have to look to their laurels. The difference between Mr. Harris and these gentlemen is that Mr. Harris is all for Shakespeare, poet and human man, while Mr. Lee is for Mr. Lee, "historian," and Professor Raleigh is all for Professor Raleigh, "brilliant critic." We have had our differences with Mr. Harris on the matter of his novel, a work of which, in the main, we disapprove; and, furthermore, we should not exactly look to him for sure criticism of poetry. But that he understands

about Shakespeare cannot be doubted, and it is astonishing that "The Man, Shakespeare," should have remained unpublished for so many years. And, talking of Shakespeare, we are reminded of a couple of anecdotes which may or may not be new. A certain critic came across a strolling actor who was sunning himself in the costume of Hamlet outside a fit-up theatre. The critic said: "You're an actor, I perceive." The man replied that, in a sort of way, he was. "Tell me," said the critic, "what is your real opinion of Shakespeare?" "Well," replied the actor with a far-away look, "to tell you the truth, I don't know much about him, but you may bet your hat he was lousily treated." The other story is of a butcher, whose hobby was literature. Somebody enquired of him whether he believed that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. To which the butcher replied: "It is not for me to say, sir, but I consider that if Bacon didn't write Shakespeare he missed the finest chance he ever had in his life." Which is the plain unvarnished truth.

The *Outlook* continues sedulously to make its appearance without poetry. We are flattered to find that the editor recognises the wisdom of our advice on the subject. It is nothing to his discredit that he cannot obtain good verse, but it would be greatly to his discredit if, after our warning, he should continue to deal in the meretricious. The *Saturday Review* is also poemless, and so, thank heaven, is the *Athenaeum*, the which journal, after the "tousy tyke" on "The Wasp," and Mr. Bernard Capes on "Will o' the Wisp," might really be excused if it never printed poetry again. It is wonderful what a little wise suggestion can accomplish in this naughty world. At the same time, we cannot in the least rejoice at the poemless condition of our three noble contemporaries; for whether the political economists like it or not, it is a fact that when a nation is not making poetry it may anticipate trouble. The day before yesterday we saw in the *Daily Mail* a column article by Mr. Laurence Binyon. We rubbed our eyes, but there it was, a whole column of flat prose about the British Museum, with the legend, "By Laurence Binyon" printed gloriously upon the top of it. Price, no doubt, three guineas. We believe that in the time occupied by Mr. Binyon in the composition of this article he could have forced himself to produce some sort of a poem which might have helped Mr. Hodge, of the *Saturday*, or Mr. Rendall, of the *Athenaeum*, or Mr.—shall we say Binks?—of the *Outlook*. But there might not have been three guineas tied to the proof. Of course, it goes without saying that Mr. Binyon and all other poets, considered in their capacities as citizens, have a perfect right to churn out prose for the *Daily Mail* and leave the literary papers without so much as a jingle, if they can find it in their hearts to do so. But the muses must weep to see it, and even we, who are not by any means the muses, are filled with pain at the sight of it. A Bishop writing in *Comic Cuts* would be an offence to everybody who has a thought for the Church. Poets perpetrating "articles of interest" in hapenny papers appear to us to be just as unbeautiful. At the same time, we may be wrong.

As we go to press we receive the appended letter from the Editor of the *Spectator*:

DEAR SIR,—I am informed that THE ACADEMY of January 9th, p. 652, contained the following statement:—

Mr. Bottomley is either a rich man or he is not. If he is rich he should pay his own way. If he is not, what becomes of the prospectus of *John Bull*, for particulars of which please see the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* of a few weeks ago?

If you had taken the trouble to verify this statement as regards the *Spectator*, you would have found that it was not true. The *Spectator* did not contain the prospectus of *John Bull* or any advertisement of that paper. Such advertisement

was offered to the *Spectator* but was refused. I beg that you will print this letter in your paper.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
J. ST. LOE STRACHEY,
Editor and Proprietor.

The Editor of THE ACADEMY.

We regret extremely that we should have misrepresented the *Spectator*, and we offer Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey and his paper our sincere apologies for the inadvertence. In point of fact, when the advertisement was offered to us we enquired if it was being accepted by the other weekly reviews, and we were informed that it was. However, that is no argument in face of the facts, and we are most sorry that we took for granted an assurance respecting which we should have enquired more closely. We asked the *Saturday Review* over the telephone if they were taking the advertisement, and they replied that they were. Our omission to take the same precaution in the case of the *Spectator* was unfortunate, and we do not attempt to excuse ourselves for it.

In another column we print a letter with reference to the discrepancies between the facsimile of Rossetti's fair copy of "The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks" and the typographical version of it, both of which appear in the *English Review*. It is evident, as our correspondent points out, that somebody has been at pains to edit Rossetti. Whether the editor is Mr. Watts-Dunton or Mr. Hueffer we have no means of knowing, though we should imagine that the probabilities are in favour of Mr. Watts-Dunton. And the position of affairs, as pointed out by our correspondent, will serve to emphasise our view that, broadly speaking, the publication of inedited poems by eminent hands is a risky and ill-advised business. If Rossetti had considered "The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks" worthy of a poet of his reputation it seems to us that he would have published it himself and obtained for it such reward as might be forthcoming. The only real excuses for publication twenty-six years after his death are:

1. That it will help the sales of the *English Review*.

2. That it has brought grist to the mill of Mr. Watts-Dunton.

The sacrifice of Rossetti for such purposes may not be a very serious affair, but we do not think the poet himself would have relished it. And as for the corrections, if we know anything about Dante Gabriel Rossetti at all, they would have driven him into something of a fury. It is all very well for a dying poet to hand small manuscripts to his friends for keepsakes, but when those friends take it upon themselves to edit and publish them as serious examples of a poet's art they travel into a region where friendship becomes a doubtful quantity. Perhaps Mr. Watts-Dunton will favour the town with the explanation which seems to be due from him.

REVIEWS

NOYES ABOUT MORRIS

William Morris. By ALFRED NOYES. (Macmillan, English Men of Letters Series. 2s. 6d.)

We suppose that the commissioning of a poet to write the life of a poet is a natural and proper literary affair; and that in practice it works out pretty much on the principle of set a thief to catch a thief. The which adage, of course, we quote without making the smallest reflection on Mr. Noyes or the late William Morris. At the same time, it seems to us that it is not always a poet of Mr. Noyes's sort who should be requisitioned for the duties of critical biographer of a poet of Morris's sort. We have hopes of Mr. Noyes as poet, pure and simple; because, taking him all round,

he has been bold to fly and not too careful of his shins. We should have considered that after "Drake" he would have betaken himself to some expansive waste of tableland and done his best to soar once again, this time, perhaps, without the assistance of Patriotism and the stage carpenters. But alas for the vanity of critical hopes. Mr. Noyes has been "approached"—no doubt with the best and most liberal intentions—by Messrs. Macmillan, and he leaves his flying machine on Horeb, or upon a peak at Shepherd's Bush, or wherever he keeps it, and comes patiently and meritoriously down to plain book-writing about William Morris. It is obvious that the writing of even a short life of Morris must have occupied a good deal of Mr. Noyes's time and thoughts for, at any rate, quite a fortnight. It is obvious also that, while we are really not concerned in the matter, even a fortnight snatched holus bolus out of the fervid leisure of a rampant, cloud-compelling poet may be a serious loss to poetry. It is not so much the frantic fortnight as the frame of mind which is bound to result. Between the writing of epics and the plodding along with biographies there is all the difference between running for the Derby and carting stones. In this precious fortnight Mr. Noyes may conceivably and unwittingly have foregone the opportunity of his life. When the heavenly muses knock at a man's door nowadays he should take particularly good care to be at home and not otherwise engaged. The heavenly muses are hard mistresses, and jealous. Persons with other business to attend to can scarcely hope for a proper continuance of their favours. Besides which the bare routine of raking up the facts about a man's life and the dull duty of perusing, often against one's will, his frequently overpraised writings is a task which may prove most harmful to a poet's tender and susceptible intellectuality. However, Mr. Noyes has seen fit to accept Messrs. Macmillan's commission, and we must take it for granted that the heavenly muses know how to take care of themselves, and that Mr. Noyes's deflection will be condoned, or perhaps considered of slight moment. Meanwhile, we must admit "William Morris" into the English Men of Letters Series for what it is worth. One reads Mr. Noyes's pages with a sort of breathlessness; for on the whole they are not so much the pages of a critic or a biographer as of a rhapsodist. Mr. Noyes would appear to have set out to make a Morris of his own rather than to give us an arrangement of the facts. And the consequence is that the biography will make pleasant reading for the persons who admire fancy writing and will, no doubt, be admired by certain of Morris's friends and hangers-on. But as a contribution to a series on the lines of the English Men of Letters Series, it appears to us to be somewhat of a mistake. If we are to believe Mr. Noyes, Morris was at once a lesser man than Tennyson, and a good deal greater. "Morris's debt to Tennyson," we are told "is an immense one; and it does not in the least detract from his greatness or even his originality that this should be so, any more than would the debt of a son to his father. But the fact remains that the man who wrote 'In Memoriam,' the 'Ballad of the Revenge,' the great 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington,' the 'Northern Farmer,' and 'The Princess,' had a range of which Morris was unaware altogether. Writing out of a full-hearted admiration and enthusiasm for the work of Morris, it seems at the outset more than ever necessary for us to emphasise this. No doubt Tennyson wrote some bad poetry; but let us reverse the methods of his critics and take Morris's description of the lady who, having made the acquaintance of Rossetti:

lived in a hall
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall;
And ever she sang from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon;

let us compare that description with the solemn swell of Tennyson's majestic 'Morte D'Arthur':

So all the day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

The august simplicity of passages like that was now and always beyond the reach of Morris, as also was the marvellous resource of the rolling organ-music of Tennyson's verse, exemplified in the sudden glorious change in the rhythmic beat where, indeed, one knows not the speech from the thought, the body from the soul of the poem, so perfectly are they wedded.

The old order changeth, yielding place to new.

And that, of course, is the whole philosophy of the matter. Morris's poetry was of a new order, and very thankful we may be for its advent, lest 'one good custom' should have corrupted the world." This is Mr. Noyes all over. Comparisons are odious at best, but who in his senses would seriously set himself to "compare" chalk and cheese. If Mr. Noyes wishes to be taken for a critic, he must really learn to be a little reasonable. Even the maddest and most pedantic of "literary" examiners would scarcely invite one to "compare" two such passages as those instanced by Mr. Noyes. If he wanted something of Tennyson to collate with the "two red roses across the moon" verses, there was Mariana, not to mention Oriana, lying to his hand. We are not concerned to defend Morris against Tennyson. Tennyson was a poet; Morris was something of a poet and perhaps more of a paper-hanger; so that Mr. Noyes is quite right in his main contention, though it is a contention which did not require to be stated. And having been at great pains to convince us that Tennyson was the better poet, Mr. Noyes finds himself, in a chapter marked "Conclusion," compelled to write as follows:

O hearken the words of his voice of compassion:
"Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken
Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion!
As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,
But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken,
As ye cry to me heeding, and leading you home."

"What is all this but the gold and frankincense and myrrh of his three kings? In every line that Morris wrote he was helping on earth to build that distant, continuing city whose first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third a chalcedony, the fourth an emerald. There was no preciousness in his choice of the Middle Ages as his 'form and style.' He turned to them as world-weary men turn to their own childhood, knowing perhaps that, except as a little child in glittering armour, he could not enter into his Kingdom of Heaven. His abiding city was not, and never could be, here. His work is suffused with the eternal light of that vision of an ultimately reconciled and ransomed world to which Shelley attained and Keats was climbing when he murmured, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty!' the vision shadowed forth in sign and symbol by all the prophets of all the ages; the unconquerable and inviolable hope of mankind, that the desert and solitary place shall at last break into singing, and the wilderness blossom as the rose, and sorrow and sighing flee away." Here, of course, we have some of the eloquence of the late Dr. Parker. It is the kind of writing that Mr. Noyes considers beautiful, and he has keyed-up his man Morris to fit charmingly into it; but it

is not criticism, and it is certainly not biography. We do not suppose for a moment that anybody who has read Morris's published writings will have two opinions about Mr. Noyes's assessment of them. Always and inevitably he is too anxious to cry "swans" when there are no swans. Hence it comes to pass that, broadly speaking, whenever he quotes he overpraises, and on occasion he is not above praising downright blemishes. For example, he quotes, with admiration for their craftsmanship, the following stanzas:

Because stout Gareth lets his spear fall low,
Gauwaine and Launcelot and Dinadan
Are helm'd and waiting; let the trumpets go!
Bend over, ladies, to see all you can!

Clench teeth, dames, yea, clasp hands, for Gareth's spear
Throws Kay from out his saddle, like a stone
From a castle-window when the foe draws near—
"Iseult!" Sir Dinadan rolleth overthrowen.

Mr. Noyes informs us that when we compare—he will be comparing—a line like

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,

or the way in which Gray maintains the regularity of the metrical beats throughout his "Elegy" with the way in which Morris departs from it in

Clench teeth, dames, yea, clasp hands for Gareth's spear
Throws Kay, etc.,

it is obvious that Morris "does not err from mere lack of craftsmanship." The fact that he does err, and errs very uncouthly, in the two stanzas instanced, is nothing to Mr. Noyes. We are told that Morris's verses "should be read slowly, almost syllable by syllable, with due regard to their childlike mediæval naïveté," which in itself, however, is an admission that there is something mightily wrong with them. And we are also bidden to infer that when Morris rhymes "ago" and "go," he is really having recourse to "masterly artistic devices." This, need one say, is the old, old trick of the appraiser who prides himself on seeing good in everything. A poet like William Morris gains nothing by such a method of explication. Considered for what he is worth—namely, as a contriver of rather drowsy and superfluous histories in verse, William Morris, poet, is all very well in his way. But Mr. Noyes would find it very difficult to discover to us any line or passage in Morris's poetical writings, which may be properly considered great poetry. Tacitly he admits this much himself, but he will not say so in as many words for fear of giving offence, or it may be for fear of losing faith in the poet for whom he is so anxious to claim wonders. Morris has added nothing to the spiritual currency of poetry. He is not even a poet's poet in the sense that one may rake him for symbols with any proper advantage. Though he appears to be all gold and glitter and frankincense and myrrh and roses, and, if Mr. Noyes will so have it, jasper and chalcedony, there is very little about him that is even decorative. Mr. Noyes believes that it is possible that Morris wrote the "greatest epic of the nineteenth century," which is perhaps not saying much; but who reads, or who is going to read, "Sigurd the Volsung," great epic or otherwise? The fact is that a poet whom nobody reads is, to say the least, in a difficult position, and no amount of praise on the part of other poets will get him out of it. If Mr. Noyes had confessed this much to himself, he would probably not have put quite so much paint on his lily. We note that one of the reviews of Mr. Noyes's "William Morris" says that the book reads like a romance. This is true, with the difference that it reads like an ill-considered romance. Mr. Noyes should get back to his aeroplane.

LOVE AND A WOMAN

Love and a Woman. By CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

IN the first impetuous heat of criticism, after reading this book, we thought the best plan would be to call the heroine a little idiot and have done with it; but, upon consideration, we are forced to conclude that she is quite a presentable person in the way of intellect, only suffering vicariously from the disabilities of the author. The situation which forms the central motive of the story is perplexing, and is dealt with in a perplexing manner. We are asked to believe that Sir Ronald Hartley is a gentleman, honourable and of unstained character, while he loves and wins the love of Eileen, the sweet and simple heroine in whose cheeks "the perfume of the roses deepened" (*sic*); we are even led to infer that it is quite a fine thing for a married man to carry on such an intrigue; that the dishonour would have come had he broken with Eileen; that his wife's flirtations formed some sort of an excuse for amorous reprisals. True, he dies voluntarily at the end of the book, expires gracefully and very lingeringly from a slow, secret poison self-administered, and puts the girl, who comes disguised as a nurse for a final farewell, into the arms of the doctor; and as this medical man is her cousin, in love with her, better morals may prevail later on. But we are compelled to protest against this unskilled resuscitation of a type of novel we had thought played out; it was not worth doing.

We cannot say anything pleasant about the style in which the book is written. The would-be funny paragraph pervades it to an annoying extent:

Eileen was seated next to a young man who had waxed moustaches in lieu of a 'Varsity education, and was considered quite the buck of the boarding-house, because he had engaged from the local stables a nag of uncertain blood to carry him for an hour every morning. His father (*viz.*, Mr. Hugh Watson's father, not the sire of the nag) was something in the North, cotton some said, cutlery others suggested, but already three women of uncertain age and matrimonial yearnings had preened themselves when in his presence.

Pages of that kind of writing become maddening. The composition is poor in the extreme; for lack of good punctuation the sentences limp pitifully:

But the beauty of the morning filled the man with hope, the presence so near of the woman he loved seemed to assure him that hope would not be in vain, but he had promised not to bother her, he would wait.

. . . . the general effect was pretty, and, at any rate, seemed a room to live and love in. . . . Harriet wore the new apron, accompanied by an air of excitement, and had polished her face with Sunlight soap so that it looked like a burnished brick—if there is such a thing.

In many places the wording is more suitable for a book for a small child:

Near one of the windows stood the table—the table so carefully laid and bedecked with the sweet red roses. The canaries had gone to roost in their beribboned cages, but Boy was on guard, not half so interested in his bright favour as in the smell of cooking which stole up the stairs and made Eileen quite nervous lest something should be burnt.

The attempts at epigram are not particularly exhilarating, and several of them we should feel inclined to call sheer nonsense.

We have dealt at some length with this novel because, according to the publisher's statement accompanying it, Miss Mansfield's former book is in its twelfth thousand, and we are concerned in the standard of literature such a circulation should imply. It is possible to appreciate, though not necessarily applaud, the author who gives us a strong, stern presentation

of a phase of the emotions, without comment, saying as it might be "Here you are—take it or leave it, but it is life"; and we can value the writer who laboriously and earnestly endeavours to trace the crimson thread of passion through its sinuous course among the other threads of our existence; but this painting of a very common and sordid *liaison* in the tints of purity it is impossible to respect. We understand that Miss Mansfield has started this week for an exploration of the upper regions of the Nile. If she contemplates pursuing the career of a novelist, it would have been more advisable to stay at home and explore the possibilities of the English language.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Baronet's Wife. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

FOUR months ago we noticed a book of Miss Florence Warden's with moderate praise, and on finishing the perusal of her latest novel we feel strongly inclined to waive the critic's right and merely repeat the historic formula attributed to Abraham Lincoln: "People who like this sort of thing will find it just the sort of thing they like." For the story is a good one, with a mystery, a plausible villain, burglars, thieves, poisoners (very genteel and moving in the best society), and a love affair, quite in the style of the early seventies. But, somehow, it lacks grip; it is a tale, and nothing more. The desire to know the solution of the mystery why the baronet's bold, bad, beautiful wife acted so curiously and suspiciously—will probably carry most readers through to the end, but there is small profit to be gained for their trouble. The idea that a lady of title should be a receiver of stolen property, should secrete in her room the proceeds of burglaries at neighbouring country houses, even if she was rather afraid of the guest who persuaded her to become his accomplice, is too crude for our liking. No woman with a grain of intelligence would have allowed the matter to go so far; she would have told the husband whom she professed to love so well. The book will form a pleasant enough companion for a railway journey—for some people. For our part, if it were daytime and the sun were shining, we should prefer to look out of the carriage window.

The Capture of Paul Beck. By M. McDONNELL BODKIN, K.C. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

IF we are to suffer more of Sherlock Holmes, as seems probable, it is well that some kindly and clever author should have provided us with a very human and fascinating detective romance by way of a homœopathic antidote. To those of our readers who like a story that has to be consumed at one sitting we can recommend this last adventure of Paul Beck. The plotting and counter-plotting of Beck and Miss Dora Myrl, the young lady inquisitor, are irresistible, and the two love affairs which run parallel with the other complications are depicted with a humour which is admirable and a style which shapes itself capitally to the nature of its burden. The "capture," we presume, refers to Beck himself, and not to the *coup* which forms the climax of the story; for the wily one falls a victim to the manifold attractions of his rival, Miss Myrl, and is transfixed by the little detective whose random arrows surprise most of us sooner or later. At the opening chapters we rather resented the old idea of a man having a "double," but we are able to forgive the use of this ancient and honourable device by reason of the deftness of its exploitation—it has rarely been employed to better effect.

A scene on the New York Stock Exchange during a time of panic is strongly portrayed, and seems worthy of quotation:

Early that day a bolt had fallen from the blue. In a quiet hour, and without a hint of warning, a ferocious attack had been delivered on Marconi's Wireless, and the Standard Oil showed boldly in the front of the battle, leading the bears. No security could hold against such an attack. The Marconi prices broke at once. Without rest or respite the shares were driven down headlong. Still the bears sold and sold. The investors caught the panic and joined in the stampede. Then of a sudden one man sprang into the breach. Like a Horatius on the bridge he held his ground while the enemy stormed in their thousands around him. . . . Almost, as it were, in a breath he snapped up from the yelling crowd half a dozen offers at once. His "Done," "Done," "Done," "Done," emphasised with pointing forefinger, came sharp and fast as revolver shots. Then there was a pause, and the Standard Oil leaders flung themselves upon him. He took all their lances on his shield, never yielding an inch, while block after block of the shares were hurled at him. The conflict was still in full swing when Armitage had rushed into the club smoking-room and gathered its progress from the cablegrams in the evening paper. The men round the tape, that unemotionally rolled out its wild news, could almost see the blows struck in this conflict of giants at the other side of the broad ocean. It was a game in which the stakes were piled up in millions, and its varying fortunes gripped the hearts of the speculators.

The vicissitudes of Mr. Beck probably do not come to an untimely end with his wedding bells—they ought, rather, to begin a fresh and most interesting stage, surely, at the marriage of two clever detectives—and as soon as Mr. Bodkin sees fit we shall be glad to welcome him again.

The Ways of Men. By HERBERT FLOWERDEW. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

FOR ingenuity of plot we suppose Wilkie Collins has rarely been surpassed—it used to be quite a brain-racking affair to read his novels and remember the necessary relationships and evolutions of his characters. Without trying us to that extent, Mr. Flowerdew has shown a skill in the construction of his romance, a pleasant, competent manner of unfolding it, and a consideration for the smoothness of his language, which reminds us somewhat of the author of "The Woman in White," and which we can only regard with admiration. He sustains the purely narrative form at a high level throughout a fairly long book, with hardly a page of description, and only so much psychological exposition as shall suffice to elucidate the actions of the chief performers: this in itself is an excellent thing to have accomplished. We do not intend to spoil a good story, for those of our readers who will see it, by skeletonising it, but we may mention that the ordinance which forbade a man to marry his deceased wife's sister forms a source of complication to at least three persons. Aaron Harbinger, the principal character (he is scarcely a hero in his behaviour), does commit this "crime"—the date of events being just before the law was altered—and the tangle is tightened by a flirtation which lands him in a predicament, financially and socially, so degraded that we can find it in us to mingle pity with our contempt. All comes right in the end; but it would be most unfair to let the secret out in a review.

The prim Canon Porteous is quite a capital bit of character-drawing; we think our readers will appreciate the following little sketch of him:

It was the Canon, of course, who made the Rectory seem like a prison to Clarice. He was one of those thoroughly good men who make their goodness a little uncomfortable for those around them. He wished to impose on his household the ascetic rules which he rigidly practised himself. As Clarice grew up and chose her own dresses, her own method of arranging her hair, and her own pursuits, she found herself for ever

exciting the Canon's disapproval. He had trained his timid wife to at least an outward submission to his wishes, but Clarice was one of the modern, sensible girls who think for themselves and are difficult to suppress. When Canon Porteous rebuked her for worldliness she made a merry retort, and left to herself she would either have "managed" the good man completely, and succeeded in following her own way in everything, or have shaken the dust of Morley Rectory from her pretty feet, and sought independence elsewhere. But the deep affection for her aunt which kept her there, made her also more amenable to its rules, and for the sake of Aunt Helena's peace of mind she never wore her prettiest dresses, read modern novels by stealth, and did a great deal more plain sewing for the poor of the parish than she cared for.

The narration is clever, in the best of taste, and exhibits hardly a fault in its composition. The author permits himself the use of the word "phenomenal" in the sense of "extraordinary"; the expression "approached nearer" is tautological, and probably merely an oversight, judging from the general care and nicety of phrasing shown throughout the book; otherwise we have nothing but praise. The interest is well maintained to the final page, and we congratulate Mr. Flowerdew on having carried his task to completion in a virile and distinctive manner.

What Woman Wills. By LUCAS CLEEVE. (Long, 6s.)

LUCAS CLEEVE is an old favourite among novel readers. What is more, she is possessed of quite exceptional skill in the setting forward of a story, and she wastes no words. We do not know that the present "What Woman Wills" is in any sense a really enjoyable tale, particularly as the author has dragged in the now fashionable sacrifice of clothing in the interests of art. But, although the nude is here, Lucas Cleeve has managed to present it without suggestiveness. And as readers of fiction have long since given up blushing they may possibly be amused, instead of shocked or disgusted. The book is well written, and it ends as it should—that is to say, happily. We can specially recommend "What Woman Wills" to readers who have faith in the ultimate beauty of the American character. It appears that those persons who imagine that America is given over to dollar-hunting lack wit; for the Americans, according to Lucas Cleeve, have souls, and they believe in "art." Yet she makes her pretty, engaging, wilful, fluffly-haired heroine marry a Frenchman—or is he a French Jew?—by the name of Eph Marks.

Flower of the World. By MRS. HENRY TIPPETT. (Long, 6s.)

MRS. TIPPETT commences operations with the appended dedication:

TO
H. A. L.
WITH GRATEFUL LOVE DO I DEDICATE THIS
THE FIRST-BORN OF MY PEN.

We should be sorry to be unkind to an author who can write of a first book in this feeling manner. At the same time, we do not consider "Flower of the World" in any sense an entertaining novel. Mrs. Tippet's view of the world and its flowers is, on the whole, a rather melancholy view. And some of her pictures of women are quite distressing. We doubt if she understands the female intellect at all. Her views on most matters are correct and conventional, however, and persons who can swallow her hero and her feminine villain may read the book to the end, where they will learn that "Margaret's wedding-day broke gloriously." How one longs for a novelist who will take the bull by the horns, as it were, and marry off Margaret, or Peggy, or Joan, as the case may be, in common wet weather.

THE MATERIAL DELIGHT OF BOOKS

LET us not start upon cross purposes. Material is an adjective of various turns, but the delight we have in mind follows no special richness of trapping in the books themselves, and has but little to do with rare bindings and limited editions. Such may call it forth as well as another, but it is independent of them. *Format*, in short (that blessedly mysterious word!), hardly affects at all this pleasure-giving quality, for to those sensible of it the charm is rather one of friendship, and, above all, association, than of allurements that can be bought for a handful of guineas in the market-place. To a book-lover of this kidney his treasures will but grow the more precious for the signs they bear of honourable usage. For him a battered Virgil, or his well-thumbed "Elia," will have a value greater even than that of the marvellous copy of *Les Cent Nouvelles*, "bound for Margaret of Valois by Clovis Eve, and powdered with the gilt daisies that Queen had selected for her device." It is to this material fashion of delight that belong (if we will but recall them honestly) those earliest book-memories that come back to us from childhood. In the nursery, at least, a book is no mere lifeless instrument for the conveyance, in so many printed pages, of its author's meaning; it is itself a friendly and beloved object, ravishing as to the outside with flaunting hues, and rich pictorially within (so illustrators have their use); a thing of solidity, moreover, and sensible weight, apt on occasion for the buttressing of leaden armies. If it be urged that this last advantage is one but faintly pertinent to literature, let us descend a little in the House of Life, one stair-flight, say, and recall what volumes were those cherished by older children in the schoolroom. Many we have in mind, goodly tomes all, and dear to memory almost as much for themselves as for the enchantments they contained. Henty, gloriously fat, and trimmed as to his edges with an olive smoothness grateful to the finger; and Crusoe, a little stiff, perhaps, until the back of him was broken by adversity, and he, perforce, unbent, but ever afterwards a friend. Best of all, an aged "Tower of London," coverless, but so enriched with various and haunting pictures that even to turn the leaves was an adventure in itself. One picture especially there was, more blood-curdling than its fellows (was it Herne seen by lightning on the Terrace, or the Destruction of the Oak?), insomuch that its alarming influence was felt even in the pages on either side of it, and merely to open the book at haphazard in its neighbourhood was to experience goose-flesh. They publish Ainsworth as a "pocket classic" now, but who will tell us that the old thrill remains!

A little later still, in the same room perhaps, or in the library below, one sees other friends. Dickens it is now, and Lever; Thackeray not yet, and even afterwards loved rather despite than for its qualities as an actual book. But the others! *Dombey* was the first, a chance discovery, the most wonderful that ever happened. To sit long winter afternoons through, curled in one of those great thrones before the library fire, with *Dombey* open upon one's knees, and (if the gods were more than ordinary kind) an orange, sugar-plugged, at hand for an occasional stimulant to joy, was this Paradise enow for a boy who ought at that very moment, probably, to have been taking unpleasant exercise out of doors? Plague upon the pedants and bibliophiles (or so they call themselves!) who would preserve a First Edition from the combined effects of

fire and orange-juice! What do they know of the delight of books? We can see that one to-day—and smell the musty, intoxicating aroma of its pages. There was on most of them a certain brown stain of rust or damp that permeated the whole, and broke out most strongly, in a rash like measles, upon the plates. Looking back with older eyes we may deplore this, but at the time its presence did but give, we think, an added interest. They belonged to the story, these familiar freckles, and had, we are sure, their part in our enjoyment of it. Florence, Captain Cuttle, Mr. Carker, even the entrancing Toots himself—would they be to us the same magical beings, unbronzed and spotless? We doubt it much.

There were other volumes also of this time, but of a different company, that point our moral. School-books these, held then in common ownership, and small personal regard, but since how dear! Who amongst us can meet them now unmoved, or who is there to whom the chance echo of a classic phrase (even the tedious history of Balbus and his never-ended wall) will not bring back a vision of the very page from which it first was conned—a page so blotted, torn and scribbled over as to have gained a meaning of its own, and need deciphering like ancient manuscript? Has that no value for itself, and no delight? Laughter and tears and memory are in the very feel of it.

Nor, on this matter of the sensual attraction (so to call it) of certain books, as things answerable to sight and touch, should yet another proof be overlooked. Let any who still doubt remember their own experience, coming by chance on some familiar and beloved work in a strange house, it may be, or the parlour of an inn. Even if the outward semblance be as we ourselves have always known it (and how much more if not) a subtle change it is, nevertheless, upon the whole. There are the same friendly and companionable words, the pages that we could repeat almost by heart, but over what impassable barrier do they now call to us, with thin and alien voices? The book, in short, is but an echo of itself, lacking altogether the full-throated appeal of that upon our own shelves at home.

Moreover, if this be true of one belonging to a friend, what can be said of those impersonal and soulless bodies, boasting no human ownership, the merchandise of the Circulating Library? These at best are but the courtesans of their kind, consolers of no man's private hearth, but trafficking their favours to whosoever boasts twopence with which to hire them. Does he exist who has gotten balm from Boots' or comfort out of Mudie? Even pencilled comments in the margin cannot bind the library copy with an enduring chain; the jade will but snigger at them and you on the knees of her next patron.

The whole argument then comes back to this, that in certain bound and printed pages there lurks, indefinable but real, a charm that is peculiar to themselves, linking their material presence so closely to their inward grace that each is but a portion of one whole. Happy, thrice happy, the man who has his shelves full of them. Such a one will neither a borrower nor a lender be willingly, for from this practise he gains small pleasure, and from that he shrinks as too callous a treatment of his dear ones. Well-thumbed they may be, and the better loved for it, but the thumbs must be his own. Woe to the ill-omened mark that shall betray the grasp of the stranger! *Ille* (whoever he was) *nefasto te posuit die!* and by so much is the old intimate and material delight of that especial book lessened in its master's eyes. Quick! let indiarubber be called for, and the horror, as far as possible, removed. The patient is recovering already; but never again shall it venture from the hands that love and cherish it.

A. E.

DOCKET

THE N.E.D. suggests only possible connection with *dock*. Apart from an unexplained *doket* in the Towneley Mysteries, which, possibly, is quite a different word, *docket* means, roughly (15-19 cent.), "abstract, summary, memorandum." Its more special meanings are "endorsement, label, ticket" (Phillips, 1706), and "warrant certifying payment of Custom dues." The form is indifferently *docquet*, *docket*, *dogget*, the latter being the earliest quoted (*doggettes*, 1483), while the verb *dogget* occurs as late as 1692. Minshew's definition is probably the oldest: "*Docket* is a breife in writing. . . . West* writeth it *dogget*, by whom it seemeth to be some small piece of paper, or parchment, containing the effect of a large writing." If *dogget* be the original form, this may be It. *doghette*, a derivative of *doga*. For *doga* Florio gives only "a deal board to make hogsheds with," but Torriano gives *doga* . . . "by met. a bende in armory, a garbe or border about a garment," and *doghette*, the dim. of *doga*, "by met. bendlets in armory." Veneroni, ed. Castelli, has "*doghette*, bandelettes, en armoirie, Bindelwerck in der Wappen-Kunst, ligulæ heraldicæ." The word is not in the Voc. della Crusca, or, apparently, in any of the modern It. dictionaries, but it seems a legitimate formation from *doga*. For the business use of a heraldic term, cf. E. *label*, with which *docket* is sometimes synonymous (N.E.D. *docket*, 7). Altieri gives "*doga* [*lista*, *fregia*], stripe"; and E. *list*, now synonymous with some meanings of *docket*, originally meant "strip, selva," etc.; cf. various meanings of Mod. G. *Leiste*. Cf. also *schedule* (G. *Zettel*), F. *bordereau*, also to some extent synonymous with *docket*, both diminutives meaning originally "shred, strip," and E. *scroll*, M.E. *scrowe*, from O.F. *escroue*, originally "shred." Assuming the original form to be *dogget*, the change to *docket* admits of various explanations. The word may have been influenced by the group of words, *brocket*, *cocket*, *loket*, *pocket*, *socket* (Skinner even derives it from *ticket*), by the verb *dock*,† to curtail (from which Minshew appears to derive it), or even by *document*, or, as the N.E.D. suggests, by the modern noun *dock*. But the most probable influence is that of *cocket*, Custom House warrant, with which it would naturally occur ("*Cockets* and *dockets* and drawbacks and other jargon," Swift, 1712), and with which it was occasionally synonymous (N.E.D. *docket*, 8). That, in spite of all these influences, the "g" form survived so late is strong presumptive evidence of its being the original. The first occurrence (1483) is early for an It. word, nor have I any evidence of *doghette* being used commercially in It. The latter objection is not fatal; cf. *label* and *ticket*, both used in E. in senses unknown in F.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. WATTS-DUNTON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The *English Review* for the present month has made a certain stir among amateurs of English verse by the publication, for the first time, of a humorous ballad by Rossetti. To give to the world, twenty-six years after his death, a complete long poem, and one in an altogether new vein, by so great a man, is, whatever the merit of that poem may be, to make literary history, and it might be thought that any person to whom the privilege of publishing it fell would not do his work otherwise than conscientiously and satisfactorily. Surely it is a serious matter to transfer the words of a dead

genius from the written to the printed page; a solemn duty to give as exact an equivalent, character for character, as printer's type allows!

Had the person who is responsible for the publication of "The Ballad of Jan Van Hunks" (presumably Mr. Watts-Dunton, who owns the manuscript, and contributes "a few words of explanation" of "its appearance in print at this time of day") stopped short at *printing* the forty-four stanzas of the ballad, the accuracy of the transcript might never have been suspected; but he has enabled us to judge of the way in which the work has been done by adding a "*fac-simile* of last verses. . . ." This photographic reproduction gives the last sixteen lines, which, as written in the poet's large, clear handwriting, run as follows:—

"A shrieking wretch hung over his back
As he sank through nether space.
Of such a rider on such a steed
What tongue the flight shall trace?

The bearer shook his burthen off
As he reached his retinue:
He's flung him into a knot of fiends,
Red, yellow, green and blue:—
'I've brought a pipe for my private use,—
Go trim it, some of you!'

They've sliced the very crown from his head,—
Worse tonsure than a monk's,—
Lopped arms and legs,—stuck a red-hot tube
In his wretchedest of trunks;
And when the Devil wants his pipe,
They bring him Jan Van Hunks."

Now for the printed version:—

"A shrieking wretch hung over his back
As he sank through nether space.
Of such a rider on such a steed
What tongue the flight shall trace?"

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*Thomas West, fl. 1568-94, Symbolaeographia, 1590 (D.N.B.).

†A *docked*, or short introduction of a matter, *documentum* (Gouldman).

The bearer shook his burden off
As he reached his retinue:
He has flung him into a knot of fiends,
Red, yellow, green and blue:
'I have brought a pipe for my private use,
Go trim it, some of you!'

They have sliced the very crown from his head,
Worse tonsure than a monk's—
Lopped arms and legs, stuck a red-hot tube
In his wretchedest of trunks;
And when the Devil wants his pipe
They bring him Jan Van Hunks."

Compare the two, and you will observe no less than ten variations in eleven lines (from "The bearer . . ." to ". . . his pipe")! What is to be thought of this? What was Mr. Watts-Duntton—who describes the manuscript as "one of my most cherished possessions"—doing to make, or to allow to be made, these purposeless, but apparently intentional departures from the original?

There is no reason at all to suppose these lines are printed less accurately than the remainder of the poem, which contains (if we may trust the *English Review* even so far) 264 lines. By a perfectly legitimate deduction we may therefore assume that the published version contains about one hundred and eighty errors.

The poet's punctuation has been revised for him; his spelling modernised; his colloquialisms translated; his metre modified. This we can see for ourselves. But what else may not have been done to improve Rossetti's work? Perhaps a phrase or two has been softened, as being not quite suited to family reading; the sequence of the stanzas altered in a few cases, thereby enhancing the effect of the whole; certain stanzas, below the level of the rest in point of excellence, or retarding the progress of the narrative, omitted. Those of us who love Rossetti's work, and who at the same time hate all editions of notable writings which are modernised, abridged, expurgated, adapted to domestic or Protestant perusal, furnished with *apparatus criticus* or *variorum* references or running commentary, or in any other manner deformed or defiled, would surely be glad to know what this ballad is really like; and it is to be hoped that when the next edition of its author's works is issued, a correct transcription will enable them to do so.

BATTISCOMBE GUNN.

78, Gower Street, W.C.
January 13th, 1909.

"I WOULD LIKE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I read, quite recently, the following sweeping assertion in "The King's English," published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford: "*I would like*, is not English." As a linguist, I beg to submit my humble opinion in the matter: When *I would like* is meant as the translation for *j'aimerais*, *je voudrais*, in French, it is not English, and *I should like* must therefore be used instead; because when one speaks of things over which one's *will* can have no control, as for instance, when one speaks of *one's feelings*, which is the case here, *shall*, in the first person, expresses a simple future event, and *should* (in the first person) a simple condition.

Conditional mood, present Conditionnel présent du
tense of the verb *To Like*. verbe *Aimer*.

I should like.	J'aimerais.
Thou wouldst like.	Tu aimerais.
He or she would like.	Il ou elle aimerait.
We should like.	Nous aimerions.
You would like.	Vous aimeriez.
They would like.	Ils ou elles aimeraient.

But when *I would like* means, in French, *je voudrais aimer* ou *j'aimais habituellement*, *j'aimais*, à suivre, etc., the use of it, to my mind, is justified.

FIRST EXAMPLE.

I would like that man (if I could) on account of his family, but, unfortunately, I cannot: he is such a worthless fellow.*

Je voudrais aimer cet homme (si je le pouvais) à cause de sa famille, mais, malheureusement, je ne le puis: c'est un être si indigne!

*This example has been borrowed from the Treatise on *Shall and Will* p. 64) published by HACHETTE & Co., Charing Cross, London.

The meaning of *I would like that man*, here, is equivalent to *I should like to like that man*, or *I should like to esteem that man*. *I would*, here, is the translation of the Conditional mood, present tense, of the French Verb *Vouloir*, (*je voudrais*),†

EXAMPLE.

I would like.	Je voudrais aimer.
Thou wouldst like.	Tu voudrais aimer, or tu aimerais.
He or she would like.	Il ou elle voudrait aimer, or il ou elle aimerait.
We would like.	Nous voudrions aimer.
You would like.	Vous voudriez aimer, or vous aimeriez.
They would like.	Ils ou elles voudraient aimer, or ils ou elles aimeraient.

In the above sentences, the conditional of the Defective and Irregular verb *Will* forms, with regard to the verb *to like*, a kind of auxiliary which is in common use in the English language, whenever *volition* is meant.

In the following examples, *would* refers merely to *habitual* practice:

SECOND EXAMPLE.

I would like sweets when I was a child (i.e.— <i>I used to like</i> sweets, etc.)‡	J'aimais les bonbons (à suivre, or habituellement) quand j'étais enfant.
Thou wouldst like, etc.	Tu aimais, etc.
He or she would like, etc.	Il ou elle aimait, etc.
We would like, etc.	Nous aimions, etc.
You would like, etc.	Vous aimiez, etc.
They would like, etc.	Ils ou elles aimaient, etc.

EXAMPLES FROM ENGLISH AUTHORS.

Presently *I would hear* plaintive little chirrups to Boxer, and when I turned round, *I would see* Boxer and Jenny coming amicably along side by side.—LADY BARKER.

Soudain, *j'entendais* (j'avais l'habitude d'entendre) de petits cris plaintifs à l'adresse de Boxer, et quand je me retournais, je voyais (je voyais habituellement) Boxer et Jenny arriver d'une manière tout amicale, marchant à côté l'un de l'autre.

She was a good mother . . . yet she *would* always love my brother above Mary.—CHARLES LAMB.

C'était une bonne mère . . . cependant elle avait toujours plus de tendresse pour mon frère que pour Marie.

When he was irritated, he *would rave* like a madman.—MASON'S GRAMMAR.

Quand il était irrité, il délirait (il avait l'habitude de délirer) comme un fou.

We *would sit out* in the air all day, and read and talk.—BESANT & RICE.

Nous nous asseyions (nous avions l'habitude de nous asseoir) dehors, toute la journée, pour lire et causer.

For want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar-scraping, and we *would have* many a concert.—THACKERAY.

Faute d'autres distractions, je chantais souvent et pinçais de la guitare, et nous donnions (nous donnions habituellement) bien des concerts.

The smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but *would hop* about me.—SWIFT.

Les petits oiseaux ne semblaient pas du tout me craindre, mais sautillaient (habituellement) autour de moi.

‡ It might be urged that, for the Imperfect tense of the Indicative, which expresses *habit*, *I liked* or *I used to like*, should be employed instead of *I would like*, in common parlance. Granted. But the following question now arises whether, as an examiner, I should be justified in marking *I would like* as a mistake, in the case under consideration? This common Hebrew form being often used in English.

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

["*I would like*" is perfectly good English, and "A French Linguist" may take it from us that the book to which he refers is not always a reliable guide.—ED.]

† This case, I admit, is theoretically possible, but of very rare occurrence in practice.

HERBERT VIVIAN AND OSCAR WILDE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have noted for some months past in *John Bull* Mr. Vivian's reiterated depreciation of Wilde's writings, and perhaps it would not be inopportune to ask what has caused Mr. Vivian to change his opinion of Wilde's merits as a writer. Has he forgotten the time when he asked Wilde to honour him by writing an introduction to a volume of his own reminiscences? There can be little doubt, as Mr. Vivian acknowledged in a letter which is still extant, that the whole interest of the book would have been confined to the introduction.

Oxford, January 12th.

C. S. M.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I trust some better voice than mine may be raised in protest against the misdirected energy of Mr. E. Wake Cook. Mr. Cook's extraordinary views cannot be allowed to pass without comment, although to the majority of your readers his letter should carry its own condemnation palpably enough; besides, this letter is in the nature of an impertinence, being but a *réchauffé* of one written by Mr. Cook to *Vanity Fair* some years ago. In the *Vanity Fair* letter he says, speaking of Martin's wonderful composition on any scale (*sic*): "On any scale from four by three inches, up to fourteen by ten feet." One should notice how, in deference, apparently, to the literary atmosphere of THE ACADEMY, this becomes "a twelve-foot canvas or a four-inch wood-block." Half the number of words, but still exhibiting the same precious gem of thought.

At the beginning of Mr. Cook's letter he speaks of Martin as "the most amazing genius that ever appeared in the art world." At the conclusion thereof he implies that this same John Martin achieved the ultra-ridiculous. This very work—which he has dubbed ridiculous—is, he goes on to say, "an amazing work," and "should find a national home." Well! what is one to do with a man like that? And Bulwer Lytton! Good heavens! Bulwer Lytton! in the name of all opacities, Bulwer Lytton! Mr. Cook quotes from him—he does, indeed—and, what's more, he acknowledges his author in THE ACADEMY, a courtesy which he neglects elsewhere. In conclusion, it would be interesting to know what harm Newcastle has ever done to Mr. Cook.

In the words of one of Mr. Cook's most ardent admirers: "The time has now come for a little fresh air to be let in upon the stuffy atmosphere which surrounds these special pleaders." Extract from a letter signed "A British Painter" in *Vanity Fair*, November 26th, 1903. CALEB PORTER.

Green Room Club, Leicester Square,
January 12th, 1909.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. W. Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke. Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net.

DRAMA

Master Flachsman. Otto Ernst. Translated by H. M. Beatty. Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
A Social Experiment. A. M. Gwynne. Lothian, 1s.

FICTION

Every Man a King. Orison Swett Marden. Rider.
The Girl from Gatford. Olivia Ramsey. Long, 6s.
Lady Letty Brandon. Annie E. Holdsworth. Long, 6s.
Fatality. G. G. Chatterton. Long, 6s.
High Life in the Far East. James Dalziel. Unwin, 6s.
The Portent, and Other Stories. George Macdonald. Unwin, 3s. 6d.
The Isle of Lies. M. P. Shiel. Laurie, 6s.
The Golden Key. Desmond Coke. Chapman and Hall, 6s.
A Whirl Asunder. Gertrude Atherton. Lane, 1s. net.

HISTORY

The Development of Hungarian Constitutional Liberty. By Count Julius Andrassy, translated from the Hungarian by C. Arthur and Ilona Ginever. Kegan Paul, 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Wisdom of Plautinus. Charles Whitby. Rider, 2s. net.
The Reform of the House of Lords. William Sharp McKechnie. Maclehose, 2s. 6d. net.
Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century. G. Hermine Marius. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. Moring, 15s. net.
The New Punto Tagliato Embroidery. Louisa A. Tebbs. Chapman and Hall, 5s. net.
An Evening with Shakespeare. An entertainment of readings, tableaux, and songs, set to the old tunes; arranged by Maskell Hardy. Chatto and Windus, 1s. 6d. net.
Effects of War on Property. Almá Latifi. Macmillan, 5s. net.
My Experiences of Cyprus. Basil Stewart. Routledge, 6s.
America Revisited and Men I Have Met. Rev. D. Macrae. Smith, 2s. 6d. net.
Hermes and Plato. Edouard Schuré. Translated by F. Rothwell. Rider, 1s. 6d. net.

POETRY

Seen from the Hill, and Other Verses. Helen W. Gibson. Culley, 1s. net.
The Dawn of Life. H. Macnaughton-Jones. Kegan Paul, 2s. 6d. net.
Conradin: A Philosophical Ballad. C. R. Ashbee. Essex House Press.
Egmont. Herbert Church. Lothian, 2s. 6d.

THEOLOGY

The Fulness of Christ. Edward Stuart Talbot. Macmillan, 1s. 6d. net.
The Religion of the Common Man. Sir Henry Wrixon. Macmillan, 3s. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE were glad to read in the *Evening Standard* of Tuesday last some very proper observations on the earthquake at Messina. Says our contemporary: "Was it also merely a coincidence that the earthquake followed three days after a blasphemous parody printed in a Radical paper of that city, inviting Heaven to send an earthquake:

"Tu che sai che non sei ignoto,
Manda a tutti un tenemoto?

The drunken attack made on a procession of the Bambino may be passed over in contempt, but a vile parody with such an ending scattered throughout the city without restraint comes under a different category." We do not quite follow the *Evening Standard* in the distinction it draws between the act of vile sacrilege it mentions and the writing of the blasphemous parody, one seems to us as horrible as the other; but we are glad to notice that a workaday evening paper is not above confessing to a belief in the possibility of the supernatural even in this enlightened generation of "intellectuals" and "stalwarts."

In reply to our query in last week's ACADEMY: "Where is the word in the English language that ends with *gd*?" we have received the following from Professor Skeat:—

Scarce—because the sound is scarce; and verbs in *g* are scarce.

But "dog'd" occurs in Shakespeare twice.

"We shal be dog'd with company."—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i., 2, 106.

"Are dog'd with two strange followers."—*Troilus*, i., 3, 365.

And twice we have "dogg'd."

"I have dogg'd him."—*Twelfth Night*, iii., 2, 81.

"Will be dogg'd with curses."—*Coriolanus*, v., 3, 144.

I think the apostrophe is not really required.

W. W. SKEAT.

We do not think that any impartial judge will be disposed to think that Professor Skeat had made out anything approaching a case. In none of the instances

he has produced is there a word ending in *gd*. *G'd* is not the same as *gd*; the apostrophe is put in on purpose to show that the *e* is omitted, and this fact, so far from bolstering up Professor Skeat's plea for "simplified spelling," goes to show that the juxtaposition of the letters "g" and "d" at the end of a word was as unnatural and repugnant to English spelling in the time of Shakespeare as it is now. Professor Skeat remarks that he thinks "the apostrophe is not really required," which is simply begging the question. Meanwhile, we have heard the children crying, Oh, my brothers, and we are seriously thinking, as far as our own family is concerned, of allowing the suffering little ones to spell Professor Skeat's name *Skeet* in future. We trust the Professor will approve.

We are glad to see that our contemporary *Vanity Fair* is shedding, or, at any rate, toning down some of its more violent Socialistic and Anarchical opinions. On the other hand, it has lately broken out into a perfect torrent of rather dubious poetry. This week the editor prints an effusion by a Mr. Aleister Crowley, entitled "After Judgment," which combines the qualities of blasphemy and silliness in a quite remarkable degree. This is how Mr. Crowley addresses the Deity:—

For this I curse Thee! She was fair
As day and brighter than the moon,
And all the gold sung in her hair,
And all the dawn of May, of June,

Kindled her cheeks; her eyes were blue
As all Thy skies, as all Thy seas.
Her mouth—oh, God! her mouth, that slew
Imagination's ecstasies!

For while I praised the pearl-clear skin,
The bright lithe body's supple growth,
By God! I could not even begin
To say one word about her mouth!

Later on Mr. Crowley lashes himself into the following beautiful exhibition of fine frenzy:—

With corn and wine; Thou hast made Thee man;
Thou hast loved and suffered, died and risen;
But—hath Thy mouth grown white and wan,
Sucked out into that strange sweet prison?

Nay, Thou hast never kissed the mouth
Of Dorothy! as I—as I!
Thou hast never felt its eager growth
Upon my Lesbian ecstasy.

Therefore I curse Thee not, accurst,
Who art in that one flower foregone—
And I, the last, match Thee, the first,
When that red mouth I fasten on.

Farewell! O God, in endless bliss
Crowned, with Thine angels singing by;
I go to hell, with her last kiss
Yet tingling in my memory.

Nay, start not from Thy throne! I go
At Thy black damning to the deep.
Thou canst not follow me! I know
This thing I had, and this I keep.

God! I have loved! I love! I love!
And shall love through Thine ageless hell.
Thou hast the kingdom of the Above,
And I, her memory. Fare Thee well!

* * * * *

To Thine I am—supreme exclaim,
The total of all that may be said!
I answer from the abyss of flame;
Dorothy! and her mouth was red.

It is quite obvious that if one were to allow oneself to take a serious view of this sort of writing, the only thing to do would be to shout for the police, or even to requisition the aid of the Fire Brigade in an attempt to quench the ardours of Mr. Aleister Crowley's "Lesbian ecstasy." It is perhaps fortunate for Mr. Crowley that his frantic yelpings after the tremendous produce, along with disgust, a certain amount of laughter. It is impossible to take seriously a man who can write such unspeakable balderdash. One thing is certain, nobody but a tom-fool poet would write such stuff, and nobody but a tom-fool editor would print it. We venture to think that Mr. Frank Harris has allowed his editorial judgment to be unduly influenced by the knowledge that Mr. Crowley is an admirer of his novel, "The Bomb," a momentous fact which was revealed to the listening earth some weeks ago in an advertisement of that work which appeared in the most prominent part of the body of Mr. Harris's paper. We have noticed that ever since Mr. Crowley expressed his admiration for "The Bomb," he has been allowed to spread himself all over the pages of *Vanity Fair*, to the obvious detriment of such of the lieges as still continue to read that wonderful journal. This is a pity from Mr. Harris's point of view, as tending to show that the sort of people who admire "The Bomb" are not the kind of persons for whose judgment in literary matters one can entertain respect. "The Bomb," by the way, according to the ever-recurring advertisement which Mr. Harris with characteristic modesty continues week after week to cause to appear among the reading matter right in the middle of his paper, is still in its second edition. We can understand Mr. Harris's pride and joy in the fact, but surely his readers are now sufficiently informed on the point, and might not further announcements be postponed till it has reached a third edition? At present the announcement that, after all the combined roars of approval from Mr. Frank Harris's admirers, "The Bomb" has got no further than the second edition, which it reached at least six weeks ago, cannot be regarded as either exhilarating or important from the point of view of Mr. Harris, whatever effect it may produce on those who do not happen to be enamoured of the great work. Having reached a second edition, *j'y suis, je reste*, seems to be the motto of "The Bomb." We do not repine; quite the contrary.

The January number of the *Quarterly Review* contains a very able and well-reasoned article on the subject of Women's Suffrage by Professor Dicey. Here are his conclusions:—

Woman suffrage means adult suffrage; and adult suffrage means the transfer of the right to govern the United Kingdom from some 7,000,000 of men to some 20,000,000 or, it may be, 24,000,000 of men and women, whereof women will be the majority.

That the women to be admitted to the parliamentary franchise will often be excellent persons, highly endowed with the virtues of fortitude, personal unselfishness, and self-sacrifice, we are convinced; but the conviction that English women will exhibit in the highest degree the virtues of women is not the contradiction but the complement of the belief, entertained by nearly every man, that women of pre-eminent goodness are often lacking in the virtues, such as active courage, firmness of judgment, self-control, steadiness of conduct, and above all, a certain sense of justice maintained even in the heat of party conflict, which are often to be found in Englishmen, even of an ordinary type. Whoever asks for the vindication of this belief should study the deeds and the words of the fighting suffragists. He should note at the same time that the female leaders in the battle for women's rights have for the most part never unreservedly condemned the lawless follies and the hysterical insolence of their fol-

lowers. These leaders have thus condoned courses of action which, if pursued by every body of persons who deemed that they suffered real grievances, would reduce the United Kingdom to an anarchy deeper than that which destroyed Poland.

We hope Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Henry Somerset, and Lady Grove, and other "Constitutional Suffragists," will note. Continuing, Professor Dicey says:—

Of the features which discredit the agitation whose wacry is "Votes for Women," we have of set purpose said little. The antics of the fighting suffragists hardly deserve serious notice. The misapprehension both of history and of law which suggests the delusion that English women have been robbed of a suffrage which they never possessed, has, we trust, been finally disposed of by the impressive judgment delivered by the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords. The silly and mendacious insinuation that over 140 women have been sent to prison only for asking for votes is in itself hardly more deserving of confutation.

We make no apology for quoting at such length, and we only regret that space does not permit us to reproduce more of Professor Dicey's brilliant and remorseless exposure of the logical fallacies and absurdities underlying the idiot cry of "Votes for Women." Our hope is that our extracts will send our readers to the article itself, which occupies nearly thirty pages of the *Quarterly Review*.

Mr. Massingham has been lecturing on "The Duties of the Press" at Trinity College, Dublin, with Mr. Birrell, if you please, as chairman. For some reason or other the average "great journalist" would appear to know just as little about journalism as the average great bookseller knows about books. A while ago we had Mr. St. Loe Strachey informing us that the hapenny press had always refrained from attempts to corrupt or debase the public mind. We are now assured by Mr. Massingham that the founders of the new hapenny journalism "have formed in the people a desire for romantic colour and movement." Hence, of course, Miss Charlesworth's red cloak and rapid motor flights. Mr. Massingham is further of opinion that a journalist's business "is not to make life moral, but to make it interesting." Hence, of course, the weekly scramble for the *Nation*. We shall not suggest at this juncture what the particular duties of the Press may be; but it is quite certain that the duty of the journalist is an affair which journalists themselves are a little prone to neglect. The desire to be interesting is, perhaps, just as noble in its way as the desire to be moral. On the other hand, neither of these desires should be allowed, as they are so frequently allowed, to overshadow and even to extirpate the desire to be honest. Of course, we are well aware that in the twentieth century honesty is no virtue, but a sort of old-fashioned vice. Cleverness is a much sounder attribute. But as the universe is founded on the fact that two and two make four the cleverest attempts to turn the four into five are bound to come to grief in the long run.

An American has been expressing his views about England in *Scribner's Magazine*. We reproduce his impression of the English administration of justice:

You may do as you please unmolested, uncriticised, unreported, unphotographed, unheralded, unnoticed even, as in no other country in the world, but the moment you do what you ought not to please to do, from the policeman to the court, and thence to the jail, is a shorter road here than anywhere else. So much personal liberty is only possible where justice is swift, unprejudiced, impartial, and sure. The lord, the millionaire, the drunkard, and the snatch thief are treated the same—within the same

six months a great financial schemer and the son of a great nobleman were ushered behind the bars with almost as little ceremony, and as little delay, as are required for the trial of a wife-beater or a burglar. Personal freedom has this serious responsibility, its misuse is promptly punished, and there is no escape—they even behead a king on occasion.

Apart from beheading kings, which has been rather out of fashion amongst us for some years past, it is gratifying to find that there are points about England which an American might at a pinch bring himself to admire.

The *Nation's* latest poetry is by Mr. John Galsworthy, who addresses himself to his dog as follows:

My dear, when you leave me
You do not even drop a shoe;
And yet you know a man to be
The sort of dull monstrosity,
Whose spirit cannot follow you
When you're away, with all its heart,
As yours can follow me.

My dear, since we must leave,
One sorry day, I you, you me;
Teach me to grieve as you can grieve;
Then through the ages we'll retrieve
Each others' scent and company,
And longing shall not pull my heart—
As now you pull my sleeve.

Which is more or less edifying as regards outlook and aspiration. On the whole, we think Mr. Galsworthy will be well advised to stick to his tales of wife-beating on the part of persons who do not happen to be male Suffragists.

The January number of the *New Quarterly* contains a rather slipshod set of verses by Mr. Thomas Hardy. Mr. Hardy calls his "poem" "The House of Hospitalities," and proceeds to rhyme "barrel" with "carol," and "viol" with "dial," and to assure us that:

Now no Christmas brings in neighbours,
And the New Year comes unlit;
Where we sang the mole now labours,
And spiders knit.

We were always under the impression that knitting was an old woman's affair: and if spiders really do knit, we may take it that Adam span while Eve did the delving. But Mr. Hardy is a good deal more of a poet than he appears to be, and we must give him his head. In the same journal we find a little gentle, humorous blank verse by Dr. Verrall, who sets out to prove, after the manner of Aristophanes that Tennyson:

Was uninventive, dull, a mere machine,
and that the "beginnings" of his poems are all capable of being tagged with the line:

Had a bad cold and blew his little nose.

For example:

The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Had a bad cold and blew his little nose.

Also:

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,
Had a bad cold and blew his little nose.

And still worse:

Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable,
Elaine the lily-maid of Astolat,
High in her chamber up a tower to the east,
Had a bad cold and blew her little nose.

Of course, this is the noblest of wit. The angels will sniff and blow their noses over it. And, what is more, Mr. Verrall should run round to the offices of *Punch* at once.

TITHONUS

"So, too, did Dawn of the golden throne carry off Tithonus. Now so long as winsome youth was his, in joy did he dwell with the golden-throned Dawn at the world's end, beside the streams of Oceanus. But when hateful old age had utterly overcome him, and he could not move or lift his limbs, to her this seemed the wisest counsel; she laid him in a chamber and shut the shining doors, and his voice flows on endlessly and no strength is his such once there was in his limbs."

At the world's pillared end by Ocean's stream
Is the Dawn's palace-porch, shot with a gleam
Of flashing water, through and through; a wide
And archèd palace on the unvesselled tide,
High-built upon a terrace, salt with foam,
Greater than any bastioned mountain-dome.
A double light upon the sea and sand
The broad ooze burns before it to the land,
Yet vapour-turbaned are its galleries,
And wet with the reproof of bathing seas;
Lapt in some dream it seemed, severely grave
And resonant as a world-forgotten cave.

Here lay Tithonus, weak as a spent wave,
White as are breasts of ripple-feathered cloud,
And wrinkled as the glossy sands unploughed,
Whom Dawn, that lady, in her chambers hid,
And freshter than a trickling rainbow slid
Earthward, car-borne; while her white stallion team
Beat into milky light the untravelled stream,
Where their pale breaths were mixed inseparably
Into the wide-spread clamour of the sea.

But a voice flows behind the amber door,
As of a dry husk on the threshing floor
Of earth, or a light-bodied phantom shell
Washed by Time's waters, as they beat and fell
About the sun, and broke in months and days.
'Tis that immortal shadow, that can raise
Such tinkling as the dry cicada beats
From sunburnt thighs, in the meridian heats,
Or as the whimpering dead with voice of reeds.

Waiting not on his youth, no nor the seeds
Planted by that irremeable shore,
But with bent head, as one that stoops for ore,
Seeking the path of ordinance, as is meet,
Beyond the gushing light, for cold thin feet,
Where he might set his burthen to the ground,
And plant it underneath some cairn-heaped mound;
And, pausing, to the humid earth return,
A little light dust in a sealed-up urn.
So in the golden chamber, the voice flows
Unceasing; but the golden doors shut close.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE POETRY OF OSCAR WILDE

THE claims of the late Oscar Wilde to rank with the great English poets are in danger of being overlooked, not because there is any lack of attention bestowed on his works, but because it has become a sort of legend that he was a writer of prose first and a poet only in a secondary sense. There is no doubt that the actual bulk of a poet's work has a great deal to do with the position he takes in the eye of the critical as well as the uncritical. The man who writes very little, and that exquisitely, often has to take a place in the general estimation behind the man who pours out a constant stream of good poetry, the best of which is yet inferior to the best of his rival. On the whole, it is, perhaps, right that this should be so, at any rate, it is natural. The poet's business in life is to write poetry, and if he allows years to go by without breaking his silence in that direction he must not complain if he has to yield place in critical estimation to more assiduous wrestlers with form. On the other hand, it might well be argued that nearly all poets have written too much and destroyed too little. How much of Keats there is (especially in Mr. Buxton Forman's deplorable edition) that we could not only dispense with, but could wish to believe that Keats had never written; how much of Wordsworth, how much of Shelley! A great deal of this superabundance is due, of course, to the scandalous custom which has grown up among biographers and editors of dead men of genius of hunting up every kind of unconsidered trifle which can be brought home to their author and printing it under his name without the smallest regard for what would be his feelings. We can imagine the annoyance, not to say the rage, of Keats if he were to return to this life and pick up the aforesaid Buxton Forman edition. It would probably kill him again. So that between the sin of writing too little and the sin of writing too much it is hard to hold the scales evenly, and we shall not attempt to do it here, at any rate on this occasion. These reflections have been called forth chiefly by the unexpected bulk of the volume of Wilde's collected poetry which we have before us in a beautiful, though pirated, edition, published by Mr. Mosher. We do not, of course, approve of pirated editions, but the collected edition of Wilde's works, published by Messrs. Methuen, is, as we have already had occasion to explain, marred by the non-inclusion of "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and this insolent and idiotic impertinence on the part of a trading establishment to the memory of a great writer, in our opinion warrants any amount of piracy on the part of those who have sufficient respect for that writer's written words to refrain from imprudent attempts at censorship. The fact that the omission to include in their edition that great book, with its august and terrible moral lesson, was due to the interference of Mr. T. H. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, is no excuse for Messrs. Methuen. It is part of the business of a competent publisher to have, at any rate, some faint inkling of the value of contemporary criticism, and if they did not happen to know that Mr. Warren was very ill-qualified as a literary critic Messrs. Methuen could easily have found it out if they had taken the trouble to enquire from those who were in a position to inform them. That they did not do this, and that, consequently, they failed to include "The Picture of Dorian Gray" in their edition, destroys the value of that edition and produces, moreover, a feeling of resentment against them in all true lovers of letters which can best be expressed by refraining from buying that edition. This is what we have done and what we advise others to do. As far as being victims of pirating goes, we are in the same boat as Messrs. Methuen, for Mr. Mosher has appropriated one of our

sonnets published in *THE ACADEMY* and used it on the first page of the volume without so much as a "by your leave." We forgive him on account of the print, paper, binding, and general "get up" of this beautiful book.

We think that most people will be surprised to find what a lot of poetry Wilde wrote. Although we have been familiar with every line of it for years, we were ourselves astonished to see how large a book it makes, and if there is some of it which we could spare, is not that, as we have already said, the case with every poet? Anyhow, the fact is established that Wilde wrote enough actual stuff in poetry to satisfy the exigencies of those who refuse to grant the high places in poetry to poets whose output is slight. The question arises, Is the quality of the poetry really great? We believe that it is. That is to say, we believe that poets must be judged by their best work, and we believe that the best poetry of Wilde is equal to the best that has been produced. It is not much use arguing about these matters, the best way is to quote. Here are eight stanzas from "The Harlot's House":

Like strange mechanical grotesques,
Making fantastic arabesques,
The shadows raced across the blind.

We watched the ghostly dancers spin
To sound of horn and violin,
Like black elves wheeling in the wind.

Like wire-pulled automatons,
Slim silhouetted skeletons
Went sidling through the slow quadrille.

They took each other by the hand,
And danced a stately saraband;
Their laughter echoed thin and shrill.

* * * * *

Then turning to my love, I said,
"The dead are dancing with the dead,
The dust is whirling with the dust."

But she—she heard the violin,
And left my side and entered in:
Love passed into the house of lust.

Then suddenly the tune went false,
The dancers wearied of the waltz,
The shadows ceased to wheel and whirl.

And down the long and silent street,
The dawn, with silver-sandalled feet,
Crept like a frightened girl.

Who that has any love or feeling for poetry can read these moving and wonderful lines without knowing that they are the highest poetry?

Wilde in his early days came very much under the influence of the work of Rossetti and William Morris, and their influence was not favourable to his genius. Such poems as the "Ballade de Marguerite" and the "Dole of the King's Daughter" in their studied artificiality read almost like parodies, and have no value as serious verse; but whenever he was possessed by real emotion he wrote beautiful poetry. He had a complete mastery of the technique of his art, and in this respect he may be taken by the student as an almost impeccable model. He knew so well how to do the thing that we constantly find him turning out what are merely exercises. A great deal of this work he would probably have destroyed or gladly seen forgotten, but the moment Life touched him he rose to the occasion. His extraordinary "Ballad of Reading Gaol" was beaten out of him by sheer agony of mind, and the extent to which, in that masterpiece, he took the wind out of the sails of the late W. E. Henley can

be gauged by the mean and envious ill-nature of Henley's signed review of the poem. It was exactly the kind of thing Henley had been trying all his life to write and had always just failed to bring off. Henley was very nearly a great poet, but between his attempts at emotional realism and great poetry there was always a gulf fixed. Wilde, in the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," swung over the gulf in his stride, so to speak, while Henley, in his "Hospital Lyrics" and elsewhere eternally boggled on the take-off side. Finally, we have "The Sphinx," which is perhaps Wilde's most complete and satisfactory poetical work, for here he was hampered neither by the insincerity which sacrifices everything to style on the one hand, nor, on the other hand, by the crude brutality of real and horrible life breaking like a violent unresolved discord into the harmony of his delicate yet stately music. We quote three superb stanzas:

Wild ass or trotting jackal comes and couches in the moulder-
ing gates.
Wild satyrs call unto their mates across the fallen, fluted
drums.

And on the summit of the pile the blue-faced ape of Horus sits
And gibbers while the fig-tree splits the pillars of the peristyle.

The god is scattered here and there: deep-hidden in the windy
sand,
I saw his giant granite hand still clenched in impotent despair.

Here, incidentally, one may note the tremendous effect produced by printing as two-lined stanzas what are in effect four-lined stanzas, written in the metre of "In Memoriam." Oscar Wilde was for ever proclaiming that the voice and not the eye was the test of poetry, yet he was not above using this device, and its success is a proof that in a printed poem (*pace* Professor Skeat) the eye cannot in our day be left out of account.

If Wilde had written only the poems we have named he would have established his claim to rank among the great English poets, and we doubt whether, apart from two or three sonnets, he wrote any others which would strengthen this claim, though he wrote nothing which might seriously invalidate it. Too often he wrote without inspiration and without genuine emotion, but at his worst he was always an accomplished master of his craft, and at his best he was a great poet whose immortality is assured as long as the English language exists.

TENNYSON, POE AND SHAW

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW would appear to be arriving at somewhat hasty conclusions with respect to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. As we pointed out in these columns last week a certain friend and humble admirer of his has taken the trouble to place him upon "a recognised and unassailable critical throne." We have most of us heard of the imaginary lion which runs round the world. Mr. Shaw's recognised and unassailable critical throne is just as illusory, and even a great deal less true to the imagination. But Mr. Shaw is pleased with "recognised" and delighted with "unassailable," and he has lost no time in sitting down upon thin air, as it were. To his hand, of course, "ready, aye, ready," and willing as Barkis, there are journals—the penny Socialist weekly, and the *Nation*, which is a mere Radical print at sixpence. In the penny Socialist weekly Mr. Shaw has been accustomed to toy tenderly with his aforesaid humble admirer. For his high critical fulminations, however, he prefers the *Nation*, probably because it is sixpence, and therefore fivepence "heavier," and fivepence more "influential" than its vapid penny contemporary. We do not know, of

course, but we wonder if some time last week Mr. Shaw wrote to Mr. Massingham as follows:

My dear Massingham,—As you will gather from the *Illustrated London News* I now occupy a recognised and unassailable critical throne. Poe is about just now. Might I put the comether over him for you at the usual rates. Of course, Orage will be glad for me to do it; but—well, there you are.

Thine,
G. B. S.

To which Mr. Massingham may conceivably have replied:

Mon cher Confrère,—Certainly. Make it two pages, and be quite sure I have the copy by Wednesday morning *without fail, please*.

Yours,
W. H. M.

In any case, under the head of "Life and Letters"—which we seem, by the way, to recognise—there duly appeared in the *Nation* of Saturday an article nobly entitled "Edgar Allan Poe," and modestly signed "G. B. S." We cannot suppose for a moment that when Mr. Massingham commissioned or agreed to accept Mr. Shaw's panegyric, he expected to get his money's worth in the shape of criticism, explication, or appraisal of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry. Nowhere in his three columns and a half does Mr. Shaw say a word as to the only point which should really concern your recognised unassailable critic—namely, Poe's poetry. The reasons for this omission are not far to seek, and we may set them down simply to want of capacity. It is impossible for Mr. Shaw, or any other person of his peculiar temperament, to have any opinion of poetry at all. The sixth sense of the Socialist is not for poetry, but for property. Socialism and poetry, like Socialism and religion, may be counted plain contradictory terms. Of course, the Socialists will deny this, but we know. They possess no poet or critic of poetry at the present moment; they never have possessed a poet or a critic of poetry, and they never will possess a poet or a critic of poetry. And if they cry "Shelley," as they are wont to do when it suits them, we have plenty of good answers for them. Meanwhile we must take the recognised and unassailable criticism of Shaw. This is how Mr. Shaw commences operations on Edgar Allan Poe:

There was a time when America, the Land of the Free, and the birthplace of Washington, seemed a natural fatherland for Edgar Allan Poe. Nowadays the thing has become inconceivable; no young man can read Poe's works without asking incredulously what the devil he is doing in *that* galley. America has been found out, and Poe has not—that is the situation. But did he live there, this finest of fine artists, this born aristocrat of letters? Alas! he did not live there; he died there, and was duly explained away as a drunkard and a failure, though it remains an open question whether he really drank as much in his whole lifetime as a modern successful American drinks, without comment, in six months.

We are informed, too, that "if the Judgment Day were fixed for the centenary of Poe's birth, there are among the dead only two men born since the Declaration of Independence whose plea for mercy could avert a prompt sentence of damnation on the entire [American] nation; and it is extremely doubtful whether these two could be persuaded to pervert eternal justice by uttering it. The two are, of course, Poe and Whitman." Mr. Shaw's unassailable critical position will be obvious. After his headline "Edgar Allan Poe," he prints a pretty little asterisk, referring the reader to the bottom of the column, where we read "Copyright U.S. America, 1909." Mr. Shaw knows full well what made him write the passages we have quoted. Plainly, his motive cannot have been a literary

recreants and shibboleths of renegades." The tremendous strain which the *Star* would have to suffer when the sophistries of recreants and the shibboleths of renegades were abroad will be obvious. In a sense it is almost too much to require that a newspaper should be loyal to anything or anybody at such times; but the *Star* has remained loyal. Furthermore, it has not been content with mere, sheer, pig-headed, dog-like loyalty. "For the greater part of our life," it says, "we have been engaged in fierce war against the enemies of the people, sometimes resisting the resurrection of old tyrannies; sometimes the establishment of new abuses. The conflict has raged all along the line of our national and municipal life, and at every point the *Star* has been in the forefront of the battle against those who have sought to benefit the privileged few at the expense of the many; the rich at the expense of the poor, the strong at the expense of the weak, and the classes at the expense of the masses." Of course, on a man's twenty-first birthday much may be forgiven him, and if he puts on the figure of the braggart it is charitable to remember that he has had wine. So that we shall make large allowances for the *Star*. At the same time the truth has its uses, and we are not disposed to agree that the *Star* is half such a wonderful, creditable and high-principled journal as it believes itself to be. Particularly do we doubt whether our contemporary has the smallest right to assert that for the greater part of its life it has been engaged in fierce war "against the enemies of the people." In point of fact, the war in which the *Star* has really been engaged from the day of its birth to the present happy anniversary, and the war in which it is still engaged and will always be engaged, is the war for the people's hapence. And what is more, while it has ever shouted its profession of tenderness for the people from all available housetops on all conceivable occasions, it may be reckoned one of the most flagrant and implacable enemies that the people ever encountered, and this because it carries on the warfare for hapence in a manner which can only result in the absolute moral and material undoing of the very masses whom it pretends to benefit. We have more than once pointed out in these columns that the *Star* newspaper, in its earlier editions, at any rate, is a plain, unvarnished betting sheet. The Fourth Edition of Tuesday, for example, contains "To-Day's Finals," with "Selections" for various races at Dunstall. In addition to these selections, which, by the way, are put forward over the name of the redoubtable "Captain Coe," the dear people are offered "A Manchester Double," by a gentleman who calls himself "Starlight," a "Mid-day Final" by another gentleman, who styles himself "Uno," and a list of horses which have the "best chances on form." There is also another list of horses, headed "Naps at a Glance," and a table of "Selections from To-day's Papers"; four to five columns in all. It is on these admirable features that the *Star* practically depends for its morning sale. And there can be no doubt in the world that the persons who buy it are not in the least concerned with either the sophistries of recreants or the shibboleths of renegades, but simply and solely with possible winners and likely odds. And on Tuesday morning "Captain Coe" would appear to have been in a most excellent vein of prophecy, inasmuch as he succeeded in naming six consecutive losers, and never a single winner. For the first race at Dunstall he "selected" Romany Rye. Quite appropriately, "All Going Out" won. For the second race he gave Sir Henry, and Periwinkle II. won. In the third race his selection was Lady Edwardine, a horse which was not even placed; Glen Mazarin for the fourth race ran second; Curby, which "Captain Coe" starred for what is known in "sporting circles" as "a nap bet," ran

fourth in the fifth race, and Lord Schomberg fourth in the sixth race. Then "Starlight," with his marvelous Dunstall Double, advised the people whom the *Star* so loves to put their money on Wolfkin and Curby; and the people, of course, lost, inasmuch as neither Wolfkin nor Curby won. "Uno's" Mid-day Final likewise came to grief; not a single winner was mentioned in the "Follow Form" list; and not a single winner was mentioned in the "Naps at a Glance" list. We are in no position to gauge the morning circulation of the *Star* newspaper, but we will suppose that it is a hundred thousand copies, and we will suppose that only half the people who purchased the paper made a bet on the Dunstall racing, and that each of those persons made only a single bet, and risked no more than one shilling in the day. This would mean a clear loss to the working classes of fifty thousand shillings, or two thousand five hundred pounds. And calculating on the same basis, with, say, only three racing days per week in the year, the losses to the public on the advice of the *Star* newspaper may very well amount to three hundred thousand pounds per annum. The which has been going on for twenty-one years! Twenty-one years of "fierce war against the enemies of the people. . . . in the teeth of reaction, and the face of defeat, and in the dark days when Radicalism seemed to have foundered in the storm, and the people themselves were swept away by this sophistry of recreants and shibboleths of renegades." Indeed, coupling these terrible antagonists with the selections of "Captain Coe," the finals of "Uno," and the doubles of "Starlight," one wonders that there is anything of the people left at all. Of course, the estimate we have made takes no account of possible winnings. But it is such a ridiculously moderate estimate that the winnings do not need to be counted. It seems to us more than probable that the *Star* is helping the bookmakers to much larger sums of money than those we have named. But even if we cut them down by half, or divide them by four, they are serious sums, and "the sophistry of recreants and the shibboleths of renegades" notwithstanding, we are inclined to the opinion that a newspaper which has part or lot in such a business should be very careful not to boast of its benevolence towards the people. The fact that other papers besides the *Star* are engaged in the betting business will not excuse our Stonecutter Street philanthropist; especially as the other papers do not swagger about their high principles, and make no profession to be engaged in journalism for any other purpose than money-making. There can be no question in the world that for a journal intimately concerned with betting to asseverate that it has at heart the best interests of the working man and the "family circle" is so much arrant cant. And if you find a paper canting brazenly you should beware of it. We do not in the least imagine that the *Star* will cease to traffic in selections or tips and doubles, and kindred lures for the poor man of its love; of course, if it did, it would probably cease to exist. But we do hope that before its twenty-second birthday comes round it will have learnt the wisdom of singing small where matters of public morality and public principle are concerned. The fact is that the *Star* is simply a newspaper, and a newspaper of the inferior tip-giving order, which has really little or nothing to do with journalism in its proper sense. The people engaged in its production or concerned in its profits are, to all intents and purposes, just as dependent on racing for their living and their profits as the next bookmaker; and they are no more entitled to brag about their good works, or their deep feeling for the working people of this country than has the keeper of a betting shop, or the furtive penciller, who is compelled by the law to do his business in dark passages and blind alleys.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is evidently determined to turn a reasonably honest penny where'er he can. In the current issue of *T. P.'s Weekly* he treats us to the following profound remarks:

Education is becoming more and more the chief weapon both of individual and national progress and success. And in nearly every home in England to-day there are young minds eager to equip themselves with all that knowledge can supply. Very many of them embark upon the task of self-culture on their own account, without seeking outside assistance, only to find that it is beset with pitfalls. Some of these aspirants, knowing my profound love of education, especially of the young, and learning through this journal to take an intelligent interest in literature, have appealed to me to help them in this same work of self-culture.

And, of course, Mr. O'Connor is willing to oblige. In connection with his journal he has consequently arranged "to found and conduct a Correspondence College, the objects of which will be to give the students who join it such instruction, direction and guidance as will open up to them the golden portal of the Temple of Learning in the *shortest space of time*, with the least difficulty, with the most rapid results"—and no doubt on the lowest terms.

Mr. O'Connor is of opinion that "self-culture unguided or misguided is almost as futile as the absence of the attempt to gain a taste for culture at all." This is a trifle cryptic, but if it means anything it serves to indicate Mr. O'Connor's wonderful lack of qualification for the duties he would fain take upon himself. Self-culture is a cheap and ugly phrase. The people who use it are not cultivated people, being rather "snobs," whose snobbery runs to a profession of tenderness for letters. However, it seems that Mr. O'Connor's "courses" of self-culture are to include Literary Training, Mental Training, Business Training, and French. Mr. O'Connor may be an expert in mental training, an acute man of business and an accomplished French scholar. Whether he is qualified to instruct "students" in the slightly more important department of literature is open to question; and, indeed, if we are to judge from his already existing "Literary Help Column" he is one of the last men in the world who should engage in the task. We believe that, so far as literary and mental training are concerned, any person who happens to have an inclination in these directions may easily accomplish for himself as much as Mr. T. P. O'Connor is likely to do for him, and probably a great deal more, without the outlay of a single shilling in the way of advice. "The golden portal of the Temple of Learning" is absolutely and yawningly wide open for everybody who possesses so much as a hornbook. If you wish to go through that desirable gate you will really go through it alone and unattended and you may take it from us that the hiring of an Irish journalist to put his shoulder to your back is not in the least likely to hasten your passage. We will go more deeply into this matter next week.

Mr. Bottomley has taken our advice. After a display of coyness which is probably without parallel in the history of misfortune, he paid his fine of three hundred pounds, and thus prevented himself from going to prison. We are of opinion that in this particular he acted most sensibly. But before paying, Mr. Bottomley talked somewhat. Mr. Justice Bigham had not been explicit, it seems, and Mr. Bottomley failed to comprehend the exact intention of his Lordship's order with regard to the fine and writ of attachment. Of

course, Mr. Bottomley is nothing if not explicit, and he possesses an intellect so massive that one is disposed to tremble at the bare thought of it. The King's judges, however, have not yet learnt to tremble, even in the presence of Mr. Bottomley. Then it seems that in the matter of this Contempt, Mr. Bottomley has friends whose sympathy for people who slander the King's justice is so keen that they offered to pay three hundred pounds by way of expressing their feelings. Mr. Bottomley and his secretary very properly refrained from giving us the names of these gentry, though two of them are stated to be Members of Parliament. Until we have their names we shall indulge our own opinion as to their wisdom, let alone their ability to pay. Meanwhile, Mr. Bottomley is well out of a difficult situation, and by this time he will no doubt have learnt the salutary lesson that there are powers in England which are not to be defied even by Mr. Bottomley with *John Bull* at his back. The affair generally will doubtless be of great help to Mr. Vivian's promised "character sketch" of Horatio.

It seems that Mr. H. W. Lucy, of *Punch*, did have a reply for Mr. Beaven after all; we print it herewith:

Dear Mr. Beaven,—Had I guessed that behind the signature, "Alfred B. Braun," attached to the letter in the *Liverpool Daily Post*, lurked my old friend and correspondent, assailing me from Preston—is it 20 years ago?—I, being a busy man, would have taken no notice of the renewed pleasantry.

Being "translated," as Bottom puts it, to Leamington, there is, I find, from the letter to the *Standard* you kindly enclose, no change in his method or manner. There is the same inclination to attribute base motive, the same turbulence of expression.

This last leads to lack of lucidity. I assure you it was only on reading your correspondence a second time that I perceived its point. At first I thought, as most casual readers will, that you were concerned to deny that Mr. Gladstone ever told me the story related in *Cornhill*. On second reading, I find that what all the pother is about is that, inadvertently, I have written "Conservative" where "Liberal" should have been printed. That was due either to a slip of memory or a slip of the pen, made at the time of the original record, and innocently repeated.

I thank you for the correction, which shall be noted when the articles are printed in book form. In return for the service, will you allow me, in sincere friendliness, to call your attention to the constitutional habit, possibly increasing with growing years, of imputing evil motive and indulging in blustering rebuke? These ways ill befit a man of your cloth. They should be wrestled with in prayer.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LUCY.

Whitethorn, Hythe, Kent, Jan. 11.

Really, therefore, Mr. Lucy is one of those silken, sad, uncertain, rustling persons who by inadvertence say "aye" when they mean "no" and "chalk" when they mean "cheese." On a jury, by quite an innocent slip of the tongue, Mr. Lucy might say "guilty" when he meant "not guilty." And if he were going to be married he might say "I won't" when he meant "I will." So much for inadvertence. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Mr. Lucy's memory has probably failed him altogether, and that he really wrote "Conservative" and not "Liberal" at all. The person who made the inadvertence was the printer. The printer printed "Braun" for "Beaven." We have known him print "maggie" for "Maggie" and "shins" for "sins." "Conservative" for "Liberal" would be nothing to him. When Mr. Lucy publishes his "History" in book form we should advise him to sit up all night with the printer. And even then he may not be right.

REVIEWS

CYPRUS

My Experiences of Cyprus. By BASIL STEWART. (Routledge, 6s.)

CYPRUS, even in these days of rapid transit and tourist-explorers, remains fairly difficult of access, and doubtless to its out-of-the-way position and its lack of a frequent steamer service, we owe the fact that in many respects it has not changed much since the time when St. Paul "sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Paphos, where Elymas the sorcerer was deprived of his sight, is in ruins, though still inhabited by a dozen or so of families; but the processes of agriculture, the methods (or want of methods) of the people, their general indifference to enterprise, seem rooted in ages past. The character of a race does not alter with a fresh Government, and, considering the terms of the treaty of 1878 between England and Turkey, the way in which those terms have been set aside by the latter, the trying climate, and the primitive means of internal communication, this island jewel in the British Crown shines with a very dubious lustre. Our authority there does not appear to be particularly stringent. At a concert in the town of Limasol our National Anthem was printed at the foot of the programme, but, the Levantine Greek predominating among the audience, the Greek anthem was substituted. This peculiar human blend of Europe and Asia, the Levantine Greek, outnumbers the native population, it seems, and Mr. Stewart gives us some curious glimpses of the customs of town and country:

The Greek portion of the community in the large towns, who consider it the "thing" to copy European dress, generally forsake the picturesque native costume for Whitechapel slops, and their women-folk look perfect frights in awful native versions of Paris fashions of ten or fifteen years ago, though I am glad to say that this craze for aping European customs and manners is at present confined to the larger coast towns, and there only among a certain class, middlemen and shopkeepers, and in the more remote villages in the interior of the island the natives are unspoilt, and hardly changed from their earliest ancestors in their mode of living.

To realise this, one has only to go out into the Messaoria and watch the ploughing. Their ploughs are nothing more than a stick with an iron shoe to it, which doesn't do more than scratch the surface of the soil, and in consequence does not root up the thistles and bulbous weeds which thickly cover the ground, drawn by a couple of oxen, or sometimes a donkey and an ox. They cut the corn with a sickle, thresh it with a board studded with flints underneath, drawn by oxen over the corn, on which sits or stands the driver. . . . The grain and straw is pitched up into the air with wooden shovels, when the wind carries off the straw further than the grain, and so separates them. . . . In fact, I don't suppose Abraham, or even Adam, prepared his daily bread, from sowing the seed to baking, any differently than these Cypriots do at the present day.

The above passages, interesting in themselves, exhibit rather painfully the fact that the author's phrasing and composition leave much to be desired; in parts they are simply wretched. We have no wish to be severe on one who has given us a capital book of travel and dealt very capably with the political and commercial side of an important question, but we are bound to remark that a little more care in the writing would have added greatly to the pleasure of the reader; especially does this refer to the first half of the volume.

The state of affairs which prevents Cyprus from rising to a prosperous and popular country is illustrated in many anecdotes and asides; one example must suffice, bearing on the exportation of salt from Lake Akrotiri:

The salt from a lake of this size was a very valuable asset to the island before we took over the management of affairs from Turkey, and would be so still were it not for that peculiar lack of foresight and acumen which distinguished the Govern-

ment of Great Britain in concluding the treaty, not only in this clause, but in all of them, by which we promised not to export it in competition with other salt lakes of their own on the mainland. To make assurance doubly sure, the wily Turk immediately clapped on a prohibitive duty on salt imported into the Turkish Empire.

On the subject of the ruins which abound almost everywhere, Mr. Stewart is most interesting; his comments are by no means those of the chance visitor—they betray a considerable amount of painstaking research. He includes an admirably condensed account of the principal churches that still remain, their history and their vicissitudes by earthquake, flood, and pillage, and the book in its revised and enlarged form is a valuable contribution to the scanty literature concerning a corner of our colonies which to the average person is practically unknown. The fifty photographs which intersperse the letterpress are excellent; but that there should be no map is an unfortunate omission which it would be well to remedy in a future edition; even the sketchiest delineation of the island would have been useful for reference. We may conclude, by way of indicating that the author has a turn for the humorous side of things, by quoting a good story which bears on Turkish naval matters:

A former Governor of Beyrout had occasion to be transferred to Tripoli, forty-four miles farther up the Syrian coast. The Sultan, wishing that the Governor should travel in a state worthy of his high position, ordered him to be conveyed in a Turkish man-of-war. The only available ship of the Turkish Navy in Beyrout Harbour at the time was a somewhat antiquated and dilapidated torpedo-boat. The Governor, being wise in his own generation, and doubting its seaworthiness, as it had probably not moved from its moorings for several years, refused to trust his life to such a frail shell, and elected instead to go as a passenger in a steamer of the Princess Line which happened to be sailing for Tripoli. However, to give a certain amount of dignity to the journey of so illustrious a personage, the torpedo-boat was deputed to act as convoy.

The captain of the Prince boat, wishing to do a quick passage, and being also a bit of a humorist, urged his boat at her best speed, about 10½ knots. When they had proceeded a couple of miles or so, the torpedo-boat had already fallen nearly a quarter of a mile astern, and despairing of ever reaching Tripoli even within sight of her charge, ignominiously blew up, killing and drowning all on board. This, of course, led to enquiries from Constantinople, and the only available gunboat in Beyrout was requisitioned to carry despatches reporting the details of the accident to headquarters. This gunboat was an old paddle-steamer which had been laid up in harbour for three years or more. To signalise the departure of a Turkish man-of-war on an errand of such importance, the captain, dressed in his best, and marching up and down the bridge with his drawn sword over his shoulder, ordered the only gun to be fired. The gun, however, refused to be fired, even when red-hot cinders had been rammed down it. So the captain, finding this part of the entertainment did not come up to his expectations, rang up the engine-room to full speed ahead. Yet again was there disappointment; the engines gave a feeble half-turn and then stuck. It was three months before that gunboat left Beyrout, but whether she ever reached Constantinople or not history does not relate.

Young Turkey, of course, will improve on all this.

THE RELIGION OF THE COMMON MAN.

The Religion of the Common Man. By SIR HENRY WRIXON, K.C. (Macmillan and Co., 3s. net.)

THERE are some good books which need recommendation. This is one, otherwise it would miss the effect which it deserves. It has more merit than attraction, and its title does not give a very true idea of its aim. It suggests that Sir Henry Wrixon is offering a religion suitable for the ordinary individual; he really does nothing so useless. In the first place, by "the Common Man" he means thoughtful and intelligent persons, without time or perhaps inclination to make a

special study of religions; and in the second, he writes of no specific form of religious belief, but of Religion in contradistinction to Materialism. His book might rather be described as a short review of the reasons for believing in a personal God, which appeal to persons who have not made a special study of the subject. He also writes with much more than his "Common Man's" knowledge of how the subject has been treated before, while he expresses that person's range of view ably and accurately. The book may be read in an hour, and is written in simple language without the use of theological, philosophical and metaphysical terms. It is particularly adapted for public libraries, or libraries of religious institutions of all varieties, for it could not offend those who already believe in God more definitely than Sir Henry pretends to treat of Him, and is likely to suggest grounds for belief where none yet exists, or where it has been lost.

The best chapters are those in which it is argued that Religion, far from dying out, is as great a force in the world as it ever was; those which review its force in the past; and especially the chapters devoted to the craving for Deity within the human breast, and to the evidence to be found for it in an impulse within us, whether that be called "the voice of God the Holy Spirit," "Conscience," or "the Categorical Imperative." Sir Henry says little that is new, but novelty is not his object, he sets forth clearly the old grounds of belief. His quotations are of themselves valuable in a small book, they are well chosen, often of great beauty, are derived from authors unexpected by "the Common Man." "The heart is the home of God" is a phrase from a Japanese writer worth remembering. The daily prayer of a Wat Ja negress will find popular appreciation beyond that of "the Common Man" only: "O God, I know Thee not, but Thou knowest me—I need Thy help."

The objective evidence of the being of God—the signs of design in the material universe—is very adequately treated, but the evidence in itself is never so convincing as the subjective evidence. Sir Henry is less successful in establishing the beneficence of the designer, weakest when he deals with the thorniest section of his subject, "Whence the evil?" His arguments never claim to be conclusive, but here they are not always logical. Nevertheless, they are offered with such complete sincerity that their inefficacy does not weaken his main thesis, and they provide incidentally contributory detail.

Again, in a very good chapter on "Belief" Sir Henry points out well that the belief in a personal God, founded on reason, is as well founded as the belief of science in the "ultimate secrets of nature"; secrets, as Hume says, surrounded with "that obscurity in which they ever did, and ever will, remain"; "facts which," as Sir Henry says, "are incomprehensible to us, but which, nevertheless, we believe to exist." In the instances of the distance of the fixed stars, of the rotation of electrons, and of electric oscillations, he gives excellent examples of "the fundamental postulates of every science," which are "incomprehensible and appalling to us." Similarly, the experience of those high saints who have drawn nearest to the divine Mind are no more incomprehensible and appalling to the students of natural science.

Exception may be taken to occasional references in the course of the book, but they do not effect the course of the argument, and need not be specified in a generally sympathetic notice. Of the more definite forms of Sir Henry's personal belief there is no trace, unless they be indicated by a tendency to exaggerate the importance of Judaism in Christianity; this is a habit now common among professors of its less dogmatic forms. The fact that Sir Henry does not define religion further for once serves to widen the appeal of the book and increases its usefulness.

THE PLATITUDINARIAN

Every Man a King. By ORISON SWETT MARDEN.
(Rider and Son, Ltd., 3s. 6d.).

This is one of a peculiar type of semi-religious, sententious treatise which has sprung up of recent years under the ægis of the "New Thought" movement in America; and, as do all his colleagues, the author suffers with a superb sense of his message to mankind that renders him portentous and exasperating, in spite of his benevolent desires on our behalf. He would have every man an optimist—a perfectly legitimate and laudable notion; but we find it rather difficult to take life cheerfully after reading the exposition of his method. In fact, we incline to the opinion that the average unregenerated man had better pick up a frankly funny book after his day's labour is over, and steal a march upon dull care in that way, than endeavour to follow out the ethical labyrinths so laboriously constructed by Mr. O. S. Marden. Some of the chapter-headings project a chilly shudder to begin with: "Steering Thought Prevents Life Wrecks"; "Our Worst Enemy is Fear"; "Killing Emotions"; "Mastering our Moods"; "Negative Creeds Paralyse"; "Affirmation Creates Power"; "Don't Let the Years Count"; and so on. There are twenty-one of them, a doughty company, and we were heartily pleased when we waded safely to shore through the pellucid platitudes of the last. For the author is as adept at platitude as Tupper. Let us listen to the ripples for a moment:

No one ever looked for trouble yet without finding plenty of it. This is because one can make trouble of anything if the mind is set that way.

We all like sunshiny, bright, cheerful, hopeful people; nobody likes the grumbler, the fault-finder, the back-biter, the slanderer. . . . It is just as easy to go through life looking for the good and beautiful, instead of the ugly; for the noble instead of the ignoble; for the bright and cheerful instead of the dark and gloomy; the hopeful instead of the despairing; to see the bright side instead of the dark side. To set your face always toward the sunlight is just as easy as to see always the shadows, etc.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness; it needs more sunshine; it needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness; it needs encouragers who shall lift and not bear down; who shall encourage, not discourage. . . . Oh, what riches live in a sunny soul! What a blessed heritage is a sunny nature, able to fling out sunshine wherever it goes, able to scatter the shadows and to lighten sorrow-laden hearts, etc.

Whatever the world needs, it doesn't need this sort of twaddle, and it is rather hopeless to find that such an invertebrate repetition of what everybody has heard a thousand times can pass into print in the form of a reputable book. Where does the "New Thought" come in? There are other sentences, however, the perusal of which suggests in blank astonishment the question as to whether or not they could have been penned seriously. For example:

You must feel that proper control of your own thoughts will cause all good things to come naturally to you, just as all bad things will be your portion if you misuse your God-given powers.

In setting about the overcoming of fear, we must first understand what it is we fear. It is always something that has not yet happened—that is, it is non-existent. Trouble is an imaginary something that we think of, and which frightens us with its possibility.

Under no circumstances can the worrying be justified by the situation at any particular time. Its object is always an imaginary situation of the future. . . . All fear resolves itself into fear of death.

The least experienced student of life could flatly deny these didactic statements, we fancy; but it would hardly be worth the trouble.

Pretty little stories, in illustration of the author's

"points," deck this desert like waterless oases, and one poem which is inserted to decorate the indubitably new thought that we may all remain young until the curtain falls is such a gem that we feel compelled to pass it on to our readers:

Never grow old. Time's furrowed lines
Of pain, of sorrow, and of tears
Must leave their impress, wide and deep,
On the face of declining years.
But the gentle spirit, fraught with love—
Bright deeds of happiness unfold;
Grows brighter, lovelier with age—
More winsome still—grows never old.

The poet's name we forbear to give; but we could wish to see what he would make of a sonnet.

Taken as a whole, the book is a warning against the danger of indiscriminate generalisation. A little study of the science of logic might have saved the author many a trip; but to generalise is so easy and so specious; it looks so incontrovertible to the uninitiated, and conveys such an impression of rectitude, that the writer with views to enforce frequently falls a victim to its allurements. For the last time, we will illustrate from the text before us:

Go into almost any gathering, no matter how happy and gay the crowds seem to be, you will find, if you question one of even the gayest, that the canker-worm of fear gnaws at the heart in some form.

The things which turn hair grey and plough fair faces with cruel furrows, which rob the step of elasticity, and take the buoyancy from life are bridges that never were crossed, misfortunes that never came.

Some people spend most of their time in hunting themselves over for some new ailment, and when they have found it they are the most happy that they ever are (*sic*).

Harmony, health, beauty, success—these are the realities; their opposites are only the absence of the real.

This last is a delightfully easy argument to refute, since to reverse its terms is to demonstrate precisely the antagonistic condition.

We suppose there are dear people who read this sort of immature philosophy, imagine it "deep," and think with a glow of satisfaction of their intellectual temerity in tackling an author so poignant and original; who will take his reiterated advice, "Affirm that you are one of the most fortunate beings," and watch for the sequent good fortune. No amount of affirmation will convince us how fortunate we are after reading this book. Shorn of its tinsel and padding, it resolves itself mainly into an announcement of axiomatic truths which most sane persons hold from childhood: that a cheerful man gets on better than a morose one; that worry is unhealthy; that by indulging morbid fancies as to disease one becomes predisposed to "catch" any illness that happens to be about; that energy accomplishes more than lassitude; and so on. Go to, Mr. Marden, go to, and if you must write, give us something less flabby. Turn we to a page of "Elia" for reparation and comfort. . . . Is it chance, that we open on "The Sanity of True Genius"?

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Sunburnt South. By FRANCIS CAREY SLATER. (Digby, Long and Co., 3s. 6d.)

THIS little collection of South African stories does not call for any lengthy criticism. It has no particularly strong interest, but the narratives ring true, and are carefully written. We gather that this is the author's first venture in prose, and we would warn him, firstly, against a tendency to moralise and get off the track; his central ideas (they are hardly sufficiently elaborate to be termed plots) are slight, and any digressions in the way of didacticism can but weaken that which is already

none too strong. Secondly, the use of the hackneyed phrase is a pitfall he should avoid. A sentence such as the following: "After meditating upon the tranquil beauty of this scene, and envying those whose lines had fallen in such pleasant places, I coaxed my jaded steed into motion and made for the farmstead," is a fault; there are plenty of synonyms in the English language by which "tranquil beauty" and "jaded steeds" can be furnished up into something less painfully familiar. The longest story in the book, "Magic Casements," at its latter part comes perilously near the pretty-pretty, homely-pathetic style dear to readers of penny novelettes; the kind of thing which is sometimes expressively called "soft." The first one, on the other hand, "Lena of Lion Kloof," is a clever and powerful little study. For the rest, they will give many readers, we doubt not, a gentle, unruffled hour of pleasant, arm-chair exploration in the land of Boers and Kaffirs.

The Isle of Lies. By M. P. SHIEL. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

BEWILDERMENT, not unmixed with resentment, is an unequivocal description of our feelings upon turning the last page of this extraordinary book, for a more incoherent, improbable, fantastic story it would be difficult to conceive. It opens well; the adventures of Dr. Lepsius at the Abyssinian monastery are capitally related, and his escape with the mysterious trinket leads us to infer that we are on the edge of something exceptionally fine in the way of romance. But the good time never comes. The deciphering of the inscription on this stolen trinket, which we were induced to believe was to form the central idea of the book, seems to be completely lost sight of; the old Doctor, who marries, retires to a lonely island of the Outer Hebrides, and trains his son with the sole purpose of reading it, is relegated to a trivial position in the plot; and the remainder of the narrative deals with the affairs of this amazing son of his, Hannibal Lepsius. It trails off, in fact, to a very dreary account of third-rate intrigue and conjuring tricks on the part of Hannibal, and not a single character is seemly or life-like. We will quote a specimen of the appalling nonsense that the hero talks, and have done:

"Love is apparently an instinct of fate," Lepsius replied; "the lover prophesies in a kind of trance of triumphs to come. . . . The line of your profile has a hint of hollowness to the eye, owing only to a most slight jutting of your chin's point, a nothing which has overjoyed me with emotions the most poignant, with a sense of brotherhood for you, with a sense of the earth from her furnace-birth to her furthest sunsets, when the sun shall shine much nigher her, and the moon loom hugely; and I have compared you with ages, and with the Lady in the Chair of Cassiopeia. Or, looking sideways at you with your legs crossed, I have been struck by the great prolongation of your thigh-bones—so great that you could hardly run on your toes and palms, as I and apes may, since your knee-caps would doubtless graze the ground—so evolved, patrician; and I have cried extravagantly that, at their greatest stretch, the very galaxy would find space and to spare 'twixt their gaping gateway—an extravagance merely in appearance, since it is in a trance-dream of graces great even to infinity in types fated to grow from you that I thus exclaim; it is my subconsciousness, nay, my consciousness somewhat, all bewildered with a blaze of the world-wonder, and how, darling, but in boundless words may the mortal heart blurt out a little that burden of the Eternal? . . ."

There are several pages of this, and it is the sort of stuff he can turn on, at any moment, by way of making love. Admittedly, he is a crank, and his up-bringing has been peculiar, but he does not strike us as the kind of eccentric who makes for amusing reading. The whole story, after the first chapter, is chaotic and improbable to the last degree, unredeemed by any cleverness of plot or dialogue, and we cannot advise our readers to risk their time in its perusal.

Fatality. By G. G. CHATTERTON. (John Long, 6s.)

As may be inferred from the title, this is rather a sombre story, but the author has treated his subject with a sense of proportion that restrains him from unduly emphasising the darker tones, and, although the ending is sad, it is by no means hopeless. Some pleasing touches of humour, too, relieve the tension frequently; indeed, there is no heavy-handedness throughout the book. The principal situation is that of a woman, Lady Delacour, under suspicion of having poisoned her husband, who fears to marry her former lover lest the cloud overshadow the children yet unborn. She is wholly innocent, and at the trial there was not sufficient evidence to convict her or the nurse, who, with the dead man himself, formed the possible alternative; but the mystery remaining unsolved, she suffered the temporary ostracism of an unkindly world, and, naturally, the tortures of a sensitive mind. The events which follow her retirement to Cornwall are exceedingly well related, and the smug, self-satisfied vicar, who visits his brilliant new parishioner with a view to admonishment and gets severely admonished himself, is a character well and forcibly drawn:

Going his way, as he rounded a curve of the lane, he came face to face with Lady Delacour, halted, and introduced himself. So, Esterelle invited him to retrace his steps and come back to tea with her.

"It would be too bad that you should go away a second time without coming in," she said pleasantly. "We have been watching the tide rush in—we, meaning my dog and myself. Such waves every now and then! The foam splashed right over us!"

Mr. Kingdon gazed at her in astonishment. This was the woman whom he had noticed, shrouded in her long crape veil, glide quietly into church, as quietly glide out of it, and flit solitarily away when service was concluded. And now, as he came round the curve, she had been running—yes, running; encouraging the dog to jump at her by flapping his nose with her glove, and her bare hand sparkled with many rings. . . . Had she instead been taken unawares promenading staidly, wearing her widow's veil and bonnet, with ungloved hand, were that necessary, showing only a wedding-ring, she would have drawn nearer to his charity. . . . The room into which Esterelle lightly ushered him helped him in his sensations. . . . The pretty knick-knacks, the costly bibelots and pictures that Esterelle had transplanted from her boudoir in Grosvenor Square, had here an effect, unnoticed by her, that impressed the vicar as exotic; and again the vague uneasiness assailed him. He felt almost as if unawares he had stumbled on an ante-chamber of the Scarlet Woman herself.

The scene is much too lengthy to quote in full, but it is one of the best in the book. We think that the author would do well in future to avoid the use of so many "sentences," if such they may be termed, which lack a main verb, as, for example: "Unveiled, with wind-blown hair curling about her face, and speaking in the ringing tones of youth." This sort of writing should be very sparingly employed; it is meretricious, a trick much in favour with certain sensational scribblers, by which not many readers whose opinion is worth having are beguiled. Apart from this, the prose is good, the interest is strongly held, and, we are glad to be able to say, the book is marked by a restraint and delicacy which form no small portion of its attraction.

High Life in the Far East. By JAMES DALZIEL. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

A good novel, like fair play, is a jewel, and the short story, being and professing to be but a single facet of the precious stone, should be brilliant enough to justify its existence. To our regret we know that not a few collections of short stories can hardly boast a respectably bright flash amongst them; it is therefore a pleasure to be able to praise Mr. James Dalziel's latest book. None of the fifteen clever little sketches could be omitted to advantage, and they all balance

excellently in that each deals with some aspect of that mysterious, bewitching, many-coloured fantasy of Eastern waters, which is the very antithesis of our calm, grey, Northern sea-life. They are artistic, but not too obviously so; the great temptation of the average writer essaying this form of his art which seems so easy is to tell too much; these are free from that fault; suggestive, yet carried through with a regard for suitable picturesqueness of language and vividness of description that harmonises exactly with the *mise-en-scène*.

It is a vexatious and ungrateful thing to quote from a short story, as a rule, but we will allow ourselves to take a paragraph or two from the career of "Bos'n," the black retriever, for our readers' enjoyment; in doing so we neither reveal the principal heroic incident in which he was concerned nor spoil the story. Bos'n was well known all up and down the coast on the boats of a certain Company:

Only once was he known to board a craft other than those belonging to the Celestial Coasting Company, and on that occasion but little option was left him. His ship was timed to sail at daylight, and he arrived at the wharf at 6 a.m., meaning to make a "pier-head jump"—for Bos'n, like other of his shipmates, was not above indulging in a "fly-round" at Shanghai—to find the steamer already some distance from the wharf, and proceeding slowly down the river. . . . But as the channel became clearer, the ship slipped rapidly away from him, and when abreast of the Dock, he saw that the chase was hopeless, and decided to take a rest on a vessel moored conveniently in the fair-way.

So five minutes later Bos'n was standing on the deck of the United States cruiser *Monocracy*, the centre of an admiring crowd of man-o-war's men, who, with the elastic morality of the sailor, straightway decided to enrol him in the ship's company. . . . The crew clubbed together and had built for him a resplendent silver collar engraved with the ship's name, flanked by a curious fowl that represented the Chinese silver-smith's idea of the Bird of Freedom, and a nondescript female of disreputable appearance that stood for the Goddess of Liberty, with the motto *E Pluribus Unam* to complete the circle. . . . What was the reason of his dissatisfaction will never be known; but one day when a steamer of the Celestial Company was passing there was a rush and a scuffle and a splash, and Bos'n and the American Eagle and the Goddess of Liberty, and the Many that became One and six yards of brass chain flashed through a gun-port as if they had been shot from a catapult. By and by a sampan came down the river and delivered a ragged brown paper parcel, which on being opened was found to contain the collar and chain, and a *chit* rather forcibly than elegantly worded enunciating some unkind ideas about dog-stealers in general, and intimating that if they wanted Bos'n they could blanky-blank well come and fetch him. . . .

Of his tragic end the remaining pages tell graphically. Our one complaint must be that too many of Mr. Dalziel's stories, though often treated with considerable humour, are on the sad side; in his next collection perhaps he will give us rather more of the laughter that is not extinguished by tragedy or darkened by broken love-idylls. We feel sure that he could do it, and do it well.

MORAR BHEANAICHTE

Nor far from the beaten track lies an enchanted region, known superficially, if at all, to the ordinary tourist. It is full of old-world lore, of legend and of superstition. Till yesterday the English tongue was hardly spoken within its boundaries. Most wonderful of all, in a country where theological controversy and the strife of sects have raged through long centuries, no breath of discord has crossed its encircling hills and seas. Still, as four centuries ago, the Ancient Faith holds undisputed sway and the Cross upon the mountain guards "Morar Bheanaichte," blessed Morar, where no Protestant ever preached; where the Peace of

God abides in minds untroubled by questioning or doubt.

We had wandered for days and nights through "Prince Charlie's Country." We had trodden the Dark Mile; had skirted Loch Arkaig, where the treasure lies buried; had drunk of the Well of the Seven Heads, by the shores of Loch Ness; had heard the deep tones that call to worship from the tower of S. Benedict's Abbey. And, when Compline was over in the dim light church where cowed monks enter in solemn procession, we came out under the stars, resolved to seek again the regions of the West and find for ourselves if what we had heard were indeed true.

How the road winds it matters not. Every inch of it is haunted by memories of other years. Where in Moidart and Glenfinnan can you wander "for Charlie and his men?" Now a mansion where the kind, the clement, the gallant Prince of the '45 was an honoured guest; there the well by Kinlocheil that bears his name; here the tree in whose hollow trunk he hid while the red-coats searched; there the Tor-a-Phrionna where he disembarked. But at length you reach the spot where the Royal Standard was raised on the green meadow at the head of long Loch Shiel.

Not far off from "the old, ancient house" of Kinloch-Moidart, where the Prince's Avenue can yet be visited, stands the statue of Charlie, still, as Andrew Lang puts it, gazing towards the throne. As you pass in the glory of an autumn morning, ere the sun has dried the dew, soft shadows flit along the hill-sides and the heather burns purple. The air is sweet with the scent of bog-myrtle. Turn for a moment and gaze back upon the great mountain mass of Ben Nevis. There, high on its rocky bosom lies a cross of snow, pointing to the region that never swerved. For it was at Loch Shiel that the tide of the Reformation broke, once for all, in futile foam. Up on the hill stands "the Church with the Open Door." You enter in to rest awhile in the holy calm. The spell falls; you have stepped back through the centuries.

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.

From the ever-open door, symbolical of so much, you see hill and loch shimmering in the heat. The monument fades into the haze like a dream, and in its place there floats the Standard of the Exiled King, with Tullibardine at its foot; and grouped round it, Clanranald and his men, their tartans waving, their bare blades glittering. The music of the pipes comes through the still air and is answered from the glen. It is Lochiel with his clan, and by his side Jenny Cameron with the White Cockade.

What though not a man of them knows a word of the Prince's speech? Thirteen hundred bonnets fly into the air. The Standard unfurls on the breeze. It is the 19th of August, 1745, and 163 years have slipped away!

But it is a far cry to Morar and the road grows rough and steep and deserted. No conveyance seems to come that way now. Loch Eilt lies in solitude; over Loch Ailort brood the peaks of Froshven and the Stac. Was it in the Wood of the Green Moss, where every boulder and tree trunk is clad in the fairy colour and the evening light throws strange, fantastic shadows, that the heir of Castle Tirrim, hiding from Allan-nan-Corc, encountered, on a day of days, a maiden with eyes mysterious as the twilight and a voice musical as the song of The Nameless Burn? The goats had strayed far among the rocks, where the Atlantic surges break at the edge of the forest. She only saw a goodly youth; he, a maid, fairer than the daughters of men. Not until the priest had given his blessing, did either guess that the

son of the Chief of Castle Tirrim had wedded the daughter of that fierce Allan of the Sword who had murdered his father.

On, by the back of Keppoch, till at last, with Rum and Eigg and then Skye, outlined across the blue expanse, the sands of Morar, white as snow-drifts among the heather, tell their tale. Then you come to the translucent waters where, in the gloaming and in the dawn, Morag is seen swimming when a Macdonald or a Gillies is to pass.

"They will be saying strange things about Morag. No, I will not hef seen her myself; but my father did. It was just behind the island with the three peaks she was seen. Yes, indeed!"

And strange things they will tell you, those simple folk, if you can win their confidence, things not to be set down here, lest, hearing of them, they tell no more. Some have seen Morag as a seal-maiden; some, as a strange shapeless beast. It was Morag, too, that the Jacobite Minstrel named "the lad with the bloom of a lass" for whom so many went to their deaths—"Morag, the beautiful maiden with the hair of gold."

The breeze is redolent with the subtle odour of peat from the thatched cottages at the head of the sea-water loch. The Morar river dashes down the gorge. A fisher is casting a fly below the fall. The twilight deepens; but on the mountain outlined against the fading sky stands the Holy Symbol. We have achieved our goal. Compline has been said ere we reach the church on the shores of the fresh-water loch. The night deepens. The late-rising moon is in the sky and a single star shines radiantly beyond the cross upon the hill. Blessed Morar is wrapt in a mantle of repose.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE annual meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 20th instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Westminster, Dr. H. R. Mill, President, in the chair.

Dr. Mill devoted his presidential address to "Some Aims and Efforts of the Society in its Relation to the Public and to Meteorological Science." He pointed out that the Society is composed of Fellows whose interest in meteorology varies widely, and there is moderation in dividing the Fellows into no more than three orders: meteorologists, observers, and interested persons. Meteorologists have either voluntarily devoted much time to the scientific study of atmospheric phenomena or are professionally engaged in meteorological work; observers, while often well versed in meteorology, specialise in collecting data and preparing them for discussion; and persons interested are those—and they form the majority—who have neither the special training of a meteorologist nor the special aptitude or inclination of an observer, but are none the less convinced of the importance of the work which is being done by the other two orders, and willing to support it, eager to become acquainted with the results obtained, able to follow and appreciate and often to criticise very usefully the expositions which meteorologists and observers lay before the meetings. The public contains many interested persons of this class who do not belong to a meteorological society and are the less able, on that account, to understand what is going on in the air above them, but the great multitude of the public, which for convenience may be called the general public, consists of persons who are not interested either actually or potentially in the scientific study of atmospheric phenomena, but require stimulation and education before they can think rationally or speak intelligently about the weather. In deal-

ing with the subject matter of meteorology there are two extreme points of view held among meteorologists, which appeal to two opposite types of mind: these are the simply observational and the purely analytical; and it is one of the great advantages of a scientific society to bring representatives of the two types together and to encourage mutual toleration and understanding. After referring to the activity of the Society in the establishment of well-equipped and carefully-inspected stations, for accurate observations of meteorological phenomena, and to the work carried out by various special committees, the President proceeded to call attention to two lines of usefulness which lay open to the Society at the present time. One is the correction of the impulsive sensationalism and anti-scientific spirit in meteorological matters of a certain section of the Press in this country, which no doubt faithfully reflects the somewhat muddled ideas of the general public; the other is the advance which has been made in meteorological science during the last few years and the new opportunities it brings. He then alluded to the popular errors which are current concerning published weather records, and the effect of these on the Meteorological Departments maintained by many municipalities. There seems to be an opinion that (1) sunshine is good; (2) rain is bad; (3) cold is bad; (4) dryness is good; (5) heat is good; and (6) to be above the local average in the "bad" elements or below it in the "good" is a disgrace never to be acknowledged if it is possible to deny it. So much is this the case that he had heard instances of reports being suppressed in order to obviate misconceptions, and of instruments being moved in order to obtain more agreeable records. He next stated that we now stand at a very important point in the history of meteorology, which bids fair to expand in interest and importance in the twentieth century as chemistry did in the nineteenth, and from the same cause increasing necessity of applying its principles to practical ends. The standpoint of the meteorologist to-day is different from that of ten or even of twenty years ago. Then the only department in which much general interest could be expected was climatology, the study of the average conditions of the atmosphere at different places. Much remains to be done in that department, but the main interest is being diverted from the study of the air four feet above the ground, on the study of which climatology has been based, to the vast expanse of the upper atmosphere miles above the abode of man. He believed that in a few years the "airy navies grappling in the central blue" will demand a far more exact knowledge than is now required of atmospheric circulation and the relation of wind to gradient; or the disturbing influence of insolation on pressure; on the nature and movements of atmospheric eddies and currents; and these things being of practical importance, it will become worth the while of wealthy people to find the means for studying them.

After Dr. Mill had been thanked for his address and for his services during the past year, Mr. H. Mellish was elected President, and Mr. F. Campbell Bayard and Commander F. W. Caborne, C.B., Secretaries for the ensuing year.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHAUCEER AND MODERNITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Dipping from time to time into Coleridge's "Table-Talk," one is struck not only by its modernity, but also by its incisive common sense. Coleridge's few plain rules for the reading of Chaucer are "not for himself," for he "cannot in the

least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry being considered obsolete." He goes on to say, "Strike out those words which are now (considered) obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself."

Amongst words still in use would be included those expressive dialect words, mostly Saxon, which are identical in meaning, and possibly pronunciation, with Chaucer's use of them five hundred years ago. It is curious to reflect that provincialisms which are uncouth and without meaning beyond a very limited locality were current and even metropolitan English at that time. Of these may be instanced a few, such as the following: —*Neshe* (Yorkshire), tender, thin-skinned; *threpe* (Yorkshire), to call, to reiterate an opinion offensively; *ligge* (Yorkshire), to lie down; *lithe* (Yorkshire), to soften, to thicken a liquid; *hilled* (Derbyshire), hidden; *wick* (Yorkshire), quick, living; *nappe* (Yorkshire), sleep; *urclion*, hedgehog; *throstle*, thrush; *heron-scew*, young heron (Yorkshire and Midlands); *span-neue*, or bran-new, quite new; *flitted*, removed, shifted. This word, which is used in the present tense in the Prayer Book version of the Psalms, "Thou tellest my flittings," is also in constant provincial use at that period of anxiety to both tenants and landlords, known as quarter-day. The county limitations are not, of course, arbitrary, but merely to indicate the extent of personal knowledge. It would take up too much space to give all these and other provincialisms, with the context, in Chaucer, and a few instances must suffice.

"Mordre is so wlatson (loathsome) and abhominable
That (God) ne wol not suffre it hyllid be."

—*The Nonnes Preestes Tale.*

"Sol gold is, and Luna silver we threpe."

—*The Chanones Yemannes Tale.*

"Thilke ground that beareth the wedes wick."

—*Troilus and Creside.*

"But sir, ye lye, I tell ye plat."

—*The Romaunt of the Rose.*

This last word, which will be readily identified with its equivalent "flat," is used indifferently either way in heated conversation between rustics in many provincial localities.

There have been many attempts to modernise Chaucer, but none, it seems to me, sufficiently disinterested to present him without mutilation, or some infatuated show of improvement. The moderniser is never content to sink his own personality, and by the time he has done with him, there is precious little left of the beautiful simplicity of the original Chaucer. Dryden is the greatest offender of all. In fact, he is little better than a common thief who passes all his loot of Chaucerian chased gold through the thieves' kitchen and expands it into thinnest leaf gold before putting it on the market. What could exceed the audacious barbarity of his treatment of the "Wife of Bath's Tale"? Its exquisite prelude of twenty-five lines is expanded into fifty, to the utter dispersion of that key-note of Faery which catches the spirit-ear in this strain.

"In olde dayes of the king Artour,
Of which that Bretons spoken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie;
The Elf-queene, with hire joly compaignie,
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago;
But now no man can see non elves mo."

Expanded and metamorphosed with variations and accretions it becomes Dryden pure and simple.

Pope is less expansive, and has the good taste to acknowledge his indebtedness to Chaucer; but all the same it is the voice of Pope that speaks. I think Wordsworth retains more of the tone and spirit of Chaucer than either and keeps nearer to the original diction, but it is not Chaucer. To give a story in modern language, say, from "The Canterbury Tales," is not reproducing Chaucer any more than "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" are Shakespeare.

The little penny prose book, in the series called "Books for the Bairns," containing Tales from Chaucer, has been read probably by thousands of children; but not one in a thousand read the original Chaucer, and, perhaps, not one in tens of thousands read him with the pleasure that induced Coleridge to say, "I take increasing delight in Chaucer." Furthermore, he suggests a method "of restoring so great a poet to his

ancient and most deserved popularity" which has the merit of common sense.

"Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *e* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *ocean* and *nation* as dissyllables—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse." Who could have been more competent than Coleridge himself? But he didn't do it, and he would never have done it. His want of application and his own singing instincts were insuperable hindrances to the carrying out of the inspired dicta of his unpremeditated "Table Talk." The poet of "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan" and the divine fragments which ravish and disappoint the listening ear of time could never have put himself into harness of the "competent metrist" to achieve the task. His version, probably, would have been more poetically wide of the mark than either Dryden or Pope.

The question arises, is it possible to modernise Chaucer so that readers who are not students, and who would be impatient of a glossary, shall take increasing delight in the "morning star of song"? Can the spirit of the fourteenth century, with its pathos and humour, catch the ear and touch the heart of the twentieth century in the original voice which moved to tears and laughter the earlier century?

The Chaucerian authority and eminent philologist, Professor Skeat, has published portions of Chaucer in modernised versions, and even he has substituted his own diction frequently whilst endeavouring to convey the original sense, which seems to contradict Coleridge's assertion that there is no necessity for his poetry being considered obsolete. It is true, however, that those provincial words still in use, and identical with Saxon words used by Chaucer, are obsolete except in very limited localities. Though many, like *nesh*, *nap*, *lig*, *wick*, *flitting*, etc., have a wider acceptance, and might still be retained, as the very sound of them is often suggestive of their meaning.

It seems to me it would be possible to give a rendering of Chaucer by this means and by very occasional transposing, without either mutilation or substituting with a supposed improvement of diction, which is almost equivalent to sacrilege. This might involve the occasional halting of a line, and perhaps some loss of rhythm and rhyme. But it would be Chaucer, and not Dryden or Pope or another.

Take the beautiful unfolding of an English spring in the opening lines of the "Prologue," of which you and I feel the freshness and fragrance:—

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veine in swiche licour,
Of whiche vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eke with his sote brethe
Enspired hath in every holt and hethe
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne,
And smale foulles maken melodie,
That slepen alle night with open eye."

"When as that April with his showers sweet
The drought of March hath pierced to the root,
And bathed every vein in such liquor,
Of which virtue engendred is the flower;
When Zephyrus eke with his sweet breath
Enspired hath in every holt and heath
The tender crops, and the young sun
Hath in the ram his half course run,
And little birds make melody,
That sleep all night with open eye."

This is all very simple, and to the lover of Chaucer such trifling alterations must appear supererogatory, and yet I have discovered that the average reader, who may rever the barbarities of Browning, is bored by the quaint terminations, and puzzled by the primitive Saxon for which he will not trouble to refer to a glossary. Tyrwhitt gives only about fifty "words and phrases not understood," and some of these, I believe, are still in use as provincialisms.

The prejudicial obsolescence of diction is seldom more apparent than in the above opening to the "Prologue," which is less than a thin April mist scarcely veiling a distant coppice at dawn, but which disappears entirely as you approach it. Though occasionally, as aforesaid, destructive of rhyme and very occasionally of rhythm, yet I submit (with deference) that a literal rendering on this method preserves the tone and spirit of

Chaucer himself. Compare in this manner the opening to "The Wife of Bath's Tale" with Dryden's version:—

"In olden days of the King Arthur
Of which that Bretons speak great honour
All was this land fulfilled of faerie
The elf-queen with her jolly company
Danced full oft in many a green mead
This was the old opinion as I read
I speak of many hundred years ago."

And now take Dryden's magniloquent expansion of the pure gold of these seven lines beaten out into sixteen:—

"In days of old, when Arthur filled the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gambol'd on heaths, and danc'd on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbitten rose, and mark'd the ground;
Nor darkling did they glance, the silver light
Of Phæbe serv'd to guide their steps aright,
And, with their tripping pleas'd, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
Nor longer than she shed her horns they stay'd,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd,
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings and revel'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times."

Of the above passages, the original, with only the spelling modernised, is more modern in tone and conception than its elaborate paraphrase and will still be modern when Dryden is reckoned more obsolete than he is now. Chaucer's modernity is the modernity of all true poetry since the beginning of human history, which is itself inconceivably modern in the order of the universe. The apparent obsolescence is, as we see, superficial. A fairly educated compositor, with a glossary at his elbow, might produce an edition of Chaucer that would be as readable to the lazy average reader as Shakespeare, or Coleridge, or Keats. The poet and scholar are not to be trusted; for neither can resist the temptation to show off at the risk of submerging Chaucer.

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And how completely he was submerged for a period, owing to the rapid efflorescence of the language which he "first with harmony informed," the writers of the seventeenth century attest. His praise was in every mouth; but it was the praise of one dead and buried. Waller, in his poem "Of English Verse," has a stanza which reads like his epitaph:

"Chaucer his verse can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain."

Dryden, too, sounds the note of praise, and calls him "a perpetual fountain of good sense," whilst he takes care to bury him in a gorgeous mausoleum which is to the honour and glory of the sculptor, and no more like Chaucer than Young's paraphrase of the Book of Job is like that beautiful Eastern epic.

E. K.

SENTIMENTALITY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There is a tendency nowadays to lengthen words in order to enlarge their denotation. We are not content with speaking of a "temper," but must needs call it "temperament." Even so a visit becomes a "visitation," and the simple monosyllable "man" is hideously transformed into "humanity." But these are sad omens for the future, and unless something be done to curtail this devolution of language, we are like to find ourselves also on the downward path.

A conscious elongation of words is nevertheless infinitely superior to an unconscious extension of their meaning, a process which has taken place with regard to the hybrid word "sentiment." It was never, at its best, a word with a very lofty significance, but when used sparingly it did imply a certain manly and respectful attitude between a person and an idea, or even between two persons. The habitual ending to a French epistle, "*Recevez mes meilleurs sentiments*," is not without its dignity, and is certainly restrained in its meaning. The gentleman who hung the Lord's Prayer above his bed, and said each night, "Them's my sentiments," employed the word quite legitimately, and doubtless received much edification thereby. But when "sentiment" becomes "sentimentality," we are faced with a very grave problem. Many people employ the word "sentiment" where they should employ "sentimentality," and this abuse is but a sign of the general decadence which is setting in throughout our country. If we recall certain of the outbursts made at the beginning or during the course of the South African War, we can see that this blight of sentimentality was already attacking the people at large, as evidenced by the Press. Over the lists of casualties there was exaggerated weeping and gnashing of teeth, not for the sake of the people who suffered by these losses, but because they served as a stimulus to the lower sentiments of the people at large.

This canker that has attacked our nation has reached its culmination in the timid and futile efforts of members of Parliament and others in authority to deal with the Woman's Suffrage question. Those in authority are absolutely afraid to treat them as they deserve, owing to the political capital that might be made out of it, and the indignation which would be evidenced throughout the baser organs of the Press. This sickly sentimentalism which now reigns pretends to attribute its lack of initiative to a spirit of justice in which both sides of the question must be discussed. Cowardice is called chivalry: blatant rowdiness is treated as a joke, and a horde of unrestrained viragos sweeps triumphantly through the streets of London. Not content with this evidence of moral cowardice, there have actually been some delicately-minded members of the House who have protested against the far too lenient treatment of these female hooligans.

It is not the time to discuss such a paltry question as giving the franchise to women. Woman is woman, and until methods of parthenogenesis obtain, she will remain an inferior creature to man. Women even who pay taxes have, in the majority of cases, inherited their money from male relatives, and should really consider themselves lucky to be allowed the undisturbed possession of it when there are so many men poor and unemployed. Moreover, it can be conclusively proved that in all history the predominance of woman has been concomitant with the dissolution of the State, and those who are wise will read the signs of the times.

Nor can we attribute this sentimentalism to anything else but a lack of education. The old public school system, which

helped scholars and produced men, is dying out, to be superseded by a system which causes manliness to abort and fills our newspaper offices with a crew of half-fledged degenerates, who have no power of endurance, and have not suffered enough to make them understand the value of anything. Hence we have a Keir Hardie, whose career through our Empire is curiously punctuated by disturbances. Nothing but an absurd sentimentality would allow such an incompetent to meander through the country when we are on the eve of serious trouble in India, and a probable revolution in Egypt, to say nothing of the complications in the Balkans.

The country is being ruined by sentimentalism and futile advertisement. No sooner does a man die in the street than a swarm of reporters appear like flies or carrion, each eager to get "the story" for their ignoble publications. No sooner is a murderer arrested than columns appear describing his methods of life, "by one who knew him." However much we may desire to regard matters coolly, we cannot fail to recognise the deleterious effects of this unbridled sentimentality. Troubles are, unfortunately, an evil necessity under the existing conditions, but there is no need to magnify them in this loathsome manner.

We want a system that will produce men in the highest sense of the word, men whose sentiments are calm, honest, and restrained. We do not require this medley of hysterical men and women, whose god is advertisement, and whose mind is averse to any form of true patriotism.

We must clear our minds of sentimentality if there is to be any hope for the future. Woman is very well in her proper place—a judicious obscurity mitigated by the capture of a husband. Socialists who have coloured brethren will do well for the Kingdom of Heaven, where no distinction of colour is known, and morbid journalists and newspaper proprietors will find another sphere of usefulness; but in England we require a return to methods of sanity and sentiments worthy of a great nation.

R. L. LESLIE.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—If Mr. Caleb Porter had shown a little more knowledge and fairness, and less prejudice and animus, his letter might have been convincing. He accuses me of "impertinence" in sending you a *réchauffé* of a letter of mine in *Vanity Fair* five years ago; with more truth he might have said it was an abstract of a long letter in the *Times* and an article in the *Artist* two years before. The letter was printed in the Victoria Memorial Number of the *Times*, which had "the largest circulation in the world" that day, and it brought me sympathetic encouragement from strangers in all parts of England, so my views are not so "extraordinary" as Mr. Porter would have your readers believe. As nothing was then done, and it is now proposed to do something to lessen the injustice to Martin, another plea to remove the stigma from ourselves was eminently called for. Nothing disgraces and belittles a nation so much as insensibility to the greatness of its sons; and I do not want it left for the foreigner to "discover" Martin, as the Germans claim to have discovered Shakespeare.

I said that Martin, in aiming at the sublime when his powers were failing, toppled over the perilous line; in one picture Mr. Porter makes me say he achieved the "ultra-ridiculous." Milton toppled over the perilous line when he made the angels use artillery in the war in Heaven; but "Paradise Lost" is a magnificent work despite such defects. So Martin's "Last Judgment" is marred by the flowing robes of the angels, which suggest crinolines, and by the saved rising through the trees, suggesting that they are roosting on the cedars. As I said in the *Artist*: "Despite these defects, it is a wonderful composition. Compare it with the utter chaos of Tintoretto's 'Paradise,' then say who but Martin could have ordered such a triune world into unity? The domes of the Celestial City soar like evening cumuli above the Great White Throne flanked by the four-and-twenty-Elders. Through the stratus dividing the upper and lower worlds, the Avenging Angel, thunder-clad, is descending upon the panic-stricken multitudes of evil-doers. The scarlet ladies, the grasping misers clutching their useless gold, and the faithless stewards of Church and State stand out from the warring myriads of maddened sinners, who extend in serried masses back into the immensity of night. On the other hand, we have a galaxy of the blest, a countless multitude extending in orderly array to the distant city, which is a dream of loveliness, a pearl city faintly incarnadined by the blood-red

sun as it sinks into the abyss. The art that could marshal such amazing masses of material is of a higher order than any we have experience of to-day."

That Martin should have been able to put such subjects with equal ease on a huge canvas or a tiny wood-block shows a range of power that artists will appreciate, although Mr. Porter boggles at it. Indeed, it is to artists I appeal to confirm my statements; and I challenge their judgment, as they can only make the reservations I have made, and say they do not like such art. But I simply hate Dante's "Inferno." At the same time I recognise the greatness of the work. As for Bulwer Lytton, I quoted him because he described Martin's works more eloquently than any other writer, and because I heartily endorse his statements; and with both pen and brush I have proved my right to speak.

As for my "misdirected energy," which Mr. Porter is so anxious that some "better voice" should protest against, that energy has been used to expose shams, insincerity, humbug, pretentious incompetence, and conscienceless criticism, and the amazing blindness that has mistaken decadence for progress. I have raised a vigorous protest against the mistaken and unpatriotic action of the Press in allowing a steady defamation of all that is best in our national art, in the interests of small decadent cliques and of dealers in Old Masters. This misdirected energy of the Press has depreciated modern art by millions of pounds in value, besides paralysing upward effort. But I not only exposed abuses; I traced them to their root-causes, showed the true inwardness of an unprecedented situation, and the way out. I showed the higher purpose of Art, which had been so strangely overlooked, and the need of a Higher Criticism, that should understand itself and Art, and the delicate and weariable nature of the faculties the critic works with, and to which Art is addressed. But I was only expressing the best thought of the time, others lacking the courage to run counter to the foolish fads and fashions of the day. What I said, and others thought, yesterday, people are beginning to say to-day, and everybody will be saying to-morrow. So Mr. Porter will look in vain for that "better voice" to stay my plea for justice.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Archbishop of Canterbury is quite unrepentant and quite unchastened by the reception given by Churchmen to his squalid attempts to "compromise" with Mr. Runciman over the Church schools. In his speech at a meeting of the Canterbury Diocesan Education Society on Wednesday last, he said that to his mind the balance of advantage lay with the suggested settlement, and if it had all to be done over again, nothing that had happened since would lead him to speak, write, or act otherwise than he had done. Fortunately it has been demonstrated that the Church is not at the mercy of the Archbishop and the bishops, and that they are powerless to impose their political opportunism on the great body of Churchmen. When next the great Archbishop starts his beautiful "compromising" games with the avowed enemies of the Church he will find that a great deal of the ignorance and misunderstanding which prevailed on the subject, causing so many "plain men" and "men in the street" to support him, has been dissipated, and that consequently he will not even be able to rely on the applause of the mob. For instance, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which was one of his staunchest supporters a little while ago, has apparently discovered that it has made an awkward blunder. It has now executed a complete *volte-face*, and is coming out very strongly as a supporter of the Church's demands. This is distinctly amusing considering the attitude that the *Pall Mall* took up at a time when the Church was in real danger. "Bad citizens," "reactionaries," and "wreckers" were some of the epithets bestowed about six weeks ago by Mr. Astor's organ on all those who ventured to hold the opinions which it now professes to hold itself. Having discovered that the Church side is likely to be the winning side, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has altered its views accordingly. We make no complaint—indeed, we foretold exactly what would happen—and we are glad to think that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has had the good sense to change what it is pleased to call its mind even at so late a stage. The public at large will now have an opportunity for forming an excellent idea as to the value of the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on any question of public policy, or indeed on any subject whatever.

Mr. Bottomley is very angry about our paragraph in THE ACADEMY of January 9th, in which we wrote as follows: "We happen to know that the publisher of Oscar Wilde's collected works sent them for review to not more than six journals, and we question whether *John Bull* was included in the number. Of course, Mr. Vivian may have 'received' the collected works in the sense that he has bought them and paid for them, or that he has borrowed them from a friend, but when a reviewer talks about 'receiving' books, he implies that they have been sent to him or to his editor for review." "Well, they were," says Mr. Bottomley, and goes on to "venture to suggest" that the editor of THE ACADEMY "should have taken the trouble to consult the publisher before making accusations intended to suggest bad faith." As a matter of fact, we consulted Mr. Robert Ross, the editor of the edition, and he informed us in writing that the collected edition was originally sent only to six daily papers, and that subsequently, by special arrangement, it was sent to two more daily papers, and to no other daily or weekly. That makes eight in all, so that we were mistaken in saying that it was only sent to six, but that is immaterial to our argument. We leave it to our readers to judge whether we can fairly be accused of making accusations without taking due precaution as to our authority. As a matter of fact, we made no accusation. We merely said that we "ventured to doubt" whether Messrs. Methuen had sent the collected edition of Wilde's works to *John Bull*, or to Mr. Vivian, for review. Evidently either Mr. Ross was mistaken in what he wrote to us, or Messrs. Methuen suddenly changed their minds and sent the edition to *John Bull* alone among weekly papers, and without the knowledge of Mr. Ross. We should not be surprised at anything that Messrs. Methuen did; we have already indicated in these columns our opinion of their intelligence, their judgment, and their discretion, but it is obvious that in view of the information we had received from Mr. Ross we cannot be blamed for "venturing to doubt" that they had singled out *John Bull* as a recipient of their collected edition. In any case, the matter is a trifling one, and we see no necessity to make a pother about it. As to Mr. Bottomley's vulgar and foolish personal attacks on the editor of this paper, Mr. Bottomley probably knows his own business best (it is to be hoped, for his own sake, that he does), and if he thinks that his readers are amused or edified by the sort of repartee which takes the form of putting out the tongue and saying: "Yah! *You may be a lord* (sic), but you have not got the manners of a gentleman," by all means let him continue to make use of it. It doesn't hurt us, and it probably consoles Mr. Bottomley "in the hour of his trial."

In the current number of a magazine called *The Humane Review*, which we have not previously come across, there is a good example of the sort of effort on the part of the Humanitarian League which we can heartily support and approve. We refer to an article called "How to Kill Animals Humanely." It contains admirable advice and instruction on the painless destruction of old and decrepit pets who are often kept alive out of mistaken kindness, or because their owner "cannot bear" to have them destroyed. There are also some valuable remarks about traps. Steel traps for rabbits and vermin have always seemed to us brutally cruel and indefensible. Many preservers of game, we are glad to say, absolutely refuse to allow their keepers to use them. We think that their use ought to be made illegal. In the same number of the *Humane Review* there is reproduced, under the heading, "Savage Sport at Eton," a correspondence between a large collection of ladies, including the unspeakable Miss Pankhurst and the Head Master of Eton. The correspondence merely goes to show that

the perhaps well-meaning ladies in question are impervious to argument and wanting in common sense. If hare hunting is cruel then all sport is cruel, and it is no more cruel for boys to hunt hares at Eton than for men and women to hunt any other animal anywhere else. The ladies who signed the remonstrance to Canon Lyttelton must be perfectly well aware of this obvious fact. Why, then, do they address themselves particularly to the Head Master of Eton? The answer is that it gives them endless opportunities for indulging in sentimental clap-trap about "the youth of the nation" and the "demoralising effect" that hare hunting by Eton boys has on "boys of lowlier station."

Ostensibly their complaint is made against the hunting of heavy hares, and if they had confined themselves to this point there might have been much to say for them, but when it is proved to them that this hunting of heavy hares simply "does not happen," to quote Canon Lyttelton's words, they do not for that abate their campaign one wit. The article in which the correspondence between the ladies and the Head Master of Eton is reproduced, goes on to protest against any kind of hunting of hares whether male or female, heavy or light. It quotes, with approval, Ouida's remark that "the very discussion whether the hares are heavy or light seems unsupportably brutal," and later on refers to the sport as "a very cruel blood sport." Elsewhere it says: "the ordinary incidents of beagling are horrible enough, with the 'breaking up' of the hare and the 'bleeding' of the hounds." The use of these words is obviously simply a device to make creep the flesh of the sentimental. Everyone knows that hunting of any kind entails the killing or making an attempt to kill an animal, just as sitting down to luncheon entails the killing of an animal for food. To call that killing "breaking up" makes it neither more nor less "horrible." But "breaking up" sounds so much more terrible than "killing" that the wily humanitarian must needs make a great point of using the technical sporting term.

We shall not enter into a discussion as to the morality of field sports. We shall content ourselves with saying that while in our opinion they would probably be avoided by high saints, they are harmless and even beneficial to the ordinary man, and as for the sanction to kill animals, that question is settled once for all in the New Testament. Our Lord and his disciples and apostles ate meat, and to eat meat you must either kill an animal yourself or tolerate its destruction at the hands of others. Looking at the matter again from the point of view of the hare, we can safely assume that it is no worse to be broken up by the Eton Beagles than to have the same operation performed by a fox or to be "caught napping" by a weasel. The instinct of hunting is a very strong one in the human race; like all other human instincts it is capable of abuse, but it is, when confined to the hunting of animals, one of the least reprehensible of those instincts. In any case it is infinitely to be preferred to the instinct which so many women seem to have lately developed of hunting and harrying their neighbours, yelling for votes, breaking up meetings (as opposed to hares), and generally making a pestilential and noisy nuisance of themselves. Who in his senses, having offended in any way, would not rather fall into the hands of a company of life-long sportsmen and devotees of field sports rather than into the hands of a band of female suffragists, whether they chose to call themselves constitutional or militant?

Morally speaking, Mr. Herbert Gladstone will find it hard to satisfy his own conscience that the responsibility for the shocking outrage at Tottenham does not

rest with him. The Act for excluding undesirable aliens was passed with the very object of keeping out of the country such monsters as the "heroes" of this tragic affair, whereby two innocent people have lost their lives, and seventeen others been more or less seriously wounded. There is no doubt that if the Act had been enforced they would never have been allowed to land in England at all. But the Home Secretary, in obedience to the canting howl about "political refugees" which was raised in the Radical Press at the bidding of certain Jews and Socialists, has rendered this wise law of no effect. Mr. Winston Churchill also, we should imagine, must recall with mingled feelings his promises to the alien Semitic population of Manchester made on the occasion of his recent defeat in that city. He must perforce reflect that he gained nothing by these promises, since he failed to hold his seat, and he will have the uncomfortable certainty that he is not likely to be allowed to forget them for some time to come.

Meanwhile a great opportunity arises for Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The two noble "political refugees" who shot the policeman and the small boy, and wounded seventeen other people, are Anarchists, and their sad plight must necessarily appeal to the sympathetic feelings of the author of "The Bomb" and the author of the wonderful lamentations over the fate of the patriotic gentleman who endeavoured to blow up the King and Queen of Spain, and killed and wounded a large number of people in the attempt. Mr. Shaw wept tears of blood about this ruffian in the preface to one of his volumes of plays (we forget which at the moment), and tore his hair over the brutality of those who "hunted him down." But perhaps the nearness of the tragedy may affect the views of Messrs. Shaw and Harris. They probably think that Anarchists are all very well in Spain, or in Russia, or in the United States, but are not so desirable in London. At any rate, that seems to be the line taken by the *Star* newspaper, which has been denouncing the two Tottenham scoundrels in unmeasured terms. The *Star*, of course, was one of the strongest opponents of the principles of the Alien Immigration Act, and in addition to that, its sympathy with Anarchists, Nihilists, and murderers in Russia has been often openly expressed. The executors of the law in Russia were all, according to the *Star*, tyrants and ruthless butchers, while the persons who blew up Grand Dukes and threw bombs were the poor oppressed and down-trodden "people." But when the terror comes to Tottenham, which is not so very far from Stonecutter Street, the *Star* grows very pale, and begins, as it were, to feel upon its shuddering cheek the kiss of Caiaphas in a way which it had not calculated upon. Consequently for once it finds itself on the side of "the forces of reaction," otherwise known as the police.

At the Fortune Playhouse, Brewer Street, the English Drama Society have produced *Pippa Passes*, and four matinee performances have been given. We went round to the first of them, hoping greatly. And, in a sense, we were not disappointed. We consider Miss Isabel Roland's performance of Pippa to be a most intelligent and competent piece of work. Miss Roland surmounted difficulties with which surely few actresses have ever had to contend; and she must be the possessor of a large faith in her poet, not to say an even larger faith in her audience. In any case, she did admirably. Miss Lucy Wilson, as Ottima, may equally be congratulated. We believe that Browning himself would have been satisfied with her, as he undoubtedly would have been satisfied with Miss Roland, and we do not know that we could offer higher praise. The English Dramatic Society should

be encouraged, at any rate by people who love poetry and the authentic drama as opposed to sheer entertainment.

At the Afternoon Theatre, otherwise His Majesty's, on Tuesday, we were proffered "The Admirable Bashville," described on the programme as "Bernard Shaw's Masterpiece." We quite agree that Mr. Shaw never did anything better. On the other hand, "The Admirable Bashville" is undiluted burlesque. And we are of opinion that Miss Löhr and Mr. Ben Webster and Mr. Henry Ainley are entirely wasted on such an impertinence, the due and proper presentation of "The Admirable Bashville" being really a job for Mr. Pélissier and his engaging troupe of "Follies." We mean no reflection on Mr. Pélissier, who, as everybody knows, is the corpulent chief of a comfortable band of humorists. One's sense of the fitness of things would, however, be a little disturbed if the "Follies" were suddenly to bill themselves for a serious production of "Hamlet." We think that in "The Admirable Bashville" Mr. Shaw has anticipated the famous Pélissier Potted Plays. Mr. Shaw is indeed a sort of Mr. Wimperis, and, on the whole, Mr. Wimperis can give us better fooling than his rival.

The conviction of Henry Hess removes from our midst for twelve months a member of that select *coterie* of persons who imagine that "cleverness" renders a man superior to the laws of his country. Hess's reputation for cleverness was phenomenal, and it seems to us more than probable that it was this reputation which the jury had in mind when they recommended him to mercy "on account of his previous good character." Hess was a financial journalist. After his failure as a newspaper proprietor he became a contributor of financial matter to *Vanity Fair* and sundry other journals, including, we believe, *Reynold's Newspaper* and *John Bull*. It was his boast that he had the handling of more financial columns than any other journalist in London; and there can be no doubt that he was esteemed wonderfully clever; otherwise he would not have been employed in so universal a manner. That such a man should be given the power to influence the investments or speculations of the readers of presumably "influential" newspapers does not reflect a great deal of credit upon journalism. Of course, Hess's conviction has nothing to do with his work for the papers we have mentioned, and it is to be hoped that the editors of those papers were entirely ignorant of his true character. Probably they were, in which case his cleverness again shines out with effulgence.

The February number of the new *English Review* contains a good deal of poetry, but not a word either from the editor or from Mr. Watts-Dunton as to the liberties which somebody has taken with Rossetti's "Ballad of Jan Van Hunks." Perhaps silence is the best way out. Indeed, the value of silence on most occasions is rapidly impressing itself on the modern journalistic mind. For our own part we should raise no objection to it, particularly if the persons with the shut mouths are resolved not again to offend. Meanwhile, the *English Review* has managed to obtain some poetry by writers who are still alive. In the new issue there are three poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats and five by Mr. Walter de la Mare. Mr. Yeats is evidently in a despondent mood just now. He says:

When I was young
I had not given a penny for a song
Did not the poet carry him with an air
As though to say, "It is the sword elsewhere,"
I would be now, could I but have my wish,
Bolder and dumber and deafer than a fish.

This is a pity. Mr. de la Mare's "Mrs. McQueen of the Lollie-Shop" is the most satisfactory piece of verse in the *English Review's* bundle.

IN THE PARK

A SATYR, in a ruinous fair place,
Dark-dappled, marble-eyed, with fissured face,
Sits in a bright blue web of ilex shade,
With half obliterated lips, close-laid
To pipes now sullen as a fountain dried
That once, through many-throated channels wide,
Beneath its net of shifting rainbow played;
His subtle hands are ruined, and decayed
His double pipes, his tottering hedge and wall,
And red, wet chestnut-littered pedestal.

A briary wilderness it seemed, that was
In days long past an alley, but the grass
Thickens, where once the flowers, unvisited;
And the lean thistle rears its flossy head
Above the fingered chestnut-drifts, outspread
Leaf by wet leaf, on that grey garden-bed,
Or where, in ranks, the sanguine sorrel stood
Mistily luminous, a multitude
Amid its niggard pasturage—unstirred
Save where a faint and autumn-throated bird
Begins. Else, under the clear-crested trees
And resonant autumnal stillnesses
No sound, but murmurous dropping of the few
And sweating leaves, those merrier multitudes
That trembled in the leopard-coloured woods.

LIVERPOOL AND THE POETS

THE city of Liverpool, noted for its crime and crimps, and perhaps the dirtiest city in these realms, boasts, it seems, a Liberal newspaper called *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*, the editor whereof is one Sir Edward Richard Russell, who is a knight and whose recreations are set forth in "Who's Who" as "theatre, music, travel." This delightful old gentleman was born in 1834, so that we owe him the respect due to grey hairs. At the same time, he imagines himself to be a public man, and in Monday's issue of his *Liverpool Daily Post*—which, by the way, grows older and older even unto perfect dotage—he ventures to address himself to an examination of the religious and critical views of THE ACADEMY. It seems that Sir Edward Russell has arrived at a definite opinion about "the brightest of the literary weeklies" so recently as Saturday last. No doubt our unfortunate paper has undergone his severe scrutiny from week to week for years past; for he professes to know more about its history than we do, and he is full of vain assertion as to why we were founded and as to our intention and inspiration. But during these many weary years the good knight has been unable quite to make up his mind about THE ACADEMY, and, as we have said, it was on Saturday that he at length found himself in the happy position of being free to jump to conclusions and indulge himself in a leader about us. For in our issue of Saturday we published a paragraph and an article. The paragraph bore reference to the *Evening Standard* and the earthquake at Messina, and the article was an article respecting the poetry of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde. On the strength of this paragraph and this article Sir Edward has decided that "under the present editorship THE ACADEMY has been inspired by two main purposes: first, to preserve the power and purity of the Church's doctrines; and, secondly, to extol the literary excellence of the late Mr. Oscar Wilde." Sir

Edward Russell's wonderful gift of perspicacity does him credit and will no doubt be vastly admired in Liverpudlian (Liverpudlian is the Liverpool epithet) Nonconformist circles. Here are his comments as to the paragraph:

It seems that the other day the *Evening Standard* contained what Lord Alfred Douglas calls "some very proper observations on the earthquake at Messina." One very proper observation was as follows: "Was it merely a coincidence that the earthquake followed three days after a blasphemous parody printed in a Radical paper of that city inviting Heaven to send an earthquake?" Upon this suggestion, this imputation that Almighty God is capable of slaying with hellish torments two hundred thousand men, women, and children because His dignity was hurt by the scribbles of some miserable, obscure, Italian journalist, Lord Alfred gravely remarks: "We are glad to notice that a work-a-day evening paper is not above confessing to a belief in the possibility of the supernatural even in this enlightened generation of intellectuals and stalwarts." There is, of course, no arguing with Lord Alfred about his ineffable demon; if he likes to worship such a creation of his own he must; for our part, we rejoice to think that men have had the courage and goodness to cast down and dishonour the altars of a deity who must have had his origin in delirious evil fancy, and who has nothing in common with the Author of all good things, the Heavenly Father of Jesus Christ. Lord Alfred and the ecclesiastical school to which he belongs have smooth tongues, and the gyves they would fasten on the limbs of men are thickly sheathed in velvet, but when they come to us with their suave offers, it is well that we should remember what the imagined god is under whose foot they would place our skulls.

We are not in the least disposed to discuss matters of theology with persons of the type of Sir Edward Russell, who, it would appear, has discovered the Deity of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's three-and-sixpenny "new religion," and will, no doubt, be made the recipient of one of the Rev. R. J. Campbell's approving frying-pans. But on the mere point of logic it is quite obvious that Sir Edward Russell's "demon" is, on the whole, an impotent demon, just as Sir Edward is an impotent critic. If he—that is to say, the demon of Sir Edward Russell's worship—is the absolutely kind, lenient and indulgent demon that Sir Edward makes him out to be, we may suppose that he would have prevented the Messina earthquake if it had lain in his power so to do. It did not lie in his power; hence the earthquake and hence his failure in omnipotence. Of course, it is preposterous to discuss all such matters, inasmuch as they are beyond knowledge and beyond the reasoning even of persons from Liverpool. Our observation on the remarks of the *Evening Standard* was a perfectly sound observation, and we repeat here and now that it is most satisfactory to find a work-a-day evening paper not above confessing to a belief in the possibility of the supernatural. Sir Edward Russell evidently believes in the possibility of the supernatural; otherwise he could not possibly believe in the R. J. Campbell type of benevolent demon. Why should it be improper for the *Evening Standard* or *THE ACADEMY* to believe in the possibility of the supernatural, which belief is essential to a belief in the "demon" which happens to be the Deity of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, or, if Sir Edward Russell so prefers, the Deity of the Rev. John Wesley? The Liverpudlian wit must be repaired promptly, otherwise it will fall into cureless ruin.

Now, as to the poetry of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Sir Edward Russell suffers from a pernicious and deep-seated complaint which is the sure mark of the limited and the provincial. He cannot refrain from confusing a poet's private life with a poet's poetical utterances. He condemns Wilde's poetry because of Wilde's private offence. He says that Wilde "was plucked out of a quagmire by the merciful hand of the law and put in the sweeter atmosphere of a British gaol." There can be no doubt about it in the least. At the same

time, it does not in the least follow that Wilde was an indifferent or an incompetent poet, as Sir Edward Russell roundly and flatly asserts. Wilde, he assures us, "was incapable of feeling or expressing agony of mind," and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is "a nauseous whine of ingrained hypocrisy and vanity." Here you have Sir Edward Russell. We should advise Sir Edward Russell to read again the "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and then to deny, on that literary reputation for which he so hankers, that it is a great and moving poem, and that it is the work of a poet who, so far from being incapable of feeling or expressing agony of mind, has simply felt and expressed agony of mind in as sure and profound a sense as any poet of them all. Tom Hood wrote a short ballad called "The Dream of Eugene Aram." Sir Edward Russell and all Liverpool will agree that "The Dream of Eugene Aram" is a poem and that Tom Hood was capable of feeling and expressing agony of mind. They would go further and assert that Tom Hood was "a true poet," and they would as soon dream of cutting off their heads as of describing "Eugene Aram" as a "nauseous whine of ingrained hypocrisy and vanity." We assert that the "Ballad of Reading Gaol" is a much finer work and a much more poetical and humanly poignant work than "The Dream of Eugene Aram." And we do this, not in disparagement of Thomas Hood, and not in the least because it is critically necessary, but really because we believe that the comparison of these two poems will bring home to Sir Edward Russell and the likes of him the absolute foolishness and stupidity of his position. Why does Sir Edward Russell, who, presumably, "yields to no man" in his admiration for "dear old Tom Hood," go out of his way to describe Wilde as a nauseous, hypocritical whiner? The answer is only too simple. Sir Edward knows absolutely nothing to the discredit of Thomas Hood the man. Probably, and we are glad to think it, there is nothing to be known that is discreditable to Thomas Hood the man. But of Oscar Wilde there are woeful and black things to remember; and, being nothing if not charitable, Sir Edward Russell has a memory as long as the spoon we hope to use when we sup with the Devil. We say, and we know it to be the truth, that on these large issues of the worth of poetry the private personal man is neither our concern nor anybody else's concern. Sir Edward Russell sharpens up his article with admirable tags from the Latin and Greek classics. He would desire us to regard him in the figure of a critic who is "saturated" with the ancient masterpieces in poetry. We are glad to know that he has an admiration and a love for classical poetry. Yet he is evidently quite unaware that if he were so disposed he could prove out of many of the elder poets' own mouths that they were sinful and even depraved men. Yet their poetry remains and their wickedness is very properly forgotten. Even Sir Edward Russell forgets it, so that to all intents and purposes it is buried and wiped out and of no more consequence. It seems to us that the time has come when even the *Liverpool Daily Post* can with advantage dismiss from its mind the evil deeds of Oscar Wilde if it would fain criticise poetry. Forgiveness we do not ask for him. We are not concerned that Oscar Wilde as a private man should be forgiven or condemned. The *Liverpool Post* can neither forgive him nor condemn him; for from the *Liverpool Post's* point of view forgiveness and condemnation should be the affair of R. J. Campbell's demon rather than of Sir Edward Russell. What we are concerned for is Wilde's poetry. It is extant poetry, and it can be had by the volume, like any other poet's work. Let us take it for what it is worth as poetry and without putting it to the altogether superfluous and impudent test of sectional biography. If somebody were to discover to-morrow that Shakespeare murdered his mother English literature would

be none the poorer in the presence of the wonderful fact. Sir Edward Russell might well set himself to the task of dealing straightly with some of the Sonnets from a certain point of view. But he could not howl down the Sonnets, and it will take a much greater and more powerful and more logical moralist than Sir Edward Russell can ever hope to be to discredit Wilde's poetical work with the help of references to British gaols. Meanwhile, we are glad to find that while our genial septuagenarian lover of the classics cannot abide "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," and affirms that the four stanzas from "The Harlot's House," quoted in these columns last week, "are indifferent jingle," he is still capable of deriving entertainment from some sorts of English verse. To a Mr. John Garth, author of a volume of verses called "Psyche," he has written as follows:

I have read your work, and am delighted with it. The "Psyche" has many fine, sustained passages, and few in which there is not something striking. It is noble, classic, and yet vivid. Equal praise is due to the other divisions of the volume, which you have well discriminated in your introduction, and what you claim for them is fully true. I have enjoyed and admired them.

Haphazard we take from Mr. Garth's volume the following lines:

A little bird sang on a leafy spray,
A little bird sang, for his heart was gay,
And Nature had poured a melody wild
Into the heart of her birdling child.

My heart was filled with the birdling's song,
My heart was thrilled, for the notes were strong,
And lo! as I listened, I thought I heard
A chorus of voices around that bird.

We will not call this a nauseating whine, and we should certainly not suggest that it was written by a poet who was incapable of feeling or expressing agony of mind. But it represents Sir Edward Russell's avowed taste in poetry. And, of course, in the face of such a critic Wilde must needs bow his crested poetical head. So much for the Liverpudlian and his puddles.

LETTERS FROM "TAY PAY"

LAST week we made reference to a beautiful new Correspondence College which is about to be "inaugurated" by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, editor and part proprietor of *T.P.'s Weekly*. We quoted from Mr. O'Connor's glowing preliminary announcement, in which "T. P." dwelt lovingly on his "profound love of education, especially of the young," and prattled to us about "the golden portal of the Temple of Learning." And we took it upon ourselves to assert that while Mr. O'Connor may be qualified to teach book-keeping and simple French to young people of either sex, he is scarcely the person from whom even the youngest of young people may hope to obtain profitable instruction in the department of letters. Undeterred by our remarks, Mr. O'Connor persists in his dubious enterprise, and the current issue of *T.P.'s Weekly* is described on the cover as a "Special Correspondence College Supplement." The supplement itself takes the shape of a four-page inset, with a portrait of "T. P." on the front of it, and a view of the portal of the Temple of Learning on the back. Over the portal we read the following touching words:

A detailed Prospectus and Syllabus will be sent to any address on receipt of the annexed form or of a postcard. They contain full particulars regarding the various courses, the methods of working, fees, etc.

So that there are to be fees, after all. Mr. T. P. O'Connor is doing nothing for nothing. He has a profound love of education, whatever that may mean, especially of the young; but he is also equipped with a profound love of fees. And if he is to help you through the golden portal of the Temple of Learning, you must rake up a little cash silver for his use, or go unhelped. The portal of the Temple of Learning is golden; Mr. O'Connor's fees, we take it, are silvern. And why not? The labourer is worthy of his hire, and it is not reasonable that Mr. O'Connor should be expected to bestow "a literary training" upon the youth of the country free, gratis, and for nothing. Quack medicines are not given away, and the Principal of a Literary Correspondence College must of necessity take a little money from you, even if it be only for the mere and sheer purpose "of defraying postage, etc." We have not had the curiosity to discover Mr. O'Connor's precise rates for literary training. We will suppose that they are moderation itself, and that they run to not more than ten silver shillings for the whole course. Now for ten shillings the unimaginable youth who aspires after "literary training" can purchase the following works:

1. The Bible (authorised version).
2. The Plays and Poems of Shakespeare.
3. An English Grammar.
4. An English Dictionary.

And if the said delightful youth will peruse assiduously and with an humble and contrite heart the first two of these works, and refer assiduously to the last two as occasion arises, we can promise him absolutely all the literary training that he is likely to need for the next couple of years. And in any case we can promise him a great deal more of a literary training than he is likely to obtain from Mr. T. P. O'Connor in the course of the next century. With a view no doubt of justifying himself as a person of literary discrimination, Mr. O'Connor deals with the poetry of Francis Thompson on the front page of the current *T.P.'s Weekly*. He begins by assuring us that he never saw Francis Thompson, the which fact he counts as "one of the irreparable losses of my life." All the same, he is not in the least downhearted about it, because, if you please, "there is so much in [Thompson's] poetry that appeals to me, and seems an embodiment to celestial music of mine and of all humanity's experience." Dear, dear, think of that; "embodiment to," from a Professor of Literature in a Correspondence College! And think of the following passage and button up your money: "How can I even try to express the extraordinary beauty of that wonderful poem—its rush, its pathos, its inevitableness, its perfect rhythm? To do all that, one must have been gifted with a power of expression equal to that of Thompson himself. Just listen to these lines, and reflect that they come from the same hand as, perchance, shivering, wan, clammy, stretched out to you a box of matches as you passed carelessly, and perhaps in some hurry, as an unhappy and disturbing sight." And then our profound gentleman goes on to quote from "The Hound of Heaven"! It is quite plain that Mr. O'Connor has little sense of the grandeur and meaning of poetry. A person who, after reading "The Hound of Heaven," reflects in the manner of Peter Keary: "Lo! the hand that penned this noble poem may have offered me matches from the kerb," is a literary person indeed! It is as who should say after reading "Hamlet": "I wonder if Shakespeare ate peas with his knife." And it is a great deal more foolish than to have said that "In Memoriam" came straight from the full heart of an officer's widow. The fact is that Mr. T. P. O'Connor is one of those many worthy people who cannot tell good poetry from bad until they have been severely

kicked into a little knowledge. In his usual pigmentary manner Mr. O'Connor informs us that Francis Thompson's name "was first mentioned to me when all London was intoxicated and astounded by his first volume of poems." We never knew that all London was intoxicated and astounded by anybody's first volume of poems; but Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of course, is a great feeler of the main pulses of life, and he hears thunders where undistinguished people hear only whispers. In any case, however, where is T. P. O'Connor's appreciation of Francis Thompson's first volume of poetry? How comes it that the great "Tay Pay" has been so many years discovering "the rush, the pathos, the inevitableness, and the perfect rhythm"—particularly the perfect rhythm—of Thompson's poetry, and how comes it that the rush, the pathos, and the inevitableness and the perfect rhythm have power only to induce in the mind of T. P. O'Connor such a snob's reflection as the one we have quoted? Well, the reason is that Mr. O'Connor knows next to nothing about poetry first hand. His knowledge is confined almost exclusively to what other people tell him; and the other people have to put in years of labour in order to convince him. Like all other people of his intellectual class, Mr. O'Connor is at length convinced about Thompson. But he does not know why he is convinced, and, consequently, all he can offer us is his rant about rush, pathos, and rhythm, and his marvel that a poem like "The Hound of Heaven" should have been written by a stripling who sold matches at Charing Cross. For our own part, we doubt very much whether Francis Thompson ever did sell matches. In any event, he had the grace not to sell *T.P.'s Weekly*. Mr. O'Connor's "interest" in him is the usual unintellectual person's interest. It is an interest which has its basis in the possibility that Francis Thompson sold matches and held them out to passers-by at Charing Cross with what Mr. T. P. O'Connor felicitously calls a clammy hand. Even so the *Daily Mail*, which for years refrained from reviewing poetry, and appeared to imagine that Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith were dead, discovered a poet with a wooden leg, and printed a long account of his works. The interest, of course, for the *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mail's* infatuated readers lay in the fact that a man with a wooden leg had actually written some verses. We should very much like to challenge Mr. O'Connor to a simple test of his literariness. We will submit to him in the presence of an unbiased third person, twenty type-written pieces of poetry—one good, the rest middling; and if he can then and there pick out the good one, we will pay up our fee for a course of his literary training. Naturally, Mr. O'Connor is too busy a journalist and too engrossed by his Parliamentary duties to engage in such idle sport, but if he would squeeze out an hour any afternoon, we will find the twenty pieces of poetry. Meanwhile, it is perhaps only just for us to mention that the literary training proffered by *T.P.'s Weekly* may be by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, or it may be by somebody else; for in the prospectus "T. P." talks largely of an "eminent expert." "Great care," we are told, "has been bestowed on the literary training course, with the object of making it thoroughly practicable. It has been prepared by an eminent expert. . . . Special attention is paid to such matters as the formation of style, and the choice of reading. . . . The exercises accompanying the lessons are of a specially interesting and practical nature. By their aid the student will more readily attain proficiency than by the study of many theoretical text-books. . . . After having been corrected by a trained expert the exercises will be returned to the students." One wonders if the "trained expert" is the same gentleman as the "eminent expert," and if either or both of them is "Tay Pay" himself. And if they are not "Tay Pay," who in the name of goodness can they possibly be? What

"eminent expert" is lending himself to such a catch-penny business; and what trained expert even will have a finger in such a matter? Furthermore, what is a trained expert in the literary sense? As Mr. O'Connor no doubt says occasionally in Parliament, "Name, name." We will undertake to deal with the eminence of expert number one right off if Mr. O'Connor will trot him out. And as for expert number two, he is probably some complacent hack who will be content to receive two or three pounds a week for correcting exercises whose authors have paid Mr. O'Connor a few hundreds. The whole business is as sad and unseemly from a journalistic point of view as anything well could be. And from the literary point of view it is ghastly. We like "T. P." in his place. He is a journalist of some parts if of no particular magnitude. His paper, *M.A.P.*, no doubt pleases the class of readers for whom it is intended. His other paper, *T.P.'s Weekly*, is a snippet paper, and drags down literature to the not altogether elevated uses of the shouting advertiser. On the whole, however, it is better for the people than *Pearson's Weekly* or *Answers*, and so long as it refrained from quacking on its own part we might conceivably tolerate it. When it quacks in its Literary Help Column we conceive it to be our duty to protest, and now that it quacks blatantly and brazenly, and constitutes itself into a Literary Correspondence College, it is our plain duty to advise all persons who esteem themselves the friends of letters to be aware of it. In order, however, that there may be no misconception we may note that, according to "T.P.":

The "T.P.'s Weekly" Correspondence College will always be conducted with the one end in view—that of providing a helping hand to those in need of it. Mr. O'Connor has throughout been governed entirely by this consideration, regarding it, so to speak, as an extension of the aim he had in view when he originally founded T.P.'s Weekly six years ago.

Also:

In arranging for the carrying on of the *T.P.'s Weekly* Correspondence College, Mr. O'Connor and those associated with him have had consideration for slender purses. One of the chief purposes of such a College is to provide the best of teaching at such a cost as shall give to those students whose means are small, equal facilities with those in more favoured positions. With this idea the scale of charges for the various courses have (sic) been kept as low as possible, having regard to efficiency. As it is practically certain that many students will find the lessons a distinct help towards bettering their positions in life, it may reasonably be hoped that very many of them, so far from being put to any ultimate expense at all, may make an actual profit out of their course.

We are quite willing to agree that the business and French departments and, peradventure, even the "mental training" department may be helpful and worth the money. But the "literary training" department is another affair. Persons who pay fees for literary training, particularly under the suggestion that they may "readily attain proficiency," part with their money in the belief that they are about to find a royal road to literary competence or eminence. And this idea is greatly strengthened when their instructor is in a position to point, as Mr. O'Connor can point, to what is esteemed journalistic and literary "success." It is perfectly obvious, however, that there is no royal road to "proficiency" in letters, and that no amount of tuition (and, least of all, tuition by correspondence) will render one person in a thousand a proficient journalist or man of letters. We should hold that any Correspondence College offering its "students" a course of literary training which is to include "formation of style" and induce "proficiency" would really be compelled to commence operations by assuring quite nine out of every ten of its clients that they are quite unfitted for the literary vocation. And if it did this, of course, it would not be profitable.

POE AND BALTIMORE

THERE will be no celebration of the Poe centenary in Baltimore, Maryland; "that's a cinch," as they say "out there."

The other day a writer in the *Daily Mail* accused Richmond, Virginia, of neglecting Poe. Richmond, Va., does neglect him—though really only on the surface: actually, they are very proud of him there, and the University of Virginia misses no chance to celebrate him. But Baltimore is a good distance away from Richmond, and different. Baltimore, Maryland, ignores Poe. And yet in Baltimore Poe lies buried.

You remember the squalid tragedy? Poe, on his last legs, had gone to Richmond to find a wife among the people of his youth, the people who had always been kind to him, and he had become engaged to Mrs. Shelton, a wealthy widow. Had this marriage come off, what dreams we might still have had, what reveries, what magnificent pieces of prose! Poe never occurs to us as a man who had at all said his last word; as Baudelaire, to take the nearest name, very evidently does. But the marriage didn't come off: it was the fifth act of the tragedy—not the harlequinade that follows or, as Poe himself probably supposed, the first act of a new comedy. He left Richmond, intending to come back in a few weeks. A number of friends gave him a farewell supper and saw him to the train. He seems to have been more or less dazed; he slept, and was carried to Havre de Grace, a little station on Chesapeake Bay. The conductor—the guard as we say—put him out there, and he was bundled into another train going back to Baltimore. Then a thick foggy curtain falls, veiling the operation of the tragedy for hours and hours. Finally a printer recognised him as he lay on the sawdust floor of a bar-room, and notified a certain Dr. Snodgrass. He was carried to the Washington Hospital. As he lay there they heard him crying interminably for some man named Reynolds. To Dr. Moran, bending over him, he said: "It's all over, doctor; write, Eddie is no more." Then he said: "Lord help my poor soul." And shortly after he died in a place which society has set apart for its castaways.

If Poe was unlucky in his life and wretched in his death, after his death he was singularly fortunate. A man of as great, though not of so prolific genius as his own, a man, as one uneasily thinks, whose writings Poe would have denigrated with a will!—a supreme poet, a master of prose, Charles Baudelaire, made him a European classic. Through Baudelaire, everybody who knows anything has heard of Poe. Mallarmé said to the present writer that Poe was "le Dieu de sa jeunesse." Marcel Schwob said that much of the present-day popular literature was derived from Poe. And Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and Huysmans? He broke a way for their genius.

But before all this Baltimore, Maryland, remains impassive, even disdainful, as the old impoverished noble families of the Faubourg St. Germain economised on sugar and sneered at Napoleon. Those people had, after all, their excuse and their motive, and we can all make allowance for it; but what excuse has Baltimore, Maryland?

Baltimore, Maryland, is one of the few places in the world where you are landed happily at the station; not as at Cologne, too happily, right under the towers of the Cathedral, taking your breath away; and not as at Verona, on the other hand, where you are pitched out into a desolate landscape far away from the little jewel of a town. In Baltimore the train lands you, not amid squalor and slums—one can hardly fancy slums in Baltimore—nor yet in the best part, but just happily into grave Charles Street; and walking up that you come by degrees, with ever-increasing pleasurable sur-

prise, on the "best bits," as they say. And over the whole place hangs, for the promenader filled with European traditions, used to finding in the city he visits the things he visits it for salient, the terrible tragedy of Poe. Baltimore—Baltimore—how often have we thought of that, the last station of his martyrdom?

But Baltimore, the distressing, irritating little place, seems to make a point of showing that it would never be so ill-mannered as to reveal—or rather, that it is not in the least conscious of—the fact that the bones of a great genius lie within the city. That might put a slur on the respectable families who have inhabited it from colonial times, from the times of Lord Baltimore himself. Nothing in the shop-windows, scanned eagerly by the pilgrim, gives a sign that within these precincts are the bones of a man who has influenced the literatures of the world. And he thinks of Edinburgh and Sir Walter Scott, or he thinks of Frankfurt and Goethe, and a mild wonder rises in his mind about the mentality of the people of Baltimore. Perhaps, however, there will be something further on.

Further on, the evening has fallen and the lamps are lighted. In the square, near the somewhat impressive Washington Monument, one perceives by the dim light a statue. Can it by chance be a statue of Poe? You see, one has fallen in love with Baltimore; one expects all sorts of wonderful things from it. One has been so captivated after coming from New York by the "let up on the money hunt"—a condition that sheds a dignity which a power to abide in your own house, not wanting anything from anybody, confers. All adds to the bewitching captivation: the slow, darky postman collecting his last mail in his little slow-moving cart; the sight in the distance of the coffin carried through the deserted streets. Is the already so charming Baltimore going to have the added charm of intelligence? Is it going to have a statue of Poe?

Alas, no! The statue one has sighted is of some worthy person all the world has forgotten—all the world, save Baltimore. After all, you will say—Baltimore people might possibly say—it will be a long time before a statue of Baudelaire is set up in Paris. Yes; but many geniuses for many centuries have lived and died in Paris; Poe is the only man of genius we have ever heard of who has died in Baltimore.

But if Baltimore pays no attention to Poe, it must be said that Poe paid little attention to Baltimore, a city where he sometime sojourned and where he met Kennedy, his only true friend. Poe, in fact, paid little attention to any American city, his chief preoccupation with them being what chance they offered for journalism and magazine writing. It is remarkable that in his writings there is never a word of grumbling at his surroundings, which must have been often so ugly and drear. Here, if anywhere, we have a case of absolute self-absorption, an unrivalled power of living in a vision. Poe probably figured the various cities of his pilgrimage by the people he liked or hated in them—not by any distinct impression of streets and squares. Nowhere does he mention any special feature in any one of them, and nowhere does he express any opinion about them as places of residence. Think of Baudelaire and his furies against Belgium!

But Poe, on the other hand, finding he could not escape from America, must have made up his mind to ignore it, and proceeded to create for himself a fantastic world in which he lived. From Poe's poetry no man could tell where he lived: there is no *Rêve Parisien*.

About his tomb in Baltimore, in the graveyard of the old decayed church, which must soon be pulled down, a high wall is raised. Except at the hours of service, the gates leading into the neglected graveyard are locked. Poe was buried in the poorest part; some years after, the piety of friends created an ugly, unim-

pressive tomb, which shows through the railings to the passers in the street. On a sunshiny day the birds drift over and find it a resting-place, and the butterflies play hide-and-seek. The lounging, Southern men in straw hats, the nigger washerwomen, the street-cars, all pass by with never a look. And Poe lies there, as detached, as isolated from the American city as he was in his life.

A few years ago somebody made an appeal to the city authorities that the wall of the churchyard by Poe's tomb might be thrown down, so that passers in the street might see more plainly where the genius lay buried. But the city authorities refused.

No, there will be no celebration of the Poe centenary in Baltimore, Maryland: "that's a cinch," as they say "out there."

GEORGE MEREDITH

LET us premise, at the outset of this essay, that we are inclined to demur of late years when we find critic after critic taking upon himself gratuitously the task of elucidating the "philosophy" of this, that, or the other novelist. "The elemental laughter of the true Comic Spirit" may vibrate again and again through Mr. Meredith's writings—doubtless it does—we shall have more to say regarding that point later on; Mr. Hardy may shadow his stories with the upas tree of cynicism; views may vary as infinitely as the angles contained in the circle; but we prefer to consider those writers of fiction who have worthily gained the laurels of fame as leaders of literature, in its best sense, rather than as exponents of any particular creed or outlook. We are well aware, while taking up this position, that in more than one of Mr. Meredith's books the "Philosopher" plays the part of an invisible, wise, and humorous commentator on the behaviour of the characters; that in "Sandra Belloni" the author declares in parenthesis "I have all the difficulty in the world to keep him back and let me pursue my course," and that in the same enthralling volume there is a whole chapter "In which the Philosopher has a Short Spell." But to philosophise wittily, even to the extent of allowing yourself an impersonated wiseacre in the background who shall fling in his trenchant remarks from time to time, is by no means the same thing as expounding a belief or forcing into the reader's unwilling hand a lesson-sheet for his embarrassment. This "garrulous, super-subtle Philosopher" (on another page he is "outrageous") . . . "maintains that a story should not always flow, or, at least, not to a given measure." He pretends to interrupt the movement, like some broad-shouldered policeman with arm extended, but in reality he is assisting matters, uniting little threads of motive, keeping clear the ways; having had his say, he steps back and lets the traffic pass on. It is a device as delightful as it is happily-chosen, and none but Mr. Meredith could use it with such fitness, or with such a twinkle in his eye. The occupation of pointing elaborate morals may be safely relegated to the pens of those who compose sermons or books with a definite purpose.

Omitting these latter people, who occasionally cross the dividing line by embodying some pet idea in the guise of fiction, it is to be supposed that a man writes a novel primarily because he has a story to tell. The methods of telling a story, again, are numberless; between the cobblestones and ruts of Mr. Kipling's uneven roads, where the reader is sometimes bumped into acquiescence, and the shining tessellated pavement of language over which Mr. Henry James's characters softly move, there are gradations for which the attempt at clear definition would be useless, but

which, at the same time, present to the observant student distinct impressions of the force behind the pen in a way which perhaps no other art can excel.

It has been said repeatedly that the appreciation of Mr. Meredith's work is an acquired taste; and there is some truth in the remark. It is a poor compliment to a writer if he does not encourage thought; and, reversing the medal, it is not altogether creditable if his sentences are granitic, so that the shapely keystone of meaning has to be chipped out by desperate, indefatigable hammer-blows of attention from the reader's brain. We can well imagine a neophyte who had departed from some library with a copy of "The Egoist" under his arm settling down for a lazy hour by the fire, becoming alarmed at that extraordinary opening chapter, and, after giving up in despair, informing his friends that he "couldn't get on with Meredith." Lazy hours, however, are of no use for beginners—for whom Mr. Meredith has small consideration; they must struggle through, climb the pallisade or twist between the fences, when, thus striving, sure will be their reward.

The book just mentioned is thought by many to be Mr. Meredith's finest. We should be disposed to bracket with it "Diana of the Crossways" for sheer splendour of characterisation and intensity of human detail. If Sir Willoughby Patterne is a superb delineation of a selfish man, Diana Warwick, in her exuberance, her brilliant, imperious beauty, her nervous quest for the joy of life, is one of the perfectly portrayed women of English romance:

She was the very radiant Diana of her earliest opening day, both in look and speech, a queenly comrade, and a spirit leaping and shining like a mountain water. She did not seduce, she ravished. The judgment was taken captive and flowed with her. . . . None else on earth so sweetly laughed, none so spontaneously, victoriously provoked the healthful openness. Her delicious chatter, and her museful sparkle in listening, equally quickened every sense of life.

Sir Lukin Dunstane, the husband of her dearest friend, lost his head to her, if not his heart, poor fellow; we will quote a part of the scene in chapter iv., where she is taken utterly by surprise:

She told him not to think it necessary to pay her compliments. "And here, of all places!" They were in the heart of the woods. She found her hand seized—her waist. Even then, so impossible is it to conceive the unimaginable, even when the apparition of it smites us, she expected some protesting absurdity, or that he had seen something in her path. What did she hear? And from her friend's husband!

If stricken idiotic, he was a gentleman; the tigress she had detected in her composition did not require to be called forth; half a dozen words, direct, sharp as fangs and teeth, with the eyes burning over them, sufficed for the work of defence—"The man who swore loyalty to Emma!" Her reproachful repulsion of eyes was unmistakable, withering; as masterful as a superior force on his muscles. What thing had he been taking her for? She asked it within; and he of himself, in a reflective gasp. Those eyes of hers appeared as in a cloud, with the wrath above; she had the look of a goddess in anger. He stammered, pleaded across her flying shoulder. Oh! horrible, loathsome, pitiable to hear. . . . "A momentary aberration . . . her beauty . . . he deserved to be shot! . . . could not help admiring . . . quite lost his head . . . on his honour! never again!"

Once in the roadway, and Copsley visible, she checked her arrowy pace for breath, and almost commiserated the dejected wretch in her thankfulness to him for silence. Nothing exonerated him, but at least he had the grace not to beg secrecy. That would have been an intolerable whine of a poltroon, adding to her humiliation. He abstained; he stood at her mercy without appealing.

One would like to read at Mr. Meredith's hand of an encounter between Sir Willoughby Patterne and Diana!

The Hon. Percy Dacier, with whom, but for the merest hair's breadth of a chance, she would have

run away from her deadening incubus of a husband, is a wonderfully faithful picture of a young politician, torn between his passion and his duty. Into this story, too, comes Redworth, the placid, tenacious Englishman whose heart is as a smouldering fire, whose love for Diana never falters, is never discouraged, but wins in the end as it mightily deserves to do. The book abounds in smaller but no less apt portraits, such as Mrs. Cramborne Wathin, the "lady of incisive features bound in stale parchment. Complexion she had none, but she had spotlessness of skin, and sons and daughters just resembling her, like cheaper editions of a precious quarto of a perished type."

The snap of sharp metaphor runs through Mr. Meredith's books like a rifle-volley, to the occasional bewilderment of the reader who, eager to get on with the story, is also anxious not to miss the flashes from the range, the sparkling thoughts, the running commentary on life's comedy which form so integral a part of the work. Hardly a single one but is felicitous and telling: "A mind apparently as little capable of being seated as a bladder filled with gas"; "Those famous dogs to which the navy has ever been going"; "London . . . the head of the British giant"; "Insomnia . . . is the fountain of the infinite ocean whereon the exceedingly sensitive soul is tumbled everlastingly, with the diversion of hot pincers to appease its appetite for change"; "Let her life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be forward to the end"; "They were the living eyes of a brilliant unembarrassed lady; shields flinging light rather than well-depths inviting it."

It is, however, in his famous scenes between young lovers that Mr Meredith touches the perfection of purity and passion. He has that peculiar, exultant power of sublimating the earthly desires, of pruning away the dross of fleshly motives, and presenting, sincere and luminous, the faultless golden flower of youth and love. No author has ever suffused his lovescenes with such a clear, virginal atmosphere—an atmosphere which the reader seems to breathe more sweetly as he goes on; it is expressed better than prose can avail in a stanza from one of the author's own poems:

All the girls are out with their baskets for the primrose;
Up lanes, woods through, they troop in joyful bands.
My sweet leads; she knows not why, but now she loiters,
Eyes the bent anemones, and hangs her hands.
Such a look will tell that the violets are peeping,
Coming the rose; and unaware a cry
Springs in her bosom for odours and for colour,
Covert and the nightingale; she knows not why.

Who has not thrilled at the exquisite, shy courtship of Richard and Lucy, in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"? For a portion of it we may spare a little space:

Away with Systems! Away with a corrupt World! Let us breathe the air of the Enchanted Island. . . . The sun is coming down to earth, and the fields and the waters shout to him golden shouts. He comes, and his heralds run before him, and touch the leaves of oaks and planes and beeches lucid green, and the pine-stems redder gold; leaving brightest footprints upon thickly-wooded banks, where the foxglove's last upper bells incline, and bramble-shoots wander amid moist rich herbage. The plumes of the woodland are alight; and beyond them, over the open, 'tis a race with the long-thrown shadows; a race across the heaths and up the hills, till, at the farthest bourne of mounted eastern cloud, the heralds of the sun lay rosy fingers and rest. . . . Here, secluded from vexed shores, the prince and princess of the island meet: here like darkling nightingales they sit, and into eyes and ears and hands pour endless ever-fresh treasure of their souls.

Roll on, grinding wheels of the world; cries of ships going down in a calm, groans of a System which will not know its rightful hour of exultation, complain to the universe. You are not heard here.

He calls her by her name, Lucy; and she, blushing at her

great boldness, has called him by his, Richard. Those two names are the keynotes of the wonderful harmonies the angels sing aloft.

"Lucy! my beloved!"

"O, Richard."

Out in the world there, on the skirts of the woodland, a sheep-boy pipes to meditative eve on a penny whistle.

Love's musical instrument is as old, and as poor; it has but two stops; and yet, you see, the cunning musician does thus much with it!

Other speech have they little; light foam playing on the waves of feeling.

* * * * *

Pipe no more, Love, for a time! Pipe as you will you cannot express their first kiss; nothing of its sweetness, and of the sacredness of it nothing. St. Cecilia up aloft, before the silver organ-pipes of Paradise, pressing fingers upon all the notes of which Love is but one, from her you may hear it. . . . So Love is silent. The woods are still. There is heard but the night-jar spinning on the pine-branch, circled by moonlight.

Equally unforgettable are other scenes from the same volume, also the friendship of Evan and Rose in "Evan Harrington," and the "swimming" chapter in "Lord Ormont"; we cannot omit, either, the altogether charming chapter in "Sandra Belloni," entitled "By Wilming Weir," although the end of that love-making was spoiled by the unspeakable Wilfrid Pole. "He could pledge himself to eternity, but shrank from being bound to eleven o'clock on the morrow morning." He plays a very adequate second fiddle in selfishness to Sir Willoughby, and is Mr. Meredith's best sketch of a flirt; "it is a bad business," he remarks, "when the double-man goes about kneeling at the feet of more than one lady."

Of the multitude of other characters which spring to the mind, of Roy Richmond, the adventurer, the inimitable Dr. Middleton, the boy Crossjay, Emilia and her song, and of other great achievements, we must not stay to write; but it is hardly possible to omit mention of one or two of the amusing rustics of the novels. Andrew Hedger, "entranced and profoundly reverent, observing the dissection of a pig" just when Redworth was burning with anxiety to find Diana, will be remembered evermore for his one outburst:

Redworth jogged his arm, and the shake was ineffective until it grew in force.

"I've no time to lose; have they told you the way?" He slowly withdrew his intent fond gaze from the fair outstretched white carcase, and with drooping eyelids, he said: "Ah could eat hog a solid hower!"

Master Gammon, in the throes of supper, is another bucolic triumph; those who have read "Rhoda Fleming" will recollect his unconcern when confronted by the poser "fifty-two times twenty-one":

"Well . . . how much is that, Mas' Gammon?" the farmer asked in a bellow.

Master Gammon was laboriously and steadily engaged in tightening himself with dumpling. He relaxed his exertions sufficiently to take this new burden on his brain, and immediately cast it off.

"Ah never thinks when I feeds. Ah was al'ays a bad hand at counts. Gi'es it up."

The recurrent difficulty of which so many beginners complain occurs chiefly in the "asides" which the author frequently permits himself. He staggers the hasty reader with such a wealth of welded metaphor, such a tremendous facility in idea and concentration in expression, that to take it all in, with the ramifications of suggested meanings, is beyond one's immediate power; the eye has travelled too fast for the mind; a kind of mental gasp and blink sends the student back over the paragraph for another effort at its resolution. In support of this we shall take a disquisition on Wit and Beauty from the first pages of "Diana":

When a nation has acknowledged that it is as yet but in the fisticuff stage of the art of condensing our purest sense to golden sentences, a reader appreciation will be extended to the gift, which is to strike not the dazzled eyes, the unanticipating nose, the ribs, the sides, and stun us, twirl us, hoodwink, mystify, tickle and twitch, by dexterities of lingual sparring and shuffling, but to strike roots in the mind, the Hesperides of good things.

We shall then set a price on the "unusual combination." A witty woman is a treasure; a witty beauty is a power. Has she actual beauty, actual wit?—not simply a tidal material beauty that passes current any pretty flippancy or staggering pretentiousness? Grant the combination, she will appear a veritable queen of her period, fit for homage; at least meriting a disposition to believe the best of her, in the teeth of foul rumour; because the well of true wit is truth itself, the gathering of the precious drops of right reason, wisdom's lightning; and no soul possessing and dispensing it can justly be a target for the world, however well armed the world confronting her. Our temporary world, that Old Credulity and stone-hurling urchin in one, supposes it possible for a woman to be mentally active up to the point of spiritual clarity and also fleshly vile; a guide to life and a biter at the fruit of death; both open mind and hypocrite. It has not yet been taught to appreciate a quality certifying to sound citizenship as authoritatively as acres of land in fee simple, or coffers of bonds, shares and stocks, and a more imperishable guarantee. . . .

Most people would have to read that passage at least twice to learn its truth and delve for its greatness; and, on the whole, we are glad that not often in the middle of a story does Mr. Meredith let himself go at such length; it is generally by way of introduction that we are lectured somewhat abstrusely, though never uselessly.

Taking a survey of the novels in their entirety, their tendency is clearly to the side of comedy rather than tragedy; but they betray the vantage of one who, like Balzac, from his eyrie of observation, "the mind hovering above congregated men and women," could discern how nearly related are the sources of laughter and tears. Through book after book run the fire and fancy that search out the secret places of the lover's soul, trying him whether he be fine gold or base metal. Volcanic impatience and indignation against the idler, the dissembler, the egoist, the trifler, break out again and again in strong, ironic passages which often seem informed with the spirit of Carlyle; it is as though when a character becomes particularly despicable the author can no longer restrain his feelings, but has to take him aside and tell him—and us—what he thinks of him before the story can proceed. Immeasurable tenderness and sympathy for the woman, gentlest, most loyal comprehension of, and harmony with, the rosy dreams and desires of youth, pitiless scorn for the unworthy lover; these are some of the emotions which the student of Mr. Meredith's books comes at length to feel contagious, so that he is likely to rise from their perusal a better man with a broader mind. A certain scarcely definable quality pervades them which sets them above and apart from those of any other novelist of the nineteenth century; a nobility, a great detachment from all grossness of thought, all shameful allures; a fineness of motive, a serene, indulgent laughter for the foibles of poor, groping humanity; all these things mingle as the prismatic rays to form one decided hue. And that combination, we must admit, if we take it metaphorically, to be white. Not a shadow, not the filmiest penumbra of impurity invades any one of these volumes even when the author faces the most unpromising situation; and, in conclusion, we may confront the thousand writers of the present generation with this salient fact: that to *succeed*, using the word in its best sense, it is not necessary to be voluptuous in language or vicious in conception, neither is it requisite that love should be interpreted in physical terms alone. Love is not wholly of the body, nor dependent for the

attraction of its portrayal on suggestions of shapely outline and charms half revealed, half mockingly hidden. "Our souls, if flame of a soul shall have come of the agony of flesh, are beyond the baser mischances; partaking of them, indeed, but sublimely." "The impure perishes, the inefficient languishes, the moderate comes to its autumn of decay"; and in the light of that saying from the works of the one whom we have endeavoured briefly to interpret, his own white flame will be steadily burning long after the fitful, luminous exhalations of the seasonal novelist have been dissipated by the winds of time.

REVIEWS

REMBRANDT AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

The Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. By W. BODE. Translated by MARGARET L. CLARKE. (Duckworth and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. WILHELM BODE, the Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin, is one of the few writers on art with a universal reputation as a connoisseur, who combine profound and accurate knowledge, fine taste, a comprehensive view, and a talent for illuminative criticism. The union of these qualities is rare enough. Happily, in the small band of writers which combine them, the names of two Englishmen, or more, occur at once to the mind. Dr. Bode's great work on Rembrandt is already famous among those whose interest in art is at all serious, but Rembrandt is revered, or has to be accepted as a colossus, by the vaguer public who have a sincere though general liking for pictures. Nevertheless, to a large number even of devotees of the Dutch school, Rembrandt does not actually cast much light on the class of Dutch pictures which appeal to them; while those who are sensitive to personality, but are not entirely imbued in Gothicism, limit their admiration to Rembrandt, and are disinclined to extend it to the school which is instinct with his influence, though he did not actually found any school. To these latter readers Dr. Bode's present volume will be of immense service in completing the circle of their sympathies. No one has shown more clearly how the influence of Rembrandt's unique mastery over light radiates as from its focus through the art of his century. Indeed, like most great men, he illustrates his predecessors also, for in him is focussed the power which they sought with dim consciousness. Nor must Dr. Bode's well-known skill in ascription frighten readers unattracted by that rather uncertain science. His present book has a much wider appeal, and though it contains much of great technical value, it is of a kind which is historically interesting. He increases our confidence when he notes with proper satisfaction that his own conclusions, based on intrinsic evidence, have been proved positively by documents discovered since. Of this there are several instances, notably, in the case of the Ter Borch family. Again, there is great historical interest in the transference of a vast number of important works from the name of Rubens to Anton van Dyck, also approved by documentary evidence. But Dr. Bode's clear exposition of the hand of Van Dyck evident in the pictures themselves—when Dr. Bode points it out—is still more important as an indication of the different genius of those two painters. He compares them and unfolds the characteristics of both by his masterly criticism. It is this faculty which makes his book so valuable, to those who are willing to lower their eyes for a little from the contemplation of more ideal beauty, to the wide horizon and spacious flats of Dutch painting.

Among many books on art of slight and passing import, it would be an attractive task to follow strictly the arrangement of Dr. Bode's book, by analysis, but this is impracticable here. The arrangement could not have been better for Dr. Bode's purpose. In his first chapter he writes enthusiastically on the genius of Rembrandt, distinguishing the elements which he derived from existing Dutch and Flemish art, from those which were inherent in his own personality. He is thus able to identify the Rembrandesque elements as they appear developed or modified in Rembrandt's contemporaries, as the individual genius of each painter required, and thus gives unity to his view of each of the great masters of the Dutch school at its climax. If the form of Dr. Bode's panegyric of Rembrandt requires criticism, it is that his enthusiasm leads him to make too comprehensive statements, which his critical sense forces him to nibble down later to their just proportion. He thus reaches his final presentment successfully, but otherwise similarly to many modern painters in their method of painting. Less wise than Rembrandt's contemporaries, they try to tread step by step, in footsteps beyond their stride. Unequal to him in the draughtmanship, which his paintings often conceal, but his drawings show that he possessed, they try to mould their figures gradually out of their backgrounds, by timidly extending the latter, until sufficient contour appears to satisfy eyes insufficiently trained by the practice of line drawing. They forget that only one of Rembrandt's pupils, Maes, succeeded in carrying out his methods for a short time, and quickly deteriorated. The rest fell into feeble mannerism. Rembrandt's medium was, as it were, malleable light, and his great Dutch contemporaries, such as Seger, Terburgh, Ruisdael, and Vermeer, attained each his own eminence by developing, as their own, single elements of his material.

Dr. Bode next devotes a chapter to Franz Hals, both because he fell under Rembrandt's influence, and because he regards him as having expressed his country most decidedly and accurately by portraiture, just as Jan van Goyen did in the actual presentment of its face, in his landscapes. How admirably true this is, and how exactly just to Van Goyen! Nor could there be a surer key to Hals's peculiar merit than his "gift of establishing a lively connection between the person represented and a supposed third person." Passing to what may be regarded the main object of the book, Dr. Bode classes the most notable Dutch painters according to the subjects which occupied them most, or best define their genius: genre, landscape, and still life. In a preface to each group he briefly sketches the state in which the painters found their peculiar branch of the art. His sketch of the rise of genre painting is particularly conducive to a just appreciation of the Dutch school, of which it is so characteristic. Whether genre arose in Holland because the Dutch were freer than the Italians or no, it was certainly of Dutch origin, and its seventeenth century development within doors was natural in a bad climate, where much less intimate life is passed in the open air than in the south. Pieter Breughel, the elder, whom Dr. Bode takes as the example of the earlier styles, clearly points the differences between it and that of Rembrandt and his contemporaries. Of course, no Dutch painters of as early as the seventeenth century actually painted his pictures out of doors, but Breughel's are mostly out-of-door scenes, skirmishes, massacres, fairs, tavern-scenes, in which the populace took part; in fact, like the first national Dutch landscapes, genre was at first a frankly plebeian form of art, intended to please the populace, and sold for small sums. The genre pictures of the seventeenth century, on the contrary, become more or less interior scenes, aristocratic in feeling. The

figures cease to be types of the million, and become highly characterised individuals. It is in dealing with the separate painters of this and the next class, landscapes, that Dr. Bode is so successful in giving readers unskilled in the Dutch school simple clues whereby to recognise or remember the individuality of each artist. Vermeer, of Delft, is indeed the "antipodes of Maes, instead of concentrating light as Rembrandt and Maes, his pupil, did, Vermeer transfuses his subject, as it were, with a clear flood. In place of their roughness of surface, his is smooth, and lustrous as enamel, only less so than Terburgh's. Vermeer's genre pictures are quiet and sedate, like Pieter de Hooch's and Metzu's, without Maes's element of pathos and without Hooch's strong colour, or the grace and stately elegance of Metzu's incidents. Dr. Bode's estimate of Vermeer is particularly interesting on account of the rarity of his works and the recent discovery of their masterly qualities. Dr. Bode is well qualified to judge, and he is doubtless right when he claims that Vermeer's unique masterpiece, the view of Delft, which has not long been hanging in the Hague gallery, has already strongly influenced Dutch landscape painting. This is the more remarkable, since Vermeer's time seems to have been almost entirely devoted to genre. Terburgh, again, is naturally highly esteemed by Dr. Bode, who points out that, in his perfect drawing and in his vigorous pictorial talent, he surpasses all other Dutch painters. No less sympathetic for his peculiar merits is Dr. Bode's estimate of versatile and erratic geniuses, such as Jan Steen and Adriaen Brauer. Like Franz Hals, Steen appeals directly to "unsophisticated eyes" by his humour, which in Steen's case has cast off all its quiet dignity, and broadens, as it did with Hogarth, until it slips into caricature. It is also noticeable that in all Steen's scenes of this order, there is no violence, and that he loves to depict children with charming playfulness. Adriaen Brauer, though a Fleming by birth, may be noticed here, since he has much in common with Steen. Dr. Bode dwells interestingly on Brauer's irregular and fascinating career, on which a little uncertain light has recently been cast by documentary evidence carefully weighed by Dr. Bode. It must be sufficient to repeat one note of general interest which he makes concerning Brauer, that, though he was a man of conspicuous artistic temperament, and evidently of much personal charm, no female figure offering any sign of attraction appears in any of his numerous pictures.

Landscape painting, though the more dignified and excellent branch of Dutch art, has been neglected here, because the merits of the great Dutch landscape painters, such as Jacob van Ruisdael, are better appreciated by those for whom this notice is particularly intended. Dr. Bode's brief general view of landscape painting is even more suggestive than his remarks on genre, but is more difficult to deal with briefly. One remark must be noticed, if its meaning be somewhat over-stretched. When Dr. Bode suggests it, it is clear that a strong element in all Dutch art, and in the real appreciation of it, which the Dutch man has, is the delight in the painted image of his own possessions: his land freed from the Spaniards, his ships, himself and his family in holiday or biblical attire, his house, his books, his silver-plate, his glass, his wine, his fruit and his fish, even his own mortality, recalled by the "Vanitas." This element makes Dutch art more intensely natural perhaps than any other, but it narrows its spiritual appeal. That is widest, in Dutch art, when it represents inanimate nature, after Rembrandt, wider and stronger in Hercules Segers, perhaps, than in any other Dutch master. Dr. Bode says even more: "To feel the soul of Nature is given to few artists, as Hercules Segers, and above all to

Rembrandt. They describe to us her imposing power and grandeur, Jacob Ruisdael her sublime equanimity, with which he compels our submission and quiet admiration." In another place, comparing Ruisdael with Hobbema, whose "drawing and technical treatment," he judges, "are as skilful, just as true and individual, lighter, richer and more piquant," who created "masterpieces of such beauty that even Ruisdael has little to compare with them"; yet Dr. Bode pronounces Ruisdael "the greatest landscapist of all time." Long study of Dutch art as profound as Dr. Bode's might lead us to the same conclusion, but not yet. To Jan van Goyen, tender, pale, and diaphanous, so seemingly facile because he was really so faithfully dependent on Nature; to Aelbert Cuyp, flooding his grand landscapes with golden light, while all other Dutch painters produce the charm of sunlight by contrast; to Paul Poller, instilling his own patient phlegm into his domestic animals in their delicately modelled hide; to the technical mastery of Adriaen Van de Velde, equalling Hobbema and even touching the incomparable Ruisdael, speaking direct to the soul with his tender melancholy: to all these space is left only to allude. Scarcely that is left even to name the still-life painters, except Willem Kalf, recently recalled from oblivion, so brilliant in his colouring, so important for his representation of the great period of the Dutch goldsmiths' work. It is Dr. Bode's fault if this notice is inordinately long, for the great Flemish masters, Rubens and Anton van Dyck, whose work he contrasts so vividly, must be omitted altogether, and the amazing catalogue of Van Dyck's works, executed for Rubens in three short years, 1816 to 1820, must be studied in Dr. Bode's own pages.

A PRIZE NOVEL

The Faith of his Fathers. By A. E. JACOMB. (Melrose, 6s.)

WHETHER the fashion of instituting novel-writing competitions, and offering a substantial money reward for the "best" work sent in, be conducive or not to the higher interests of literature, is a point worthy of some consideration. If the tales we hear are true regarding the vast number of manuscripts received by the promoters of these contests—the wonderful length to which they would reach were their pages placed end to end (say from here to next April 1st), their appalling total of words, and so on, the amount of heart-burning and disappointment caused to owners of "rejected addresses" must be truly pathetic—a view, however, not without its consolatory side, since in a great many cases that disappointment will deter the writers from further onslaughts on their day and generation.

In the first place, it must be remembered that the novel chosen has to pay. Kind publishing gentlemen are not in the habit of walking round the town with a far-away look in their eyes and a hundred or more golden guineas in a benevolently extended hand, for nothing; that same far-away look is preoccupied with the glint of more plentiful gold in the beyond. This in itself renders one sceptical as to whether the finest story has always been selected, since it is conceivable that perfection and popularity are but distantly related. On the other hand, the winning novel is fairly sure of a good sale, freely and judiciously advertised as it is bound to be, and this fact, of course, somewhat equalises matters as between the "smartest" book and the "best" book. It is a case in which, in the nature of things, there must often be a reflection of the trouble which pervades every business, from the highest to the lowest—the conflict between integrity and the commercial spirit.

It is a pleasure to find that conflict reduced to an insignificant quantity with regard to the novel before us. "The Faith of his Fathers" has won a prize of two hundred and fifty guineas offered in a recent "competition," and has, we think, won it worthily. For there is in it no trace of the straining after effect, the meaningless, ornate paragraph, the extravagantly "clever" dialogue, and other inartistic superfluities which are indications of the passion for ephemeral distinction; it proves, on the contrary, to be rather simply written, tense, straightforward, and grimly earnest. The author has not gone far afield for his scene; he has taken one of the numerous possibilities of tragedy which life in a severely Methodist household in a provincial town can hold—the tacit, inevitable war between the children, as they grow up, and the parents for whom the groove of custom has worn too deeply for deviation. From these materials, by no means new, he has woven a strong and moving story, with scarcely a digression. Chiefly it concerns the son of the house, Stephen Atkinson, who in an hour of lapse from the strict surroundings of home gets into trouble with a barmaid at a riverside inn. His father, hearing of it through a tale-bearing elder of the meeting-house, forces him to marry the girl; and from that stern interview when the older man, rebelling all the time against the admission of such a woman into the family, compels himself to toe the line of his implacable belief, the gradual downfall of happiness begins. The senior Atkinson, with his Calvinistic inclinations, his intolerance of everybody who was not "saved," his pathetic endeavours to fathom the reason of his wife's alienation from him—she, sympathising with the younger folk, gradually found her husband less of a righteous hero—is the most striking character in the book. Stephen is weak, he is weak right through; he never knows when to put his foot down, and towards the end he becomes a jealous hanger-on of those who are better off than himself. His behaviour and his outlook are partly due to the reaction against the prudery of his up-bringing; but in his sister that reaction assumes a different form; she remains loyal, in spite of her father's thunderous denunciations, to her lover, a man "outside the fold," and a fine fellow. Thus the tragic element works itself out from mere discord to open rebellion. We could wish that Mr. Jacomb had spared us the blow which Stephen deals his wife in a moment of passion, and which kills her and sends him to prison; it is a little too melodramatic after the steady, forcible manner of the previous chapters. Far more convincing and true than this is the picture of the father, estranged from his children, with the wife who was formerly his helpmate turned against him and hopelessly wrecked in body and spirit by the stress of the two factions. We give the concluding words of the book, where Mary Wilson, Stephen's "might-have-been," is visiting Mr. Atkinson:

She said with a sudden impulse, "I hate to see you here, like this!" She looked round the room—the one sitting-room of the cottage, with its remnants of the old, substantial furniture in it, looking like the wreckage of a fine ship cast away on barrenness.

"I'm content. Have patience and courage for me as well as for yourself, my child. We both have need of them."

"No, not you. You're strong!"

"Not always. Sometimes the devil tempts me, but not for long, thank God!"

"Tempts you? To what?"

"To regret that I followed the truth when the world called it folly. But that was at first, in the great darkness after Stephen was condemned, and Fanny was struck down."

"And now, are you glad?"

"I would do it again."

"Even if you knew—" She paused.

"Yes, if I knew what would come after, for what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? I've kept mine alive."

"But others suffered," said Mary, almost in spite of herself, as she looked back on the past.

"It was the Lord's will," he answered. . . .

So she left him, for it was getting late. . . . At the door she looked back. Mr. Atkinson had taken a Bible from the shelf and was opening it. He had drawn a chair close to his wife, for he had always a hope that some day some words would reach the woman he loved: the woman whose soul still lingered in that maimed body.

As Mary waited by the door the eyes of the paralytic met hers, and they seemed to hold the mockery of the universe, malignant, hopeless, impotent, as it listens to the measured cadences of the old faiths.

The author allows himself very few comments of any length upon the issues raised in the course of events; he has chosen merely to tell the story, leaving his readers to form their own opinions. Those opinions may vary, but there is no question that he has succeeded in a vivid depiction of a corner of life full of human passion; the passionate adherence to a narrow creed, and the equally passionate rebellion against it, form his main theme. The book is not epoch-making, nor does it merit any flights of laudatory rhetoric; but it is exceptional, and well above the ordinary level. We have been pleased to observe while reading it many of those niceties of composition which betray the careful handling of language. Opinions may differ as to the qualifications of the three judges to recognise the best work, but perhaps in this instance the proverb that there is safety in numbers has been justified. We can fairly congratulate them upon their choice, and the author upon his excellent first book.

COUNTRY LIFE

The Two Goodwins. By R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.
(Milne, 6s.)

MR. MURRAY GILCHRIST'S latest story reminds us of one of those pale, comprehensive, charming pictures of rural life which are occasionally found adorning odd corners of old-fashioned houses: here and there a pair of lovers are pleading or promenading; under this tree is a child at play, under that tree a rustic jig is in full swing; at the porch of the creeped village hostel sit the ancients, quaffing their ale, or, hands folded on stick, watching the proceedings. Of novels whose atmosphere is the tainted one of the city we have plenty, and for a fine, breezy, wholesome country tale there is always a welcome from sensible readers; this book they will thoroughly enjoy, we feel sure. It abounds in the exhilaration of outdoor affairs, dealing as it does with events in a village of the lovely Peak district; and yet the author has expressed very surely and beautifully the motives of human action which lie tangled deep below the surface of his scenes. He makes us think of what Mr. Thomas Hardy might do for "Wessex" were he cheerful and less concerned with the under-world of love.

The "Two Goodwins" of the title are Charlotte, who is introduced in the first chapter as a little girl just off to school, seven years old, and William, her half-brother, a boy who is anything but prepossessing, but who steadily improves as he goes on, finally evolving into quite a good fellow. Charlotte's love affair is very lightly and delicately shown; hardly emphasised enough, perhaps, for the perfect balance of the story, considering that she is the principal character; but this slight complaint is only one we shall make. Mr. Gilchrist has the faculty of conveying a clear impression of even his supernumeraries, if we may so term them, in a few neat lines; this brief sketch of Farmer Haslam, for example, is capital:

He was a tall and corpulent gaffer, with some resemblance to the Toby of the old jug. In profile his face was singularly

handsome. Shown at the full 'twas like the moon at a happy Harvest Home. He was smoking, lustily enough, shag tobacco in a briar pipe, the good wife only permitting him the use of a clay churchwarden when they sat together before going bedward. He had always been a gallant, greatly admired by women; but had never, even in thought, given his wife the least cause for jealousy. At sight of Charlotte he laid aside his pipe and caught her hand, then dropped into an armchair and pulled her to his knee, just as if she were a fondling of seven. The girl kissed him on the left cheek, a little above the beard line.

"Heigho, little Charlotte! Heigho! how the years do pass! Nay, now, wilt leave me? Proud young gipsy—too proud to sit on an old fellow's knee."

The story of William Goodwin, interwoven with that of Charlotte, is the strongest note in the book, and from it we will quote three short scenes which form a sequence. In the first, the young man is after the buxom girl whom afterwards he woos more honourably, and the lady's mother gives him his *congé* with a snap like a rifle-shot:

"Nay, lad, but I'm proud o' Sarah—prouder o' her nor o' any o' t'others." William emptied his glass and rose. "Then you'll not mind me coming to see her?" he said thickly. "I've never seen one I fancied so."

"You may come as often as you please, Mr. William, the offer the merrier. And if so be as she promises to be your wife—"

"My wife—egad! I like that!" he stuttered. "As if she'd have the chance."

Mrs. Govier stared for a moment, laughed shortly, then rose, and stood, tall and threatening, pointing to the door. Her face was livid, a sudden spasm of rage brought the foam to her lips. "To hell wi' you!" she said.

In the second, having discovered that he loves the girl and must have her, he discusses the matter with his old grandmother, upon whose good graces he is to a great extent dependent:

"'Tis the last time I'm a-going to ask you. William, will you give her up?"

"I won't, Gran," he said loudly. "I won't for all as anybody living could offer!" She left her chair and tremblingly rolled up the crochet-work. "So that's settled," she said. "There'll be no need for you to work. I'll settle two pounds a week on you. I thought to cut you off altogether; but I can't for shame. You've lost thirty odd thousand pound; to-morrow I make a fresh will. . . . Thirty odd thousand pound and this land—"

"You'll please yourself, Gran. I'm not going to give Sarah up."

She left William alone with his perturbed thoughts. As she went upstairs she said, "Eigh, love makes a man a fool!" As a very fond grandmother she was not able to understand that love may make a fool a man.

Lastly, having married Sarah secretly, though to his credit as a man, the news is broken to the relenting old lady at a country dance given in honour of a friend's wedding.

William took his grandmother's arm and tried to draw her forward. "Be good, Gran," he murmured, "be good. It's my wife—we married the day before I left you." Poor Grandmother Smithard was dazed for a few moments, then she let him lead her to Sarah's side. There she stood, gazing, unconscious of all watchers, and at last put her hands almost fiercely on the soft, white shoulders. Some of the folk half-fared that the dame was about to administer a good shaking, but, instead, she gazed into the eyes that met hers frankly and not unkindly.

"Lass," she said, "I don't know how I could stand against you. You're my lad's mate, there's no gainsaying it!"

Someone shouted "Hurrah!" and although so few knew the meaning of the scene, the place rang loud with merry voices. Grandmother swayed a little. Sarah's arms went round her waist, and with William and Charlotte they passed back to the house. There she rested and listened to their story, but soon would go back to the threshing-barn, since—God ha' mercy!—she must see how they danced together.

This last chapter is a dainty little picture indeed, and could in no way be bettered. Throughout the whole story Mr. Gilchrist has a delicacy of touch which never degenerates into mere "prettiness," and we recommend the book with the certainty that the excellent style, no less than the pleasant theme, will give our readers the best of impressions.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Stormy Petrel. By L. T. MEADE. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

MRS. L. T. MEADE goes for the materials of her latest book to Ireland, and from the terribly sad happenings of the "Black Year"—the period of the potato famine—she has constructed a story the interest of which is not wholly dependent on the misery and starvation which form, as it were, the background. A good portion of it, in fact, is bright and full of liveliness, and by a slight wrenching of the screw of probability the author avoids finishing in the minor key. The "Stormy Petrel" of the tale is a man who had been wrecked on the Irish coast, rescued, the sole survivor, and treated kindly by Squire O'Hara and his neighbours. Returning to America, he makes a fresh fortune, and hearing of the dreaded "blight" that was attacking the potato-fields and unnerving the people in this corner of the island, he sends over his son to assist with money and brains the almost demented peasants. This son falls in love with Kathleen O'Hara, and the romance of these two forms the chief interest of the book. Into the details of the plot we need not enter; there are many characters, all neatly drawn, although Kathleen takes the centre of the picture undoubtedly. Mrs. Meade has been very successful with her; the brother Patrick, whose alliance with the rough instigators of bloodshed causes considerable anxiety, is not so convincing. The large circle of readers upon whose attention Mrs. Meade can always rely will find that she has given good measure, and that the quality of interest which she invariably manages to impart to her books remains, despite many verbal infelicities, at its usual high level.

One Immortality. By H. FIELDING HALL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

We have had occasion to praise Mr. Fielding Hall's work before now in these columns, and his new novel, if such we can term it, attains a high level in a style which he has previously used with good effect. The short, crisp sentences give a peculiar impression of strength, especially in the pages here and there which are devoted to descriptive matter. But as to story, there is very little of it; the book is to all intents and purposes a philosophical disquisition on the themes of love and marriage, and the characters introduced are mere figures through whose lips, as by ventriloquism, certain views are set forth. We hasten to add that there is nothing irrational or displeasing about these views. At the same time, with all due respect to the author, it must be admitted that they become a trifle prosy and boring, these worthy people of his who toss the ball of intellectual conversation to and fro so neatly. They meet at Venice, and by the time the steamer on which they depart has reached Bombay, the story is finished. A girl who seeks for the meaning of her existence, of life, of love, is drawn sympathetically to one of the other passengers, a young man who is also somewhat misty as to the reason of his being and his ultimate destiny; our readers can easily guess the natural conclusion of such a situation.

It is in the descriptive passages that we like the

author best. One or two brief extracts will show his power:

One day they came on deck to find the ship was motionless. Her engines had broken down, and so she lay like some great wounded thing upon the sea. A light wind blew, and the little waves came racing up to see her, wondering what was this black and ugly thing that lay so still. . . . They raised their heads to look at her; they laughed, they splashed their spray upon her in derision. And then they danced away gaily joyfully, singing their ocean song, and glancing back in mockery over their lucent shoulders at the uncanny monster.

Above the northern horizon hung a peak suspended in the heavens. You could not see its base. The purple haze was folded over it and hid it; but in the clear sky above, the sharp rock-summit stood revealed in clearest outline. The golden sunlight fell upon it like a glory, and upon its shoulders fields of purest snow shone like a woman's skin gleaming through openings of her drapery.

The ship passed very slowly through the narrow water. Before her it stretched, a ghastly, greenish strip lit by her searchlight. The buoys that marked the deeper water swam suddenly into being when the light touched them, and disappeared behind her into the night. On either side there was a wave that followed the ship, washing against the banks with a dull murmur, and beyond the banks of the desert.

It seemed to stretch into illimitable distances, mysterious, wonderful in the dim light of a half moon. Strange noises came from it; a jackal barked with mournful cadence, a camel bubbled. And there were sounds born of the night alone, whispers and sighs that drifted up on the night wind. It seemed as if they were the desert's thoughts that passed, her dreams, her fancies, her remembrances. They were the ghosts of all the things that she had seen through all the ages.

Such choosing of words is excellent, and reminds us of some of the strikingly effective language in a previous book of Mr. Hall's, "The Soul of a People." Our readers who do not mind pleasant discursions on a well-worn theme, often very pertinent and stimulating to thought, may enjoy this novel; but those who anticipate a story will be, we fear, a little disappointed.

RUSTIC RELIGION

A DULL enough folk we seem in our remote East-country village—remote though but thirty miles from London—uninterested in ourselves and uninteresting to the ordinary town dweller, who limits his rare visits to us to Bank holidays and seasons when our surroundings of field and garden and hedge-row are green and gay, and recoils with horror at the idea of spending any length of time with us in our winter mud and darkness, and suspects not anything remarkable in us. Yet under the dull surface lies ore worth the seeking. We value it not ourselves. Our queer old-fashioned words and ways pass among ourselves without comment, and if our attention is drawn to them we are only bored, and even contemptuous of their mention. We think not and care not how ancient and curious many of them are, how they carry us back into the dim past, back, it may be, to pagan, pre-historic times. Trivial they may be, but dull they are not. Our words, many that we commonly use, words long passed out of use by the literary world, have a history of eight or more centuries, and an existence of how many centuries we know not: and many of our queer customs are as old.

Our religion, for instance, which is the special subject of these notes, what a strange mixture it is, compact, like the parish church, only with ignobler results, of the work of every period. Churchmanship, a small ingredient in a mixture of modern indifference, eighteenth-century torpor, primitive puritanism, mediæval superstition and paganism. All of us who are not definitely Dissenters style ourselves Churchmen, though what churchmanship means we mostly neither have, nor want to have, the vaguest idea, though we never go to church, and even live openly godless and evil lives; and we resent any hint to the contrary. About a quarter of us go to church, some, of course, for genuine

devotion, but many of superstition, of custom, for respectability's sake, or out of compliment to the parson. "Well, thank ye, sir, for comin' to see us," is a common type of remark; "p'raps one o' these times I'll put the pony in the cart and run down and hear ye." "M—m," says the parson, "you don't ever go to church nowadays." "Wh' yes, I was there tother day, and helped carry in the new organ." Any Sunday you may see the sorry sight of ringers stolidly slouching out of church just before the service, and of groups of men and lads assembled in their Sunday clothes at the church gate, and there abiding. One has known a church-cleaner who was seldom at church, except for funerals, which she attended regularly. "I'd go to church," says a woman, "only I have to clean the chapel." Strange reasoning as it seems, it is perhaps explained by the fact that, with us, churchmanship and Nonconformity are inextricably mixed by intermarriage, and that religion is a marketable thing. "I am not chapel-cleaner," she seems to mean, "because I prefer chapel, but if I clean the chapel I must go to chapel." Church people must deal with church tradesmen; else they get abuse. "You want me to support you," says the tradesman, "and I expect you to support me, though" (he might add) "I charge you more and give you a worse article than you can get elsewhere." The parson is even told, within a little, how much custom will retain the tradesman as a supporter.

In church we are decorous in outward appearance, but many of us never kneel. We crouch forward, as though the benches screened us from divine, as they do from human, observation. Many of us have no idea of the meaning of much of the service, and we do not want to understand. What we appreciate is the sound of the words. Explanation of the meaning is superfluous. The comparative accuracy of the Revised Version is almost impious. We are something like the Boer farmer who, his family Bible being in tatters, replied to the offer by a visitor of a new English Bible, "What do you mean? There's no Bible besides ours." We listen complacently to sermons, but the chief lesson we carry away is "that's meant for neighbour So-and-so." Our manners on Sunday are odd. We may be on quite good terms with the parson, and genial in our greetings, on week-days, but on Sunday many of us pretend not to see him, or pointedly ignore him. Why? We have often wondered. It is partly shyness. We are in company with our mates, and our politeness will not stand ridicule. Partly, perhaps, it is a survival of the Sunday mistrust of early conventicle days. Though we have in the week past sat and eaten and drunk in the parson's garden, or the night before have asked and been allowed to net the sparrows in the vicarage ivy, yet when we meet him on the Sunday we may be moved to cut him dead.

Our mothers are mostly careful to come to be church-ed, and to bring the children for baptism, many for proper reasons, but often of superstition. It is not correct to go abroad until the churching is performed. "When will you be able to give me my liberty?" is sometimes the form of application. The children must be baptised, else calamity lies in the future. The old nurses of the Gamp type, we believe, for this reason usually kept the mothers up to their duty. Confirmation is another matter. Apparently it lacks the charm with which the above-mentioned rites are credited. We are suspicious of it. It is too solemn and holy a rite. Many of us parents were not confirmed; or, if we were, we have put it and its obligations aside long ago. And to the young people the fear of ridicule is a strong and real deterrent. An unflinching religious parent, of course, values it, and makes a point of presenting his children. A strict pagan parent may insist upon it, for odd reasons. "G— says he will have 'em done," says a wife; "they was all vaccinated, and he likes to have all them things

done." We have known a good parent, careful in his own religious practice, yield to the common prejudice when it came to the point of decision. "Father says he's goin' to have me made a Christian of," said a damsel of fifteen or so; but other counsels prevailed, and when the final word had to be spoken, it was, "Father says he shan't have me done over this time."

We attend weddings and funerals and harvest thanksgivings, but as spectacles mostly. There are women who will walk miles to any funeral, but otherwise never appear in church. "Well, are you going to your cousin's wedding?" was said to a woman. "I don't know; p'raps I shall go and have a look." With very few exceptions we take no part in the service, and we like to sit all through it, if we are allowed. We flock to harvest thanksgivings and shout the popular hymns. We feel it our duty to give thanks, but we think we have also an idea that we propitiate the Deity and score up a credit account for the next harvest; for many of us do not appear again at church for twelve months.

When the end comes, we die in peace, if the minister has "said a prayer over us" in peace, though our last act be deliberately to leave an aged husband's support unsecured, or to direct that we be buried as far from our dead wife as possible. "I beg and pray you," said a dying man, lately, "not to bury me with her. I couldn't rest. I should come back and ha'n't the very ground you tread on." Here surely is superstition of the aboriginal savage type. We do not know among us the humorous materialism of Mrs. Barnes in Adderley's "Behold the Days Come," who remarks, "Now I say religion's all very well, but it ought to be forgotten, and by-gones be by-gones when we're a-dying." We value religious ministrations at the last, but many of us value them chiefly as a charm.

We know of no local witches at present, but certainly their disturbing presence has been noted within recent

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years. Thus at least we have advanced a step beyond the East Anglican marsh folk of fiction.

We are scrupulously neighbourly. We spare neither time nor toil nor our small means to help our sick and needy neighbours, mostly out of true kindness; but we are not forgetful of the fact, which we sometimes baldly state, "that there's no sayin' when we shall need it ourselves." And, if we are not called upon to help, we flock in and out of the house of sickness when death seems to be close at hand, and still more when death has come, like busy flies.

This is, of course, only one side of our rustic life. It may seem a pessimistic statement, but our purpose is only to present one side. There are plenty of decent, pleasant people amongst us, and much simple piety, and some devoted churchmanship. One's life is agreeable by association with many agreeable neighbours. But there is this other side, from which it seems that the coating of Christianity has worn off, and stark paganism shows through. We have already, alas, among our rustic folk, that miscreant who with jeers deters his women-folk from their religion: "You ain't so silly, I should think, as to believe the Bible and that." Enough, perhaps, has been said to show that our religion deserves observation and reflection. One wonders whether in our remote regions religion is increasing or lessening. Religious people are nowadays with us, as elsewhere, we suppose, more intelligently religious, but fewer. One would like to think that narrow and inert as we are, prejudiced, ignorant, yet satisfied, "independent," self-assertive, and touchy to the last degree, we are yet as a community after our fashion groping after God. May we hope that as an improving educational system works in the rustic mind, intelligent religion will grow too? We wish we could think so. But the evidence of towns points the other way.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am not at all shaken in my opinion that Mr. Cook's views are extraordinary by the fact that he makes one letter do duty in four different journals, nor am I much impressed in their favour because their publication in the "Victoria Memorial Number of the *Times*" sent up the circulation of that gay and sparkling little journal to such an extent that it reached "the largest circulation in the world."

Mr. Cook need not worry about the part the nations are to play in the discovery of John Martin; suffice it that he, E. Wade Cook, has discovered him, and let him rest assured that he will be left to play with his new-found treasure entirely alone so far as discriminating people are concerned.

"*Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas.*" Quite so, and when you "topple" from the sublime you usually achieve the ultra-ridiculous; but, in spite of Mr. Cook's assertion, Milton did not "topple" over. There is absolutely no reason at all why Milton should not make use of a park of artillery if Milton so willed, or any other.

"Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds."

Why not say the above line embraces a ridiculous anachronism because it describes events that took place prior to Tubal Cain? Our greatest artists do not care one jot for historical accuracy; their work is done in the lacunæ of time. It is the work of the hour which worries about historical accuracy—and dies—in its own length. If historical accuracy were the accepted criterion, we should have to put Alma Tadema above Rembrandt, remembering Pontius Pilate's turban, and purge our galleries of nearly all the Madonnas and Holy Families of the world's greatest geniuses. Has Mr. Cook ever seen William Orpen's "Samson and Delilah"? He will hardly deny its phenomenal genius (by the bye, genius nearly always is phenomenal), and yet the lamp on the table is undoubtedly from Goudge Street, one and tenpence-hapenny, and the table from Tottenham Court Road, adjoining, on the hire system. But "if the two young people really love each other, what does it matter?"

What is Mr. Cook's grudge against crinolines? Angels are just as good in crinolines as anything else, if you're going to commit the anachronism of clothing them at all. And though I have never been able to restrain a shudder at the thought of the French artist who painted a crucifixion with the central figure in a bowler hat, yet I do sincerely recognise the fact that the artist, from one point of view—and that an important one—is more likely to be right than I.

As for "the utter chaos of Tintoretto's 'Paradise,'" tut! tut! Mr. Cook should write for *Punch*. "Tintoret . . . works in the consciousness of supreme strength. . . . He knows precisely all that art can accomplish under given conditions; determines absolutely how much of what can be done, he will himself for the moment choose to do; and fulfils his purpose with as much ease as if, through his human body, were working the great forces of Nature."

"And that 'Paradise,' though it is the largest picture in the world, without any question, is also the thoughtfullest and most precious. . . . I have no hesitation in asserting this picture to be by far the most precious work of art of any kind whatsoever now existing in the world."

Now comes a perfervid description of one of Martin's pictures, a description that gives one the idea of a rather drunken evening at "The White City," amplified from the reporter's notes by Miss Marie Corelli; but perhaps Mr. Martin is as much to blame for this as Mr. Cook. What a pity Mr. Cook was not at hand to write a puff or two when one of Martin's clap-trap performances was touting for public favour as a transparency in a Strand raree-show!

We must, however, remember that Mr. Cook "simply hates" great work, and yet, despite this, I should like him to re-read Charles Lamb's essay entitled "Barrenness of the Imaginative Faculty in the Productions of Modern Art," a large portion of which is taken up by censure of the "Feast of Belshazzar." He should read Chesneau, too, who found much of Martin's work "ugly, vulgar, tame."

What does Mr. Cook mean by the "misdirected energy of the Press" depreciating "modern art by millions of pounds in value"? It would seem to be an interesting process, "if philosophy could find it out." It seems to go so well with the description of the Royal Academy Exhibition given in a recent well-known pasquinade—namely, "Thousands of square yards of canvas all covered over with art."

CALEB PORTER.

January 26th, 1909.

I WOULD LIKE (IN "THE KING'S ENGLISH").

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Writers upon the King's English cannot fairly complain if any statement they make is pressed to the utmost. But for the irresistible temptation to do this, "A French Linguist" (in your issue of January 16th), instead of occupying a column and a half of your space in proving the obvious—namely, that *I would like* is in certain rare contexts English—might have been indulgent enough to refer our condemnation to the very common abuse, and almost only use, of the words, fully discussed and illustrated four pages later (pp. 141-2). It is true that our meaning should have been guarded by a *neglectis negligendis* in the preliminary remark on p. 137. No doubt it is possible, as your correspondent suggests, to imagine a person saying "I would (*i.e.*, used to) like sweets when I was a boy"; but the extreme difficulty of imagining it (though more plausible examples could be constructed) is a measure of the rarity and negligibility of this idiom with the verb *like*. His other type ("I would like him if I could") is equally correct, and equally negligible. We ask "A French Linguist's" pardon for omitting the reservation; but we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived.

In an editorial note you invite "A French Linguist" to "take it from you that the book to which he refers ('The King's English') is not always a reliable guide." If he is one of your regular readers, he would probably take it with less surprise from anyone else. For, whereas the words can scarcely be interpreted as anything but a general disparagement, it is to be feared that he may have been seduced into buying so unreliable a book by passages like the following, one of which is from an editorial paragraph in your issue of May 19th, 1906, the other from Mr. A. L. Mayhew's review of the second edition in your columns six months later:—

"We may give some idea of how good and valuable a book it is, by stating that it has made us so nervous that we doubt the correctness of every sentence we have written."

"The book under consideration is an admirable monitor on a very difficult subject. It is the work of men who are

thorough scholars, and who are endowed with excellent judgment—a book free from pedantry, and abounding in good, sound common sense. It is a thoroughly useful, practical book, and may be heartily recommended to every one who wishes to write good English."

THE AUTHORS OF "THE KING'S ENGLISH"
(Clarendon Press).

[Our correspondents refer to the "extreme difficulty of imagining a person saying," "I would like sweets when a boy." We are unable to see any difficulty in imagining it. In the same way they sweep contemptuously aside the other type, "I would like him if I could," describing it as "equally correct and equally negligible." So that as grammarians they take up the position of stating that, "I would like" is not English," and then admitting that there are exceptions, but they are not worth mentioning. This is not our view of the way in which the rules of grammar should be made clear to students, and the fact that our correspondents' book was favourably reviewed in THE ACADEMY at a period when the paper was under another editorship does not give us the least inclination to alter that view.—ED.]

THE DAILY NEWS AND THE DAILY MAIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am one of those unfortunates who read a hapenny paper, and I take the *Daily News* for choice. It cost more when I first took it forty years ago. Please do not think too hardly of me; it is not easy to pull up old roots.

But last Saturday I had a surfeit. Perhaps you do not know that the *Daily News* supplies its readers with a daily instalment of a novel—which I do not always read. But on this particular day I found that a whole page was devoted to the opening chapters of one of these wonderful productions, and I read it right through. Again I ask you to think charitably of me. I found in the closing paragraphs that the hero, with "a changed, livid face whiter than the immaculate shirt-front," lay dead in an arm-chair, and that the unconscious body of the heroine "was lying across the threshold of the small smoking-room."

Then came the following announcement:—

"The continuation of this powerful story will be found in the *London Daily Mail* on Monday, January 25th, price 3d. everywhere. The *Daily Mail* is the great home newspaper, containing not only all the news of the day, but also special articles by leading writers, and a daily magazine page for the family circle. See that your newspaper agent sends you the *London Daily Mail* regularly on and after Monday, January 25th."

Now, sir, I have endured Mr. Chesterton from day to day for a considerable period in the *Daily News*. I have tried hard not to see its displayed "ads." describing cures for the incurable diseases. But when it comes to be the hand-maiden of the *Daily Mail*, the cup runneth over. I immediately paid a visit to my newsagent and ordered that another hapenny paper should be substituted for the *Daily News*, but it was not the *Daily Mail*.

Greenwich, January 25th.

R. T.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

ONE of our correspondents, a Mr. Beard, asks us what is our authority for stating that our Lord and His disciples ate meat, and where we find the sanction given by the New Testament to killing animals. In reply, we refer him to the sixth chapter of St. Mark, where he will find the account of the miracle of the five loaves and the two fishes; also to the eighth chapter of St. Mark, where is recounted the second miracle of loaves and fishes. In both these cases our Lord distributed fishes killed for food to His disciples and apostles, and presumably partook of them Himself. Again, in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, in verses 12 and 13, he will find the words: "Jesus said unto them, come and dine. . . . Jesus then cometh, and taketh bread and giveth them, and fish likewise." Again, in the fourteenth chapter of St. Mark, in the twelfth verse, the words occur: "And the first day of unleavened bread, when they killed the passover, his disciples said unto him, Where wilt thou that we go and prepare that thou mayest eat the passover?" (The italics are ours.) The reference, of course, is to the lamb which was killed and eaten at the feast of the Passover according to Jewish Law. Again, in the Acts of the Apostles, in the tenth chapter, in verses 10 to 13, there is a most direct and sweeping reply to those who pretend that the teaching of Christianity is opposed to killing animals of all kinds for food. The verses mentioned record the vision of St. Peter, and the "sheet knit at the four corners and let down to the earth": "Wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." These extracts should be sufficient to convince any reasonable being that our Lord did not prohibit or reprehend the practice of killing animals for food.

On the question of the morality of field sports, we are, of course, on less sure ground. We do not claim that there is sanction for them to be found in the New Testament, and we expressly

qualified our approval of them last week by stating that, in our opinion, they would probably be avoided by high saints. But we can, at any rate, say that they are nowhere prohibited, and, consequently, we are at liberty to believe, taking into consideration the sanction to kill animals for food, and the fact that animals killed in field sports are either used for food or killed in self-protection on account of their destructiveness (as in the case of the fox), that it is not unlawful or wrong to indulge in the said field sports. We quite admit that this is a matter of opinion, and we have every respect for a man who has a genuine love of field sports, and yet refrains from them because he thinks them wrong. Our experience, however, inclines us to believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who fulminate against field sports are people who are either incapable of indulging in them, or who, having lost the power to enjoy them, proceed to make a virtue of necessity. We do not for a moment suggest that our correspondent, Mr. Forbes, is one of these persons, and when he says that taking life *for mere sport* is brutalising and degrading, we are distinctly inclined to agree with him. For instance, we strongly disapprove of pigeon shooting from traps, but, of course, such pigeon shooting is not a field sport, and those who go in for it are usually not real sportsmen.

It has been observed that actors off the stage are too prone to resemble fish out of water. Of course, there are brilliant exceptions, but Mr. Forbes Robertson is not one of them. At an "At Home" given by the Women's Social and Political Union at the Queen's Hall on Monday, he distinguished himself by making some of the most foolish and drivelling remarks which have ever proceeded even from the mouth of a male Suffragette. He said that "he felt it to be utterly impossible for him to say anything new, or put any fresh light on this great vital reform, but he felt it to be his duty to make a public statement of his faith." Why, being in this state of dumb incoherence on the subject at issue, he should have felt it necessary to make a confession of faith is not clear. Later on Mr. Forbes Robertson remarked that "although much had been written, and well written, in favour of the suffrage for women, nothing had been written against it." This is about the most astonishing statement that we have had the pleasure of reading for some time, in view of the enormous mass of writing on the subject which has appeared in various papers, books, and pamphlets during the past two years.

We will not say anything about our own humble remarks in THE ACADEMY, still less shall we allude to the well-known and frequently-expressed opinions on the subject of the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*; but considering that only a week or two ago Professor Dicey published a long, able, and exhaustive enquiry into the Women's Suffrage question in the *Quarterly Review*, the conclusions of which were overwhelmingly against it, and that scarcely a reputable paper, and no single man or woman of intellectual weight, in England has been found to support the movement, Mr. Forbes Robertson's statement is one which it is difficult to characterise in terms of politeness. Mr. Forbes Robertson is a good actor in certain parts, although the memory of his performance as Romeo in "Romeo and Juliet" is a never-ending nightmare. But if he is unable to talk more sensibly than he did last Monday, we should strongly advise him in his own interest to confine himself to the com-

parative obscurity of the stage limelight. Mr. Forbes Robertson said, among other things, that "he could quite understand man's objection to 'Votes for Women.' They did not like giving up their thrones. At one time of his life he did not like giving up his throne, but, thank heaven, he had lived that failing down." In view of the fact that Mr. Forbes Robertson never possessed a throne of any kind, we can quite understand his lavish generosity in the matter of giving them away. What Mr. Forbes Robertson fails to see is that, while indulging in this kind of bleating, the only thing he is giving away is himself.

The current issue of *Vanity Fair* has given us a great deal of pleasure. A poem by Mr. Aleister Crowley is deprived of that gentleman's signature, if not of his usual "poetical" characteristics. And, thank goodness, there is not a single "comment by Frank Harris." In the following sparkling review, however, we seem to recognise the noble Harris touch:

POST OFFICE LONDON DIRECTORY, 1909 (110th Edition).—Although for many years past the Post Office London Directory has been bound in two volumes, this form of publication was so little in demand that it was obvious that the convenience of having all the information within two covers exceeded the discomfort of excessive bulk. With a view to consulting the convenience of the majority of their customers, the publishers have increased the width of the pages by adding another column, thereby reducing the number of pages of the complete volume (with county suburbs) to 3,440, while not curtailing any of the contents of the various divisions. No addition having been made to its height, the Directory can still occupy its accustomed place on the bookshelf. The publishers have been reluctant to alter the old familiar form in which the Directory has appeared for so many years, but the change is one that must commend itself to every user of this admirable publication. Messrs. Kelly have been publishing the London Directory for nearly a century, and it would be difficult to suggest an improvement.

This is a fine piece of writing, and, furthermore, it will be noticed that in the whole paragraph Anarchy is not so much as hinted at, while the fact that *The Bomb* is still in its second edition is skilfully suppressed. We are glad to be able to congratulate Mr. Harris on his artistic reticence. On the other hand, we have Mr. Edwin Pugh in an article called "The Silence of Women," delivering himself as follows:

All women of experience in their hearts think of men as beasts, as silly, helpless beasts; for there is this peculiarity in the nature of even the best women that their love for a man can exist side by side with a feeling that is akin to contempt for him.

It is characteristic of a paper which is infected with the mania of Suffragitis to give publicity to such mawkish opinions. Mr. Pugh can speak for himself. The feeling that women have for male Suffragettes is no kind of criterion of the feeling they have for normal men. In the ignorance it reveals of the real psychology of woman the sentence we have quoted is worthy of Mr. Shaw or his friend the "Sheeny," whose views of life, regarded from the "Old Clo'" standpoint, have recently been reported at quite unnecessary length in the *Evening Standard*.

In the *Author* Miss Cecily Sidgwick ventilates one of those innumerable small grievances of authorship which, taken together, render the lot of the average worker with the pen less enviable than that of a dustman. It seems that Miss Sidgwick wrote a novel called "The Inner Shrine," and that in 1900 it was published in volume form by Messrs. Harper.

Accounts relating to its sales have passed between Miss Sidgwick and Messrs. Harper ever since, and the book is now out of print. Messrs. Harper, however, are publishing in their magazine a novel called "The Inner Shrine," by a new author; and Miss Sidgwick is informed, not only that she has no redress, but that if her novel, "The Inner Shrine," comes out in a cheap reprint she will have to find a new title. It seems a little remarkable that Messrs. Harper should be involved in such a matter. Of course, there is no copyright in titles, and it would be quite competent for any author or publisher to christen twenty novels "The Inner Shrine" if they were so minded. We think that the law on the subject would bear revision. At the same time, duplication of title really occurs but seldom, for the very simple reason that the booksellers are not in love with new books which bear old titles. We believe that Miss Sidgwick is misinformed as to her rights in the title of "The Inner Shrine" for a cheap edition of the book. If she desires to bring out a cheap edition we should advise her to publish it under her original title and leave Messrs. Harper to get an injunction against her if they could. The fact that a book is out of print does not destroy an author's equity rights in everything that appertains to it. For example, it does not destroy his interest in the copyright, and we will never believe that it will ever destroy his indubitable right to the use of the title. Of course, Messrs. Harper may well have used "The Inner Shrine" as a title by inadvertence. But now that the affair has presumably been brought to their notice we hope that they will request their new author to find a fresh title, and leave Miss Sidgwick in possession of what is morally her own. Or perhaps they will arrange with her for the purchase of the title.

We note that the amusing Mr. Shorter has been lifting up his voice once more about matters which he is determined never to understand. He asserts in the *Sphere* that there is no lack of poetry in England just now, and that Mr. J. M. Barrie is a poet, because he has written "Peter Pan." We have always understood that Mr. Barrie was a fairy, but doubtless Mr. Shorter knows better than Dr. Robertson Nicoll. We suppose that if Mr. Shorter were asked to make a list of living poets it would turn out as follows:

J. M. Barrie.
J. M. Bulloch.
W. R. Nicoll (author of Sunday Afternoon Verses).
William Heinemann ("the famous publisher").
Max Pemberton.
O. O. O. (late V. V. V.)
Sidney Pawling (cricketer).
— Webster (of "The Methuens.")

A man with a poet on his hearthstone ought to know better. Mr. Shorter is undoubtedly the most amiable person in Europe, and the fact that he should allow the little critical faculty he possesses to be utterly swamped by his desire to speak soft nothings about everybody is creditable to his heart, if not to his head.

Here are the headlines of the front page of a London hapenny morning paper: "Tariff Reform means no Navy cheeseparings"; "Juggling with the Navy—Serious Position Created by the Cabinet—Budget 'Economy'—Two-Power Standard in Danger"; "Anarchists' Victims—Criminal's Rights"; "Voluntary Martyrs to Science"; "Bride Drugged and Robbed—Honeymoon Drama in a London Hotel—Husband's Flight—Jewellery and Money Stolen"; "10,000 Men out of Work—Feud Between Railways and Colliery

Owners—War of the Wagons"; "Rubbish Worth a Fortune—Deserted Mine to be Worked for Radium"; "Why Women Drink"; "No Room for Wobblers"; "Miniature General Election." What a world!

The Incorporated Society of Authors has a distinguished President in the person of Mr. George Meredith. It also boasts a council consisting of such men as Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. Gosse, and Mr. Pinero. There are various committees and sub-committees, all of them composed of practical literary persons. Furthermore, the *Author*, a journal published by the Society, is a great stickler for authors' rights and a great censor of publishers' methods. And on the cover of the current issue we find the following advertisements:

MSS. Authors should forward MSS. of any description (Novels, Stories, Poems, Essays, &c.) direct to Mr. —, who will immediately advise, free of charge, as to its publication.

BREEZY WRITING PAYS.

AMBITIOUS AUTHORS, anxious to diverge from the beaten track, should read the following new guides:—

1. *What Shall I Write About?*

New Plots, and How to Find Them.

2. *Tale-Writing for Money.*

Bright Stories: How to Write and Where to Sell Them at Best Prices.

3. *101 Money-making Recipes for Authors.*

From the Private Papers of Eminent Writers.

Sevenpence Each.

Two for 1s. 1d., or three for 1s. 6d., post free.

We wonder what Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling think about this species of advertisement. Of the gentleman who advertises for MSS. we have already said our say in these columns. Of the publications of the firm of the hundred-and-one receipts for breezy writing we may shortly express some opinions. Then we learn from the same issue of the *Author* that Mr. William Archer undertakes to criticise, read and advise about plays entrusted to a firm of agents, for fees ranging from thirty shillings to two-pounds-ten. And "if, in addition to the opinion, the author should desire a personal interview with Mr. Archer a further fee of two guineas will be charged." Here again we have a neat little arrangement, the which, we take it, Mr. Meredith and Mr. Kipling and Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Mr. Gosse and Mr. Pinero heartily approve. For ourselves, we heartily disapprove. But so long as the Authors' Society continues to lend itself to such departments of enterprise, so long must it remain the laughing-stock of people who know what authorship means. We cannot conceive that Mr. Meredith reads the *Author's* advertisements.

We understand that Mrs. E. Grant Richards is editing a paper called *The Englishwoman*. And we understand that *The Englishwoman* is more or less of a suffragist organ, and that Mrs. Richards herself desires the vote. We can well believe it.

HUSH—ON THIS ONE EVENING

HUSH—on this one evening, of this, my February,
While the moon is hanging and the night-star gleams,
Listen, for the courtship of all the earth's beginning,
Night will close with passion and end with endless dreams.

In the thousand copses muffled birds are stirring,
Last year's wings are passing, last year's hearts are fledged;

In a bower of bare twigs waits a breathless robin,
Waits her scarlet master, songless, secret-hedged.

There're no buds about her, but the sap is stirring
Thro' the miles of hedgerows like a hidden fire,
Down the lane a great bee swooning with the twilight
Seeks a budding primrose in which to wake desire.

Love, on this one evening, of this, my February,
While the moon is hanging and the night star gleams,
Listen, for the courtship of all the earth's beginning,
Night will close with passion and end with endless dreams.

COFFIN-SIDE VERSES

WHILE Mr. Massingham has been away delivering lectures on journalism at the University of Dublin his paper has continued to distinguish itself. Last Saturday it reviewed a batch of poets under the caption of "A Mixed Quire." It reviewed the "tousy tyke's" blasphemous "Testament" with that kindly touch for which the *Nation* will some day perhaps become notorious. It assures us that the kind of creed which the "tousy tyke" holds is of small moment compared with the kind of poetry which he makes out of it. We believe in poetry, and we believe that a poet's creed is of small moment—to the world—compared with the kind of poetry which he makes out of it. But we believe, further, that if a poet's creed is a foul creed, and he sets himself deliberately to endeavour to make poetry out of it, his poetry will suffer. We believe that the "tousy tyke's" creed is a foul material creed, and that his poetry has suffered accordingly, and we believe also that when the *Nation* describes the "tousy tyke's" "Testament" as a "noble and stirring poem" it fails in its duty to whatever public it may happen to possess. The "tousy tyke's" "Testament" is an ignoble and stupid poem if ever there was one, and it seems to us a thousand pities that money honestly earned in cocoa by a benevolent, God-fearing Quaker should be expended on the purchase of writing which is intended to cram that poem down the throat of "Liberalism." Of course, taken in the main, the *Nation's* notice of the "tousy tyke's" "Testament" is an unfavourable notice, and, in a sense, it is calculated to acquaint the reader with what he may expect if he purchases the book. At the same time, it does not really so acquaint him and it leaves him to discover the impertinent silliness and rank blasphemies of this "noble and stirring poem" for himself. We do not expect such reviewing from the roller-top desk and fountain pen of Nonconformity. In the *Freethinker* the *Nation's* review might have shone; in the *Nation* it is so much furtive compromise. The reviewer is

careful not to quote, and we are open to mark for Mr. Massingham lengthy passages in the "tousy tyke's" booklet which he simply dare not quote with approval; and which he dare not approve even without quoting. It is all very well to call the "tousy tyke" a "monist," which is a nice soft adaptation from the Greek, and to assert with the same breath that he has made a noble and stirring poem out of his monism. We should have imagined that the *Nation* would be aware that there are occasions when it is necessary to say "spade" when you mean "spade"; but possibly it is afraid of the "tousy tyke's" rapier, and it would rather induce Nonconformity to gasp over indifferent prose and monotonous blank verse which might have done duty in the *Freethinker* than run the risk of the "tousy tyke's" displeasure. Further on in its wonderful article the *Nation* offers us the following quaint notice:

Recently Mr. Frederic Harrison has drawn attention to an elegy, in the form of a sonnet-sequence, called "Thysia." It is a husband's lamentation for the death of his wife, and is unquestionably a fine poem. The sonnets are on the Shakespearean model, and sometimes end with an Alexandrine, which is, we think, a mistake; otherwise they show little trace of the amateur. We hardly believe, indeed, that the anonymous author is an amateur, so unerringly does he achieve that pinnacle of poetic art, simplicity. In every one of the sonnets grief is expressed with almost intolerable directness, a grief not mixed with desperation, but with a noble faith and courage. Mr. Harrison speaks of some of these poems as having been composed in the very presence of the coffin, which, we hope, is no more than a figure of speech. But in whatever manner they were composed, they are wonderful moving poetry. We may almost say of them that their sorrow has made "sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self." Such pure, unaffected music, made out of such a terrible affliction, will surely not be "alms for oblivion."

It seems to us somewhat extraordinary that the *Nation* should base its review of a little book of verses so diffidently upon an opinion expressed by Mr. Frederic Harrison, whom we suppose nobody would have the temerity to charge with being a critic of poetry. However, we live and learn, and it seems that, as Mr. Harrison has drawn attention to "Thysia," "Thysia" is "unquestionably a fine poem." Furthermore, the anonymous poet is not an amateur, and, according to the *Nation*, he achieves unerringly that pinnacle of poetic art, simplicity. And the *Nation* may almost say of the sonnets that their sorrow has made sorrow more beautiful than beauty itself. They are also pure, unaffected music. We happen ourselves to have looked into this same "Thysia." It is a thin booklet of forty-six pages, and, as the *Nation* very truly observes, "it is a husband's lamentation for the death of his wife." As there is neither credit nor discredit in a husband's lamentations for such a bereavement we must consider "Thysia" from the standpoint of poetry. However much we may sympathise with a human creature's loss, the bare fact that he has suffered a loss which has been common to very large numbers of husbands must not be allowed to send us off into pæans about his poetry. For our own part, if we had been reviewing "Thysia" in the ordinary course and in the absence of the puffs of Mr. Frederic Harrison and the *Nation* we should have dismissed it as a sonnet-sequence of no particular moment to anybody but the author and his friends. There is nothing universal about it in the poetical sense, and, in spite of the very proper faith and devotion to which it gives expression, it contains nothing which has not been before expressed, and better expressed, in other poetry. The *Nation's* claim for it that it is a fine poem, and that it unerringly achieves the pinnacle of poetic art, is so much fudge. By chance we take Sonnet nineteen from its place in the sheaf:

I would not live without you in high heaven,
And therefore on this dreary earth I keep
All that was yours around me still: the riven
Comb, when you fell, and were too brave to weep,
The mantle with the crimson stain—ah, me!
The folded pile of daily clothes, so dear,
So sacred; and within the glass I see
The faded flowers that watched beside your bier;
And there upon the floor the one poor glove,
And there the little shoes, dearest of all,
One by the faltering foot worn through above,
And over this my silent tears still fall,
And ere I leave the room with weary brain
I lingering turn to look at it again.

And here is Sonnet number ten:

Alone I wander back at early morn,
Back to the city drear, from death to death,
Back to the little home I left forlorn,
Where no life is, nor one that lingereth.
I watch within your silent room once more;
Without, the dead leaf shivers in the blast.
Your broken comb, your gloves are on the floor,
The cold clouds see them, and they shudder past;
Startled they look upon the empty bed,
The vacant chair, the couch left desolate,
The dying flowers that saw you lying dead,
And me, who bow beneath my sorrow's weight,
Who only hear that bell's sad monotone—
"Alone, alone, for evermore alone."

While one may indulge every respect for this kind of writing as sentiment, one certainly ought not to imagine that it is "fine" poetry or that it "achieves the pinnacle of poetic art." We say that there are lines in these sonnets which border perilously on the somebody's darling order of verse. And at the risk of being called callous and brutal we shall assert that the somebody's darling kind of verse, although very touching and very tearful, is not fine poetry and does not achieve the pinnacle of poetic art. The author of "Thysia" wraps himself round with anonymity. Even the photogravure picture of his late wife's grave does not help us to his name; but it helps us surely and unerringly to his mind, which, with all respect to his sufferings, is not the mind of a fine poet. Our animadversions are not for this mind at all, but for the *Nation*, which, in setting up "Thysia" as a fine poem, even at the behest of Mr. Frederic Harrison, oversteps scandalously the limits of what is tolerable from a critical journal.

Mr. Massingham must look to his reviewer. The proper appraisal of poetry is almost as difficult a work as the actual writing of it. Of course, "experts" in journalism are really contemptuous of poetry. They deal with it in their reviews in pretty much the same manner as they deal with "gardening," and "motoring," and "finance," and "Bridge." The difference is, of course, that if one's contributors get wrong about finance or about Bridge it is a serious affair, whereas if they go wrong about poetry nobody cares.

"T. P." THE MONOPOLIST

LIFE is a gentle progressing from illusion to illusion. To-day we believe, to-morrow we no longer believe. The bubble which delighted us and imbued us with childlike faith and hope succumbs before the needle, or of its own lack of substance, and we are left desolate. It would not be right of us to assert that we have laboured under many illusions as to a certain Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., an impudent Irishman, who edits *M. A. P.* and *T. P.'s Weekly*. His journalistic vagaries have never astonished us, and in good times and bad we have known him for pretty well what he is worth. Over his Literary Help Column in *T. P.'s Weekly* we have had occasion to reprove him in good set paragraphs, and last week we dealt at length with

his fine new Correspondence College, which is to lend a helping hand to the poor and the needy and the ambitious—on terms. To our strictures Mr. O'Connor very naturally makes no reply; the reason being that he is in no position to reply, at any rate with advantage to himself. He will doubtless cause it to be known among his friends that his silence is a worthy and noble affair, and that he is one of those mighty intellects who is not to be deterred from benevolent and altruistic courses by mere criticism. The only power, indeed, that could abate or divert "T. P." is failure. When he met failure in the shape of his deceased property, *P. T. O.*, he was deterred from publishing that paper any more. We do not say that there is anything wicked in this; we mention it rather in order to indicate that "T. P." is what we have always supposed him to be—namely, a man whom nothing but failure will stop. There are men in the world for whom failure is without terrors. But "T. P." is not of them. And, for the purpose of insuring the success of the aforesaid T. P.'s Correspondence College, Mr. T. P. O'Connor has had recourse to a most brilliant and compelling idea. Great men do have ideas occasionally, and "T. P.'s" idea in the matter of the Correspondence College is simply epoch-making. It amounts to this: T. P.'s Correspondence College is to be advertised in at least one other journal besides *T. P.'s Weekly*—that other journal being none other than the *British Weekly*. We have been told at some length how the "idea" of T. P.'s Correspondence College flashed across Mr. O'Connor's mammoth Hibernian intellect when he was at supper or otherwise beautifully engaged. But as to the origin of this later and more wonderful and exclusive idea of advertising in a neighbourly way with Dr. Robertson Nicoll we are as yet without information. Probably "T. P." thought of it at breakfast and cried "Eureka!" in the excellent accent of Athlone. Some day perhaps we shall know all about it. Meanwhile, the sufficing fact is with us: that is to say, the idea is there in all its glittering gaudiness; or, in other words, "No matter, he's got it." The inevitable result is that we are able to read in the current issue of our *British Weekly* the following Socratic enquiries:

Do you feel the need of a helping hand?
Have you learnt the art of Thinking and Reasoning?
Can you express your thoughts on paper and in good English?
Do you wish that you had been taught at school to speak and write fluently in simple French?
Are you handicapped for lack of Business Training?
Have you the necessary initiative, and do you know how to specialise and to qualify for advancement?

Of course, everybody who reads the *British Weekly* needs a helping hand, and everybody who reads the *British Weekly* wishes that he had been taught at school to speak and write fluently in simple French. And particularly does everybody who reads the *British Weekly* desire to learn the art of thinking and reasoning. So that the "replies" to "T. P.'s" advertisement will be fairly numerous, and, as a result, "T. P." will, of a surety, reap a golden harvest of silver, as one might say in Athlone.

Having given Mr. T. P. O'Connor a further free advertisement, we shall now endeavour, as it were, to plant a tiny seed of love in the garden of his heart. "T. P." is a great and powerful "literary" gentleman and a Member of Parliament to boot. What is more, he is a Liberal Member of Parliament and an Irishman. It is "T. P." too, who has the large intellect and the wonderful gift to hit upon new ideas like Correspondence Colleges and half-page advertisements in the *British Weekly*. This being so, he should be, in a measure, above all smallness and pettiness, whether of method or intention. He should hold fiercely and loyally to that great principle of Liberalism,

"Live and let live," and to that excellent Liberal shibboleth, "Down with monopoly!" We hope that he is so holding; though the facts, so far as we have been able to discover them, point rather to the contrary. It seems that there were Correspondence Colleges long before "T. P." was taken with his brilliant idea. And it seems, too, that some of these Correspondence Colleges were actually advertised in *T. P.'s Weekly*. One of them, at any rate, has been advertised in *T. P.'s Weekly* for some years past, and on writing for further space the proprietor of this college has received the following letter:

5, Tavistock Street, London.

January, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours (*sic*) of the 23rd inst., I have to say that T. P.'s Weekly Correspondence College has placed a large advertising contract with *T. P.'s Weekly*, one of the conditions of which is that we are not able to accept competitive advertisements until it expires.

Yours faithfully,

W. GRIERSON,

Manager.

From which elegant piece of English it is obvious that in making his arrangements for advertising in his own paper Mr. O'Connor has had a careful eye for the squeezing out of all rivals in the correspondence line. And we may conclude from his caution in the matter that he has been reading the life of Mr. Rockefeller, whose commercial motto appears to be "Waltz right in yourself and be careful to smash the little men." Well, Mr. O'Connor has a perfect right to do as he wills with his own. If the advertisement of the "rival" Correspondence College in question is no longer of use to him he is legally right to turn it out. And he is legally right to use *T. P.'s Weekly* for the advertising of his own particular venture in the same department of enterprise. At the same time, we should hold that by so doing he goes as far as it is possible for him to go towards the creation of a monopoly; and we have always understood that monopolies were peculiarly repellant to the Liberal mind. The Correspondence College, which is thus deprived of its advertisement in *T. P.'s Weekly*, has, singularly enough, however, had a similar experience with the *British Weekly*. On January 21st the Secretary of the College wrote to Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton as follows:

DEAR SIR,—I received a visit this morning from your representative, Mr. Smith, who informed me that he was instructed by you to say that no further advertisements from me could be inserted in the *British Weekly*. . . . Being an old advertiser in your columns, I would be obliged if you would extend to me the courtesy of an explanation of your reasons for the step you have decided to take towards me.

Yours faithfully,

And on January 22nd Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton replied in the following terms:

DEAR MR. — We are in receipt of your letter, and are afraid there must be some little misunderstanding. We asked Mr. Smith to call and explain that as we had accepted a big contract for T. P.'s Correspondence College, we could not, as a consequence, accept other advertisements of Courses of a similar or competitive nature. We certainly never intended for one moment that you should have the impression that no further advertisements of yours could be inserted in the *British Weekly*.

Yours very faithfully,

HODDER & STOUGHTON.

This is your excellent publishing firm all over. There has been a misunderstanding. We cannot continue your advertisement because we have just accepted a big contract from T. P.'s Correspondence College, but far be it from us to say that we will have no further advertisements from you. T. P.'s Correspondence College may "bust" or it may cease to adver-

tise with us, in which case, of course, we shall be glad to accept the favours of our old advertisers! Meanwhile, please do not be deceived. Apart from the admirable attitude of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, which, as the simplest will recognise, is an entirely beautiful, gracious and benevolent attitude, it is quite evident that in the case of the *British Weekly* again Mr. T. P. O'Connor has remembered the advisability of monopoly. Although Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton do not say so, we may take it that one of the conditions of their "big contract" for advertising T. P.'s Correspondence College is that other Correspondence Colleges, offering similar courses, must be turned out of the *British Weekly*. Depend upon it Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are not stopping the advertisements of an old customer out of politeness or kindness to T. P. O'Connor, but simply out of what they consider to be commercial necessity. We are not at all surprised that *T.P.'s Weekly* should have taken up the line of monopoly, because *T.P.'s Weekly* is capable of pretty well any course of conduct that will bring it a safe shilling. But that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who are the proprietors of the *British Weekly*, and the employers of that pious Christian gentleman, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, should accept a big contract on the condition that the little advertiser in the same department should be ruthlessly swept away, appears to us somewhat more than a joke. Parliament will be meeting very shortly. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, we presume, will be in his place as usual. He sits on the Liberal side of the House as representative of one of the divisions of Liverpool. Perhaps on some evening when there "is little doing" he will favour the House with his views about monopoly. Perhaps he will explain upon what grounds of high principle and noble morality it is necessary that in newspapers where T. P.'s Correspondence College is advertised no other Correspondence College, howsoever old-established or howsoever competently conducted, should be allowed to enter its modest appeal. We do not approve particularly of Correspondence Colleges no matter who runs them. We have refused the advertisements of more than one such college, and if "T. P." were to offer us a thousand pounds a page for advertising his literary course we should refuse him. We are of opinion that the *British Weekly* ought to have refused him. And that the least they could have done would have been to reject his impertinent condition with regard to other advertisers. Meanwhile other advertisers in the *British Weekly* should take note of the affair, and endeavour not to live in fear and trembling of what will happen to them when the next genial, highly-cultivated, highly-moral, keenly-commercial Liberal comes along with some money. We suppose that even the *British Weekly's* pathetic advertisement about "The Broken-hearted; Addicted to Inebriety—apply now for Terms!" will have to go by the board the moment the "big contract" is toward. And it seems only yesterday that Dr. Robertson Nicoll was in Edinburgh assuring the booksellers of the grey metropolis that there were no unscrupulous journals in England.

GEORGE MEREDITH—POET

"LANGUAGE," said Walter Savage Landor, under the guise of Demosthenes, "is part of a man's character," and the statement forms a convenient touchstone for preliminary judgment of a novelist or a poet. A writer stands or falls, from a literary point of view, as his choice of language is good or bad, suitable or unsuitable. The finest story, the most exalted idea, may be irretrievably weakened and spoiled by too poor or too rich a setting. The jewel's

the thing; but if the jewel be unfairly mounted, either held shakily in paltry metal or overwhelmed by distracting gold, its charm is imperilled instead of becoming intensified, and the beholder remains unmoved.

Especially does this analogy hold with regard to poetry. Dependent for its expression and influence upon the selection and arrangement of language, it might be described broadly as emotion and feeling indissolubly wedded to art: the art alone—a poem manufactured—sometimes beautiful, but of little worth, the emotion inexpressible and incommunicable without the golden word. We can easily observe to-day the reaction from the time when prolixity was considered an almost indispensable attribute of a "great" poem; we know now that as a rule the setting dwarfed the jewel, that the multiplicity of words was often disproportionate to the idea enshrined—certain famous epics, of course, forming exceptions. The fashion of pouring out rhymed couplets in prodigious numbers—as did Pope, Swift, Gay, and other satirical versifiers of the Caroline period—possesses little fascination for the poets of the present age; the tendency is quite in the contrary direction, to the crystallisation of a tiny thought in words as nearly perfect as possible. We may be anything but tedious. Between these two styles come a few—a very few—poets, whose work is neither diffuse nor heartlessly dainty, who are neither careless nor fastidious, yet for whom their glorious calling takes precedence of riches or adulation; and therefore the better part is theirs—honour. Among these the name of Mr. George Meredith must be placed.

It is a particular pleasure to discuss Mr. Meredith's poems, for this reason—that although his fame has reached to the ends of the earth as a novelist and poet among those who believe that "man needs must love the highest when he sees it," we cannot call to mind a single phrase of his which has become stale or hackneyed. He gives us no familiar, mellifluous lines such as Tennyson left in abundance, some of which misguided pedagogues used to quote as exercises for parsing in the school grammar-books of twenty-five years ago: "I steal by lawns and grassy plots"; "Tears, idle tears"; "It is the miller's daughter"; nor does any well-known couplet leap to the mind when he is mentioned. When the name of Browning chances upon an evening's talk, one present will find echoing in his brain, "Oh, to be in England, Now that April's here"; another, perhaps, will think of the song from "Pippa Passes"; to a third will come, "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead," or "Hamelin Town's in Brunswick." But Mr. Meredith has suffered little at the hands of intrusive anthologists, and that fact should cause us heartily to give thanks; for in his best lyrical work there is an essence so rare and so entrancing that we dare assert confidently no other poet has imprisoned the like in simple, sometimes almost ordinary, language. Take for a first example the little-known "Marian":

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers. . . .
Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war
And give the peace of Eden.

In two or three of the poems this peculiar charm is due, in a large measure, to the special and at first baffling rhythm with which the author evidently fell in love, so happily does he manage it—and it is a rhythm which has to be “managed” carefully in reading, or the beauty of it is completely lost. We may illustrate its effect by two stanzas from “Love in the Valley”:

Under yonder beech-tree single on the green sward,
Couched with her arms behind her golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm beneath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not but embrace me;
Then would she hold me and never let me go? . . .

Happy, happy time, when the white star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws athwart the darkness,
Threading it with colour, like yewberries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave East deepens
Glowing, and with crimson a long cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold as cold sea-shells.

To hear a grave voice reading this poem slowly—
not sadly—is to experience a new thrill in the mere
accent of the verses; but the reader must be a cautious
one, acquainted with his subject. To enter into the
question of the technique of the poem does not come
within the scope of this article, but it may be noted
that a person reading it for the first time will
invariably slur the fourth verse (“Lies my young love
sleeping in the shade”), accenting only the syllables,
“Lies,” “sleep,” and “shade.” The more pleasing
stress, as he reads on, he discovers to be:

Liés my | yóung love | sléeping in the | sháde,

making of the words “young love” *almost* a spondee.
The whole poem, with its stateliness, purity, and
serenity, is a sheer delight.

The beauty of “Phœbus with Admetus” depends,
too, a great deal upon the exceptional measure, to which
must be added the unexpected effect of the reiterated
four-line refrain:

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

And while we are treating of the group of nature-
poems, it is impossible to omit giving one more
extract, this time from the admirable “Melampus”:

With love exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck;
Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts in a ball;
Or cast their web between bramble and thorny hook,
The good physician Melampus, loving them all,
Among them walked, as a scholar who reads a book.

Having differed in our previous article from those
who hold that Mr. Meredith wrote fiction mainly to
expound any particular philosophy—a man may be a
philosopher and allow himself the luxury of philo-
sophical digressions without promulgating a thesis—
we must admit that to the poems he does impart a
considerable amount of his personal convictions, quite
naturally; indeed, it is almost inconceivable that such
should not be the case, since a man who wrote nothing
but purely narrative or descriptive poems would fail
entirely to justify his divine right to the title of poet;
whether he essayed lyric, sonnet, or ballad he could
rise not much higher than an accomplished rhymster.

And at a second point we find coincidence with other
critics; there appears, time after time, a similarity
to the poetry of Robert Browning. The same
brusque, vivid manner is there, and, we fear we must
add, occasionally the same elusiveness of meaning.
Many have said, and will continue to say, that the
“difficulty” of the two poets (which must be acknow-
ledged to exist) is analagous; but it may be traced, we
think, to different and entirely separable causes. Mr.
Meredith is as careful of his language as the prophets
of their sacred fire—he is unhurried, though some-
times crowded by words; Browning’s method, on the
other hand, led him into such an abnormal activity and
swiftness that grammar and rules of syntax were often
set spinning—a noun expands to a sentence, the
burden of a sentence is crammed into a single word,
with merely a note of exclamation to suggest all that
has been omitted; a line is curtailed, a verb discarded;
inversions, particles dropped—nothing matters. The
fourth stanza of “Rabbi Ben Ezra” will show one
or two of his idiosyncrasies. Not until the reader
“gets inside” the mood and style of the poet can
Browning be appreciated and admired. The verse of
Mr. Meredith exhibits little or none of this exasper-
ating haste, but possesses in places a wealth of meta-
phorical embellishment which thwarts the student with
much the same effect.

This superabundance of metaphor, allusion, and
simile, while the very source of elasticity and liveliness
in our author’s prose, shows to disadvantage in some
of his poetical work through being cramped by the
mould of form, and insufficiently controlled. Particu-
larly is this the case in the longer poems. Let us take
a few lines from “The Sage Enamoured and the
Honest Lady”:

How shall a cause to Nature be appealed,
When, under pressure of their common foe,
Her sisters shun the Mother and disown,
On pain of his intolerable crow
Above the fiction, built for him, o’erthrown?
Irrational he is, irrational
Must they be, though not Reason’s light shall wane
In them with ever Nature at close call,
Behind the fiction torturing to sustain;
Who hear her in the milk, and sometimes make
A tongueless answer, shivered on a sigh:
Whereat men dread their lofty structure’s quake
Once more, and in their hosts for tocsin ply
The crazy roar of peril, leonine
For injured majesty.

And, again, from the same poem:

He learnt how much we gain who make no claims.
A nightcap on his flicker of grey fire,
Was thought of her sharp shudder in the flames,
Confessing; and its conjured image dire,
Of love, the torrent on the valley dashed;
The whirlwind swathing tremulous peaks; young force
Visioned to hold corrected and abashed
Our senile emulous; which rolls its course
Proud to the shattering end; with these few last
Hot quintessential drops of bryony juice,
Squeezed out in anguish: all of that once vast!

Here the stream of true poesy has ebbed, and left
the rough boulders exposed to the cold light of day,
boulders which seem to have been thrown down with
Cyclopean fervour. To elicit the definite meaning of
passages such as these, crushed and crowded with
heterogeneous metaphors as they are, is a task to
dampen the reader’s brow with unkindly dews; and
if it be objected that they should not be torn from
their context, we fear we must protest that the con-
text accomplishes little in the way of explanation.

But for whatever faults may be, Mr. Meredith amply
atones in his shorter lyrical poems, and in that mag-
nificent group collectively entitled “Modern Love”—

the latter, often termed a sonnet-sequence, universally admitted to be his finest poetical achievement. Into the question as to whether these separated sixteen-line poems can be legitimately called sonnets, we do not propose to enter; some well qualified to judge allow the term, pleading for the spirit of the law rather than the letter. It seems to us that a sonnet is a sonnet, and there's an end of it, although we have often wondered if the total effect would not have been enhanced had the author adhered to the accepted form. However that may be, we can safely rank the complete work as worthy of a place among the great love-poems of modern times.

It is quite impossible to do justice to this in the space at our disposal, but to pass it over with a mere allusion would be equally impossible. The theme is explained by the opening verses:

By this he knew she wept with waking eyes:
That, at his hand's light quiver by her head,
The strange low sobs that shook their common bed
Were called into her with a sharp surprise,
And strangled mute, like little gaping snakes,
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay
Stone-still, and the long darkness flowed away
With muffled pulses. Then, as midnight makes
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears
Drink the pale drug of silence, and so beat
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head to feet
Were moveless, looking through their dead black years,
By vain regret scrawled over the blank wall.
Like sculptured effigies they might be seen
Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword between;
Each wishing for the sword that severs all.

The mind of the man, his musings and questionings as to his wife's unfaith, through which the little flame of hope constantly flickers only to fade, is revealed in passages of masterly insight:

. . . . Lord God, who mad'st the thing so fair,
See that I am drawn to her even now!
It cannot be such harm on her cool brow
To put a kiss? Yet if I meet him there!

O bitter, barren woman! what's the name?
The name, the name, the new name thou hast won? . . .
Beneath the surface this, while by the fire
They sat, she laughing at a quiet joke.

. . . . We are two reed-pipes, coarsely stopped;
The God once filled them with his mellow breath;
And they were music till he flung them down,
Used, used!

. . . . Once, "Have you no fear?"
He said: 'twas dusk; she in his grasp, none near.
She laughed: "No, surely; am I not with you?"
And uttering that soft starry "you," she leaned
Her gentle body near him, looking up;
And from her eyes, as from a poison-cup,
He drank until the fluttering eyelids screened.

. . . . Oh, our human rose is fair
Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's great bliss,
When the renewed for ever of a kiss
Whirls life within the shower of loosened hair!

With a passion of longing the man recalls the old days of love's protestations and companionship:

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour
When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. . . .

"Ah, yes!
Love dies!" I said; I never thought it less.
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift—
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

"Thy mouth to mine?" he cries. "Never! though I die thirsting. Go thy ways":

A kiss is but a kiss now! and no wave
Of a great flood that whirls me to the sea.

Only once in the poem does the lover definitely appear:

What two come here to mar this heavenly tune?
A man is one; the woman bears my name,
And honour. Their hands touch! Am I still tame?
God, what a dancing spectre seems the moon!

The poignant opening lines of the forty-fourth stanza form perhaps the best known passage of this heart-tragedy:

They say, that Pity in Love's service dwells,
A porter at the rosy temple's gate.
I missed him going; but it is my fate
To come before him now beside his wells;
Whereby I know that I Love's temple leave,
And that the purple doors have closed behind.

And then comes the end. Roaming, despairing, in a wood whither in the old happy times they had often strayed together, he finds her, "not alone," and leads her unresisting away. Some deep-seated, mysterious sympathy is still alive between them:

Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave.

But it is too late. She leaves him for a while, and then:

He found her by the ocean's moaning verge,
Nor any wicked change in her discerned;
And she believed his old love had returned,
Which was her exultation, and her scourge. . . .
About the middle of the night her call
Was heard, and he came wondering to the bed.
"Now kiss me, dear! it may be, now!" she said.
Lethe had passed those lips, and he knew all.

And the poet concludes with a summing-up of the mystery of love despoiled:

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the fitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May
They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers;
But they fed not on the advancing hours;
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore!

If this brief outline of a noble poem leads any reader to study it, to appreciate the loneliness, the pride striving not to be broken, the blind hope and the relentless memories, the terrible heartache, that seem to live in its very fibre, we shall not have written in vain.

From the vague prettiness and fruitless fancies of so much of the poetry of to-day we turn with relief to the strong unfaltering note which dominates the poems of Mr. Meredith. He sounds the deeps of life in them as he does in his prose. Nature to him seems almost a personality to be questioned and listened to and loved; the flutes of Pan are rarely out of earshot;

they sound for him innumerable sweet miraculous melodies for which he is impelled to write the harmony. The beauty and power of earth is ever appealing to him, finding expression again and again: "He must be good," says one of his peerless women, "who loves to lie and sleep beneath the branches of this tree!" "Let him be drenched, his heart will sing." And in those words we might not inaptly epitomise the general tone of the poems, interfered with here and there, perhaps, by notes which seem to introduce a discord; yet the dominant theme is that of defiance of evil, love of earth and earth's passions, faith that the mysteries of pain and death will some day disclose the immanent God. We shall take no harm if we share this defiance, this love, this faith. There be many worse creeds, not many better, than this of the great author and poet. His work is nearly done—the present month will see the eighty-first anniversary of his birth—but for him are the unspoken, grateful words, and the secret, affectionate thoughts, of a thousand who have never seen him, and whom he has never seen.

REVIEWS

PIUS ÆNEAS.

Æneas Silvius (Enea Silvio de' Piccolomini—Pius II.). Orator, Man of Letters, Statesman, and Pope. By WILLIAM BOULTING. (Constable and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

THE familiar name of Æneas Silvius connotes little to a large number of even intellectual people, who have passed beyond the medium degrees of education. Yet he was highly distinguished on a conspicuous stage in all the parts enumerated in the descriptive title of this volume. To these it must be added that he was a wide and observant traveller, and a writer of private letters, at once more interesting, more charming, and more candid than any other before or since, who had so much experience of the public and private life of his own times.

By the year of his birth, 1405, his family, expelled from Siena with the other *gentilomini*, had fallen into positive indigence. His career therefore depended on his own capacity. Since he was not inclined to Arms, the only courses open to an intellectual youth without influence were the Church and the Law. Law remained entirely repugnant to him throughout his life, and he did not enter the Church until some twenty years after the usual age. He attained the Papacy solely by his consummate diplomatic ability, rarely combined with a tolerant nature and good temper, aided by his attainments as a secular man of letters. His literary career began with poetry and private letters while he was still a student of profane literature at Siena, and continued uninterruptedly until just before his death. His diplomatic career began with his journey to Basle in 1432, the second year of the Council. Round the Council of Basle his activity centred during the following ten years, first as private secretary to various Italian prelates attending the Council, then as a professional orator at the service of any client, later as a conciliar official, and finally as secretary to the Anti-Pope, whom the Council elected, Felix V. It was early in this period that he visited many places in the north-west of Europe, notably the Court of James I. of Scotland, returning in disguise through many towns of England. From 1442 onwards he repeated at Vienna a similar course to the one which he had followed at Basle. Having accepted a secretaryship in the Imperial Chancery, he soon became valuable to the Emperor Frederick III. Towards the year 1444 two changes were taking place

in Æneas's life. Hitherto his private conduct had been such as has always been, and still is, common among other young laymen engaged in public affairs. He had consorted freely with women, and as a writer had not eschewed amorous subjects, while he maintained the reserve in such matters customary in his position. Though only about forty, he was already prematurely aged by the hardships of his long travels, and by an attack of the plague which had raged at Basle the year before.

By this time he had, as he says, "conquered that levity of mind which kept him among the laity." His sagacity led him to modify his political course also. The differences between Pope Eugenius IV. and the Council of Basle were not religious, much less theological; they were fundamentally questions of finance. Italian prelates devoted to the idea of the centralisation of power in the Holy See, but personally antagonistic to Eugenius IV., had attended the Council as long as its actions were compatible with the unity of the Church. On the election of a Conciliar Anti-Pope, even the Council's main lay supporters, the Emperor and the Kings of France and Aragon, refused to recognise him, and adopted a policy of neutrality. Their ecclesiastical ideal was Nationalism, and not Schism. By renouncing the service of Felix V. for that of Frederick III., Æneas had already passed from the Conciliar to the Neutral party. The Italian prelates, his early patrons, were constantly endeavouring to reconcile these Neutrals to the Holy See. In accordance with the present English custom, which is so much admired, Æneas and his friends did not allow divergence in political opinion to interrupt their friendly and even affectionate intercourse. His own experiences of the Council's violent futility, and of the German Neutrals' stupid quarrels, had decided him to reconcile himself with Eugenius, and to use his influence in Germany, and especially over the Emperor, to bring both the Neutrals and the Conciliar to the same mind. His keen political foresight also warned him of two dangers threatening European civilisation itself: the victories of the Turks, and the fanaticism of whichever of the Bohemian factions might succeed in exterminating the other. In 1445, therefore, when he went to Rome as Imperial Ambassador, he made his submission to the Pope. The following year he was ordained sub-deacon, and in 1447 was ordained priest and consecrated Bishop of Trieste. Two years later Eugenius's successor, Nicholas V., promoted him to the See of Siena. By the end of March, 1452, the schism of Basle had disappeared in the submission of Felix, the Neutrals had also been reconciled, and Frederick III. had been crowned Emperor in Rome. In May, Æneas was free to start as Papal Legate for Bohemia, where he gained valuable experience of the extravagant communism of the Taborites, and of the moral tyranny exercised by the Hussites. Four years later Calixtus V. raised him to the Cardinalate, and he was elected to the Papacy on the death of Calixtus in 1458. His cardinalate and his papacy were mainly devoted to organising a crusade against the Turks.

The chief grounds of attack on the character of Æneas are his private life and his writings before ordination, his desertion of the Conciliar and Neutral parties, and in particular his conduct of the Imperial Embassy of 1445. The attacks have been made mainly by German and English historians attached to the idea of tribal religion, or instinctively inclined to sympathise alike with Horah or the Shias on the common ground of Separatism. Mr. Boulting is far from agreeing with these critics. The human and humane character of Æneas attracts him, and he sketches his life with quite affectionate sympathy. But, like his predecessors, he loses his sense of perspective, even in defending him. He is not, like them, shocked at the

wisdom of the serpent, and oblivious of the craft of the elephant, but he allows himself to appear shocked, as they are evidently irritated, by Æneas's total disregard of make-believe. The English and German detractors make it quite plain that they could have pardoned crimes in him if he had but cloaked his delinquencies before his friends. With regard to his withdrawal from the Conciliar and Neutral parties, Mr. Boulting points out well that, though his changes of policy coincided with his own interests, he only made them when his associates had rendered co-operation impossible to a man of any foresight, and he was careful to procure them the best possible terms. Felix V. was allowed to retain his Cardinalate with rank inferior only to the Pope, and his partisans were similarly treated, according to their grades. Frederick III. achieved his coronation in Rome and a desirable marriage, and showed himself content by frequently employing Æneas after he had left his service.

The matter of the Imperial Embassy requires more detailed notice. The Diet had communicated to the Imperial Council, under an oath of secrecy, a certain resolution which was to be kept from the knowledge of the Pope. Æneas was not present at the Council, and the dignity of the Emperor, who was present, precluded the oath being offered to him. He communicated the secret to Æneas, who headed the separate Imperial Embassy which accompanied the Diet's. Knowing the obstinacy of Eugenius, Æneas diplomatically conveyed the Diet's secret to him, as the only means of extorting from him the reconciliation which all desired. He at most preferred the interests which he represented officially to the Diet's, to which he owed no allegiance. Perspective is lost in considering this question when it is judged by modern standards, however fictitious, without being converted into modern terms. We have to consider whether English gentlemen are justified in misrepresenting departmental reports, in the interest of their political party, while the continued receipt of their official salaries depends on the continuance of their party in power, or whether, as ambassadors, they are justified in misleading the foreign Governments to which they are accredited. Æneas's success and the British Empire are founded on methods exactly similar in kind. His advice that where evil courses are alone possible the less evil should be chosen, and his remark that "right action almost always carries a wrong with it," have still much justification in politics. It must be remembered that Æneas was contemporaneous with the burning of Joan of Arc, with the Wars of the Roses, with Louis II., with the betrayal of Huss, and with the massacre of the Adamites. It was the conscientious Bedford who burnt the woman whom he could not vanquish in arms; the simple German, Sigismund, who betrayed Huss, and the nationalistic Council of Constance that burnt him; it was also the moral Hussites, champions of religious liberty, who massacred the Adamites, just as later Calvin burnt Servetus. Against the wily, immoral Italian, Æneas, no single instance of severity even, nor sign of avarice, can be brought throughout his life, nor are any acts or words unbecoming an ecclesiastic alleged against him after his ordination as sub-deacon. The idea of religious liberty was scarcely yet on the horizon; such as there was resided in Æneas and in the Italian prelates in accord with him. The safe attendance of the Hussites at the Council of Basle was due to the Papalist, Cardinal Cesarini, and it was the frivolous Æneas who, when he was Pius II., protected the natural rights of Jews by forbidding the baptism of their children before they reached the age of reason.

Where Mr. Boulting shows least sense of perspective is in questions of private morality and of good taste. He seems to regard Æneas's letter to his father,

requesting protection for his illegitimate child, as monumentally audacious. Æneas, rather, was too humane to desert a child whom he could not support, and too confiding in his friends to simulate to them a standard of morality by which, while still a young layman, he was indisposed to live. Mr. Boulting also thinks that the naive delight of Pius II. in display is rather "vulgar." He forgets that every age and State has its proper æsthetic expression. The splendour of Pius II. was no more vulgar than the bright colours of an Egyptian mummy-case, than Solomon's ivory, apes, and peacocks, or than the moderate ornament admitted by modern Puritanism. Vulgarity depends on subtle questions of taste, and lies in a peculiar defect of the sense of proportion. Vulgarity existed in Italy no doubt in the Middle Ages, for the satirists ridicule it, but not in the pageantries of Pius II., as Pinturicchio's frescoes bear witness. In Pius the delight in splendour was another sign of that æsthetic perception which also found expression in his love of nature, on which Mr. Boulting dwells so pleasantly. The gorgeous street processions added joy to the lives of the poor townsmen, just as the unexpected masques did to those of the peasants, who assisted in them to please the kindly Pope. In personal luxury he was sparing, for the household expenses of no Pope, even the most ascetic, were so low.

Mr. Boulting deserves congratulation on the chastening of his own style observable since the publication of his former book. A little more would not detract from the agreeable qualities of his writing, and a good deal more care in arrangement would greatly improve his biographical sketches. Since it is the development of character with which the biographer deals, letters should be quoted at the period at which they were written. However, his sympathetic account of his hero should do much in a popular way to attract study to the life of the most human and modern of mediæval statesmen.

PRO ECCLESIA

Church Principles for Christians. By JOSEPH HAMMOND, LL.B. (Skeffington and Son, 2s.)

IN these days when the national endowment of "undenominationalism" is being clamorously demanded by a considerable section of the British public, and when many of the official leaders of the English Church are coquetting with Dissent, this book will serve as a timely reminder of the principles for which Anglicanism really stands, and the truths which it is sworn to guard.

Canon Hammond does not mince his words. Courteous and urbane as he invariably is, he is yet entirely free from that flabby and invertebrate amiability which is the bane of present-day religious controversy, and which has done more than anything else to hinder any effective movement in the direction of religious unity. To minimise, or pretend to ignore, vital differences is, after all, but to forfeit one's self-respect and to incur at the same time the merited contempt of opponents. So that it is just as well that we should know precisely where we stand, and what are the real points of issue between ourselves and our antagonists.

Certainly Canon Hammond cannot be accused of any ambiguity in this matter. He proclaims boldly that Dissenters are "schismatics," and that to wilfully separate from the Church is to be guilty of mortal sin. Nothing could be plainer than this, and, on the whole, nothing could be more satisfactory. For it raises a perfectly definite issue in perfectly plain terms. Nor is Canon Hammond unaware of the objections which can be, and are, urged against this point of view. The

many corruptions of the Church are frequently put forward by Nonconformists as a legitimate ground for separation. These corruptions are admitted—it would be, indeed, the height of folly to deny them—yet it is shown that the Church, in its later developments, can hardly have been as corrupt as when Christ joined it. Primitive Christianity, to which we are adjured to return—discarding the accretions and perversions of a later time—was notorious for its gross and open immorality. Again and again in the Pauline epistles we are reminded of the envyings and dissimulations which had already sprung up in the infant community. The very Eucharist itself was made the occasion of degrading vices, while fornication and incest are freely mentioned as characteristic of many of the early Christians. The truth is that the Church, so far as it is a human institution, must necessarily be subject to the limitations of humanity. Or, as Canon Hammond puts it, with admirable lucidity and directness: "The Church of God always is, and in the nature of things must be, more or less corrupt."

It may be admitted, however, that the Separatist argument would have something to recommend it if it could be proved that those bodies which have abandoned traditional Christianity could show a cleaner record, since "a tree is known by its fruits." This is not so, however. We are tempted to say, on the contrary, that the precise opposite is the case. The melancholy history of Puritanism, with its witch-burnings, Quaker-huntings, and legalised profanities, affords sufficient proof that Dissent, whatever may be said in its favour, can claim no immunity from human error or imperfection. And, while we have no wish to plume ourselves on our superiority in the matter of taste or reverence, we may venture to doubt whether such an incident as that recorded below could ever have taken place in an Anglican church:

The *British Weekly* naively informs us of "a pleasant but rather a startling incident" which took place at a meeting of the Progressives in Tolmer's Square Congregational Church—viz., the singing of "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow"—this was for Lord Rosebery—to the accompaniment of the church organ.

We need not labour the point, however. Churchmen and Nonconformists alike have small reason for self-gratulation on many matters. But impeccability is not one of the marks of the Church; unity is. The prayer of its Founder for His disciples was "that they all might be one." He spoke of "My Church," never of "My Churches," and the responsibility for the unspeakable mischief which has been wrought by our unhappy divisions rests entirely with those who, through pride or ignorance, have broken away from the parent fold.

Canon Hammond is less happy in his concluding chapter, which deals with the attitude of the Anglican Church to the Roman claim. We are surprised to encounter such a sentence as the following:

For the Pope's claim, be it remembered, challenges and impugns the use of one faculty at least which the Creator has given to us, and given for our guidance; given to be a light to our feet and a lamp to our path, namely, our private judgment, our reason.

But surely it is the exercise of this very faculty of "private judgment" that has been responsible for all the errors of Protestantism. If I am to reject Papal Infallibility, using my "private judgment" in the matter, it is equally open to Dr. Horton or the Bishop of Hereford to reject, on similar grounds, the Catholic dogma of Apostolical Succession. The argument, indeed, appears to vitiate everything for which Canon Hammond has been contending. If there is in the world a revealed body of Truth, which has been entrusted to the Church, then, in matters of faith, I am

precluded from the exercise of any "private judgment." If not, the whole case for Protestantism has been triumphantly established. For, though Canon Hammond may believe that the spirit of sectarianism is opposed to the spirit of the Gospel, it is quite conceivable that "Dr." Clifford may think otherwise. Nor is it of the slightest assistance to appeal to the letter of Scripture, since the Bible is notoriously capable of a variety of discordant interpretations. As Canon Hammond himself points out in an earlier chapter, the Church preceded the Bible both in point of time and of authority, and it is, therefore, to the Church, and to the Church alone, that we must look for guidance.

With this reservation, however—and it is one of considerable magnitude—we can heartily commend Canon Hammond's little book. It is written in a simple and popular style, and should be read by all who are interested in the present development of religious controversy.

LORD HALIBURTON

Lord Haliburton: A Memoir of His Public Service.
By J. B. ATLAY. (Smith, Elder and Co., 8s. 6d. net.)

ARTHUR LAWRENCE HALIBURTON was born at Windsor in Nova Scotia on December 26th, 1832. He was the son of Thomas Chandler Haliburton, better known as "Sam Slick," named by Artemus Ward "the inventor of American humour." He claimed to have descended from a famous Border family, the Haliburtons of Merton and Newmains. Arthur Haliburton was educated at King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, which had originated in New York, but had migrated at the great disruption in 1775 to Nova Scotia, and had retained the Tory and classical traditions of Oxford. It had sent out into the world two distinguished soldiers of an earlier generation, Sir John Eardley Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and Sir William Fenwick Williams, the defender of Kars. In 1899 the University conferred upon Lord Haliburton the degree of D.C.L.

His original vocation was for the law, and he was called to the Nova Scotian Bar in 1855. But the outbreak of the Crimean War turned his attention into a different channel. He was unable to purchase a commission in the line, but an opening was found for him, and in that year he received a commission in the newly-recreated Commissariat Department, and the close connection with the Army which lasted for the rest of his life was formed. It can hardly be credited now that a few years before the Crimean War broke out an eminent military authority had declared to a Parliamentary Committee that a commissariat department was a useless extravagance, because "no training in time of peace will fit a commissary for his duties in time of war." But this was said by Lord Fitzroy Somerset, then Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, who (in Mr. Atlay's words) "as Lord Raglan, was destined within four years' time to see a British Army rotting in the Crimean winter for the very want of that peace-trained staff, the utility of which he had decried." It was as one of the untrained recruits in a newly-formed department, with all the difficulties of a great campaign on their hands, that Haliburton began his very strenuous career. After some colonial service in 1860 he was brought to the central office of the Commissariat Department, and his assiduity and administrative capacity attracted the attention of Sir William Tyrone Power, the Commissary General-in-Chief (a veteran who still survives at the age of eighty-nine), and so his connection with Army Headquarters began, which only terminated on his retirement in 1897, having held the high appointment of Permanent Under-Secretary for War for nearly three years.

Such a career is an unequalled record of the history of the War Office and of Army control up to the present day. Mr. Atlay tells us what, however, was very generally known before, how exceptionally Lord Haliburton earned and held the confidence of the greatest of our military administrators and soldiers. The question with which his name will be for ever connected and revered is his steadfast defence of the system of short service instituted by Lord Cardwell. It has been bitterly attacked by the "drill-ground" school of officer at all times since its most beneficent institution. It was for Haliburton, before Government Commissions, in the Press, and in many able pamphlets, to champion the only system which can give a country an army with a real reserve and with any power of expansion without an absolutely ruinous cost—and probably at no cost could an army of even the minimum strength which is wanted for the defence of the British Empire be efficiently recruited on a long-service principle. The letters from Lord Wolseley to Haliburton alone are enough evidence to prove the value of his championship of this and other great questions of Army reform and Army life—for there are few soldiers now who will deny that Lord Wolseley has been the greatest of our Army Chiefs since the middle of the nineteenth century. A greater organiser than a great leader—a greater leader than the General whom we count as our greatest military administrator—Lord Haliburton was savagely attacked in the columns of the *Times* and waged a protracted duel with Mr. Arnold Forster before the latter took office as Secretary of State for War. That he was at issue with Mr. Arnold Forster on most important points of military policy will not dim his memory in the minds of most soldiers, and the letters published from statesmen of such divergent views as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Lansdowne (two of his Chiefs at the War Office), and of Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Lord Cromer, are sufficient evidence to the value of Lord Haliburton's services to the Army and to the State. His death on April 21st, 1907, was a great loss to both.

We wish, though, that Mr. Atlay would have told us a little of the private life of that genial, strong and well-bred-looking gentleman, whose portrait forms the frontispiece.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Old London. By WALTER L. McNAY. (De la More Press, 3s. 6d.)

OUR descendants, it is clear, will have no cause to complain that we left the first city in the world unhonoured and unsung, for of the making of books about London there is no end. The subject is, of course, practically inexhaustible, and to do these tireless compilers justice, their work is never uninteresting—it would be difficult to write a dull book about such a city. They are protected by the greatness of their theme. From whatever point of view the student considers it—that of architecture, history, social life, business customs, traffic—he is well repaid, and learns, the more he reads, that to pursue even one of the labyrinths of research to its origin in past centuries is the task of a lifetime.

Mr. McNay has chosen well in electing to present in book-form these pictures of vanished London; he gives just sufficient letterpress opposite each to supply the connecting thread of history. The plates, apparently reproduced by photography in the half-tone process, from old engravings, etchings, and a few old prints, are of remarkable clearness, and succeed admirably in preserving the quaint appeal so characteristic

of the eighteenth century artist—an appeal which is in part due to the tremendous attention then given to form and detail rather than, as nowadays, to quality, tone, and general effect. The anxiety of the artist of to-day is to import into his pictures some significance, some portion of his own personality, so that we shall see as he sees, not necessarily as the thing represented actually is; and often to secure this impression he, consciously or unconsciously, sacrifices accuracy. In these illustrations we have the thing seen simply, unadorned by "feeling," and, if we except the occasionally exaggerated perspective, the result is perfectly satisfactory from the standpoint of those who wish to know precisely what these old buildings—theatres, churches, bridges, etc.—looked like in years gone by.

We need select but a few of the plates for special mention when all are of such uniform interest. The first, a view of the City as it was in 1770 exhibits well the astonishing number of church-spires that clustered round St. Paul's Cathedral, and emphasises our debt to Wren's magnificent capacity for seeing "sermons in stones." Old London Bridge, Blackfriars Bridge, the Marshalsea Prison, immortalised in "Little Dorrit," East India House, Temple Bar, and some ancient, ornamented houses which stood at the Fleet Street corner of Chancery Lane, are among the best features of the book; and the Regent Street Quadrant, designed by Nash, will appeal particularly to many in view of the sharp contrasts which that quarter of the city is showing at the present moment.

The reader will find the text concise and reliable in its information, with a copious index which adds considerably to the value of the book. While London is changing so rapidly under our eyes, it is well to be reminded that doubtless we only echo the complaints of our forefathers, who, when these antiquities were pulled down, sometimes grumbled that the city was being spoiled. The day for her spoiling, however, is not yet; as long as the Strand leads "from London to Westminster," and the Thames ebbs and flows like the systole and diastole of her mighty heart, London will be all that she ever was to those who love her.

The Love that Kills. By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN. (John Milne, 6s.)

WHEN we read in the first chapter of this romance that Lady Queste "flung out her arms, and went hastily to the bureau on to which she had dropped the withered red rose, and, snatching it up, pressed her lips to it with a strangled sob," we felt that we were on familiar ground, especially as she had just smiled icily, made a curious gasping noise and spoken to her husband with concentrated calm. We have met that strangled sob before. Consequently the fact that one of the ladies concerned possesses an "oval face of creamy pallor" disconcerted us not a whit; when Lord Queste, the "strong, powerful man," was "shaken with emotion," we remained unmoved; and when a few minutes later he was discovered sitting "stiffly upright, as if he were staring into vacancy," we could have wagered that when his hand was taken it would "fall back limply," and were confident that Scotland Yard was in for a high old time. For Lord Queste was a Prime Minister, and had a Past, with a capital P, so that his lady, who was a minx in love with an Italian tenor, discovered No, it would hardly be fair to tell all that she discovered; at any rate, we blaze our way cautiously through a forest of mysteries, and only find out "who did it" on the last page but one. Coincidences extraordinary and events the most improbable follow each other with amazing rapidity, and if there be one of our readers to whom the *feuilletons* of the halfpenny papers are of absorbing interest, we recommend him to obtain this book without delay.

The Greater Love. By ANNA McCLURE SHOLL. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THIS story, told very delicately, and at times beautifully, elaborates a subject which writers of fiction rarely touch upon in any adequate manner—the passionate love of a woman for her girl-child. Other interests, other loves, which occur in the course of events, are subordinated to this fine theme, and the author has spent an amount of care on the exposition of the two principal characters which renders very real and charming the account of their devotion to one another. The lonely mother's renunciation in favour of the man who woos her daughter strikes a mournful note towards the end of the book, and the tendency of affairs in the direction of that climax necessitates the grave tones rather than the light, but here and there some short, inoffensively humorous passages secure the general impression from any danger of heaviness. Little Wilhelmina, who "with perfect politeness of manner had criticised the grand-maternal French accent" after the governess had gone, and John, who "carefully explained that contemporary research was undermining the character of Washington," are quite delightful children.

Mrs. Mangan had more than once retreated from this depressing dismemberment of heroes by modern babes and sucklings into the only narratives one could be sure of—such as the Siege of Troy and the exploits of King Arthur. If these gave way she could, *in extremis*, cling to Jack-the-Giant-Killer and Puss-in-Boots. She left the Higher Criticism to Wilhelmina and John.

These mischievous, up-to-date little ones make very brief appearances, and we should have enjoyed a longer acquaintance with them. The book, as a whole, will give our readers many thoughtful moments, and leave behind it the pleasantest of recollections.

Julian Revelstone. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

TO the novel-reader whose tastes lie somewhat above the ordinary level, Mr. Justin McCarthy is a tried friend. His calm flow of mellifluous English, his gentle, inferential chidings of the people who do wrong, his evident affection for his heroines, render most of his books peculiarly attractive; we might almost term this particular one "restful," were it not that the word would carry suggestions of somnolence and possible boredom. No such hints, however, apply to the career of the pertinacious Julian Revelstone. He began by wooing the daughter of a titled Englishman, in the character of Theodore Duncan, paid secretary to an American millionaire; he continues his efforts to win her, undaunted by the repulses of her parents, meanwhile endearing himself to the village of Evorgale, the "castle" of which he has really purchased; he finishes by marrying the lady of his heart, and returns, having prepared his way by various letters and telegrams, disclosing himself, to the utter surprise of her parents, as not only the American millionaire *in propria persona*, but Julian Revelstone, actual descendant of the castle's previous lords! The reader is in the secret all the time, and is therefore the better able to note the amusing situations, and appreciate the complete mystification of those chiefly concerned.

There exists one curious characteristic of this story, and that is an occasional feeling that the action is taking place on a stage. The dialogue is at times a little stilted, as a couple of brief paragraphs taken haphazard will illustrate:

"My dear son-in-law, I accept most thoroughly your appeal. Let the past be all forgotten. We now are of one family, and I can answer in that sense for Clarice's mother as well as for myself. In her name and in mine I give you both our blessing."

"I must send at once for my wife," said Sir Francis, who now regarded himself again as the master of the ceremonies; "she must be present with me at this, our welcome to the wedded pair."

"Let me go for her myself," Clarice said eagerly; "I want to be the first to bring the good news to her."

"You are quite right, Clarice," her father said; "you are indeed the fitting messenger. Go round and bring her here."

This almost mediæval style of talk in a thoroughly modern story seems to clash with the action unnecessarily. However, it is no very serious matter, and in no way mars the interest of a most original and delicate romance. The ending is in the good old-fashioned way, with marriage bells, reconciliations, and prosperity all round.

A RUSTIC MEMOIR

OUR mid-Essex village life is the poorer by the death of one of our oldest people, a fine old labourer, full of rustic wisdom and quaint sayings, a mine of information on ancient village matters. Unspoilt by modern scrupulosity and political trickery, to him a spade was a spade, and even a louse a louse. Let an ambitious public house take, if it would, the sign of "The Butcher's Arms"; to him it was still "The Knife and Cleaver." The modern Isolation Hospital was still to him the Pest'us.

The old man was eighty-five, and had been bed-ridden for nearly three years and a half. He died painlessly of sheer senile failure. "There ain't nothin' the matter a me," was his usual reply to one's enquiry; "cep as I ain't got no stren'th in my legs." "Don't you bring me none o' them fancy things," I heard him say lately to his daughter; "gimme a bit o' bread and cheese and a oinon." Though his legs refused to support him, they were of use in one way. He maintained that by their aches he could always tell when rain was coming. I asked him once if he had foretold a recent rain. "Yes," he said, "my leg ached for a week more'n that ever did afore." I suggested that he might advertise it as a barometer. "Ah," he said, "count that wouldn't do it then."

He was full of old memories of the parish seventy and more years ago. The village workhouse (the building still stands, and is now a four-tenement cottage) "that was looked after by a woman." "The matron, I suppose," I said. "No, she warn't called that; 'twas a woman." In answer to a later question he referred to this lady as "What you called the pomatum." The inmates lived in a big room downstairs. "Sleepin'? I suppose there was chambers upstairs. I never was upstairs. Cookin'? There warn't much o' that; bread and cheese was all they had, and a basin o' broth once a week. There was room for twelve, and I rec'lect once seven young men in the same time. Work? There warn't none to do, 'ceppin' a job now and then in the garden. How were they admitted? Why, the overseers done all that and let 'em out."

Talking about the difficulty of travel and of getting provisions in those days, he would allow no grumbling at modern roads. "Why," he said, "I remember when Muster F— used to ride his donkey here from Tumborough, he could touch the quarters anywhere with his fit. What are the quarters? Why, the quarters o' the roads, alongside the rakes. The rakes? Why, the places where the wheels go; ruts you call 'em. Carriers? There warn't none, 'ceppin' J— used to go to Lunnon and come back Sad'days with things for the shop. Sometimes when he come late Sad'day night, they used to open the shop Sunday mornin' to store the things, till the parish stopped 'em." I could not get much explanation of this drastic discipline, but he added, "Why, if a man was drivin'

here Sad'day night, and didn't get here afore eight Sunday mornin', he dussn't come into the parish."

I made a remark one day on a recent flood. Mention of floods always brought out this story. "Floods! I rec'lect when Muster M— sent me with some hogs to Aleford—I only got sixpence for the job—when I got to Fish's Green, I thought I never should a got through; the water was over the hoss's back, so's he had to swim. I'll never do it n'more." (He was eighty-five when he last told me this story.) "I thought I never should a got out, till I felt his fit a-scrappin' on the bottom. I'll never do it n'more. When I got to Aleford my tooth did ache. I went to the doctor to have it out. That never did come out. I had to stop him pullin'. That hu't me so." Talking of teeth, I told him once that I had had a visit from a man who wanted a will drawn and had told me some stories of the local doctor of sixty years ago, who once "drew a tooth for him, and there was a wunnerful gret maggot in it." "Ah," said old M—, "that's right enough; I've sin 'em, and plenty; not gret uns, y'know, little tiddy-mites." "What do you think I used to do when my fit was cowed?" he said one day. "Cut 'em with a knife till the blood ran." On further questioning it was explained that this was "to let the chill blood out."

How did he learn to read? "Why, at Sunday-school in the chu'ch in the forenoon afore service. There was a master and mistress, William A— and his wife, what lived down agin the public. The boys was under the gallery and the girls in the vestry. Were they paid? Yes, think they was; eight'npence a Sunday. What did they larn? Why, readin'; just their A B C and that."

The food he got as a child and long after was much the same as labourers' big families get now, but it lacked the few refinements which modern cheapness allows. "Bread mostly and 'taters, and toppin's dumplin's sometimes. Milk? Couldn't get none. Cheese? P'r'aps half a pound a week atween six. A scrap o' pork now and then." His early wages were, of course, the usual wage of the time: as a boy, a penny a day and a little food; his work "only arrants mostly," but he had to work all day for his penny; as a man, a shilling to eighteenpence a day.

His politics were simple. A Churchman, he held all Dissenters Liberals, and all Liberals Dissenters. "What, the Dissenters got in?" was his question at the last general election.

As may be supposed, he had many archaic and curious words. Reaped was rep. and beat and heated were bet and het; holly was hull; an unmarried lady was missus; freeze was frize, past tense friz. "That friz up in this room properly last night," he would say. "I remember one winter that was mild up to New Christmas, and then at Old Christmas that set in frizin' wunnerful." Of course, houses was housen. A picture was a gay. "Bring me my 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" he said one day; "I think I could read a bit." He was past reading for lack of sight, but the book was brought, a large quarto. "Why, some o' you've bin and tore out some of the gays," was his first remark. Nor was he satisfied though a full-page picture of Moses, after which he most hungered, was shown him. He was a regular churchgoer while he could go, and read his Bible devoutly till sight failed. Afterwards he delighted to hear it read, especially the last discourses of St. John's Gospel. For the Old Testament he had slight regard, except for the Psalms.

Such are a few memories of the old man, a type which I fear is passing away; and a sore loss it will be to our rustic community if it does pass—a brave, tough type, strong and healthy for all its early privations and a hard, trying life, and a good type, hearty, honest, friendly, courteous. A tough type, indeed. One day

last February, a sickly time hereabouts, I made a special round of visits to most of our oldest people. Of fifteen, whose ages ranged from seventy-nine to eighty-six, ten were out and about after their usual jobs or walks. One couple was eating with vigour and enjoyment a dinner of "pig's pluck." They die hard, but, alas they die! E. G.

AWNING

THIS interesting word is first recorded by the N.E.D. for 1624, "Wee did hang an *awning* (which is an old saile) to . . ." (Captain John Smith), with two other quotations of about the same date, "A *trarpawling* (sic) or *yawning*" (1626), "An *awning* . . . is but the bots saile . . . brought over the yard and stay, and boumed out with the boat hooke" (1627). The word is probably somewhat older, as it is in Skinner (1671), but, as the earliest quotation is explanatory (v.s.), it is probably of foreign origin. The -ing is no doubt E. (N.E.D.). For the *awn*-, both the N.E.D. and Prof. Skeat are inclined to accept Wedgwood's conjecture. F. *auvent*, "a pent-house of cloth before a shop window" (Cotg.). *Auvent* is a corruption by folk etymology (*vent*) of Prov. *anvan*, a term of fortification, the origin of which is quite unknown. The derivation of *awn-ing* from *auvent* encounters phonetic difficulties, though, of course, much phonetic latitude may be allowed in the case of a nautical term. It seems to be rendered inadmissible by the fact that *auvent* is nowhere recorded as a nautical expression in any sense whatever. I venture to put forward another conjecture. It is very possible that *awning*, "velum, puta cannabinum, quod coeli vel umbellae instar, in calidis regionibus foris navis ad arcendum solem praetenditur" (Skinner, 1671), partly owes its form to *tarpawling*, "pannus cannabinus pice liquida illitus" (ibid.), and it may, like *tarpawling*, have been originally the name of a material. An *awning* is in Mod. F. *tente* (Jal), formerly also *tendelct* and *tende* (v. Jal and Lescallier). Jal, s.v. *tente*, gives the equivalent terms used in the European languages, including *awning*, none of which suggest any connection with *auvent*. He also mentions a kind of sailcloth called *cotonninc*, commonly used for awnings. Lescallier (1777) has *cotonninc double*, ". . . employed . . . for awnings of ships"; and *cotonninc à carreaux*, ". . . which . . . serves for awnings and curtains of boats." Jal quotes, from a work on ship-building (1622), a description of two kinds of awnings, viz., *tente de cottonninc*, "qui sert toute seule pour éviter l'ardeur du soleil ou le serein," and *tente d'herbage*, "qui est d'un gros et fort drap de couleur de bure pour défendre de la pluie, du froid et des autres injures de l'air." V. also Lescallier, s.v. *tente*. I do not propose to derive *awning* from *cotonninc* (via *cot-awning*!), but only to show that particular kinds of sailcloth were associated with awnings early in the seventeenth century and probably much further back. Brittany has furnished our language with the names of several textiles connected with special places, e.g., *dowlas*, *lockram*, *poldavy* (for these v. N.E.D.), but the most famous Breton sailcloth, *olonne*, does not appear to be recorded in E., though it has passed into all the Romance languages. It is not in the D.G., but in Littré (*toile à voile*) and in most of the older dictionaries. Jal, s.v. *toile*, says "Autrefois la ville d'Olonne (département de la Vendée) eut une manufacture de toiles qui eut assez de célébrité pour que, dans plusieurs pays, la toile à voile ait gardé le nom de cette ville." He gives (ibid.), as ordinary words for sailcloth, It. *olona*, Sp. *lona*, *lonella*, *lonilla*, *olona*, Port. *lona*. Thus *olonne*, as a loan-word, has suffered some corruption. Cotgrave has *olonne*, "canvas for the sayle of a ship (as in *aulonnes*) and sometimes also the sayle itself." For

aulonnes he gives the terrifying gloss "ouldernes, medrinacks, pouledavies," mercifully explained by "the canvas whereof sayles for ships are made." These words occur constantly together, in various forms, in the seventeenth and eighteenth century dictionaries (Blount, Phillips, Coles, Bailey, etc.), and *medrinacks* (origin obscure) and *pouledavies* (from a village in Brittany) are fully dealt with by the N.E.D. For *ouldernes* (*ouldernes* in Sherwood, *oulderness* in Blount), I can find nothing. Is it also a place-name, e.g., *Audierne* in Brittany or *Holderness* in Yorkshire? To return to *aulonne*, this form, instead of *olonne*, may have been influenced by *aulne*, ell, which would constantly occur in connection with sailcloth, or it may have been mixed up with another *aulonne*, *aulomne*, which, according to Godefroy, is a woollen cloth named from *Alonne* in Beauce. I suggest, as a pure conjecture, that it is the origin of the *awn*- in *awning*, and that the latter is a sailor's corruption of an unrecorded **aulonning*.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I fear that Mr. Caleb Porter is like the gentleman of whom the poet sings:—

"'e don't know where 'e are,"

as his arguments so far as they have any meaning or relevancy tend to justify John Martin on the only two points on which I criticised him. That my views are not ordinary is my justification for sending them to THE ACADEMY; but that they are extraordinary in the sense of being unsound or peculiar to myself, I flatly deny, as they are those of every one who has any real knowledge of art. I appealed to artists and challenged their judgment. As for anachronisms, if Milton did not topple over the perilous line, neither did Martin.

As for my "perfidious" description of Martin's picture, that may safely be left to the judgment of the readers of THE ACADEMY; but I would point out to Mr. Porter that whatever his knowledge of "drunken evenings at the White City" he ought not to impute such knowledge to his opponent. To do so is a breach of good manners, for which I feel sure he will hasten to apologise.

I yield to no man in my admiration of Tintoretto when at his best, but he was manifestly overweighted in the "Last Judgment," and I calmly repeat that the general result is chaos. There are hundreds of splendidly painted figures, but all have equal emphasis, and unless one isolates the groups and sees them separately the result is bewildering. Martin in his "Last Judgment" represents thousands of figures, but they are ordered with such consummate artistry that the unity which is strength is achieved. This shows his wonderful mastery of composition which is at once the foundation and the last refinement of Art. In my last I said "I simply hate Dante's 'Inferno,' at the same time I recognise the greatness of the work." Mr. Porter translates this into, "We must . . . remember that Mr. Cook 'simply hates' great work." Throughout my crusade nothing has more clearly demonstrated the strength of my position than the fact that no opponent has yet ventured to state my position fairly and then attack it; they do as Mr. Porter does, present a gross travesty of it, and then attack that—it is easier. It is surely not necessary to point out to Mr. Porter that Dante's masterpiece consists of three parts, Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven; and while I delight in the two latter parts I am not at home in the former. Dante revels in the gruesome horrors of individual torture inflicted on the suffering sinners, these being portrayed with wondrous art. I admire the art, but hate the horrors. Is this beyond Mr. Porter's comprehension? I am proud to think that our great Englishmen, Milton and Martin, treated such subjects with a grandeur, a sublimity, that never descended to petty and horrible details. They also gave the pomp and pageantry of war, treating them with elemental grandeur, but they never gave gruesome and belittling incidents.

But high above all these matters in national interest is the treatment of Modern Art by our Press. The "New Criticism"

was one long libellous campaign of defamation of all our best art and artists, with a few odd exceptions. All Royal Societies were to be overthrown, and Academicians were to be hunted like rats out of their holes; everything that lifts art above craft was denounced as a "vice"; and all criteria were inverted in the interests of pretentious incompetence. It was under the editorship of a certain "Anarchist" that the most deadly stab was made at the critical conscience; he allowed his "critic," a member of a small exhibiting Society of artists of the decadent "Modernity" variety, to cynically throw over all pretence of critical fairness, and to boldly boom his own little Society and its friends in season and out, and to belittle and defame all the rest of our art. This little Society was lauded by another of the new critics for having gone "like rag-pickers, with basket on back and stick in hand, to pick up crumbs of art" from the garbage of Parisian studios! This anarchism brought general demoralisation; the dealers in decadents and dead men's works got undue influence on the Press, and were able to inspire critiques when they did not actually write them. Certain little Galleries were boomed as if they were the supreme centres of art; all their bantams were boomed as peacocks, and all their pigs as elephants! All the occult influences which cause artificial booms and slumps in stocks and shares are at work in the art world. The whole trend of these operations has been to depreciate all that is best in our art, in the interests of doubtful old masters and freaks about which a noise may be made. One result is seen in the mean and despicable reception given to the magnificent collection of modern art got together by the late Mr. McCulloch, forming the winter exhibition of the Academy. The vicious spirit animating the modernity critics is shown in the grudging praise, the sneers, the but half-veiled hostility to any efforts to assert the claims of sane modern art; and the taking the Academy to task for daring to do anything that does not play into the hands of dealers in decadents and old masters.

This Little Englandism is deplorable; the Press is virtually our chief ruler, and the power should bring a sense of responsibility. And while pecuniary considerations must dominate all others, they are surely compatible with patriotism, national interests, higher intelligence, and the British love of fair-play.

E. WAKE COOK.

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THE CHRISTIAN APOSTLES AND FLESH EATING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you permit me to lodge a courteous protest concerning the assumption contained in your editorial note of January 30th, in which you use the following words:—

As for the sanction to kill animals, that question is settled once and for all in the New Testament. Our Lord and His disciples and apostles ate meat.

I would respectfully ask what evidence you have to justify these statements, for the matter is one of great importance to many Christian people who have become abstainers from flesh-food for humane reasons.

I have failed to find any positive evidence whatever that our Lord partook of flesh-meat on any occasion, whereas there is a large amount of assumptive evidence to the contrary, and also direct evidence to the effect that some of the twelve apostles were strict abstainers from it.

The Church historians, Eusebius, Clement of Alexandria, Hegesippus, and Augustine clearly record that Matthew, James the Apostle, and James the brother of Jesus were strict abstainers from flesh-food; and further, that there is ground for believing that Thomas was also a non-flesh eater. We have the personal confession of the Apostle Peter to the same effect, and it is hardly conceivable that the Master Himself came behind His own disciples in ethical perception and in the living of a pure and merciful life.

Many traditions exist that Jesus was the leader of the Essenian community, and there is corroborative evidence to justify this belief. If so, He would have looked upon flesh-eating with abhorrence.

The early Fathers, Tertullian, Basil, Clemens, Chrysostom, Jerome, Origen, and others declaimed against the carnivorous habit, and taught that a bloodless dietary was essential for, and characteristic of, a true follower of Christ.

In Homily 79, Chrysostom, speaking of the men who were fitting themselves for the Christian ministry, wrote as follows:—

"No streams of blood are among them; no butchering and cutting up of flesh; no dainty cookery; no heaviness of head. Nor are there horrible smells of flesh-meats among them, or disagreeable fumes from the kitchen. No tumult or disturbance and wearisome clamours, but bread and water. . . . If, however, they may desire to feast more sumptuously, the sumptuousness consists in fruits, and their pleasure in these is greater than at royal tables."

It is also a fact that the early Christians were conspicuous on account of their humane diet, and thus emphasised how great was the humane influence of Him who said: "Go ye and learn what this meaneth. I desire mercy and not sacrifice"; and who was instrumental in abolishing the holocaust of victims offered up on Jewish altars.

Those who, like myself, recognise, and have experienced the advantages of a humane and fruitarian dietary, and who know what benefits the general adoption of such a system will bring to our race, feel that we can safely appeal to the teaching and example of Christ and His first disciples to justify our protest against the barbarism and inhumanity of our modern civilisation.

SIDNEY H. BEARD.
President of the O.G.A.

Paignton, England.

FIELD SPORTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your remarks on the above (30th ult.) seem to me to obscure the issue, especially when you cite our Lord and His disciples as eating meat.

The question is not whether animals may be killed for food, but whether they may be killed *for sport*. Taking life in any form for mere sport has always seemed to me brutalising and degrading. I care not that priests, parsons—some of the best of men and the salt of the earth—have indulged in it. It is entirely against the spirit and teaching of the New Testament. Certain animals may have been made for us to kill and eat—and then the killing should be as humane as possible, but to maintain that they were made for us to kill for amusement I utterly deny; and I cannot for a moment imagine that our Lord would countenance such a thing.

AVARY H. FORBES.

Royal Institution, W., February 2nd.

[Our comments on these two letters will be found in "Life and Letters."—EDITOR.]

THE NEW CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A new era of criticism has dawned. The halfpenny daily newspapers are our teachers and the establishers of new canons of criticism. Poetry is to be relegated to the limbo of obsolete and useless things. A writer in the *Daily Chronicle* of January 25th says:—"Altogether, perhaps, one is tempted to be glad that probably never again will a genius like that of Burns be sacrificed to ballads and to songs. The people have their real power now. The age of the "useful plan" has come at last. The poetry of to-day and of the future must be of deeds, not words. Has it not happened that a namesake—or possibly, as is whispered, an actual descendant!—of the ploughman poet himself has risen in these present years from a home just as lowly as Alloway Cottage to preside over a great Government Department? Doubtless a century and a half ago John, like Robbie, would have had to write ballads for a hearing."

Is it not pathetic? Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Scott, had to be immolated on that altar of necessity. Now, the "whispered descendant" of Robbie "who presides over a great Government Department" needs not be sacrificed to

"Adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The "useful plan" (whatever that may be) it seems is outside the province of the poet. What fairy tales, then, were those old useless avowals of consecration! and how futile the willingness to be "a dedicated spirit"; to "learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Furthermore the oracle:—"To tell the truth, there is a touch of tragedy in the fact of Robbie Burns having been a poet at all." Hence, the artful dissembling of "wild poetic rage," or of such a "ballad" as the "Vision" "for a hearing," in which he reports the counsels of his native muse.

"Some fire the soldier on to dare;
Some rouse the patriot up to bare
Corruption's heart;
Some teach the bard, a darling care,
The tuneful art.
"Then never murmur nor repine,
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And trust me, not *Potosi's* mine,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic Bard.
"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man
With soul erect;
And trust, the Universal Plan
Will all protect."

E. K.

THE KING'S ENGLISH—AND OTHER THINGS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I take a good many weekly papers, some of them costing double the price of THE ACADEMY, but I can truthfully say that not from one of them do I get as much pleasure and entertainment as from the lively, original, piquant pages of THE ACADEMY under its present editorship. Sometimes it seems to me to be mistaken, sometimes fantastic in its ideas, sometimes even unjust, but its wit, its humour, its abounding vitality, its sound and powerful literary judgment (take, for example, the fine estimate of G. Meredith in this week's number), land it week after week well in advance of its most gifted contemporaries.

The very sight of the unopened number lying on my table on Saturday mornings fills me with pleasurable anticipations, for I feel that I am going to be intellectually stimulated and made to think. No paper known to me shoots folly as it flies with the same deadly, unerring aim.

But I did not set out to write an *éloge*, though I have been led into something approaching it, merely out of gratitude for the boon of such a delightful weekly feast of literature. My real object in writing was a little fault-finding, so may I ask, with due regard to the graces of the present management, if it may not be within the bounds of possibility, that even in pre-reformation days, THE ACADEMY may have been occasionally sound in its criticism?

I well remember reading the review of "The King's English" in 1906, and moved by what it said, I bought the book, and never in my life have I invested 5s. that brought me in a better return. It has been a well-spring of delight to me ever since. I don't suppose its authors claim infallibility for it, but it is an emiently thought-provoking book, and for the ordinary amateur dabbler in literature its reading is little short of a liberal education.

W. M. COOPER.

Broadfield, Boston, Lincolnshire.

Feb. 1st, 1909.

THE POETRY OF OSCAR WILDE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I trespass on your space to correct what may be a misleading impression created by the writer of the article on the "Poetry of Oscar Wilde," which appeared in THE ACADEMY of January 23rd?

I am one of the many, sir, who agree with the writer of the article in question in thinking that "The Picture of Dorian Gray" to be one of Wilde's very finest works. I hold no brief for Messrs. Methuen, who did not include the volume in their edition of 1908; still less do I hold one for the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, upon whose advice, as I understand, the volume was omitted, and who must now, surely, be branded as a meddlesome literary critic of the worst type; but I think it a pity that the readers of the article referred to should suppose that by purchasing Messrs. Methuen's edition they are not able to obtain a uniform edition of all of Wilde's works.

Mr. Charles Carrington, publisher and bookseller, of 15 Faubourg Montmartre, Paris, in 1908, allowed an edition of "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—of which, I understand, he is the owner—to "appear as a volume in the uniform edition of Oscar Wilde's authentic works" (Messrs. Methuen's edition of 1908)—"an edition which would otherwise have been incomplete." I quote Mr. Robert Ross, who writes an editorial note to the book. The edition of this volume, I may say, is like the set to which it belongs, limited to 1,000 copies, and may be obtained either from the publisher direct, or through any high-class bookseller, at a cost of 12s. 6d.

I feel that the gratitude of the book-loving public is due to Mr. Carrington for allowing the issue of this book uniformly with Messrs. Methuen's edition.

BASIL HALLWARD.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

LAST week we commented on the "confession of faith" made by Mr. Forbes Robertson to a company of female Suffragists. This week it is the turn of Mr. Granville Barker. Mr. Barker has delivered himself of the weighty pronouncement that the only argument he has been "able to discover against the enfranchisement of women to-day is that they were not enfranchised yesterday." We are quite ready to believe that Mr. Barker has not been able to discover any other arguments against Female Suffrage, but he must not, therefore, suppose that other arguments do not exist. Mr. Forbes Robertson, it will be remembered, said quite flatly that "nothing had been written" against women's suffrage, so that we can take it that he shares with Mr. Barker the inability to hear or read or understand anything that does not happen to fit in with his own preconceived opinions on any subject. This is a beautiful and proper state of mind for an actor who is attending to his own business—namely, acting—but if actors are going to enter the lists of political and sociological discussion they really should endeavour to obtain some sort of information on the subjects they propose to discuss.

Mr. Forbes Robertson and Mr. Granville Barker, on their own confession, know nothing whatever about the question of Female Suffrage. They have neither read, heard nor considered the possibility of anything that might be urged against it. Presumably, Mrs. Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Granville Barker require votes, and that is enough for them. What a beautiful picture of domestic bliss is afforded by the contemplation of the mental attitude of these two "great actors." Meanwhile, having said their say and made their "confession of faith," and having, no doubt, received suitable rewards in the shape of approving words from their better halves, is it too much to hope that they will in future devote a little more of their valuable time to the study of the art whereby they earn their living, an art in which they are both capable of vastly improving themselves

by study and imitation of the best models? Of course, if they are going to give up acting and go in for making political speeches and discussing sociological questions, that is another matter. In that case they had better at once set to work on a severe course of reading, and they might with advantage begin by endeavouring to obtain some elementary knowledge of the laws of logic. The beauty of being an actor is that nobody cares how foolish, how ignorant, how conceited, and how uneducated a man may be in private life, provided he knows how to act and can remember to repeat correctly the words which are written for him by the author. The disadvantage of being a politician or a public speaker is that if a man who aspires to these titles talks nonsense or exhibits ignorance and folly he puts himself into the pillory of public opinion, and exposes himself to metaphorical egg-throwing. There used to be certain laws enforceable against actors. The age has become more humane and the laws have been repealed, or have fallen into disuse, but the character and the mental calibre of the average actor remains exactly what it was, which is only another way of saying that he has the defects of his qualities. Of course, there are exceptions, but they are not nearly so numerous as is commonly believed—by actors.

Talking about actors, we are very sorry to hear that Mr. Lewis Waller has decided to take off *The Chief of Staff*. For some unaccountable reason the critics have almost unanimously condemned this admirable and stirring melodrama. We think that if Mr. Waller had "hung on" a little longer he would have found that *The Chief of Staff* would have survived the slings and arrows of wrong-headed criticism and blossomed into a great popular success. Mr. Waller himself was at his best in the part of Colonel Cavenish, and the situations at the end of the first and second acts are quite thrilling enough to make the success of any play. We notice that Mr. Max Beerbohm, in the *Saturday Review* of last week, makes a somewhat ill-natured attack on Mr. Waller. If Mr. Beerbohm will look at the matter again a little more carefully he will find that he is sneering at Mr. Waller for precisely those qualities which it is the actor's duty to achieve if he can. Mr. Waller, it appears, has succeeded in attracting a large following of devoted adherents, comprising a great number of young ladies who consider him "beautiful," and, generally speaking, regard him as an object of adoration. Well, where is the harm in that? It is an actor's business to make the best of himself, and if he succeeds in attracting the admiration of young ladies who have got sufficient good sense to prefer as an actor a good-looking man to a *soi-disant* "intellectual" old woman in trousers, so much the better for him and for the young ladies in question. The fact that Mr. Waller confines all his energies to acting, and that he is not in the habit of addressing meetings of women Suffragists, opening bazaars, or trying to push himself in "Society" is entirely to his credit. His rewards are great, and not the least of them is the admiration of the charming young ladies who attend all his first nights, and who, we will wager, do not count a single Suffragist or "advanced woman" among them. As to the play itself, Mr. Beerbohm affects to find it altogether beneath his critical notice. "It is a rigmarole," he says, "which shows off Mr. Waller personally. That is all one need say of it." This is manifestly unfair criticism and gives the impression that *The Chief of Staff* is a brainless and contemptible play, with only one part in it. As a matter of fact, the play is well-written, it has a fine human interest, and there are at least five goods parts in it.

A controversy has been going on in the correspondence columns of the *Saturday Review* with reference to the use of the words "Catholic" and "Romanist" as applied to members of the Roman Catholic community. The latest contributor to this controversy is a Mr. F. Francis Barry, who, in last week's *Saturday Review*, makes use of the following words:

Again, in those days the old religion was known the world over as Catholic, the new as Protestant, from High Court Judge to the cabman in the street.

Mr. Barry's reference to the supposed authority of judges and cabmen as to the correct nomenclature of the Anglican Church is no doubt very convincing to himself. But if Mr. Barry will be at the pains of giving a cursory glance at the Book of Common Prayer he will find that the only Church recognised therein is described as the Catholic and Apostolic Church, and that the word "Protestant" is nowhere used. Consequently, when Mr. Barry makes the statement that the religion of the Church of England was known "in those days" as the Protestant religion "the world over," he is stating what is obviously untrue in substance and in fact.

Here is a typical example of female Suffragist reasoning. It is culled from a really childish article by a Mrs. Fawcett in the dull, dismal and dogged first number of a publication called *The Englishwoman*:

Another favourite argument of the Anti-Suffragists is that the ultimate basis of law is physical force, and physical force is male and not female. This argument was used, on a recent occasion, by an unwary orator, who illustrated it by pointing to the policeman at the entrance of the hall where he was speaking. He had not remembered that his illustration refuted his argument. For the policeman, the representative of the physical force by which the law is carried out, was the servant of a municipality elected by male and female voters.

Think of that. The policeman was the servant of a municipality elected by both sexes. Therefore, the ultimate basis of law is not physical force, and physical force is not male. A more complete *non sequitur* we never remember to have come across. If Mrs. Fawcett really imagines that the fact that a man can be employed by a body of men and women, or by a single woman, refutes the argument that the ultimate basis of the law is physical force, and that physical force is male, she need not have troubled to take so far-fetched a case as that of a policeman employed by a municipal body. If Mrs. Fawcett's reasoning is sound, then any woman employing any male, a butler, a gardener, or a coachman, would prove her point quite as well. As thus: Physical force is not male because Mrs. Smith employs a powerful man as butler—which, of course, is arrant nonsense, just as Mrs. Fawcett's syllogism is arrant nonsense. Mrs. Fawcett fails to see that even if men, by giving votes to women, consented to become the slaves of women, the basis of law would still be the physical force of Man. The law would continue to be enforced just so long as men voluntarily continued to be slaves and not a moment longer. In countries where, owing to female suffrage, laws totally prohibiting the consumption of alcohol have been passed, this is exactly what has happened. The law is simply disregarded, and the women who are responsible for having passed it are powerless to enforce it.

The *Englishwoman* also contains a story by Mr. John Galsworthy, written in a horrible pseudo-Scottish jargon. This story is evidently intended to be very

harrowing and rather improper. It succeeds merely in being exceedingly silly. There is also what its author would probably describe as a "dramatic incident" in dialogue, called *Mrs. Vance*, which provides charming light reading. Mr. Vance is afflicted with a wife, the aforesaid Mrs. Vance, who has an undue fondness for the bell-mouthed glass. There is also Mary Cathcart, the governess of his children. Mr. Vance has, unfortunately, allowed himself to fall a victim to the charms of this engaging young woman, and when the dialogue begins we find him cross-examining the doctor as to the chances of recovery possessed by Mrs. Vance, who is lying upstairs in a state of desperate illness. Mr. Vance, we regret to say, does not at all want his wife to recover, and in the event of her demise he is anxious to lead the blushing governess to the altar. The pleasant little story ends by the announcement of the doctor that Mrs. Vance has taken a sudden turn for the better, and that her recovery is probable, and, as she is a confirmed inebriate and much given to hair-pulling and breaking up the furniture, the outlook for the future of Mr. Vance appears to be gloomy in the extreme. Although the fact is not definitely mentioned, we take it that Mrs. Vance is a firm supporter of Woman's Suffrage, and that the brutal refusal of men to give her a vote has driven her to drink. The moral is obvious. Miss Cicely Hamilton, the author of the dialogue, should endeavour to cultivate a sense of humour. Treated otherwise than as a joke, her effort can only be regarded as a totally unnecessary and quite pointless attempt to write as disagreeably as possible on a revoking subject. The *Englishwoman* also contains two pieces of "poetry," of which one is a piece of meaningless doggerel, called "An Old Soldier," and the other six lines (one of which does not scan) of pure nonsense, entitled "Invocation." Altogether, the quality of the *Englishwoman* is exactly what we should expect from a journal edited by five female Suffragists. The editress-in-chief is Mrs. Grant Richards. We read in the papers the other day that Mr. Grant Richards is again at Monte Carlo. When the mouse is away the cats will play.

We have observed with amusement the frantic endeavours made by Mr. Bernard Shaw to revive the "Shaw boom" which is suffering a serious "slump" just now. Interviews and speeches and articles have simply rained on us, and, of course, it is respectable Conservative papers which are ever ready to lend their columns for the purposes of the advertising without which Mr. Shaw's reputation cannot be maintained. The other day the *Evening Standard* actually devoted two columns to the account, by a Mr. Israel Cohen, of a conversation between Mr. Shaw and a "celebrated Jew," whose name we forget. The "celebrated Jew" could not speak English, and Mr. Shaw could not speak Yiddish, or whatever the "celebrated Jew's" language was; so Mr. Israel Cohen kindly offered his services as interpreter, and the *Evening Standard* kindly offered space in its columns. The "celebrated Jew" informed Mr. Shaw that he had the greatest esteem and regard for him and his "genius," and Mr. Shaw, not to be outdone, assured the "celebrated Jew" that he entirely reciprocated the feeling. He had ever, he said, loved and admired the Jews, because they were always at the back of all revolutionary movements. This last observation happens to be profoundly true, and, while it explains Mr. Shaw's love of Jews, it also explains why most people do not love Mr. Shaw, and why, even in England, a strong anti-Semitic feeling exists. But it does not explain why Conservative newspapers should give wide publicity to dangerous and mischievous cranks who openly boast of their revolutionary and Anarchical views.

The British publisher is, no doubt, a delightful person in his place. At the same time, he would appear to be one of those honest tradesmen whose views on the points of place and condition are a trifle singular. In plain terms, he is rapidly proceeding to take himself seriously as a journalist and as a critic of letters. One of him picks up two guineas a week for answering the literary enquiries in a certain snippet journal. Another of him writes foolishly over the pseudonym of "Alan Northman" in the *Sunday School Chronicle*. And a third applied to us the other day for reviewing. Then our publisher friend is a great inventor of little dodges for "pushing" the undistinguished. At the moment of going to press we receive from the head of a publishing house of standing the following letter:

Dear Lord Alfred Douglas,

I send herewith a little article by Mr. ———, entitled ———, which I think you might care to use in THE ACADEMY. The copyright is mine, and you have full permission to make what use you like of it, without any charge. It seems to me rather a good article, and hot stuff. By the way, I should like to purchase at least 100 copies of the issue of THE ACADEMY containing the article, and would take care that they are well distributed.

With all kind regards,

I am,

Yours most sincerely,

— — —

Now, this gentleman is so sure that THE ACADEMY will take his worm that he adds a postscript in which he is kind enough to tell us what is to be done with the article "after it has appeared in THE ACADEMY." We must beg of him—at the risk of losing his advertising account—to accept this, the only intimation, that the article will *not* appear in THE ACADEMY. The Mr. Alan Northman, before mentioned, who, however, is not the publisher from whom we have received the above letter, says in his current causerie—we believe causerie is the word—that "quite a number of people speak contemptuously of THE ACADEMY now because it has taken to criticising religious and social questions not immediately connected with literature or art." We shall be "quite" prepared to hear shortly that "quite a number of persons now speak contemptuously of THE ACADEMY" because during the past few months it has sacrificed hundreds of pounds' worth of advertisements in consequence of its indisposition and refusal to make little arrangements with publishers, publishers' advertising managers, and publishers' agents, or because it declines to trim its criticisms in accordance with its advertising accounts. The instance we have given is by no means an isolated one. We nail it to the counter because, on the whole, it seems to us to be the meanest of the lot. A publisher with whom we had a difference over a matter of principle some time ago has announced to some of his business acquaintances that THE ACADEMY is about to cease publication. We can assure him and all other persons whom it may concern that THE ACADEMY will continue its course under the present management long after "quite a number" of publishing houses have filed their petitions. We have not the smallest objection in the world to the publisher who conducts his business in a reasonable and legitimate way. Our view of him is that so long as he sticks to publishing and refrains from the publication of indecencies he is a person proper to be commercially considered. But when he attempts to put his finger into criticism, and particularly when he hints that he can purchase the opinion of THE ACADEMY, we have done with him.

CANDLE-LIGHT

FRAIL golden flowers that perish at a breath,
 Flickering points of honey-coloured flame,
 From sunset gardens of the moon you came,
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of death. . . .
 Blossoms of opal fire that raised on high
 Upon a hundred silver stems are seen
 Above the brilliant dance, or set between
 The brimming wine-cups . . . flowers of revelry!
 Roses with amber petals that arise
 Out of the purple darkness of the night
 To deck the darkened house of Love, to light
 The laughing lips, the beautiful glad eyes.
 Lilies with violet-coloured hearts that break
 In shining clusters round the silent dead,
 A diadem of stars at feet and head,
 The glory dazzles . . . but they do not wake. . . .
 O golden flowers the moon goes gathering
 In magic gardens of her fairy-land,
 While splendid angels of the sunset stand
 Watching in flaming circles wing to wing. . . .
 Frail golden flowers that perish at a breath,
 That wither in the hands of light, and die
 When bright dawn wakens in a silver sky,
 Pale flowers of passion . . . delicate flowers of death.

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

PRIZE PATRIOTISM

It seems but a little while ago that Mrs. Brown Potter was pledging Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's word about the country needing protection. In point of fact, it is years ago, and while the matter has passed into much rougher and less beautiful hands than those of Mrs. Brown Potter the country is still needing protection. On what is delicately termed the Fiscal question we do not propose at the present juncture to bestow space. It appears to have occurred to a number of enterprising persons, however, that the country is now needing protection of quite another sort to the protection adumbrated by Mr. Chamberlain. Somebody has written a play which is called sweetly *An Englishman's Home*. And on the strength of this play somebody else has proceeded to get up a great hubbub as to possible invasions and the desirability of means for the prompt annihilation of the invader when he arrives. We shall not deny the possibility of possible invasions; neither shall we deny the advisability of ample and proper defences. There can be no doubt that the defiant and contemptuous English spirit of "let 'em all come" is a fine and creditable spirit, and that a little healthy capacity to meet 'em if they did come might conceivably be an advantage. And it would seem that we were going steadily and courageously to work in the matter of providing this capacity by the glorious British method of prize competition. Although the play, *An Englishman's Home*, is understood to have been written by a gentleman possessed of the all-British name of Du Maurier, and although it resolves itself practically into a melodramatic sneer at the expense of the now defunct English volunteers, the persons interested in the defence of England, home and beauty against the foul possible invader desire to establish that defence by means of recruiting volun-

teers for Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army, in order that it may be brought up to paper strength. The head and front of the movement, of course, is the *Daily Mail*, which redoubtable organ has secured the active support of Lord Esher and the active and financial support of a gentleman with the all-British name of Eugen Sandow. An anonymous admirer of the *Daily Mail* has subscribed ten thousand pounds towards recruiting expenses, and another anonymous admirer of the *Daily Mail* has subscribed two hundred and fifty pounds, which the *Daily Mail*, with its customary acumen, has split up into prizes for persons who accomplish the most recruiting. It would be interesting to know the names of the two anonymous admirers of the *Daily Mail*. An admirer who admires your paper and your frothy schemes to the tune of ten thousand pounds, or even to the tune of only two hundred and fifty pounds, should not be allowed to hide his blushes behind the scant cover of anonymity. The *Daily Mail* is, no doubt, acquainted with the cognomens of both its admirers, and we should like to wager that they are all-British names, and that we could set them down in cold type right off if we were so minded. The *Daily Mail's* high respect for anonymity and reticence on delicate matters goes without saying. And hence, so far as names are concerned, we must make ourselves content with Du Maurier, Eugen Sandow and the foreign gentleman who is manager for Bovril, Ltd. And we are quite sure that it was none of these gentlemen who put up the ten thousand pounds or, for that matter, the two hundred and fifty pounds, whereby England is to be saved from her ruin. At the time of writing the arduous business of recruiting is proceeding apace. From the top of one of our contemporary's columns we take the following choice headline:

THIRD 1,000.

YEOMANRY FULL.

HEAVY BATTERIES FULL.

CYCLISTS CORPS FULL.

ENGINEERS FULL.

REMARKABLE EXERTIONS OF THE DAILY MAIL.

8,000 MORE WANTED.

We are also able to read wonderfully as follows:

As the result of the appeal which, at Lord Esher's request, the *Daily Mail* has made for 11,000 men to complete the Territorial Army in the County of London, recruiting continued briskly yesterday. No fewer than 500 men were sworn in last night, an absolutely unprecedented number.

Also:

Many enthusiastic competitors began early yesterday to map out their plans for winning a recruiting prize. They were faced with no harassing details or restrictions. The winners will simply be those who obtain the most recruits. A sum of £250 is, as announced, to be distributed by the *Daily Mail* on behalf of a reader in the following way:—

First prize	£100
Second prize	50
Third prize	25
Ten prizes of	5
Twenty-five prizes of	1

Almost everybody has a chance. No employé of the *Daily Mail* is eligible for a prize. A young curate in a crowded district believes that he will be well in the running for a prize.

And further:

After she had sung the patriotic song, "A White Man," at the Kennington Theatre last night, Miss Lulu Valli, the principal boy in the pantomime, called upon the audience not to be content to sit and applaud, but to be up and act like men. Then Colonel Whitehead, of the 21st Battalion (Surrey Rifles), stepped upon the stage, and, surrounded by his officers, made an appeal for recruits. Non-commissioned officers went round the theatre recruiting.

While on a subsequent page we have a pretty picture of Mr. Sandow and a full discovery of the process

whereby he "will get rejected candidates accepted." Mr. Sandow, it seems, is presenting one thousand pounds in cash prizes, and, in addition, many gold and silver and bronze medals to the men who make the best improvement under training, and he is also sending out letters to large numbers of his former physical culture pupils whom he thinks would be willing to serve in one or other of the corps. On the whole, it is an odd combination—*Daily Mail*, Lord Esher, Sandow, two hundred and fifty pounds in prizes, a thousand pounds in prizes, and many gold, silver and bronze medals! We make no doubt that when Mr. Haldane dies "*Daily Mail*" and "Sandow" will be found written on his heart, whilst a *post mortem* on the cardiac apparatus of Lord Esher will no doubt reveal to a delighted world the names of the donors of the aforementioned sums of £10,000 and £250 which we have said are to preserve England from her ruin. Meanwhile, let us be truly grateful, like Mr. Haldane. Our homes and our liberties, not to mention our precious lives, were in danger. The Empress of the North, who will probably turn out to be Mrs. Pankhurst, had her withering eye upon us, and there was nothing for it but a roaring melodrama and an equally roaring *Daily Mail*. With the roaring melodrama Mr. Frank Curzon is filling the New Theatre nightly, and to the edification of the King's lieges. With the £10,250 the *Daily Mail* has booked 3,000 recruits, so that up to now somebody has paid about three pounds a-head for them. The question naturally arises, who is to be rewarded for these fearful and wonderful patriotic efforts? What will Mr. Sandow get in return for his thousand pounds, his gold, silver and bronze medals, and his physical training "free of all expense"? What will the gentleman who gave £10,000 to the *Daily Mail* get? And what will the gentleman who gave the £250 get? And, above all, what will the *Daily Mail* get? And, least of all, what will the 3,000 recruits get? The plain answer, of course, is Nothing. The three thousand recruits may go to the Pavilion Theatre and there behold with six thousand eyes an elderly gentleman in a red coat who will pull his forelock to them what time a young lady from New Zealand explains that he is one of the survivors of the Light Brigade, and that he has known what it means to be fairly short of the necessities of life. This old gentleman did his duty to the satisfaction of his country, and with five hundred and ninety-nine of his brethren in arms he was made the subject of a poem by Lord Tennyson. Oh, the wild charge they made, noble six hundred! And here is one of them ducking and kowtowing to a noble British Music Hall audience, whose memories are not long enough to enable them quite to understand why he is noble and what it was that he helped to do. The old gentleman asks for nothing, and he is liberally obliged. Even so, the *Daily Mail's* three thousand recruits are enflamed with but one desire—namely, to serve their country with such skill as Mr. Haldane can put into them. Even so, Mr. Eugen Sandow asks nothing from his country (we take it that he is a British subject) other than leave to disburse his thousand pounds and hand out his large selection of gold, silver and bronze medals; and even so the donor of the ten thousand pounds wants nothing, and the donor of the two hundred and fifty pounds is similarly modest. And as for the *Daily Mail* itself, it wants absolutely nothing at all. And we trust that Lord Esher and Mr. Haldane—not to mention Mr. Asquith—will see that its wants are supplied. For our own part, we will never believe that Providence has reduced this country to the pass of requiring to be buttressed by the *Daily Mail* and Eugen Sandow. And if, in its inscrutable wisdom, Providence has so reduced us, let us, in the name of all that is decent, go to our doom without having resort to the *Daily Mail* for a rod or Mr. Eugen Sandow for a staff.

MACKENZIE BELL AND WATTS-DUNTON

MR. MACKENZIE BELL has published a collection of his poems. On the title page the book is described as "The Poems of Mackenzie Bell," and there is nothing to indicate whether the poems be new or old. In the advertising columns of a contemporary, however, we find the following announcement:—

Suitable for Birthday or Wedding Present.

POEMS OF MACKENZIE BELL.

Author of "Christina Rossetti: a Biographical and Critical Study," &c., &c.

The Volume opens with a Dedication to Theodore Watts-Dunton of five pages, and an Introductory Essay of eleven pages, and is divided into sections with sub-titles, of which the following are a few:—"Nature Poems," "Poems of Consolation and of Religion," "Historical Poems," "Travel Pictures," "Humorous Poems," &c.

"There are Poems in this volume that will bring light and cheer to many a drooping spirit."—*Academy*.

New and Enlarged Edition, Crown 8vo, Cloth Boards, 2s. 6d. net. From all Booksellers or the Publishers.

And in a dedication "To Theodore Watts-Dunton, my beloved friend of twenty-five years' standing," we read: "When I told you some time ago that my collected poems were sold out, and that a new edition with much added work (which had appeared serially since my poems were printed last in volume form) was in contemplation, it was one of the proudest moments of my life when (*sic*) you acceded to my request to dedicate the book to yourself." The proud moments of Mr. Mackenzie Bell's life are, of course, his own affair. And as for the new edition "with much added work," we should have taken small, if any notice of it, if Mr. Mackenzie Bell had been careful in the matter of his advertising.

It will be observed that in the advertisement we have reproduced above, Mr. Bell causes to appear words which may be construed as praise from THE ACADEMY. In point of fact, however, the volume has not been received by us for review, and we are unable to authenticate the words quoted, though we have made search for them through a file extending over several years. We do not say that a notice containing these words never appeared, but when it did appear it must have borne reference to one of Mr. Bell's earlier publications, and he has no right to make it appear that we have been commending his latest venture, which we consider on the whole to be a foolish production, and not in the least likely to bring light or cheer to anybody's spirit, "drooping" or otherwise. The kind of "cheer" Mr. Bell has to offer is indicated by the following lines from the very first poem in the book:

Poesy lives in everything,
Though only poets find
Her hidden treasures, or can bring
These treasures to mankind.

She lives with Nature evermore
Alike on land and sea;
Where breakers roar far, far from shore,
And on the quiet lea;

Where yonder mountain's soaring peak
Scarce fails to touch the sky;
In yonder vale where, fair and sleek,
The drowsy cattle lie;

In yonder cot where seldom come
The cares of human strife;
In yonder city never dumb
With sounds of human life.

Here, of course, we have the commonest of commonplace expressed in the terms of balderdash. The fact that Mr. Watts-Dunton has accepted the dedication of a volume which contains such ineptitude makes it quite evident that Mr. Watts-Dunton is a very kind gentleman indeed. And Mr. Mackenzie Bell's tears of gratitude become him.

From this same dedication we gather a great deal that is personal to Mr. Bell. He assures us that his sense of gratification in Mr. Watts-Dunton's acceptance of the honour "did not arise from any idea that my work as a poet would be enlinked thereby with yours, and with the poetry of the many illustrious singers, and with the writings of the many eminent men of letters, with whom you will always be associated in literary history." Which, on the whole, is a little superfluous. "My thought," Mr. Mackenzie Bell says, "was widely different. It might be defined as one of wondering delight that a man like myself, with so many and so manifold disabilities, should have achieved such a place, merely by the force of his own personality, as to make this dedication possible." Let us go apart quietly and think of it!

Later Mr. Bell proceeds to flatter the object of his worship in the most barefaced manner. "I shall never forget my first reading of your epoch-marking and superb treatise on Poetry in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' which showed you to be in the high critical succession from Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Inconsiderable as is the number of great poets, and small as is the number of great novelists, the great critic is rarer than either of these. Only once, or it may be twice, in a century does a great critic appear." Mr. Bell here breaks off short. He does not say that Mr. Watts-Dunton is the man, but he leaves us to draw our own inferences. And he continues, still in the strain of the ardent worshipper, "Your verse, particularly the incomparable 'John the Pilgrim,' 'A Starry Night at Sea,' and 'The First Kiss,' has been for years part of the poetry in which my true life centres, whilst the memory of your entrancing 'Aylwin' has refreshed me often." And our heavenly poet winds up in the following startling manner:

Praise has been bestowed on

The music of the nightingale

Across the rising wheat

in "Spring's Immortality" (p. 115), my best-known poem, and I may remind you that the adjective "rising" before "wheat" occurred to me when I was in your company.

One is constrained to wonder what will happen next. Did Mr. Watts-Dunton read this dedication of his beloved friend before it went to press? And, for that matter, did he read any of his beloved friend's poems? Did he read, for example, Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Exhortation to the Women of Great Britain"? which concludes:

Yet hoping, cease not still to act
Unchecked by gibe or jeer;
With passion plead each stubborn fact,
The hour of dawn is near—

When man-made laws shall cease to vex
The thinkers of our race—
When justice is no word of sex—
As each has found its place.

And is he prepared to affirm, on the strength of his critical reputation, that Mr. Mackenzie Bell, the "poet" of these lines, and of a good many others quite as bad, holds, or is ever likely to hold, any position in English poetry?

We gather from Mr. Mackenzie Bell's "Introductory Essay" that his "poems" have been introduced into schools as an "unseen" reading book. Mr. Bell does

not say by whose authority this introduction has been effected. But if it is an introduction in the official sense, and if the poems of Mackenzie Bell are really being imposed upon the childhood of the country as an "unseen" reading book by authority, we have no hesitation in asserting that herein lies a grave scandal, and a scandal which should be made the subject of official enquiry at once. The poetry which is thrust down the throats of small children may seem to be a matter of trifling consequence, but there can be no doubt in the world that the lack of appreciation of good poetry, which is so common a defect in the English adult, is directly traceable to the fact that the literary education of English children is usually begun on indifferent verses. "Casabianca," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "The Psalm of Life" are bad enough in their way, but if they are to be displaced by the poetical works of Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Heaven help the infancy of our dear country! Out of justice to Mr. Bell, we reprint a portion of a poem for school recitation (Standards I. and II.), called "Little Bertie":

Rest you in quiet now, my baby boy,
You are in truth your parents' highest joy;—
For though our home has ever been a place
Where Happiness has deigned to show her face,
Yet still your birth increased its bliss much more,
And filled a void there was in it before.

O may your life continue ever free
From taint of shame, what'er your lot may be:
As spotless as the snow-drops oft appear
When first they come to tell us Spring is near:
Such is my wish for you, my jewel prized;
May I yet live to see it realised.

Well, we hope Mr. Bell will live to see a good many things realised, but the sooner he realises that such "poetry" for children is the sheerest blither, and that the person who teaches such "poetry" to a small child is working irreparable injury on its mentality, the better will it be for all of us. If Mr. Mackenzie Bell wishes to go down to posterity as something better than a poetaster eaten up by vanity and foolishness he should ruthlessly cast out, expunge, withdraw from publication, and destroy, quite half of the alleged poetry contained in this volume. We have no particular opinion of Mr. Watts-Dunton, at any rate considered as the figure and portent in which his friends delight to paint him. But, regarding him in his bare capacity as a reviewer for the *Athenaeum*, or, if he likes it better, in his capacity as the author of that greatly overpraised novel, "Aylwin," we are astounded that he should allow his name to be associated with Mr. Mackenzie Bell's extraordinary volume. The principle of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours" can be carried a little too far, even among old friends.

JONATHAN SWIFT

To arrive at any just conclusion as to Jonathan Swift and his work, it is necessary to consider briefly the times in which he lived and wrote, for the differences between the author of the present day and the author of that period are enormous. The novel as we now know it was not in existence; its progenitors, Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, had not yet appeared on the scene; there was thus a scope for any competent writer which is almost inconceivable to us who live in an age of overflowing railway bookstalls and cheap reprints. A young man from behind the draper's counter or at the city desk had only to produce a few hundred lines of passable blank verse, or a topical pamphlet, to be hailed as a shining light in the literary heavens; and it was quite within the bounds of probability that he would be offered a post as secretary (or, as it might often be construed, trumpeter-in-chief) to some person of wealth and title:

the poet Gay, for example, whose greatest achievement, "The Beggars' Opera," was suggested by a chance remark that Swift made to him, was a silk-mercer's apprentice. He hit upon the idea of an essay treating on "The Present State of Wit," and as a consequence became steward to a duchess. Addison, Pope, Sheridan, and Congreve were contemporaries of Swift, and personally acquainted with him; for a part of his life, indeed, Addison and Sheridan were his warm friends.

The freedom of speech at table and in company which was then so prevalent, was not, as a rule, a deliberate departure from the canons of good morals. The frequent excursions into the realm of scandal gave opportunity for brilliant jest and quip and sarcasm, and the honourable place of the woman, as queen of the home and recipient of man's homage in this sphere, as in the more superficial one of public life, was still far ahead. The dandies could talk, and talk well; their smartness went deeper than dress or display of ruffle and cane, and their capabilities for dealing with serious affairs is evident to anyone who reads the history of the social and political events of the time. Bearing these facts in mind, some little illumination is available as a sidelight on Swift and his work.

It may be true, as Sir Leslie Stephen says, that "to judge Swift by a merely literary standard is to judge a fencer by the grace of his attitudes." But it is difficult to see by what other standard we are to estimate him to-day, since the topical interest and inspiration of his work is practically non-existent. How many readers could tell off-hand the story of "Wood's Halfpence," or of that rousing pamphlet, "The Conduct of the Allies," which sold like wildfire—eleven thousand copies in a month or so? Or even the more famous "Tale of a Tub"? The fact is that the details of these controversies are about as interesting to us at the present day as the details of the Juvenile Cigarette Smoking Bill may be to our descendants two hundred years hence, so that such of Swift's writings that remain current and readable now must have stood the test of time to a large extent by their literary craftsmanship.

The only work of the Dean familiar to the average person is, of course, "Gulliver's Travels," and as the author of that diverting fantasy he is known to half the children in the land. It is a curious comment on the fleeting fashion of human affairs that this book, which was, when published, a scathing topical satire, we now give to children as a birthday or Christmas present. Certainly it is immortal, and the living author who could chance upon as fine an idea in some other sphere would be sure of immortality. Gulliver, a man travelling in the land of Lilliput, where his immense size caused such consternation, and his sneeze engendered a panic equivalent to that of an earthquake, and Gulliver voyaging to the country of Brobdingnag, where the people nearly trod on him because of his microscopic dimensions, and picked him up to quiz him on the palms of their hands, even as he had picked up a Lilliputian, is for ever certain of a place in our affections. The book is really a political pamphlet, but the idea is so fascinating that two hundred years after, even if we are unacquainted with a single one of the events which inspired it, we can read it with pleasure and profit. Portions of it, which satirised cruelly the social customs of England at that time, still retain their sting, as anyone will find who troubles to read again the account of the Houyhnhnms, in whose land horses are the rational reigning power, and human beings ("Yahoos") the servants and inferiors; or the visit to Laputa, the island in the air, where everything was done by mathematics; or the description of the redoubtable academy of Lagado. The way in which Swift produces his effects is more

an intense realism than any reliance upon the exact word or the choice phrase. He avoids fine writing; when a man is master of his subject there is no need for it—the simpler the language, in reason, the better. He expresses sentiments the most atrocious, absurd, original, as if they were merely commonplace truths quite obvious to everybody, and maintains them in such a calm and familiar manner that their extravagance does not strike the reader. And this leads us to consider for a moment that marked characteristic of his writings which is perhaps too often alluded to rather glibly as “indecent.” We may be permitted to advance the opinion that in by far the majority of instances his indecency was not intrinsically such at all, but more a tremendous honesty, a colossal sincerity—almost, one might say, a blatant sincerity—which was so much a part of his nature that it would not be denied expression. In adducing this we do not defend him indiscriminately; he wrote some horrible and inexcusable things. With regard to the advantages of sincerity, it is not always the height of discretion to call a man a fool, however whole-heartedly we may believe him to be one; nor should we, as a rule, twit a man about his large ears, or his abnormal rotundity, or his peculiarly fascinating squint; but Swift was troubled not at all by such diffidence or reticence as we of a milder mould might suffer from; in fact, the reader is often inclined to wonder that he escaped physical retaliation at the hands of his victims. He spared neither man nor woman, and such restraint on the part of those whom he insulted and ridiculed is strong evidence as to his astonishingly powerful personality. Mr. Augustine Birrell, usually a genial and competent critic, takes an extreme view of this particular quality of our author. “No fouler pen than Swift’s,” he writes, “has soiled our literature. His language is horrible from first to last. He is full of odious images, of base and abominable allusions. It is a question not of morality, but of decency, whether it is becoming to sit in the same room with the works of this divine.” We think, however, that this attribute, sincerity run mad, goes far to explain some of the darker blots on the writings of the irascible old Dean; he was too anxious about the success of his argument to bother about his comparisons or the beauty of language, and, in all, except the one great instance of duplicity—his love affair—he hated deception intensely.

Somehow, the name of Swift has come down to us as that of a poet. He wrote a large amount of indifferent verse, but practically no poetry worthy of the title. There is nothing very attractive to us in the rather monotonous rhymed couplet which was so plentiful then, and which reached an exuberant stage in the effusions of Pope. Some of the verses to Stella are pretty, if not impressive:

But, Stella, say what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young,
That Time sits with his scythe to mow
Where erst sat Cupid with his bow,
That half your locks are turned to gray—
I'll ne'er believe a word they say.
'Tis true, but let it not be known
My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown.

Regularly on her birthday the Dean presented her with a copy of some little lyric, the burden of which was not always complimentary. The poem for the year 1719 runs thus:

Stella this day is thirty-four
(We shan't dispute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled
Although thy size and years are doubled
Since first I saw thee at sixteen
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined
Made up so largely in my mind;

O, would it please the gods to split
Thy beauty, years, and size and wit,
No age could furnish out a pair
Of nymphs so graceful, wise and fair
With half the lustre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years and size;
And then, before it grew too late,
How should I beg of gentle fate
(That either nymph might have her swain)
To split my worship, too, in twain.

The presumption is that Stella was of a meek and tractable disposition if she took this sort of thing quietly.

There is a fine pomposity about the opening lines of the “Ode to Dr. William Sancroft” which does not often occur in other poems:

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray,
Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred Seven
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light by day.

And the eighth canto is worth a partial quotation:

Kind star, still may'st thou shed thy sacred influence here,
Or from thy private peaceful orb appear;
For, sure, we want some guide from Heaven, to show
The way which every wand'ring fool below
Pretends so perfectly to know;
And which, for aught I see, and much I fear,
The world has wholly miss'd;
I mean the way which leads to Christ.

“Cadenus and Vanessa” comes very near to greatness, but, like all lengthy poems tinged by narrative, gives a feeling of flatness when the jingle continues for page after page in this style:

The shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian queen.
The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature man.

Its characteristic is ease and fluency rather than impressiveness; and the “Rhapsody on Poetry” comes under the same verdict, although it possesses more energy.

We cannot but conclude that Swift's verse exemplifies the gulf that exists between the clever rhymster and the true poet. His rhyming, too, was occasionally careless, although at least one of his biographers states that he has hardly a faulty rhyme. This was far from being the case, as any reader can discover for himself; he has many bad dissonances. “Sex” and “effects”; “caught” and “fault”; “phrase, are” and “Cæsar”; “ferment” and “vermin,” in the disgusting “Problem”—none of these strikes us as a perfect rhyme. As a rule, however, he was careful, and he is grammatical. But, after all, care and grammar remain but the rattling dry bones if there be no spirit of poesy to breathe on them and give them life. His satires afford us nothing in the way of relief; a few stanzas from the commencement of one will illustrate this:

How this fantastic world is changed of late!
Sure some full moon has worked upon this state;
Time was, when it was questioned much in story
Which was the worst, the Devil or a Tory. . . .
There was a time when fair Hibernia lay
Dissolved in ease, and with a gentle sway
Enjoyed the blessings of a halcyon day.
Pleased with the bliss her friendly union made
Beneath her bending fig-trees' peaceful shade
Careless and free, her happy sons were laid.
No feuds, no groundless jealousies appear
To rouse to rage, or wake them into fear;
With pity they beheld Britannia's state
Tossed by the tempest of a stormy fate;
Wild frenzy through her blasted borders passed
Whilst noisy Faction drove the furious blast;
Calm and serene we heard the tempest roar
And fearless viewed the danger from the shore.

And so on for many pages. One can hardly call this sort of thing by the sacred name of poetry. It was rather an aptitude for flinging some thought—often some pungent thought—into rhyme, nothing more; and obviously it is more interesting from the point of view of comment on affairs of that day than from the standpoint of literary value. It is nothing but prose rhymed, and the very merits of Swift's prose—directness, absence of pathos or sentiment, a general desire to hit everything that offended him with a club, and if possible a big and knobby club—formed the defects of his poetry. Another attribute of the true poet, love for scenery and for aspects of nature, is almost entirely lacking from his writings; he seems to miss the sweeter, more delicate side of things when he essays description, whether in prose or verse. He describes "The Morning" in London:

Now hardly here and there a hackney coach
Appearing, showed the ruddy morn's approach;
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dext'rous airs
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs;
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney-sweep;
The turnkey now his flock returning sees
Duly let out o' nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

This is "catalogue verse" of the purest—and poorest—of which only very small quantities could possibly be taken at one sitting.

To sum up, the aspect of Dean Jonathan Swift's life, viewed broadly from his works and what information we have as to his mode of thought, is bound to strike us as sombre in the extreme. Even as a young man his inherent depression breaks out in his writings. Addressing his muse, before the age of thirty, he says:

To thee I owe that fatal bent of mind
Still to unhappy restless thoughts inclined;
To thee what oft I vainly strive to hide,
That scorn of fools, by fools mistook for pride;
From thee whatever virtue takes its rise
Grows a misfortune, or becomes a vice.

And at later period, about the age of forty-six, we find him lamenting his lack of friends in a most pathetic manner:

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone
Where I am neither loved nor known?
My state of health none care to learn,
My life is here no soul's concern,
And those with whom I now converse
Without a tear will tend my hearse.

Behind all the social brilliance, behind all the literary fame, we seem to trace an infinite loneliness of soul; and when we consider why this should be, in spite of his notable companions and exalted environment, we find that, added to his naturally domineering and haughty temperament, he is one of the few men in history who never had an intimate and enduring friend among men. Those who loved him became alienated; those whom he loved, died. It seems possible that, had he possessed the quality of binding to himself as with bands of iron some fine, strong nature which understood him and comprehended his strange, distorted outlook, the gentleness which lurked below his imperious, cynical mind, the whole course of his life might have been happier, and more in harmony with that world which never fathomed him. But for this Jonathan there was no David.

FEBRUARY AND ITS SAINT

FEBRUARY is the month when we finally forget the preceding Christmas, and assume an air of expectation for the tardy spring. The holly and evergreen must not be permitted to remain, or divers mysterious penalties will result, according to the old legend which Herrick has rendered into rhyme:

Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies and Mistletoe;
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall;
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

But, in spite of the increasing sense of summer's nearness, February is often the most unkind month of the twelve, and as capricious as any April maiden. She binds us with sterner fetters than mid-winter—and the next day the eaves are dripping with dreary runlets, the horses are sliding and falling, and the streets are black and shining with a wet, treacherous film. Again, she will shrivel us with cold blasts that give the whole town an East-wind scowl, and, collars up, buffeted and belaboured, we dive chilly hands into warm pockets and think of the welcoming firelight of evening. But sometimes—for we must not be too harsh with her, seeing how bravely she strives to wrench her hand from the cruel grasp of Winter—sometimes she will spread dainty, frosty frescoes on our window-panes when winter smiles, more beautiful in their feathery curves than any mortal artist can tell; and at close of day, leaning her banks of cloud heavily to the West, she will hail the departing sun in a burst of dusky splendour, so that the very heavens seem glowing with a divine conflagration, wherefrom the purple smoke ascending drives and blurs before the first faint, dreaming stars. Then we love her, and think of her gifts of heartening flowers, her parting touch to the patient trees, her swift, rare laughter.

Chief among her retinue comes the daffodil, earliest from the far Scillies, splashing even the secret byways of the city with yellow flame, eclipsing of late years the snowdrop and violet with his regal radiance; fain, perhaps, to oust even the primrose, were it not that the pale little flower-faces look up at us so humbly, so winningly. In the parks the crocus will be pushing up ostentatiously his white and purple and rich old-gold trumpets, saying emphatically that spring is really here—often too hastily.

And of the Saint of February, now but a memory, what can we say? He was a real person, that we know—a priest of Rome who was martyred there about the year 270; but of how his fame extended to the wintry North we find little recorded. In the early part of the nineteenth century his celebration was at its height, and of his revels "Elia" wrote charmingly. In a delightful grumble, discussing why the heart should be the portion of our anatomy invariably selected for the transfixing arrow, he remarks: "It will serve as well as any other thing. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, 'Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal'; or putting a delicate question, 'Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?'"

The unkind fate of Saint Valentine appears to have started the custom of interchanging presents as a commemoration, and certainly, in spite of his dwindling fame, he has had what we might term a fair innings. At first, on these occasions, lots used to be drawn for partners among the younger folk, and the gallant knight who found himself apportioned to a fair

lady thus was supposed to be her squire for the period of twelve months following. The ultra-sentimental part of it arrived later, and doubtless can be held responsible for the sixteen hundred years or so of its existence. It is an interesting and significant reflection that the festivals which have remained, which have entered into our national life and character, have, with one exception, to do with the central figure of Christianity. Easter, Whitsuntide and Christmas have become with us holiday seasons; but, while Saints' days are plentiful enough in the calendar, we do not allow them to interfere with the customary routine of business. The exception referred to is, of course, "St. Lubbock's Day," and it may be allowed in proof of the rule, although the canonisation of its founder is slightly unorthodox. The attempt to make public and permanent holidays on the anniversaries of events that were merely historic seems to fail with us; there is, perhaps, a sub-conscious sense that inspiration is lacking, that without the serene illumination of some deep, dearness fervour, some mystical, supernatural light, history fades quickly into the grey of the past. From even our cold, Northern natures the desire for mystery is inseparable, so that we celebrate—though thinking, it may well be, little of their inner meaning—on the three chief occasions of the year events beautiful and inexplicable. Other annual celebrations have died out or become moribund.

"Two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average," says Hone, "annually pass through the twopenny post office in London on St. Valentine's Day." And now, in some little back streets, here and there, a couple of dozen hideous caricatures in the frowsy window of a "general" shop represent practically all the homage paid to the poor, extradited Saint whose fragrant souvenirs went to and fro between the young man and maiden of thirty, forty, fifty, a hundred years ago. Poets disdain to write of him, but it was not always thus; from Chaucer downward they used to find plenty of "copy"—if we may be so irreverent—in St. Valentine. Lydgate, a monk of Bury, writes of Queen Catherine, consort to Henry V.:

Seynte Valentine. Of custome yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce, in this region,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affocioun;
Such as ben move with Cupides mocoun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle:
But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

Gay alludes to the supposition that the first stranger seen on St. Valentine's morning will be the "fate" of lad or lass:

I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away;
Afield I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should house-wives do)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be.

Shakespeare makes Ophelia sing in her saddest and most distracted mood a little verse which betrays the same idea:

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine!

But the poets of the present age have better work to do than to turn a rhyme in aid of memories so faint and unpopular. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* The Saint has had to bow before the rush of modernity. We have no time to disorganise our fluent affairs again so soon after Christmas with its exuberant irregularities; we are emancipated—immune. The probabilities are that had the celebrations taken place in another part of the year, June or September, they would have continued for a century or so longer; or, let us say, until aero-liners plied between the Bank and Mandalay. But it was not to be; the February Saint is dethroned.

REVIEWS

POETRY AND CRITICISM

Æschylus in English Verse. Part 3. By ARTHUR S. WAY, D.Lit. (Macmillan and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THE prevailing custom of comparing all authors indiscriminately with the greatest masters of their several arts imposes on critics, who are determined not to identify advocacy with judgment, the irksome task of reducing redundant praise to juster proportions. The critic with a decent regard for his duties and for the readers, who by reading his criticism accept him as a temporary guide, is forced to emphasise faults when he would have preferred to praise conscientious effort, if that had not already been magnified into high achievement. Otherwise, criticism becomes purely arbitrary, conforming to no standard of taste.

"Mr. Way is a trustworthy scholar," his translations from the Greek "are rendered with absolute conscientiousness and with unflagging vigour," so that "we read his verses with a different kind of pleasure from that which is derived from the ordinary run of translators." "He has made the choruses readable English verse." This is high praise, which Mr. Way deserves. His sustained effort in rendering into English verse the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," all the dramas of Euripides, and now all of Æschylus completed in this volume; his devotion to his contemporaries in undertaking this long task; his fidelity to the originals; his successful efforts to keep the quality of his verse at a sufficient standard of merit; all these facts entitle him to serious consideration. Since his peculiar equality can be judged by a study of these three dramas, the Agamemnon, the Choëphoræ, and the Eumenides, the choice of examples of his style may be left to chance by lighting on each thirtieth page of the volume. At the bottom of page 149 Mr. Way begins the second strophe of a chorus of furies, representing line 350 of the Eumenides. The passage is chosen here because both the Greek and Mr. Way's metre are of medium difficulty:

In the hour that beheld our being begun
Were these our prerogatives ratified:
No dealings have we with Immortals; none
Will deign at the banquet to sit by our side:
No part nor lot for ever have I
In white robes' glistering radiance;
But we take for our portion the desolation
Of homes which are made Strife's habitation:
When the hand is with life-blood of kin made red,
Then hunt we the slayer; our strength shall outlast him,
Be he never so swift; we o'ertake him, we blast him
By the power of the blood ever-fresh he hath shed.

γιννομένηναι λάχρ τὰδ' ἐφ' αὐτῷ ἐκράδθη
ἀθανάτων δ' ἀπέχειν χεῖρας. οὐδέ τις ἐστὶ
συνδαίτωρ μετὰ κοινοῖς
παλλεῖσκων δὲ πέπλων
ἀμφοῖς, ἀκληροῖς ἐτίχθη.
δωμάτων γὰρ εἰλόμαν
ἀνατροπᾶς, ὅταν Ἀρηῃ
τύχασθ' ὧν, φίλον ἔλη
ἐπὶ τὸν. ὦ, διομέναι
κρατερον ἔνθ, δρωῖς
μανροῖμεν ὑφ' αἵματος νέου.

Here follows the bald meaning of the text, for readers whose Greek has fallen into disuse:

These destinies were set for us at birth; to withhold hands from mortals. Nor is there any companion with them, cohabiting with us. I was made, without lot, without portion in garments all-of-white. For we took upon us destructions of houses, whenever Ares, being intimate, had slain kin. Oh! chasing after him, though he is strong, nevertheless we darken-his-light, because of fresh bloodshed.

From a comparison of these three versions it will be plain that Mr. Way does not seek such verbal accuracy, nor such homometrical exactitude as to render any lyrical qualities impossible. On the contrary, he shows his appreciation of those qualities in Æschy-

lus, by contenting himself with no model of the Greek drama in English, short of the most elaborate, from which to imitate the form of his lyrical passages. It is said that a great, Cambridge, Greek scholar, suppose it was Shilleto, used to gaze long at the printed page of Demosthenes, in order to photograph his style upon his brain. By such profound study Mr. Way may well have absorbed the sense of Æschylus. Since he is cut off by centuries of inarticulate mumbling from any sounds remotely resembling the speech of Greeks, he had no *rapport* with the sound of Æschylus, save by studying the notation of those echoes of long-silenced music which Nature alone evokes from the very greatest poets. So Dante still vibrates in Milton. Mr. Way has, therefore, studied conscientiously the notation by which Swinburne represents on paper Greek melody in consummate English lyrics. Who can judge whether that melody does not now sound in even more perfect diapason, in the fuller scale of English, used by a born master of its intricate subtleties? Mr. Way has made Swinburne's forms his model. To expect more of him is to expect that if Shilleto had only filled his mouth with pebbles and shouted to the sea he could have swayed the English people like reeds by his eloquence. Æschylæan, Swinburnian lyric melody is the gift with which Nature endows but very few of the human race. Yet this is how Mr. Way's verse has been appraised: "He has imparted to his English version all the ease and spontaneity of the original"; "the lyrics have a real lyric swing about them"; "the translations are fine poems"; "there is a sonorous roll," in the verse, "a variety of pause, a flexibility, a richness, and a dignity about it that make it approach nearer to the splendid music of the Greek than anything else that has been produced in the same line"; "the splendour of the lyric effects"; "the charm of the language."

On account of the quantity of this sort of criticism it is impossible to let it pass in silence; it will utterly mislead many who would otherwise find much pleasure in Mr. Way's scholarly work. He has probably surpassed all other verse-translators in the amount, the variety in kind, the equality in merit, and the fidelity of his translation. He possesses some lyric ability, as much, perhaps, as Conington exercised, with more enterprise, since he uses more difficult forms. After a careful examination of his lyrical defects it is only fair to add that they lie in the possession of an ordinary ear, and very seldom in any carelessness for which a scholar should be blamed. He seems to write by the eye, not by the ear. If a student of Swinburne reads "Sapphics" or the choruses from "Atalanta in Calydon" aloud to himself, carefully pronouncing all the vowel and all the consonantal *sounds* (disregarding, of course, the illusive characters which represent them), he will hear how exquisitely the note of the flute, the violin, the reed, the harpsichord, the organ—indeed, of "all kinds of music"—naturally flows from the tongue of a great lyrist, each into the only place in which it can form that melody, which is his peculiar birthright. By making to himself laws of the practice of great masters, so patient a student as Mr. Way may yet produce some one fine lyric effect. It is impossible for any man to have produced such effects at large, who has written so much, without possessing the highest lyrical gifts. The assertion that Mr. Way is not nine feet high leaves him with all the attractions which he possesses.

TUSCANY

Under Petraia, With Some Saunterings. By the Author of "In a Tuscan Garden." (John Lane, 5s.)

WE can imagine no pleasanter preparation for a leisurely holiday in Northern Italy than the perusal

of this volume, and to those who can only indulge in that species of exploration known as "armchair travel" it will be no less interesting. Without conceding the ill-judged rhapsodies of a certain "critic" who, reviewing the author's previous book, wrote, "Match me out of Sterne this high blend of whimsical pathos and idiosyncratic humour!" we fully appreciate the very genuine humour and pathos with which a subject that in careless hands can be uncommonly "dry" is here invested. It takes not only the observant eye, but a rare knowledge of how to record and what to omit, to constitute the ideal writer of a travel-book, and we find here a sufficient approach to that desirable combination to give the reader a great deal of pleasure.

Petraia, the ancient Royal Villa at Castello, was left to the Florentine monks of the Servite Order in 1362, for the purpose of a monastery; it suffered many vicissitudes—war, confiscation, purchase—and finally from the Grand Dukes of Tuscany it passed to the Crown of Italy about the year 1859. King Victor Emmanuel II. had it completely restored, its treasures repaired (in the private chapel are frescoes by Pocetti and a Holy Family attributed to Andrea del Sarto), and used it as his favourite residence. The author was fortunate enough to discover a two-storey house dating from the fifteenth century, the garden of which adjoined the Petraia Park, with a view clear to the Apennines, and of this house and garden she discourses charmingly for many pages, with anecdotes in plenty as to troubles with the *contadini* and bothers with the workmen. Incidentally, too, she tells of the incomprehensible side of the Italian native. For example, at a large engineering factory under English management one of the employés badly injured another, and the aggressor was sentenced to imprisonment. The fellow-workmen, fearing a permanent *vendetta*, took counsel together:

They persuaded the victim to make a declaration that he had given the greatest provocation in the first instance, and—of course for a consideration—to profess his willingness to have the sentence reversed and to go to prison himself instead of the real culprit. While the negotiations were in progress it was suddenly recollected that the following Sunday was a great *festa* in that part of the world. The victim struck at once; he was quite willing to go to prison, provided he was let out on Saturday evening, and he would go back on Monday morning and finish his term of imprisonment in peace. This also was arranged—there are few things in Italy that cannot be "arranged." The man was let out on Saturday night, enjoyed his *festa*, and kept his word, returning on Monday morning to prison.

Some amusing digressions occur upon the domestic economy of life in this quarter of the country.

In whatever part of the habitable globe Providence has placed you, it is desirable, if you wish your feet to tread the ways of pleasantness and paths of peace, to be on good terms with your neighbours—but if your lot is cast on a Tuscan hillside it is absolutely essential to your well-being that this should be the case. . . . You will wish your dependants good-morning and good-evening, which salutation they will reciprocate, and possibly add, a happy night. They will also probably inquire if you have slept well, and if on the previous day you have complained of any of the minor evils to which flesh is heir, they will most certainly express the hope that these are ameliorated, and it will be considered graceful on your part if you reciprocate this little civility. . . . You will on every possible occasion avoid the direct path and go wearily round about the bush. If the Briton is an English or, still worse, a Scotch Briton, it may take him long years of practice before he gets so well into this kind of harness that it does not gall him considerably.

The "saunterings" which form the latter portion of the book include a delightful account of an excursion across the border into Switzerland, also a descrip-

tion of a North Italian tour through Bologna, Ferrara, the Euganean Hills, Padua, Verona, and, of course, Venice. In all these places the noted churches and their artistic treasures are treated at such length as space permits; in fact, at times the text becomes rather of the guide-book order, through the effort to condense the information. We like best the pages when, with shrewd but never bitter comment, the author breaks off to chat about inns, people encountered, and the local customs. We may remark that the American girl she meets is a particularly unfortunate specimen, and the German tourist seems not much better, according to the brief notes given:

In these later years she (Venice) has become the playground of Germany, and the northern hordes from Munich and Berlin, which in autumn fill her steamers and gondolas, make one shudder. The women are not pillars, they are columns of too solid flesh, and the way in which they bring down their enormous feet on the delicate Opus Alexandrinum pavements of St. Mark's and the Duomo of Torcello constitutes a real danger to these fast-vanishing works of art. To compare them to Cook's tourists would be grossly to insult the latter.

This is the only expression of real animosity that the author permits herself; but the English "tripper" is just as objectionable in his blatant way.

The illustrations, reproduced from photographs, are very good, and we are glad to see an exquisite portrait of "Jackie," the little cat who is quite one of the characters of the book—to whose memory, in fact, it is dedicated. The story of his death is an interlude of pathos which is not in the least incongruous or overdone.

Considering the mine of information contained in this volume we think it should have possessed more in the way of an index than a mere "table of contents," but this is a drawback which may be remedied, if, like his predecessor, "In a Tuscan Garden," it reaches the second edition, which it seems thoroughly to deserve.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Trade and Tariffs. By JOHN M. ROBERTSON, M.P. (London: Black.)

THIS book is written largely from the point of view of party controversy, as might be expected. But the bias is too obvious to be convincing. Page after page is suggestive of the electioneering platform, for which we conclude the book has been compiled. Passages such as the following do not lead us to regard the author in the light of a scientific and impartial expert:

Unfortunately, Protectionists are able, now as in the past, to trade upon blind passions; and they are content, after every one of their economic arguments has been answered, to repeat the more angry cry of retaliation. "Hit back," "Don't take it lying down," "Treat them as they treat us"—such are the watchwords with which tariffists spread the gospel of Imperial Unity, not reflecting that the very Colonies to which they ask us to give a preference "hit" us all the time.

This sort of thing may suit the platform, but does not appeal to the business man. Mr. Robertson has filled his book to overflowing with figures and statistics, but there are many practical questions which he does not touch, such as the buying of raw cotton in England by German manufacturers, who take it over to their works in Germany, and, bringing back the manufactured article to England, easily undersell our manufacturers, who work under free-trade conditions.

The most significant section is that which deals with "The Modern Failure of Protectionism." This takes up only ten pages in a work of over three hundred, and in this short space deals with ten countries supposed to be collapsing from Protection: France, Italy, Greece, Russia, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Switzer-

land, Portugal and Spain. Let us take a few examples on Mr. Robertson's own showing: France has increased her exports in the last few years by £58,000,000; Italy by £29,000,000; Russia by £40,000,000, and Switzerland—most remarkable of all—by £40,000,000. But why are similar statistics omitted in the cases of Germany and the United States? The merest tyro in economics must be aware of the prosperity of these countries under Protectionism.

In a short appendix Mr. Robertson tries to argue that Mr. Lloyd George's Patents Act of 1907 is not, in effect, protectionist. But we find that manufacturing experts hold very strongly that it is a valuable measure of protection. To Mr. Lloyd George may belong the credit of getting the Act passed, but its real originator is a certain Manchester merchant, who has for many years past urged successive Governments to give manufacturers this form of protection, a fact which may or may not be known to Mr. Robertson, but of which no mention is made.

Prince Karl. By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER. (Ward, Lock and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

It would be interesting to know what motive induced the publisher of this book to collect together seven such stories as those which appear within its pages. They are in the late Mr. Gunter's worst manner, than which there could be no severer censure. As a writer of melodrama Mr. Gunter had certain qualifications. He had a genuine, if crude, instinct for the dramatic, and his "curtains" gained in effect what they lost in plausibility. Few novelists worked within such narrow limitations, but it would be futile to deny that, when he was content to be least ambitious, he succeeded in being most readable. He lacked, however, the sense of humour, without which it is impossible to construct even a tolerable farce. His attempts at wit in this volume are depressing, and the reader who has displayed sufficient hardihood to struggle manfully through "Prince Karl" will face the remainder of the book with feelings of gloomy foreboding. We advise him not to take the risk. These stories are, for the most part, vulgar, dull and insipid. Of one only—"Skinny's Mother"—is it possible to speak in terms of even partial praise. The others are frankly deplorable. Mr. Gunter's capabilities as a writer of English may be indicated by the following choice fragment of dialogue:

"I have followed you," answered Carroll, "because I don't intend for you to go away with that money and that cloak for which you gave a cheque that I have reason to know will be thrown out of the Warfield to-morrow."

We suppose, however, that the book will find some readers. Certainly the class of person who is attracted by stuff of this kind is adequately catered for by our publishing houses.

A Question of Means. By MARGARET B. CROSS. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

ONCE upon a time the novel—pleasantly defined as "a smooth tale, generally of love"—concerned itself with the varying fortunes of two ardent souls, whom cruel circumstance had thrown apart, but whose mutual affection proved strong enough to overthrow the designs of destiny. We have changed all that, however. Nor can it be reasonably doubted that, on the whole, the change is for the better. For most of us real life begins at the altar, and with marriage we are initiated into the secrets of a world whose very existence we had hitherto but dimly surmised.

In this novel Miss Margaret B. Cross follows the method of the realists. Her lovers are comfortably married before the opening of the sixth chapter, and what follows is concerned with the inevitable and universal experiences of domestic life. The problem, briefly stated, is this: Given a man and a woman, each

well-bred and delicately nurtured, who, through sheer stress of circumstances, have fallen upon evil days, how will they comport themselves with regard to their changed outlook? Life, of necessity, resolves itself into a question of means. There are children, in abundance, and the advent of each child means a diminution of the family comfort. It requires a nature dowered with almost infinite capacities for heroism to prove equal to the strain. Miss Cross traces the gradual antagonism provoked between a man of lofty and unselfish ideals and a woman in whom the maternal instinct is the dominant factor. Each character is depicted with a rare power of sympathy. Each is deeply devoted to the other, but each, it would appear, is wanting in the necessary subtlety of comprehension. Disaster looms darkly on the horizon. It is averted, however, by an accident, and—so skillfully has Miss Cross laid her plans—the reader is conscious of no incongruity in this sudden turning of the tables.

The main interest lies with husband and wife, but the other characters demand a word of appreciation. They are vivid, alive, real: Malcolm Hunter, harsh and tyrannical, yet, within his limitations, a not unworthy specimen of English manhood; Cuthbert Anderson, the weak-kneed Anarchist, for ever reviling Fate for his own follies. As a contrast, we have Betty Marvell, whose love-story—touched as it is with a certain wistful pathos—forms one of the most charming episodes in the novel.

We congratulate Miss Cross. From the somewhat drab material of every-day life she has woven a romance of colour, of joy, and of high, heroic endeavour.

Charlotte Mary Yonge. By ETHEL ROMANES. (Mowbray, 6s.)

MRS. ROMANES has written a pleasant little memoir of one of the most charming and gracious figures in the history of Victorian literature. It is easy to forget the debt that the present generation owes to the late Miss Yonge, and, indeed, it must be confessed that her work, at its best, was of a somewhat ephemeral character. She was in no sense a commanding personality. She founded no school; she attracted no followers; she communicated no fresh impulse to the intellectual life of her age. Her style is occasionally slipshod, her chronology sometimes inaccurate. But as a writer of domestic stories she had few rivals, and certainly no superior. Her ideals were those of another age. She wrote for "young ladies" before they had begun to bicycle, and when it was universally assumed that the home was the proper and all-sufficient sphere of a woman's interests. The cry of "Votes for Women" would have left her not merely cold, but indignant. She viewed, indeed, the advent of the "New Woman" with a horror equal to that of her contemporary, Mrs. Lynn Linton, a writer with whom she had little else in common. She was a faithful daughter of the Church, and herein, perhaps, her real interest lies. A friend and disciple of Keble, she brought the Oxford Movement into the homes of thousands of English families. Her pen was always wielded in defence of that Faith which was the chief mainstay of her life, and her readers received without question teaching from the novelist which they would have indignantly rejected had it been proffered by the theologian. From the publication of "The Heir of Redclyffe," in 1853, her success was assured. There was no wavering in the fidelity of her readers, and even her indifferent novels were secure of a hearty reception. Let it be said, in justice to her, that she never courted popularity. She displayed a healthy contempt for mere sensationalism, and for those unworthy artifices by means of which many inferior writers have attained a more remarkable success. It

is impossible, however, to acquit her entirely of dullness. Mrs. Romanes recalls a delightful story in this connection:

Tennyson is described by Mr. Palgrave as reading in bed one of Miss Yonge's deservedly popular tales, wherein a leading element is the deferred confirmation of a grown-up person. "On Tennyson read till I heard him cry with satisfaction, 'I see land! Mr. — is just going to be confirmed,' after which darkness and slumber."

It is unlikely that the next generation will have any use for a writer so hopelessly out-of-date in her methods and sentiments as Miss Yonge. But it is by no means certain that the next generation will be so adequately catered for in the matter of entertaining and wholesome fiction. Be this as it may, one is grateful for so delicate and sympathetic a presentation of a writer who, in her day and generation, yielded so wide and beneficent an influence.

Araminta. By J. C. SNAITH. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MR. SNAITH has given us in *Araminta Perry*—known as "Goose" because she is "rather a silly"—a heroine as refreshing as are the strawberries and cream of Devonshire, her delightful county; and the comedy he has written round her doings is an unbroken entertainment from beginning to end. She is frankly unintellectual, is devoted to Buszard's "cream buns," and despite her size and beauty (she stands six feet in height, and is a re-incarnated Gainsborough) a pillow-fight affords her satisfaction untold; but she is simply irresistible. Her arrival at the town house of her aunt, the Countess of Crewkerne, in a "growler," attired with the unsophisticated art of the village dressmaker, and her reception by a pardonable error of the patrician butler as a new housemaid, are inimitably related; her first interview with that aged, shrewd, sarcastic Aunt Caroline is provocative of a chuckle for every paragraph. "Her behaviour," says Mr. Snaith confidentially, "was such as has never previously been offered to the public in a work of this character. She attempted to shake hands with the butler":

No sooner had the finely chiselled profile of Mr. Marchbanks confronted her than the creature of the straw hat tucked the wicker basket under her left arm, and thrust out her right hand with a spasmodic suddenness which staggered Mr. Marchbanks completely.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said. "I hope you are quite well."

She informs her august London relative and also various other distinguished people that she comes from "Slocum Magna, the next station to Widdiford. They haven't quite got the railway at Widdiford yet, don't you know, but it is only three miles away, of course." That "of course" is delicious; in fact, the "Goose" captivates us all the way, and we are in danger of overlooking other important persons in the story. Aunt Caroline is ruthless—a Gorgon; her sublime pride and insolence override everybody. The account of how Jim Lascelles, the young artist, commissioned by the Earl of Cheriton to copy a Gainsborough in the Countess's drawing-room, copies instead the more attractive flesh-and-blood Gainsborough who comes in to chat with him, is capital. It transpires that *Araminta* had promised to marry Jim when, at a tender age, he had done knightly deeds for her in the way of apple-stealing down in Devonshire; in the end, of course, the wedding becomes a *fait accompli*, though not without considerable plotting and worrying on the part of two or three other men caught in the net of *Araminta's* beauty. The author tries our credulity a little too far in order to force the pace for a happy finish: Jim receives five hundred guineas for a portrait when

fifty would have delighted him, seven hundred for another, and, finally, the cheque for £10,000 from Cheriton, who relinquishes the girl to him with a bless-you-my-children attitude of mind, is rather a strain. This is a pity, for it is the only flaw in a most charming book.

Mr. Snaith is one of the few authors who can indulge in asides to his readers with perfect propriety, and he is astute enough to make them brief and witty. Obviously the man who writes merely to tell a good story, with no skeleton of didacticism at the feast, is most likely to succeed; with the exception noted above, Mr. Snaith has told his story excellently, and we can advise those of our readers who have an eye for really fine work in the domain of fiction not to miss this book. They will set it down in high good humour with everybody concerned.

The Silent Ones. By MARY GAUNT and J. RIDGWELL ESSEX. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

We must admit at once that if the object of a story were to give "thrills" the authors of this book have achieved it admirably; there are portions of it at which the most *blasé* novel-reader could scarcely avoid a spasm of the "creeps," and as for less hardened devotees of fiction, their hair will surely stand on end. The hero is a negro—for this relief all reviewers will give thanks—who has received a Cambridge education, and who consents at the request of a German professor to search for a valuable script in a city of Central Africa; by which data our readers will acutely observe that the plot is anything but new. Still, the incidents of the quest, and the inclusion of three very jolly Englishmen make a most acceptable *mélange*, which in its own line could hardly be improved. Practically the whole of the action takes place in or on the borders of the great desert, and there are several apt bits of description attached to this, from one of which we may quote a few lines as illustration:

It takes more than sand to make a desert. A desert is like wickedness, made up of many things. There is sand, of course, sand by the dozen degrees at a stretch, as hot as Hyde Park oratory and as dry as a House of Lords' debate, but that is not all. There are stone fields. There are plates of rock as flat as the Board of Trade, and as hard as the heart of a bank manager. There are ranges of mountains with as many ups and downs as the Kaffir market. There are sandhills that swell from nothing to immensity like a company promoter, and vanish as mysteriously when the breezes change. There are ravines as dark as the ways of a Hebrew moneylender, and there are the bones, the bones of them that have bowed the knee to the spirit of the waste.

The chapter entitled "The Freedom of the Desert" is one of the grimmest things we have read for a long time, and we do not recommend anybody who happens to suffer from "nerves" to sample it at bedtime. With this small reservation we can only add that the somewhat hackneyed theme is treated with surprising power, in a good literary style, and that few readers, we think, will care to put the book down unfinished.

The Fault. By C. T. PODMORE. (John Long, 6s.)

If we were to attempt any thorough *resumé* of the plot of this lengthy novel, we should occupy at least a column of valuable space and bewilder our readers' brains to no advantage. The story is ingenious, and passably interesting provided a few concessions are made as to probabilities. We suppose the hoary theatrical artifice of having two characters who shall be practically doubles of one another, and making some "business" with the shaving of a moustache, will never lose its charm for some novelists, for in various fashions the device crops up as regularly as the first primrose, or the centenarians in the halfpenny papers. It must have belonged to one of the original

three plots. In this particular instance of its use one man poisons another, changes clothes and belongings with the corpse, and strives to personate his victim for a while; this occurs towards the end of the story and necessitates a climax much too prolonged; for art's sake—if there is any art in it—the last chapters should have been more concise and crisp; the attention of the reader flags. And the author leaves us without any news as to the fate of one of his characters—Elsie, the consumptive girl in the travelling theatre; this is unfortunate, for she is quite the nicest in the book. The villain of the piece is an illegitimate son, who gradually goes from bad to worse, partly through brooding on his origin, and the moral we believe the author wishes to enforce is that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. He has done it fairly vividly, but, once more, of the manner of its doing—the trick of the "doubles"—we are very tired.

IN THE TIME OF LILIES

ONE of the commonest flowers in any herbaceous border is the beautiful, old-fashioned Madonna lily. There are many statelier and more gorgeous blossoms of the lily kind, but none sweeter; and then, too, the "Mary lily," as it is called in the North of England, has the added charm of association, for no picture of the Annunciation is complete unless a branch of these pure, white blossoms stands up between Mary and the angel.

But it is only since the thirteenth century that painters established the lily as the conventional symbol of the Madonna, for the earlier artists used to surround her with flowers of every sort and colour. It was not until comparatively late that the symbolising instinct of religious minds in a simple age felt that the ideal purity of the Lord's Mother was well expressed in the exquisite purity of white lilies, and so they were dedicated to her service.

But the love of flowers is as old as the earth itself, and the pagan delight in roses and the change of seasons, in harvest and vintage, was a vital force that the Catholic Church assimilated very easily and naturally, without troubling herself about its origin. The old ideas lived on under new names like the savage Christianity of the old Norsemen, who gave their converts choice of baptism or death. The fire-worship of Midsummer Eve was turned to the honour of St. John; St. Valentine became the patron of the pairing season, which is older than the Catholic faith; St. Barnabas' Day was the signal for putting the scythe to the hayfields. In France, again, St. Servais was held responsible for the malicious genius of the weather, and was said to reserve three days of snow to come at his pleasure during May. From daimon to saint was an easy transition for an unlearned and uncritical world, since the old instinct which groped in the unseen remained unchanged. The sense of mankind had always looked for help towards the line of the hills "lift upward and divine," and what did it matter to the peasant of the Middle Ages whether the unearthly presence alighting there were the herald Mercury or the more glorious Archangel? So the pagan roses or the Christian lilies succeeded each other in honour of the Mother of Love, were she Greek or Catholic. And still in the western parts of England Flora and Pomona are honoured in local customs and festivals whereof the original meaning has long been forgotten.

So the pagan sense of charm in Nature was offered in worship of the Virgin-Mother, and all the flowers of the earth were dedicated to her service. And then the literal conscience of the Middle Ages followed hard upon this spontaneous tribute with a serious

apology for it; it was symbolic, said the Fathers, "for 'Nazareth' signifieth 'flower,' whence saith Bernard, that the Flower would be born of a Flower, in a flower, and in the time of flowers." And indeed the immemorial instinct of joy in natural beauty gained infinitely from its association with the symbolism of the new faith. All the conventions of secular poetry were pressed into the service of religion, and the beauty in which the decorative instinct of the Middle Ages took delight became an attribute of holiness. The season beloved of poets, "between March and April when spray beginneth to spring," became a symbol of the Resurrection. The conventional gardens of the poets where—

Full gay was all the ground and quaint
And powdered as men had it paint—

were sublimed into the beauty of Paradise, "where everlasting spring abides with never-fading flowers." The decorative instinct of the Middle Ages rejoiced in beautiful and gracious forms, in flowers and gems and chased armour, rich embroideries and birds and painted missals. All sorts of secular beauties were borrowed to describe the heavenly joys of the blessed—Paradise is full of joy and merry song, of gay herbs and trees and "of fowls' song great plenty." And the conventions of earthly love were used to quicken religious zeal—a love-round is written for a "maid of Christ," as the stories of Paris and Tristram were written for ladies of the Court. The Madonna was praised in roundel and ballad, and, as was natural in an age so accustomed to the sight of soldiers, the splendid harness of earthly chivalry served to illustrate the Christian armour of a deadlier warfare. It is said that the French knights used to rise during the reading of the Epistle when it was taken from St. Paul, because St. Paul is represented with the sword of his martyrdom, and so is one of the patrons of warriors. The symbolism of that age was a living thing, all the thought of the world was translated into it. And since flowers were the most beautiful things in a beautiful world their symbolic value was of a rarely suggestive character. It is the strength of a convention that it can be made to convey more than a realistic image, because it quickens the sense and leaves the intellect free. The literal quality of the medieval mind was its strength; there is an indefinite beauty in its symbols that could not be reduced to words, but which was capable, in the hands of a master, of conveying things that could not be uttered. It was through the symbolic medium that Dante made heaven manifest as no later poet could have done. He achieved the impossible with the transcendent simplicity of genius and conveyed the sense of two things in one, image and reality together, in the amazing passage where the river, in a meadow whose banks are painted "with an admirable spring," becomes as he touches it "the two courts of Heaven manifest"; the river "out of its length become round" in a sublime conception is at once mask and reality, the garden of spring and the Holy Rose itself in one, the two mutually enclosed and enfolding and co-existent.

The symbolic teaching of an unlearned age which counted heaven within calculable distance had, in spite of all its crudity, the invaluable advantage that it prepared men for possibilities of miracle latent in ordinary things. There was reason in the mad poet's prayer to be delivered "from single vision" and the deadening rationalism of a later age. But the change of seasons is unchanging, and the passionate rejoicing of spring that made of the earthly season a type of immortal peace, lasted through Dante's time to Dr. Watts', and is likely to last, since joy in Nature does not pass, but grows with the world's age. For the medieval passion for symbolism, which taught the world so much, could not teach it the beauty of winter, because Nature was still a hidden dreadful power and her severities a type

of the Creator's wrath, so that the "poor estate of winter" was held by that simple age to be a scourge and terror, and its "freezing rage" was symbolic, not only of the hardships of life, but of the pains of hell. "There at eventide is fire new-kindled, long abiding, and at morning comes an eastern wind felon cold. . . ."

The terror of this idea heightened the joy in the Resurrection—beauty of spring, which was an antithesis to the sorrow of the world. Nor was the purely human interest of spring lacking in that very human age. "Worms go wooing under clod," says the poet, very pertinently going on to remark that "Women waxen wondrous proud," and that was possibly to half the world a matter of more importance than the remoter interest of heavenly affairs. The love-songs of all ages are pitched in the same key, "The world may find the Spring by following her," say the poets of one generation hundreds of years before another discovers that "her feet have touched the meadows and left the daisies rosy." Human nature changes little throughout the ages, and the outworn forms of the thought of one generation sometimes hold lessons for succeeding ones. So the mysticism of early religious art has invested the Madonna lilies of our gardens with an indefinable reminiscent charm, and when the tall white blossoms rise up into the cloudless summer blue their stillness has an air of mystery, as if the breathless stir of the angelic presence had hardly passed by. The garden where the painted lilies grow is a garden emblematic of poverty, the lilies stand before the ideal figure of Catholic worship, who was "humble among women like as a poor woman." But when Fra Angelico saw the courts of Paradise they were as full of flowers as a queen's garden and angels as bright as anemone beds. And the poor were not shut out of those gardens, because "every man may buy heaven, the poor man with his penny and the rich man with his pound." The body of saints is a democracy: popes, kings, shoemakers, all equal and all blessed, move perpetually in an unending slow measure with the ineffable calm of beatitude, among the lilies of eternal spring. The Little Poor Man of Assisi remembered that flowers truly belong to the blessed estate of Poverty, and bade the Garden-brother spare a corner from his pot-herbs for beautiful and fragrant flowers, in honour of the verse which says, "*Ego flos campium et lilium convallium*." The poor love flowers, though they do not talk much about it, and Madonna lilies never grow better than in the cottage gardens, where they are left a great deal alone. There is much to learn, and more to remember, when we consider the lilies.

CORRESPONDENCE

SCHOPENHAUER AND WAGNER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Those who are interested in Wagner the Philosopher, as well as in Wagner the Musician, will surely agree with me that Mr. William Ashton Ellis has served us badly in the first chapter of the sixth book of his monumental biography of Wagner, where he takes advantage of his position to give us pages and pages of his own particular disagreements with Schopenhauer's philosophy! All that was necessary was a clear *résumé* of Schopenhauer's system, and then these most interesting letters in which Wagner discourses of it. Instead of which, for eleven pages, Mr. Ellis inflicts upon us his own personal objections to Schopenhauer's philosophy, and then winds up, "Somewhat *thus* did Wagner ultimately interpret to himself 'friend Schopenhauer's' grand inspiration!" That Wagner had his own modifications of Schopenhauer's system we learn from the quotation from the Venice Diary on page 56, which speaks of "some points for amendment in friend Schopenhauer's system." For these amendments in Wagner's own words we should have been grateful; possibly Mr. Ellis

had them in his hands, and yet preferred to give us his own interpretations. Then, on page 28, Mr. Ellis says: "Further, none but a temperament itself inclined to Pessimism—or, let us say, physiologically driven thereto *from time to time*" (was Wagner a Schopenhauerite at some times and not at others?)—"could have so unreservedly endorsed the ultimate doctrine. How both men may have been *physiologically* disposed towards the pessimistic view I shall presently endeavour to explain."

Is Mr. Ellis's physical interpretation of a mental phenomenon more interesting to the reader, or more likely to be correct, than Wagner's own description of what happens, in his letter to Roedel: "The becoming perfectly aware of the ideality of Time, Space, and Causality, of their being mere forms of our knowledge, is so sublime an event in our consciousness that, as Schopenhauer makes quite plain, it can only take place in a brain quite abnormally organised, and even then in none but a state of quite peculiar exaltation."

That Mr. Ellis's own brain is not of this special calibre; that he could not have grasped this fact of the ideality of Time, Space, and Causality (or if he had grasped it had subsequently lost the Vision) he tells us in a very foolish speech on page 39, where he says: "It is merely a matter of Time, and the time-possibilities ahead of a disembodied Will must be infinite." Yet of the "disembodied Will," which we can only know here in the embodied state, we can prognosticate nothing in its disembodied state. To speak of the disembodied Will in terms of time is as ridiculous as to attribute the properties of sound to silence—to speak of a B flat Silence, or a Silence in A sharp! It is on a par with the action of the savage when he buries a loaf of bread and a tomahawk in his father's grave! We may be sure that it is only Mr. Ellis, and not Wagner, who shrinks from the Schopenhauerian theory that in this life pain is positive and pleasure negative. Yet, what a hope for the Future that very Theory gives us! If pain is positive and pleasure negative in this phenomenal state of the Thing-in-Itself, does it not give us a right to the idea that after death, in the non-phenomenal state of the Thing-in-Itself, pleasure will be positive and pain negative? If I might dare to premise anything about the Thing-in-Itself in its non-phenomenal state I would premise that on pages 35 to 40 we are given an appreciation of those parts of Schopenhauer's doctrine that afford Mr. Ellis a "ray of hope" that soon after death he may return to earth in a more splendid personality. Then, on page 40, we have Wagner well out of sight and Mr. Ellis in the pulpit with a peroration in the best ecclesiastic manner: "And should one now and then feel faint and heart-sick" (why did he not say, "And should one now and then feel physiologically disposed to pessimism"?), "even in the thick of the fight, there always is that temporary refuge, the central peace (?) a man may find at bottom of his deepest heart, all consciousness forgotten for a spell." (An experience I, for one, do not recognise!) "Let him not abide there too long" (oh, wise caution!)—"that is all—for work will still be waiting for his hand and brain, and ever must his will be wrought to finer faculty of use and service," etc. But oh, what a swift descent from the absurd to the completely ridiculous! From the pulpit we are thrust, without a moment's warning, right into the shop of a vendor of spectacles. For fifteen pages we revel in symptoms, and emerge with the feeling that we have been reading a quack advertisement. "Do you suffer from dyspepsia, weariness, sick-headache, nerve-storms, aching limbs, or biliousness? Then undoubtedly you have astigmatic eyes and must hie you to the oculist." But I cannot for the life of me see what all this has to do with Wagner or Schopenhauer. Did their genius depend on or arise from their astigmatic eyes? Then what a pity that Mr. Ellis and all the rest of us do not suffer from a similar eye-complaint. Or was it that Schopenhauer would have been a philosopher in any case, but quite a different kind of philosopher if he had known no eyestrain? Would the lack of that disease have prevented him from making any of those discoveries with which Mr. Ellis agrees? Obviously not: those parts of his System were the indubitable product of his mighty Brain! It was just those vexing little pessimistic conclusions with which Mr. Ellis does not agree that were caused by the "eyestrain"; we with our clear, unastigmatic eyes can see how wrong and how irritating they are, and how Wagner, where he endorsed them, was also suffering from eyestrain! The Preface, too, is surely in questionable taste? The Biography is for the general public, not for Mr. Ellis's personal friends only, to whom this full-page photograph of his little house in Surrey may be of interest. The splendid translations Mr. Ellis has given us of Wagner's prose works render unhappy this lapse in the treatment of the Schopenhauer chapter all the more remarkable.

J. T. PRESSLIE.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Cook speaks truth. I am certainly in the position of the gentleman of whom "the poet" (*sic*) sang:

"'E don't know where 'e are."

It is difficult exactly to locate one's position when jousting with Mr. E. Wake Cook, there is nothing particularly resembling a lance in his hand, and he does stir up such a large quantity of dust.

"I calmly repeat," says Mr. Cook (speaking of Tintoretto's "Last Judgment"), "that the general result is chaos." Now, this is the first time that Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" has come into the argument; it was "The Paradise" in Mr. Cook's last letter. Which does he mean? In any case, I am inclined to prefer John Ruskin's criticism, part of which, upon "The Paradise," I quoted last week, if only for the fact that Ruskin uses his mother tongue with an amount of grammatical correctness which does not always distinguish the work of Mr. Cook. I don't wish to be unduly severe, but really! Two split infinitives in so many lines! And in THE ACADEMY, too!

Mr. Cook should re-read Ruskin's description of the "Last Judgment" of Tintoretto in the Church of Santa Maria dell'Orto. Vol. II., p. 196, "Modern Painters." If, after that, he feels inclined to indulge further in his fourth-rate rhapsodies I'm afraid we must regard him as one of those:

"clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wild waves of the sea foaming out their own shame; wandering stars for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved for ever . . . murmurers, complainers walking after their lusts (and their mouth speaketh great swelling words), showing respect of persons for the sake of advantage."

I can't be angry for long, though, with Mr. Cook; I have just been reading his delightful "Anarchism in Art" and revelling in the quaint things he does with the King's English and the "howlers" he comes in matters of fact.

Yes, I knew all about the way Dante's poem is divided into three parts, but, oh, let me implore Mr. Cook to weigh well his winged words! Let us pause for a moment and try to imagine the earnest student of the year 2009 (when, they say,

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it will be all the same), with his "Poole's Index" and some notable numbers of *THE ACADEMY*, confronted, in the reading-room of the British Museum, with the thrilling fact that Mr. E. Wake Cook "simply hates" Dante's "Inferno"! And considers John Martin "the most amazing genius that ever appeared in the Art world."

Mr. Cook admires the art in Dante's "Inferno"; he recognises its greatness, and—he "simply hates" it. One would have thought such an attitude implied complexity of mind rather than simplicity. Mr. Cook has nothing to offer against Chesneau's opinion, nor that of Charles Lamb; surely these knew more of the matter than Christopher North and Bulwer Lytton. A model of mine once wandered round my studio till she came to a reproduction of Tintoretto's "Milky Way." She seemed impressed by it, so I asked her what she thought of it. "Oh," said she, while a look of pitying contempt spread over her face, "I've seen much dirtier pictures than that" (*a fact*). We laugh at the model, but her point of view is largely the point of view of Mr. Cook and his school, if traced to its logical end. Mr. Cook thinks Rodin's drawings "the weakest things ever published," but that is because Mr. Cook has never yet seen the honey in the lion's carcase, and, although wielding Samson's weapon, has not accounted for many of the enemy—in short, he is unacquainted with Strengthen.

Mr. Cook says "very little of M. Rodin's work will stand examination or competent criticism by anyone knowing anatomy." This is because Mr. Cook has never yet seen any of M. Rodin's work. I put it that way because Mr. Cook is sensitive to affront, and I have been well brought up. How, then, shall Mr. Cook rightly judge John Martin? Let me implore Mr. Cook to:

"Marshall his silence for the Great Oblique,
Not piffle out his soul in private pique."

Let him forswear Martin for a time, and really start on a sincere study of Dante and Tintoretto. Let him take this loathsome decadent school to his bosom and warm it with the heat of his soul artistic, and perchance, as happened to the saint in the legend, he will find the leper is in truth turned to the Christ in his arms and the dull eyes blazing out as suns. Let him not forget:

"... Fresh births of beauty wake
Fresh homage; every grade of love is past,
With every mode of loveliness; then cast
Inferior idols off their borrowed crown
Before a coming glory; up and down
Runs arrowy fire, while earthly forms combine
To throb the secret forth; a touch divine
And the scaled eyeball owns the mystic rod:
Visibly through his garden walketh God."

CALEB PORTER.

'Green Room Club, Leicester Square,
February 6th, 1909.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—Any nervous perturbation which editors and others may have had in regard to English composition, due to those goliwogs, The Authors of "The King's English," must now be dispelled. "The Authors" themselves have unwittingly relieved the tension by having their unique specimen of English composition published in *THE ACADEMY* of the 30th ult. Their letter extends to half a column, and contains seven pairs of brackets. The brackets alone condemn it, for every writer of correct English avoids brackets as far as possible. Here, however, "The Authors" use them with unpardonable prodigality. Again, the phrasing of their letter is ugly—wretchedly bad. For instance, take the sentence:—

"We ask a 'French Linguist's' pardon for omitting the reservation; but we have considerable hopes (*sic*) that no one else has been deceived."

"Omitting the reservation" is obviously bad English. The completion of the sentence is perhaps worse—"but we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived." The equivalent in King's English is—*but we hope that no one else has been misled*. Deceit is not in question; therefore "deceived" is not the proper word. "Hopes" is not good English. "Considerable hopes" is Covent Garden English. It is on a par with *We have considerable faiths that no one else has been deceived*.

"Hopes" is only permissible in grouping enumerated single instances—e.g., "The Authors" might say with propriety—

We hope to write better English; we hope to be rich, and we hope to enjoy health—these are our present hopes.

As to the logic of "The Authors'" letter, these gentlemen ought to know that it is neither scholarly nor polite to dictate to a critic what the manner of his criticism ought to be. The logical attitude should be to controvert the statements submitted by their critic. "The Authors" ignore the matter in the first instance, and say that a "French Linguist" "instead of" doing such and such, "might have" done such another thing. Very accommodating to "The Authors," but not scholarly debate.

"Seduced" into buying a book is not good English. Induced is the word—e.g., I will not be induced to buy "The King's English" after perusing the sample submitted in the shape of "The Authors'" letter.

W. McC.

Glasgow, February 9th, 1909.

THE SOPHISTRIES OF A RADICAL NONCONFORMIST

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—It is rather amusing to learn, from an admission in Mr. Harold Spender's review in last Saturday's *Daily Chronicle* of the work on "Human Nature in Politics" by Mr. Graham Watson, that "the time has passed when we could speak seriously about the divine right of the people, or say with any seriousness that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.'" Let it be left to the strangely constituted minds that have ever held this astounding belief thus formally to repudiate it. Whilst it is, however, doubtless highly satisfactory that Mr. Spender and any of his brother Socialists should own themselves at length convinced of the falsity of such obviously foolish propositions, his implied claim in so doing to speak on behalf of his countrymen should surely be denied by those who have never entertained the absurd doctrines he now disavows.

Moreover, not content with this gratuitous and uncalled-for recantation in the name of his contemporaries, the oracle of the *Westminster Gazette* next proceeds—with the sophistry so typical of that organ of Radical Nonconformity—to impugn by innuendo the voice and sane judgment of men of the past. "We now know," he continues, "what the ancients knew before us, that people in the mass, like individuals alone, are humanly liable to passion, prejudice, ignorance and error." An under-statement of this nature is equivalent to actual misstatement. The ancients did *not* believe that people in the mass were merely liable to error in the same measure as individuals; the philosophers and statesmen of antiquity having intuitively arrived at a conclusion very similar to that scientifically established in modern times, concerning the disproportionate increase of the evil elements in any large and mixed gathering of human beings. In the forcible words: "Senatores, boni viri; senatus, mala bestia," the Roman orator tersely expressed the truth so ably set forth by Dr. Gustave Le Bon in his "Psychology of Crowds," that the aggregate, namely, of error, ignorance and prejudice contained in every popular assembly would be by no means adequately represented by the simple sum of its units—the process being in this case a geometrical rather than an arithmetical progression.

ARTHUR F. HOPKIRK.

London, S.W., February 9th, 1909.

THE BRITISH WEEKLY.

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*.

SIR,—Surely in certain most flagrant instances of vulgarity the religious Liberal Press stands much in need of some friendly advice, which would be none the worse of coming from within the party. Public opinion, however, seems to have accepted that such advice published in a Liberal paper entails disloyalty to one's colleagues.

In any case, let attention be drawn to a perfectly atrocious habit which every now and then is exemplified in the columns of the *British Weekly*, a journal that claims to be nothing if not setting a faith for Liberals. So does this sin against good taste that I do not know with what to match it in respect of forming an eyesore.

Let the mind be thoroughly imbued with the solemnity of the tone pervading its leading articles, which, of course, are thickly strewn with sacred names. The impression left should be one of detachment from worldly affairs. The second page of this journal is, with the exception about to be noted, kept free from advertisements. However, it is by no means uncommon to find on this second page, into which the solemn leaders invariably run, a small space reserved for furthering the sale of some medicament. The truly refined mind, deeply

imbued with the spirituality of a subject constantly demanding the repetition of sacred names, surely does not welcome the sudden appearance of any worldly advertisement whatever, much less one so contrary to a sense of fitness as that quoted below. What sort of good taste can it be that dictates an abrupt mental transition from the subject of God, Christ, the Church, the Atonement, etc., etc., to an advertisement such as this: *All who suffer from Constipation or Piles are invited to write for advice and particulars of inexpensive and unfailing remedy to Nurse Cruse, etc. Mention paper.* Perhaps Dr. Robertson Nicoll has laid to heart the words of Geo. Meredith in "Diana of the Crossways": "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by."

DAVID IRVINE.

National Liberal Club, February 7th, 1909.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Philibert Commerson. An old-world story of French travel and science in the days of Linnæus. By the late Captain S. Pasfield Oliver, and edited by G. F. Scott Elliot. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

General Lee, Man and Soldier. Thomas Nelson Page. Laurie, 6s. net.

FICTION

Hilary Thornton. Hubert Wales. John Long, 6s.

His Father's Honour. D. Christie Murray. Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.

The Sex Triumphant. A. C. Fox-Davies. George Routledge and Sons, Ltd., 1s. net.

The Heart of a Gipsy. Rosamond Napier. Duckworth, 6s.

The Measure of Our Youth. Alice Herbert. Lane, 6s.

An Actress's Husband. Gertrude Warden. White, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

George Canning and His Friends. Containing hitherto unpublished letters, *Jeux D'Esprit*, etc. Edited by Captain Joceline Bagot. With illustrations. In two volumes. Murray, 2 vols., 30s. net cash.

The Story of Libraries and Book-Collecting. By Ernest A. Savage. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

The World We Live In. E. A. Brackett. Rider, 2s.

Psychic Philosophy. As the foundation of a Religion of Natural Law. By V. C. Desertis, with introductory note by Alfred Russel Wallace. Rider.

The Journal of John Mayne. During a tour on the Continent upon its re-opening after the Fall of Napoleon, 1814. Edited by his grandson, John Mayne Colles. With numerous illustrations. Lane, 12s. net.

MUSIC

Pussie's Christmas (song). Grannie Weldon. Weekes and Co., 4s.

A Floral Sanctuary (song). Jules Rousseau. Weekes and Co., 4s.

The Song of the Sparrow. Grannie Weldon. Weekes and Co., 4s.

The Little Boy, and Robin Redbreast's Nest (song). Grannie Weldon. Weekes and Co., 4s.

Noël (song). Jules Rousseau. Weekes and Co., 4s.

Chant sur le Berceau (song). Georgina Weldon. Weekes and Co., 4s.

Night Thoughts (song). Georgina Weldon. Weekes and Co., 4s.

Lead, Kindly Light (song). G. W. Ashley. Weekes and Co., 1s. net.

Danse Serpentine. Richard Knight. Weekes and Co., 2s. net.

Round. Frederick Kitchener. Weekes and Co., 1s. 6d. net.

Folk-Song Series (Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12). Percy Godfrey. 3d. each.

Faithless Sally Brown (Four-Part Song). Herbert W. Pierce. 4d.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, in key of G. Alfred D. Parker. 3d.

POETRY

Hic Et Illic. Poems written at Home and Abroad. By H. J. Bulkeley, M.A. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

Thoughts in Solitude. The Story of the Bramble, and Other Poems. By Graham-Burr. Stock.

REPRINTS

Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. With a sketch of the author. By John H. Ingram. Routledge, 1s.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by K. Harvey. Routledge, 1s. net.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by K. Harvey. Routledge, 1s. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Morning Post*, a journal which is infected with the mania of suffragitis, commenting on the unseemly action of a band of female Suffragists in attending a service at Westminster Abbey, wearing distinctive badges and tri-coloured sashes, says: "Of course, there was no attempt at anything in the nature of a demonstration either before or after the service. The idea of first meeting in Dean's Yard and then proceeding to the Abbey in a body had been abandoned." We should imagine that for a body of female agitators to go *en masse* to a place of Divine worship for the avowed and previously advertised purpose of offering up prayers for Woman's Suffrage, is something so near to a "demonstration" that it would be hard to say wherein it differs from one. Apart from that, the *Morning Post* very disingenuously suppresses the fact that the intention to meet in Dean's Yard and proceed in a body to the Abbey was only abandoned because the authorities put a stop to it, and ordered the gates to be closed, with a view of preventing what would have been a most indecent attempt to demonstrate in the precincts of the Abbey. It seems to us a thousand pities that the Dean of Westminster, who was conducting the service, did not take the opportunity of reading the ladies a few selections from the Epistles of St. Paul to the Ephesians, to the Corinthians, to Timothy, and to Titus, and the First Epistle of St. Peter, which would no doubt have done them a lot of good. Women who are so imprudent as to try and drag religion into the question of Woman's Suffrage would do well to remember that in the Scriptures their position with regard to men is over and over again insisted on in the clearest and most unmistakable manner. Obeying the injunction "to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands," will not fit in very readily with the methods of female Suffragists, even if they choose to call themselves "constitutional." We should like to hear the opinion of the gentle married Suffragists on the 22nd and 23rd verses of the 5th chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians:

Wives submit yourselves unto your husbands, as unto the Lord.

For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the Church.

It would be interesting to hear the comments of, say, Lady Grove on the texts we have quoted.

Here is another example of female suffragist reasoning, taken from that fearful and wonderful publication, *The Englishwoman*. Under the title "Bow and Spear" the writer quotes from the *National Review* a few sentences from articles written in that magazine against woman suffrage. In each case a "telling" reply is provided by the writer of the article. Here is an example. Says the *National Review*: "What is demanded of us is that we should hand over the helm of the Empire to women, for that will be the inevitable result if the present agitation succeeds." And the lady of the bow and spear replies, "What is demanded is that women should have a voice in choosing those to whom the helm of the Empire is handed over. As in the nature of things there can never be one policy supported entirely by men and another entirely by women, the helm of the Empire is likely to remain pretty much where it is at present—namely, at the disposal of the majority." Now, although there is nothing whatever in "the nature of things" to prevent the possibility of all men being in favour of one policy and all women in favour of another, we can admit that the contingency is an improbable one. But granting votes for women there is nothing in the world to prevent an overwhelming majority of women together with a small minority of men over-riding the policy of an overwhelming majority of men and a small minority of women. Suppose a State consisting of ten thousand adult persons, of whom 5,500 are women and 4,500 are men. The State goes to war and suffers heavy losses. Some "humanitarian" or other crank gets up the cry of "Stop the war," which was raised at the time of the Boer conflict, an election takes place on the issue. Obviously if 5,000 out of all the women and 100 out of all the men support the "stop the war" party they will be able to outvote the 4,400 men and the remaining 500 women by 200 votes. There is nothing far-fetched or improbable in these figures, and it is quite conceivable that if the women of England, who outnumber the men by about three millions, had been provided with votes at the time of the Boer war, the war might actually have been stopped in face of the protests of nine-tenths of the men and a minority of the women. It is quite obvious that men who have any manhood or self-respect will never consent to put themselves into a position which is fraught with such odious and shameful possibilities. That is why the suffrage will never be given to women until the manhood of the country has decayed and the break-up of the Empire and the decline of the glory of England is in sight. And, thank Heaven, we are still a long way from that.

That distinguished literary critic, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, in the current issue of his journal, devotes a paragraph to a defence of the phraseology of a letter beginning in the following manner:

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to yours of the 23rd inst."

Mr. Bottomley is no doubt in the habit of making use of this slipshod, ugly, and vulgar kind of English, but it will require something stronger than his authority to commend it to those who do not care to model their epistolary style on that of the shop-walker. In the same paragraph Mr. Bottomley quotes, with a view of holding it up as an example of bad grammar, a sentence from *THE ACADEMY* of February 6th. The sentence in question is perfectly good English, and in his endeavours to place it in the pillory, Mr. Bottomley is merely demonstrating to the world at large his own bumptious ignorance. In another part of his precious paper, under the heading of "Prisoners at the Bar," we find some of the most impudent and scandalous remarks we have ever read addressed to a gallant,

universally loved, and respected soldier—Lord Roberts of Kandahar to wit. We quote:

A DANGEROUS DOLT.

I have no doubt you are, in private life, a very pious and estimable old man. I can picture you spelling out your family prayers with extreme unction for the benefit of your men-servants and maid-servants, having happily put away from your mind all the devastation of your armies, all the brave warriors whom you have hurried unprepared to the presence of their Maker. I can see you doling out jam and judicious advice to young sycophants with all the platitudinous emphasis of the Lord Avebury, or stuttering copy-book maxims in praise of obvious virtues. I can then concede to you the usefulness of the bore, who, as Talleyrand or somebody said, affords repose to the mind. But when you embark upon subjects which really matter, you become as great a menace to society as the Nihilist, or the Anarchist, or the Apache. Nay, you are an even greater menace, for your wooden, unimaginative mind appeals to all the stupid ones who form the great majority in every land.

The author of this farrago of insolent and libellous rubbish is none other than our old friend the rejected of Deptford and Constantinople, Herbert Vivian. It is not likely that Lord Roberts is in the habit of reading *John Bull*; still less is it likely that he would consider it consonant with his dignity to take notice of an attack in such a paper, made by such a person as Vivian. But this feeling may perhaps not be shared by other soldiers of less exalted position, and Mr. Vivian may count himself lucky that horsewhipping, as a punishment for the fouler kind of journalistic scurrility, has gone out of fashion. Severe criticism of a public man's public actions may be excused, but wholesale vilification of an honourable gentleman because of his piety and his performance of his duty as a soldier is currish. Before Mr. Vivian babbles further about "Prisoners at the Bar," it may be well for him to remember that there is such a thing as criminal libel. It is Mr. Vivian, and not Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G., etc., who is the dangerous dolt.

The *Cambridge Review* professes to be amused because THE ACADEMY recently expressed the opinion that the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to resign his post. There used to be an old-fashioned idea that the leader or representative of a large body of people is under a moral obligation to resign his post when it is clearly demonstrated that his views are in direct and violent opposition to those of the vast majority of the persons he is supposed to represent. We are not surprised that this idea does not commend itself to the *Cambridge Review*, because we have recently been treated to a very pretty object lesson as to the views of honesty and honour which are apparently current in Cambridge at the moment. Somewhere about May of last year the Editor of this paper received a letter from an undergraduate friend at Cambridge, asking him if he would be kind enough to write an article for publication in an undergraduate journal, *The Granta*, in its special May-week number. The Editor of THE ACADEMY replied that he was overwhelmed with work, but that if he could possibly find time he would write an article. Subsequently he wrote to say that he found it would be impossible for him to manage it, whereupon he received a letter from the Editor of *The Granta* expressing great disappointment, informing him that his article had been counted on as the principal feature of the number, and imploring him to reconsider his decision.

In face of this appeal, the Editor of THE ACADEMY did reconsider his decision, and with what, in view of subsequent events, can only be described as misplaced good nature, he managed to find time at a moment when

he was over head and ears in work to write an article for *The Granta*. This article he sent to the Editor of *The Granta*, and it was, of course, a gratuitous contribution. The Editor of *The Granta* omitted to write and thank him or to send him a proof, but the article duly appeared, and there one would have thought the matter might have been allowed to rest. However, the charming young gentleman who edits *The Granta* did not take this view, for in a subsequent number of his paper he came out with a violent attack on the Editor of THE ACADEMY under the heading "Celebrities I have never met and yet am happy (*sic*), No. I. Lord Alfred Douglas," taking as the basis of the attack the very article which he had begged from the Editor of THE ACADEMY. The fact that the "attack" itself was innocuous inasmuch as it possessed no power to damage or even annoy its object does not affect the case in its application to the Editor of *The Granta*. The wish to wound was there if not the ability. We made no direct reference to the matter at the time in these columns, and it is only the later comments of the *Cambridge Review* which have brought it back to our minds and caused us to reflect that those of the undergraduates at Cambridge who are engaged in journalism are in sad need of a little fatherly admonition.

We ourselves in our hot youth at Oxford edited a paper called *The Spirit Lamp*, which is not altogether unknown to fame. We should not like to affirm that its editorial utterances were always characterised by the highest wisdom, but, at any rate, we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that we did not think it "smart" to invite the editors of London literary papers to write articles for us and then to use these articles as a basis for making impudent and spiteful attacks on them. We should have considered then as we consider now: that a young man who is capable of so repaying the kindness of a man whose sole wish had been to oblige and help him, was writing himself down an ill-conditioned young whelp, who had been insufficiently kicked at school. We make no claim that the article we contributed to *The Granta* was anything wonderful in the way of articles; quite possibly it was a very bad one, and quite possibly the editor of *The Granta* did not like it; if so, he was under no obligation to print it. But once having done so, the slightest reference to the laws of good taste or good manners or ordinary decency would have prevented him from using it as a basis for attacking its writer. We do not remember the name of the promising young gentleman who is responsible for introducing into the conduct of *The Granta* methods which would be considered unworthy of even the lowest gutter rags in London, but we shall take the liberty of advising him to be convinced that there is nothing "smart" or "clever" in such dirty schoolboy tricks, and that those who resort to them will get nothing in return but the contempt of decent people. We do not for a moment suppose that the manners and morals of the Editor of *The Granta* are in the slightest degree representative of the manners and morals of the average Cambridge undergraduate, but that is all the more reason for putting them in the pillory.

The concert given at the Æolian Hall by Miss Hélène Dolmetsch and Miss Dorothy Moggridge was very successful and enjoyable as far as the performances of these two ladies on the viola da gamba and the harpsichord was concerned. Bach's beautiful Sonata No. 1 in G major, which we have never heard before, was rendered in a masterly way, and as for the viola da gamba solo, "Divisions on a ground in D major," by Christopher Symphon, whose date is somewhere about 1650, it is quite one of the most beautiful

compositions we have ever listened to; it was admirably performed by Miss Dolmetsch, as was the difficult Prelude Sarabande and Gigue, for 'cello solo, by Bach. When, however, we come to the vocal part of the concert there is a different story to tell. Mr. G. Everard Healy has a fair baritone voice, but anything less effective than his singing of Purcell's "I attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly" it would be impossible to conceive. In the first place he took it much too slow, and then his dramatic style of singing is utterly unsuited to the old composers. He positively murdered Handel's enchanting "Droop not, Young Lover," by the exercise of the same unfortunate dramatic faculty. As he rendered it the song became a sort of argument. In the phrase "Grief is but *madness*" he did not sing the word italicised, but said it, after the manner of the music-hall comedian. He was much more successful in the modern song by Tchaikovsky, and the two arrangements of Hungarian melodies by F. Korbay. But, for our part, we resent the introduction of modern music into a concert arranged by Miss Dolmetsch. We go to such concerts to try and remember what pure music was like before Wagner had debauched it and the public taste. Nine out of ten confirmed "Wagnerites" are utterly incapable of appreciating pure classical music. As a rule, they profess to admire Bach, and they sometimes condescendingly admit that Wagner himself "approved of" Mozart, but of Handel they nearly always speak with contempt, being apparently quite unaware that Handel, equally with Mozart and Bach, could, and did, simply "write the head off" the great charlatan of their admiration, whenever he put pen to a score.

We have been reading "Tono-Bungay," with which excellent novel (the author is Mr. H. G. Wells, and we still say "excellent") we shall deal at length in a subsequent issue. On certain pages of the book there is frequent mention of "Lady Grove." And we desire at the moment to inform the polite world that Mr. Wells's Lady Grove is a house, and not the Lady Grove whose peculiar views about women have made her name revered wherever the English language is spoken. If our memory serves us, Lady Grove has prophesied that the women of the future will be imposing of stature—eight feet at a moderate computation. And doubtless it is with an eye to this development and to other Suffragist portents that the little boys in the street are now singing a new version of an old song, which commences "Father's pants fit mother now."

We have had occasion to visit the Garden City at Letchworth, a Socialist centre, which, we understand, blossoms like the rose—in summer. On the occasion of our call, however, it did not blossom in the least; rather the contrary. One of the first things that met our eye after leaving the railway station was the following choice poster:

GARDEN CITY CO-OPERATORS, LTD.
(Educational Committee.)
Saturday next,
at the
Co-operative Hall,
A
SOCIAL
will be held.
MUSIC AND DANCING FREE.

"Music and Dancing!" It is a dreary way to spell music, but if the Socialists will have it so, far be it from us to complain. For ourselves, we should not call Letchworth a garden city, but a good-sized and fairly remote building-plot. It has its advantages, such as an abundant supply of ginger-beer, and an establishment for the sale of monkey-nuts. But "Music" on a poster!

TO SESTIUS.

Down the dry sands they draw the ship with cables;
The orchards gather bloom; no rime-frost white
Is iris'd in the fields in morning light;
The oxen and their herd have left the stables,
All is renewed; but Death, the Shades and Fables
Impend. On thee, the hour will come, I know,
Where in the banquet, never lucky throw
Will crown thee with the kingdom of the tables.

Brief is our time, O Sestius; take and seize
Its blossom, ere old age has mined our knees.
No spring-tide stirs the shadowy waste below.
Ah, come then, sacrifice, while brakes are green,
To Faunus, in his fastnesses unseen,
A black-haired goat, a lamb with fleece of snow.

M. JOURDAIN.

ASQUITH AND ANARCHY

THE KING opened Parliament in person on Tuesday. There was a pageant, of course, and we are told that "inside the Gilded Chamber a brilliant picture slowly took shape, full of life, colour, animation and graceful dignity." In other words, the customary ceremonies were duly observed. His Majesty read a speech which had been prepared for him by the Cabinet. Mr. Asquith himself was there to hear it read. We have heard of tame Speeches from the Throne, and some of them have been very tame indeed, but surely milder and less revolutionary utterances were never put into the mouth of Monarch than those with which His Majesty regaled us on Tuesday. The Prime Minister and his "laughable combination" are becoming a trifle wary in their old age. They came into power on claptrap and with a sharp eye to filibustering. Session by session they have striven manfully to prove to an astounded world that it is possible to run a Government on this same claptrap and with this same keen eye to filibustering. And at long and last (which is a Scots phrase, Mr. Asquith) they find themselves in the inevitable muddles, and they proceed accordingly to sing very small indeed. With the cringing sycophancy characteristic of his class, one of the Labour members stated in the House of Commons on Wednesday that Mr. Asquith had never broken a promise. In a sense, this may well be true. One can never be sure which of his promises Mr. Asquith intends to break until one nails him down to considerations of time. For example, Mr. Asquith promised the teetotalers and the Nonconformists a Licensing Bill. He staked his political reputation on the passing of such a Bill through the House of Commons. And when the Lords rejected it, sad, fearsome and bloody things were to happen to the Lords. Mr. Asquith kept his promise to the extent of forcing through the Commons a Licensing Bill which might very well have been conceived in Colney Hatch. That Bill cost the country hundreds of thousands of pounds, and it has done nobody a haporth of good—not even Mr. Asquith and his engaging filibusterers. The Lords exterminated it in due course, and Mr. Asquith has promised, and Mr. Birrell and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill have promised for him, that he would deal faithfully with the Lords. Up and down the country, like so many roaring showmen, we have had Birrell and George and Churchill. Each of them has stood

in front of his rickety booth and vaingloriously tossed to the flare of the naphtha the gleaming scimitar with which the Government were to slosh off the heads of the unfortunate gentlemen who wear coronets. On two or three occasions Mr. Showman Birrell went the length even of quaffing a metaphorical bumper of anticipatory blue blood, and, what is more, he smacked his lips over it, as a judge of such beverages would. But on Tuesday, if you please, as sleek and unobtrusive and glossy as a well-fed mouser, Mr. Asquith stood in the Gilded Chamber what time His Majesty waded through a speech of the Cabinet's "own composure," which did not contain a single word that could ruffle the bosom of the most susceptible peer of them all. Not even the merest whimper against the Lords is to be found in that complacent document, the King's Speech. And as for bloodshed—not a whisper! Mr. Asquith, of course, is not breaking his promise herein, because Mr. Asquith never breaks promises. It is a question of time entirely. In the next King's Speech the Lords will hear their doom, or in the next one after that, or still the next one—provided, that is to say, that Mr. Asquith and his roost-robbers happen still to be in power. And, of course, if they go out of power Mr. Asquith will have broken no promises and buttered no parsnips. All he requires is time. In point of fact, Mr. Asquith simply dare not begin to tamper with his masters. We use the word masters advisedly and in full view of its bearing on the present political situation. The Lords have already taught England's teetotal, socialistic, wild-cat Premier his lesson, and, being a pawky lawyer and a friend and patron of pawky lawyers, he recognises that the time has come for his precious Government to learn "to behave." And it has behaved in the King's Speech with a meekness and a docility which would do credit to a thoroughly slapped schoolgirl. Ultimately all Governments in England have to deal with the country. It is all very well for them to cringe to threatening and noisy sections of the enfranchised. Such cringing may waft you into power, but it cannot keep you there; the final reference is to common sense, and in England when we cannot get commonsense out of the Commons we turn to the Lords for it and never fail to find it. Mr. Asquith knows this, and latterly he has become quite sure of it. His dreams of rebellion, his challenges, his cockcrows, his threats, his knife sharpenings, his demands for pannikins for the reception of blood amount to nothing and can never amount to more. Because he has pandered to the whims and fads and petty madnesses of the sections all of those sections are at the moment mightily puffed up and swollen in their own conceit. The teetotalers, for example, in spite of their recent reverses, still go about thanking God for a Temperance England and a Temperance Premier; the bedraggled ranks of labour are equally thanking high Heaven for Mr. Asquith, and putting on airs and frills in the idiotic belief that Labour, as represented by such marabouts as Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Keir Hardie and our beloved working-man Cabinet Minister, Mr. John Burns, is intended to rule the earth, and the Socialists, while they pretend to loathe him, hold secret services of thanksgiving for him, and are uplifted and considered and taken notice of simply because he happens to be Prime Minister of England. And having directly or indirectly blessed, edified and enlarged these factions, Mr. Asquith naturally engages the sweet attention of the Suffragists. For these ladies Mr. Asquith professes that he will do nothing. Really, he has done everything for them that is possible in mortal Premier; for he has taken them quite seriously, and he has put into their mouths the finest of all political arguments. "Here you are," they cry; "you have sops for the Teetotalers, and for Labour and for the Socialists. We also are mad, and yet

you will have none of us. Shame, shame; also, deeds not words!" And Mr. Asquith writhes in his seat accordingly. Until yesterday Mr. Asquith made it his vaunt that he had a mandate from the country. To him the country means neither more nor less than the quarter from which comes the most noise. At the present moment London is being perambulated by solemn troops and sweet societies of unfortunate and unthinking persons, who carry banners, whereon are depicted gory scenes from the French Revolution, and who cry hoarsely and beerily every few seconds: "We—want—work." These gentlemen "demonstrate" in Berkeley Square; they break a jeweller's window or so in Bond Street; they rush their own food van on the Embankment. "Here," muses Mr. Asquith, "you have the country." And he sits for hours prompting Mr. John Burns, while the said John Burns is informing the Commons that the grave problem of unemployment must be tackled, and that the Government has tackled it, and will be sure to please everybody—in the course of time. A little while ago it was the teetotalers who were the country. And quite shortly it will be the Socialists, and perhaps even the Suffragists. For to Mr. Asquith the country is a kaleidoscopic chameleon which perpetually belches forth bellowings and which is to be prevented from swallowing and destroying him only by steady gifts of bits of sugar. On the other hand, the House of Lords knows better. That—to quote the prevailing drawing-room morceau—is the diff—diff—difference. In the meantime, let Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George and the rest of them—not forgetting the egregious Mr. Birrell—be profoundly grateful to Providence for the House of Lords, which has been for them, as it has been for previous, if less fantastic, muddlers, as the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. Let them, while political life still remains in them, go softly about their peddling and their tinkering and their pension-earning in the certain hope that nothing very serious will be allowed to happen to England while the abhorred Gilded Chamber manages to eke out a threadbare existence. And let them be sure that when their pensions have been earned and the wildest and fearsomest and stupidest of their proposals have been buried and forgotten the House of Lords will still remain pretty well what it has always contrived to be—namely, an embodiment of the soundness and ultimate sanity of a great and ultimately sane and sound nation.

ACCENT AND QUANTITY

No one has done more on behalf of what he calls "quantitive" verse (the more usual term is "quantitative") than Mr. Robert Bridges; and his latest venture is not his least remarkable. In the *New Quarterly Magazine* for last month he translates into English hexameters several hundred lines from the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, and prefaces these with some interesting remarks on Virgilian rhythms, which—developing ideas put forward by Spedding and others—he claims were conditioned by stress-accent as well as by quantity. With this contention as it affects Virgil himself (happily the name is so spelled by Mr. Bridges), and with the deductions made therefrom as to metrical caesura and other matters, no attempt will be here made to deal. But comparisons are also drawn between prosodic effects in Latin and in English. Identity of rule is by no means asserted; variations due to incidence of accent and the like are recognised and insisted on. Throughout, however, it is assumed that no fundamental difference in method exists between our speech and that of ancient Rome, that quantity and stress-accent mean to us just what they meant to Virgil

and his readers. Because *ruii oceano nox* can end a Latin hexameter, it is inferred that "their unmerited lot" must form a suitable ending for a line of correspondent metre in English. This assumption is so startling, and carries with it such far-reaching consequences, that no apology need be made for examining it.

The one thing of which we can feel absolutely sure concerning classical Greek and Latin metre is that syllabic quantity played in it a prominent and principal part. Just as every writer on English verse places "accent" in the forefront, so every ancient grammarian makes "quantity" the basis of metre, and is silent regarding the syllable-stresses which fill so large a place in our prosody. Does not this point to a deep and radical difference? No doubt it is difficult for us to conceive of a verse based on principles fundamentally unlike our own, but the facts vouch themselves. Mr. Bridges makes "our inability to read Greek as it was spoken" a reason for confining his remarks to Latin. But we at least know that the words in a Greek hexameter possessed accents of some kind, which bore no relation whatever to metrical feet. Since it was from Greek verse that the rules of Latin quantitative metre were originally taken, this fact is of cardinal importance. Greek verse, and therefore Latin verse when it adopted Greek measures, had quantity for its essential foundation. The distinction between long and short syllables, according to Mr. Bridges, was artificial, and "had to be learned just as we should have to learn the rules of an analogous fiction in English." We have precisely such a fiction in our classifying of syllables as *accented* and *unaccented*. Every one knows that this ignores a host of minor differences. None the less, this division, in broad outline, corresponds to a fact, the most prominent and important in our speech. So it must have been with Greek and Latin. Quantity must have been as real, as important, to them as accent is to us. Great literatures are not put together like Chinese puzzles; they grow out of living language. The very structure of Greek and Latin verse, even without the unanimous testimony of all contemporary observers, assures us that quantitative relations formed the basic element, the most salient fact, in their rhythm.

How different is the case in English! When a Roman heard the words already quoted, he heard them first and foremost as *ruii oceāno nōx*, only secondarily and subordinately as *ruii oceāno nōx*. But when an Englishman hears the phrase assumed to be metrically parallel, he hears it first and in most cases exclusively as *their unmerited lot*. If told that it may be also read as *their unmerited lot*, he is puzzled and sceptical. Accustomed to ignore quantitative relations, hardly conscious that some sounds take longer to pronounce than others, taught from childhood to concentrate attention on syllables of major stress and to deal glibly with congested masses of consonants, how can he possibly feel real the suggested distinctions? The word "their," for example, is to him made longer or shorter by stress and not otherwise. That the first syllable of "merit" contains a short vowel is a fact which escapes his attention; what he does notice is its accentual prominence. Here is a fundamental difference, due to racial habits of speech, and necessarily creating a like difference of metrical value. In our language, as nearly all critics have recognised, syllabic quantity is shifting, uncertain, partly subjective; taken by itself it has little stability. Strong stress and permanent quantities, indeed, can hardly co-exist; one or other is bound to give way. There can be no doubt which gives way in English. With us, as a high authority puts it, "quantity is always loose." Therefore to argue from Latin to English, from a language where quantities were normally fixed to one

where they are normally changeful and indefinite, does not seem reasonable. When accent predominates over quantity, you cannot get the same results as when quantity predominates over accent. The feeling of unreality referred to above springs from natural causes, and must be taken into account.

It is one thing to hold that syllabic quantity has a function in English verse, that our best singers use it scientifically, that neglect of it leads to harshness and dissonance; it is quite another to treat this factor as a stable and independent basis. Again and again, since Elizabethan days, men have tried to write English verse by Latin rule, and always the attempt has failed because inconsistent with the genius of our language. The two speeches being dissimilar, similar rules cannot hold good in both. What Virgil did it does not follow that an English poet can do. Without going into detail—without asking what phonetic fact "accent" stood for in Classic Latin, or whether any modification of undoubtedly artificial rules could be reconciled with our elusive quantities—we are justified in refusing to accept arguments based on a likeness which does not exist; and the experience of three centuries warrants us in believing that no experiment which makes quantity coequal with stress-accent, or even assigns to it independent reality, will find favour so long as our language retains its present form.

When lines framed on this latter basis happen to comply with the requirements of English prosody, they can be read with pleasure. Such are some cited by Mr. Bridges as carrying "six normally placed accents," though they do not all quite answer to his description. A certain amount of divergence from normal accentuation is not only tolerated but welcomed by English ears, and other lines besides these can be accepted as they stand, while many more can be made acceptable by slight if illegitimate departures from the intended structure. But when, as in by far the larger part of this version, speech-stress and metrical *ictus* are of set purpose made totally discrepant—when we are asked to take for hexameters such lines as:

Grieving at heart and much pitying their unmerited lot.
In the billows helpless, with a high wind and threatening gale.
Hell's Stygian barrier? Charon's boat unbidden enter?—

revolt becomes inevitable. No English-trained ear can or should enjoy such lines; they violate our most deeply rooted speech-instincts. If bidden discard these and enjoy a new verbal music, we must decline, firstly through inability to comply, and secondly because compliance would be disastrous. Native measures would no longer please. Our Shelley, our Swinburne, would cease to be melodious. "False quantities" would be felt everywhere, even in

Out of the golden remote wild West, where the sea without
shore is.

If it were possible to make English ears require fixed and definite syllable-quantities, all our past minstrelsy would suffer. We cannot have it both ways, cannot appreciate quantity in one form of verse and not miss it in another. If racial habits count for anything, quantitative metre will be enjoyed when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten—and not till then.

It is interesting to observe how, in successive attempts, Mr. Bridges has departed gradually further from the rules with which he began. His fine ear and sense of rhythm discontent him with Stonian orthodoxy. Accent is now recognised by him as a contributing cause of quantity; words like "god" and "man" are long when followed by a vowel. Such scansion as "thē threshold," "spectrāl horror," "ān drave" (even granting the apostrophe) indicate laxer views of length by position. Elision is no longer for-

bidden, being allowed to form such hypothetically Miltonic monosyllables as "T'whom," "seest," "me o'er." The old distinction between *musa* and *muser* is abandoned in words like "hitherward," "over the ocean," "hap to hēr, yawing." Still more noteworthy is a new departure in respect of vowel-quantity, exemplified in "bȳ an" as compared with "by night," "gōeth," "plēth," "alsō." This clashes, not only with Stone's canon, but with a dominant principle of contemporary speech. In modern English, change of quality almost always accompanies change of quantity. Save in a very few instances, such as *pūll* and *pōol*, we seem unable to rest satisfied with mere difference of length, and insist on making a further change. To rest metre on a distinction between "sō" and "alsō," "gō" and "gōeth," must therefore be doubtful policy; yet a contrary decision would invalidate a whole host of scansionisms like "prōtection," "dēluded," etc. Confusion thickens when we find our author suggesting (see final Note) that some words may be treated either as spondees or dactyls, which is surely tantamount to abandoning quantity as a basis. "Myriad" and "Stygian" seem to be examples of this, while *dominion* is printed "dominyon." "Fiery" is made a trochee, though we were once warned against pronouncing "theory" like "beery." Can "sprig" be lengthened by spelling it as in "that bright sprigg of weird," or to what is its imagined quantity due? These instances, mostly taken from the first two pages of "*Ibant Obscuri*," may suggest what a morass of uncertainty is being taken for solid ground. It were well-nigh as easy to make ropes of sand, as definite "feet" from our fugitive syllabic quantities.

If some plodding grammarian had compiled these experiments, where *deliverance* must be written "deliv'rance," and inserting or omitting an aspirate is vital to metre, his ingenuity might extort admiration. But when one of our chief living poets expends time and labour on them, who can help saying "the pity of it"? Must such ill-omened attempts prevent our again receiving song-bursts like:

Awake, my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

Will lines of native music like this be written or enjoyed when "unrfsen" masquerades as *unrisen*? In the interest of English verse, protest must be made against efforts to sap the foundations of our metre by substituting those of an alien prosody. That they should succeed is inconceivable, but, meantime, how much we are losing! Surely Charles Bagot Cayley's Iliad "homometrically translated" might suffice for those who seek to cultivate exotics, unaware perhaps how many vain attempts have been made to naturalise this one, from the days of Spenser and Gabriel Harvey onward. Not all the skill and learning and poetic power of its latest cultivator, head and shoulders in these respects above most of his predecessors, can render a different result credible. To revolutionise the whole of English speech is a task beyond the power of any man, and one whose accomplishment—were it feasible—would consign to oblivion the masterpieces of our literature.

JAMES LANE ALLEN

"THERE are genuine Men of Letters," said a great and fearless philosopher, "and not genuine; as in every kind there is a genuine and a spurious." If we quote a line or two farther, there need be no mistake as to the identity of him whose dictum we reproduce.

"If Hero be taken to mean genuine, then I say the Hero as Man of Letters will be found discharging a function for us which is ever honourable, ever the highest. He is uttering forth, in such a way as he has, the inspired soul of him." And the sage proceeds to defend his use of the word "inspired," taking inspiration to be a commingling of originality, sincerity, and genius. How many of those we somewhat lightly term "men of letters" to-day can boast a place in the glorious company of Heroes, judged by that standard?

Fortunately, however, we need be bound by no philosopher's arbitrary measuring-rule. Whether he be hero or not, the combination of originality and sincerity—we speak at present only of the literary craftsman—is sufficient to ensure a man an estimable place in the arraignment by which he must finally stand or fall—that of the hearts of his readers; sincerity alone may do this, but insincere originality fizzles to extinction like a damp rocket. We can all recall instances of this. And now we will note in what manner these introductory remarks apply to the art of Mr. James Lane Allen.

It would be difficult to find an author whose writings bear fewer traces of affectation than those of Mr. Allen. To have to pick one's way across a moraine of superfluous mannerisms before climbing to the little peaks of thought whereon the sun shines brightly is sometimes to spoil tempers gratuitously; it detracts sadly from the value of a view to arrive angry and sore-footed, and the *detritus* afforded by the workings of genius is often surprisingly lacking in precious metal. But Mr. Allen's peaks are easily accessible—which is by no means to say that they are of insignificant height or of small importance. The very first impression gained by any discriminating reader of his books, we imagine, would be one of dignity and purity in the language—long before any thread of plot or even narrative had begun to unravel; a sudden sense of tranquil distinction and lucidity. And, if we illustrate this immediately by quoting the actual opening sentences of a book which we should like every student of fiction to read as a portion of his or her education—"The Mettle of the Pasture"—we beg such students as shall see this article to observe how striking an effect can be obtained by absolute simplicity:

She did not wish any supper, and she sank forgetfully back into the stately oak chair. One of her hands lay palm upward on her white lap; in the other, which drooped over the arm of the chair, she clasped a young rose dark red amid its leaves—an inverted torch of love.

A few bars of dusty gold hung poised across the darkening spaces of the supper-room. Ripples of the evening air entering through the windows flowed over her, lifting the thick curling locks at the nape of her neck, creeping forward over her shoulders and passing along her round arms under the thin fabric of her sleeves.

They aroused her, these vanishing beams of the day, these arriving breezes of the night; they became secret invitations to escape from the house into the privacy of the garden, where she could be alone with thoughts of her great happiness now fast approaching.

As she strolled around the garden under the cloudy flush of the evening sky, dressed in white, a shawl of white lace over one arm, a rose on her breast, she had the exquisiteness of a long past; during which women have been chosen in marriage for health and beauty and children and the power to charm.

Here are words perfectly simple, but perfectly selected—mated to the beauty and bloom of the young girl awaiting her lover in the summer twilight, thrilling silently to the mere anticipation of his footfall. The whole book is a study in gentle harmonies.

Mr. Allen is known chiefly by his three long novels,

"The Choir Invisible," "The Increasing Purpose," and the one mentioned above; and of these it is perplexing to give cogent reasons for placing any one first in quality. They go together, forming a triptych, and if we set "The Choir Invisible" forward as his best book, as well as the one most widely read, we are directly conscious that the other two contain work quite as fine, quite as delicate. Perhaps the title of that volume has had something to do with its more extensive acceptance—Mr. Allen is happier in his choice of titles than most authors. It maintains, we think, the high level of limpid prose slightly less consistently than the others, but the story itself is of surpassing interest. Every standard author has some book or another with which a beginning is best made for those desirous of becoming acquainted with him; no one, for example, would advantageously commence to read Mr. Meredith with "Vittoria," or Mr. Henry James with "The Sacred Fount." If we choose "The Choir Invisible" as a representative work of our author, it is because we have been astonished to find among well-read people, whose opinion is worth the greatest consideration, many to whom Mr. Allen is hardly known even by name.

The picture of Amy Falconer, the vain little flirt, in the opening chapter, is limned with a sure and steady hand. On the back of the old white bob-tail horse, ambling drowsily along the wagon-track, she comes into the reader's view with startling clearness, and passes across the champaign from her aunt's farm:

On she rode down the avenue of the primeval woods; and Nature seemed arranged to salute her as some imperial presence; with the waving of a hundred green boughs above and on each side; with the flash and rush of bright wings; with the swift play of nimble forms up and down the boles of trees; and all the sweet confusion of innumerable melodies.

Then happens "one of those trifles that contain the history of our lives, as a drop of dew draws into itself the majesty and solemnity of the heavens." The bundle with which the horse is laden—her ball-dress and its accessories—falls to the ground as the animal slips on a rough root:

She did not see it. She indignantly gathered the reins more tightly in one hand, pushed back her bonnet, and applied her little switch of wild cherry to the horse's flank with such vehemence that a fly which was about to alight on that spot went to the other side. The old horse himself—he bore the peaceable name of William Penn—merely gave one of the comforting switches of his bob-tail with which he brushed away the thought of any small annoyance, and stopped a moment to nibble at the wayside cane mixed with purple-blossoming pea-vine. Out of the lengthening shadows of the woods the girl and the horse passed on toward the little town; and far behind them in the public road lay the lost bundle.

Of the finding of that innocent-looking bundle by John Gray, the schoolmaster, and the quietly tragic consequences which ensue, the following chapters tell. Gray, unaware that the owner was the girl he loved—or thought he loved—unties it and lies awake to watch the shimmer of a woman's fascinating attire in his lonely bachelor's lodging, a willing subject for all the thrills of love's anticipations; in a little while, he thinks, such things will be in his room by full right of wifehood. The sympathetic suggestion of the man's waking dream is wholly charming. The girl throws him over, and soon after he is wounded by a terrible fight with a cougar, the tiger of Kentucky. In his illness Mrs. Falconer, Amy's young aunt, wedded to an uncomprehending husband, visits him, bringing him Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" to read. The contrast between the two women is finely drawn:

The one was nineteen—the tulip, with spring-like charm, but perfectly hollow, and ready to be filled by east wind or

west wind, north wind or south wind, according as each blew last and hardest; the other thirty-six—the rose—in its mid-summer splendour with fold on fold of delicate symmetric structures, making a masterpiece.

To his shame, Gray, the purest-minded of men, almost an ascetic, finds that his heart has gone out to the rose in overwhelming passion. The scene where, during his convalescence, he takes the book back to Mrs. Falconer, and they discover that love has walked softly with them all the time, is admirable in its restraint:

"And haven't you a word? Bring this book back to me in silence? After all I said to you? I want to know how you feel about it—all your thoughts."

She looked up at him with a reproachful smile.

The blood had rushed guiltily into his face, and she seeing this, without knowing what it meant, the blood rushed into hers.

"I don't understand," she said proudly and coldly, dropping her eyes and dropping her head a little forward before him, and soon becoming very pale, as from a death-wound.

He stood before her, trembling, trying to speak, trying not to speak. Then he turned and strode rapidly away.

Thus the sombre note begins to sound more deeply in these unsullied lives—these two for whom the height of happiness is to be the misty hill of renunciation, never the bright mountains of consummated love. The whole story is of two souls tried as by fire, passing through the ordeal honourably, but not unscathed. When Major Falconer dies, Gray, in a distant city, has married a woman frankly for companionship, and out of a mistaken gratitude for her help and that of her family in a period of distress, she electing to take the risk, knowing that his love was elsewhere. The story closes with the visit of Gray's eldest son to the solitary widow, bearing a letter from the man who has loved her, whom she has loved and waited for, fruitlessly and faultlessly, for many shadowed years. "If I have kept unbroken faith with any of my ideals," he writes, "thank you and thank God!"

In his self-confident youth, before love had revealed itself, Gray had declaimed to Mrs. Falconer his presumptuous creed:

"I declare to you at this moment, standing here in the clear light of my own past, that I firmly believe I shall be what I will, that I shall have what I want, and that I shall now go on rearing the structure of my life to the last detail, just as I have long planned it."

Later on, tenderly and truly, the woman won him to see how easily such a basis could be overset and rendered useless. Her quiet conversations with him during his illness are full of wisdom—we can almost hear her grave voice chiding, so beautifully is her character drawn. "First of all things in this world," she says, "a man must be a man—with all the grace and vigour, and, if possible, all the beauty of the body. Then he must be a gentleman, with all the grace, the vigour, the good taste of the mind. And then with both of these—no matter what his creed, his dogmas, his superstitions, his religion—with both of these he must try to live a beautiful life of the spirit." No one who has suffered can read this book unmoved; and to those for whom life moves in pleasant places it is far more than a romance; it is an exposition of how the harsh, irrevocable facts of existence may be bravely fronted and to some extent foiled, in spite of inevitable scars.

It must not be thought—we say this for the benefit of those to whom Mr. Allen's chosen land of Kentucky is untravelled ground—that there is a total absence of humour in these treasureable volumes. They

all concern themselves with the sadder side of life, its disappointments and subtle trials; but this selection of the grey tones rather than the high lights never, even in a single instance, makes for "heavy" reading. We may allow ourselves to take one laughable interlude from the book which we have already quoted from somewhat lengthily—the dialogue between the Episcopal parson and John Gray, at the latter's bedside:

"Suppose we do this; we'll begin to enumerate the qualities of the common house cat. I'll think of a cat, you think of some woman; and we'll see what we come to." (The parson was a woman-hater.)

"I'll not do it," said John. "She's too noble."

"Just for fun!"

"There's no fun in comparing a woman to a cat."

"There is if she doesn't know it. Come, begin!" And the parson laid one long forefinger on one long little finger and waited for the first specification.

"Fineness," said John, thinking of a certain woman.

"Fondness for a nap," said the parson, thinking of a certain cat.

"Grace," said John.

"Inability to express thanks," said the parson.

"A beautiful form," said John.

"A desire to be stroked," said the parson.

"Sympathy," said John.

"Oh, no!" said the parson; "no cat has any sympathy. A dog has; a man is more of a dog."

"Noble-mindedness," said John.

"That will not do either," said the parson. "Cats are not noble-minded; it's preposterous!"

"Perfect ease of manner," said John.

"Perfect indifference of manner," said the parson.

"No vanity," said John.

"No sense of humour," said the parson.

"Plenty of wit," said John.

"You keep on thinking too much about some woman," remonstrated the parson, slightly exasperated.

"Fastidiousness," said John.

"Soft hands and beautiful nails," said the parson, nodding encouragingly.

"A gentle footstep," said John, with a softened look coming into his eyes. "A quiet presence."

"A quiet pounce on you unawares," said the parson.

"Beautiful taste in music," said John.

"Oh! dreadful!" said the parson. "What on earth are you thinking about?"

"The love of rugs and cushions," said John, groping desperately.

"The love of a nap," said the parson fluently.

"The love of playing with its victim," said John, thinking of another woman.

"Capital!" cried the parson. "That's the truest thing we've said. We'll not spoil it by another word."

This same Rev. James Moore, who plays the flute to his friend so charmingly—it is a token of the extent of his friendship—is one of Mr. Allen's finest secondary characters.

In two distinct ways the work of Mr. Allen may be said to resemble that of Mr. Thomas Hardy—with reservations in each case. Firstly, there is a broad similarity in that the books of both tend to enlarge upon the darker aspects of life; but—and here is the flash of division—the grim aloofness of the exponent of "Wessex" is totally absent from the American author. Through the Kentucky stories shines always a ray of hope, an invincible optimism; gentleness and a strong sympathy, a superb intimacy with those banished from their Edens, take the sting from fate. Mr. Hardy hears the scornful laughter of the "President of the Immortals" who had "ended his sport with Tess"; Mr. Allen would have glimpsed a hand outstretched to save.

Secondly, both authors possess that rare power of including nature as an integral portion of their stories; and here, again, Mr. Allen has the precision of Mr. Hardy without his frequent austerity. Sun, wind, rain, moonlight and mist, and all the thousand aspects of trees, earth and sky, take their place quite apart from what is generically known as "description," but with Mr. Allen's work we lose that apprehension of some sinister influence lurking behind them which so often oppresses us in reading the Wessex novels. Nature lightens the progress of events; she wears a kindlier face for her children; love, and not fear, is the dominating theme.

There is a third resemblance to which we may just allude; both writers have brought before the public a certain country within whose bounds nearly all their characters live and move; through one we have learnt of the vales and uplands of our own Southern England, the other has pictured for us the enchantment of his loved "Blue-grass region" so far across the ocean. And in this respect both have achieved unrivalled success.

The sincerity which we emphasised at the beginning of this article is no less obvious in "The Mettle of the Pasture" and "The Increasing Purpose." Perfect in their own way are each of these books. No one who has read the latter will easily forget the story of the hemp in the first chapter; it is an epic of Kentucky. The study here given of David, the young farmer, obsessed by his desire for an extended knowledge of the Bible, and his heart-breaking discovery that more light in the shape of a college training meant the growth of many rank weeds of doubt in his soul, is an absorbing one. He works out his own salvation, and after all his saving and scraping to obtain the necessary money for his education, is expelled by reason of his frankly-expressed antagonism to the opinions of his teachers. Love does not enter into this story until nearly half of it is told. The image of the woman creeps into the young man's thoughts as he sits reading alone in his room at the old farm:

He closed the pages and turned to his dying fire. The book caused him to wrestle; he wanted rest. And now, floating to him through that mist in his brain, as softly as a nearing melody, as radiantly as dawning light, came the image of Gabriella; after David had pursued Knowledge awhile he was ready for Love. . . . In all his rude existence she was the only being he had ever known who seemed to him worthy of a place in the company of his great books. . . . Her companionship wherever he might be—to have just that; to feel that she was always with him, and always one with him; to be able to turn his eyes to hers before some vanishing firelight at an hour like this, with deep rest near them side by side!

The ending of their love-story is happy, yet with that tinge of sadness which seems inseparable from all Mr. Allen's conclusions; the woman realises that even in the hour of her triumph the man's soul will never be entirely hers—always he will be searching, searching for the Truth as it is not in books nor colleges nor the wisdom of man:

She would give him her all, she never could be all to him. Her life would be enfolded completely; but he would hold out his arms also toward a cold spirit who would for ever elude him—Wisdom.

The golden crescent dropped behind the dark green hills of the silent land. Where were they? Gone? Or still under the trees?

"Ah, Gabriella, it is love that makes a man believe in a God of Love!"

"David, David!"

The south wind, warm with the first thrill of summer, blew from across the valley, from across the mighty rushing sea of the young hemp.

O Mystery Immortal! which is in the hemp and in our souls, in its bloom and in our passions; by which our poor brief lives are led upward out of the earth for a season, then cut down, rotted and broken—for Thy long service!

"The Mettle of the Pasture," the introductory paragraphs of which we have already quoted, is Mr. Allen's most ambitious work as far as plot is concerned; but we must pass this over, to consider in conclusion one little volume which is as full of charm as anything he has penned; we refer to "Aftermath." It forms a sequel to "A Kentucky Cardinal," but is quite complete enough in itself to be read alone. Light in treatment at times almost to airiness, brief, with a theme so slender that it cannot be termed a plot, we can yet find in it the art of the author at its best. It deals merely with a garden-courtship, a marriage, and the interruption of the harmony by the death of the woman; but the sacredness of a great passion, and the impression of love's persistence in spite of that earthly parting, are conveyed in a little idyll which we should be sorry for our readers to miss. Humour plays through it like the flicker of a flame, never long present, never far off. Georgiana, the man's choice, is portrayed in a hundred indirect ways.

Georgiana does not play upon the pianoforte, or, as Mrs. Walters would declare, she does not perform upon the instrument. Sylvia does; she performs, she executes. There are times when she will execute a piece called "The Last Hope" until the neighbours are filled with despair and ready to stretch their heads on the block to any more merciful executioner. Nor does Georgiana sing to company in the parlour. . . . I have never known her to sing except at her sewing and alone, as the way of women often is. . . . The overheard rill of Georgiana's voice issues from inner depths of being that no human soul has ever visited, or perhaps ever will visit. What would I not give to thread my way, hidden and alone, to that far region of uncaptured loveliness? Of late some of the overheard lullabies have touched me inexpressibly. They beat upon my ear like the musical reverberations of future motherhood—they betoken in Georgiana's maidenhood the dreaming unrest of the maternal.

Full of gaiety are these lovers. They have an old goldfinch's nest, stuck on a pole, whereby notes are passed to and fro. At the inauguration of this system of mail-carrying Georgiana was rather surprised with the weird appearance at her window:

The nest swayed on a level with her nose. "What is it?" she cried, drawing back with extreme distaste. . . . "It's a note from me, Georgiana! This is going to be our little private post-office!" Georgiana sank back into her chair. She reappeared with the flush of apple-blossoms and her lashes wet with tears of laughter. But I do not think she looked at me unkindly. "Our little private post-office," I persisted, condescendingly.

"How many more little private things are we going to have?" she enquired plaintively.

"I can't wait here for ever," I said. "This is growing weather; I might sprout."

Deeper and deeper becomes their love after the wedding:

It is nearly dark when I reach home from town these January evenings. However the cold may sting the face and dart inward to the marrow Georgiana is waiting at the yard gate to meet me, so hooded and shawled and ringed about with petticoats—like a tree within its layers of bark—that she looks like the most thick-set of ordinary-sized women; for there is a heavenly but very human secret hiding in this household now, and she is thoughtfully keeping it. We press our half-frozen cheeks together, as red as wine-sap apples, and grope for each other's hands through our big lamb's-wool mittens, and warm our hearts with the laughter in each other's eyes.

And then the "heavenly but very human secret" comes down to earth:

The population of this town yesterday was seven thousand nine hundred and twenty; to-day it is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-one. The inhabitants of the globe are enriched by the same stupendous unit; the solar system must adjust itself to new laws of equilibrium; the choir of angels is sweetened by the advent of another musician.

Lastly, comes the great Interloper, to leave the man brooding over the mystery:

Yesterday a wind storm swept this neighbourhood. Later, deep in the woods, I came upon an elm that had been struck by a bolt at the top. As I stood looking at it the single note of a bird fell on my ear—always the same note, low, quiet, regular, devoid of feeling, as though the bird had been stunned and were trying to say: *What can I do? What can I do?* I knew what that note meant. . . . I do not think of Death as ever having come to you. I think of you as some strangely beautiful white being that one day rose out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler, and uttering your note of divine farewell, spread your wings towards the open sea of eternity, there to await my coming.

The chief beauty of the book lies in its perfect naturalness and simplicity, and, with its predecessor, it forms one of the most delicate little romances its author has ever written.

Mr. Allen's faults are few. One, common to every writer, is the occasional oversight, such as the use of the word "switch" twice in quick succession, with different meanings, in the third of our quotations—the slip to which the most practised literary man is liable; the other is a tendency to sentimentalise at times over his heroines—the inherent danger of his style. Carried but a trifle farther, this too-sympathetic touch would degenerate into effeminacy, but that undesirable attribute cannot as yet be laid to Mr. Allen's charge—he invariably saves himself well within the mark by some turn of phrase, some humorous comment, some happy little strengthening sternness which brings to the front that innate sincerity and spirituality which is the keynote of all. We think that Mr. Allen's position in the world of literature can be best expressed by saying that he occupies a corresponding place to that which we had hoped, some years ago, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne would eventually reach. Irrespective of the scenes among which his novels are planned, which are not germane to the literary effect, he possesses exactly that daintiness of prose which promised well in Mr. Le Gallienne, rendered, however, permanent and homogeneous by a virility and a purpose for which we may search the work of the latter author in vain. Mr. Le Gallienne has remained in his artificial-flower garden where very young poets wander arm in arm with fanciful golden girls beneath opalescent skies—which is just the inevitable and tragic outcome of the cult of daintiness. Mr. Allen's lovers roam amid real flowers, and are strong, sensible, ordinary beings.

Never once in any of his books is there the faintest indication of bad taste, or any touch of the erotic, in spite of the very human passion which he often portrays. The purveyors of fiction that tries to be desperately wicked and frequently succeeds only in being ridiculous had better read "Aftermath," if only to get it burnt into them what love really is. No man could know the tiny book without having some grain of impurity removed, some little desire for true beauty of spirit driven to a deeper hold upon him, and the same statement, we think, can be made irrefutably of all Mr. Allen's romances. No greater praise could possibly be given to an author when such gifts of influence over feeling and motive are aided by an almost impeccable grace, and we look to Mr. Allen as one whose pen will yet, we hope for many years, do indomitable service in one of the finest causes in the world—true literary style and true purity of thought. Such service was never more needed than it is to-day.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

THE poets would still appear to be dumb and the editors sickly-faced with the pale cast of anxiety. In other words, our brilliant contemporaries remain more or less denuded of poetry. Two Saturdays ago the *Spectator*, it is true, struggled into the light bearing on its bosom a trifling gem by Mr. Newman Howard. Mr. Howard had really nothing to say, and he mixed his metaphors somewhat. Encouraged no doubt by the silence with which we received this effort, Mr. St. Loe Strachey ventured forth on Saturday last with a lengthy screed in the Somerset dialect, which, while no means bad in its way, was utterly spoilt as art by the childish improbability of its subject matter and by a stupid announcement to the effect that the verses were a description of what actually took place when a certain peer descended into a coal mine. Of course, in the strict sense the *Spectator's* verses were not poetry at all. The *Athenæum* and the *Outlook* for their parts continue to be poemless, which is good of them. The *Nation*, however, cannot restrain itself, and it has discovered a poet of the name of Ensor who has supplied it with a quotation from Pindar and fifteen stanzas about the ocean, of which the following is the first:

Down in the darkness to the coast
I ran on passionate feet
To greet the friend I loved the most
And hungered most to meet,
To hail the friend my heart had lost
And hear its surges beat.

"Passionate feet" is agreeably startling. And one cannot help wondering whether the surges mentioned in the last line are to be referred to "coast" in the first line or to "my heart" in line five. For if "surges" have to do with "coast" they would seem to be as far away from it as the sea is from Southport. And if, on the other hand, they have to do with "my heart" the *Nation* might very well see a doctor at once. And after having its heart overhauled it might have its passionate feet attended to for one and the same fee. (Thrift, thrift, Horatio!)

Not to be outdone, the *Saturday Review* prints some lines concerning an artist for whose memory we have the greatest respect, and who probably would have been vastly amused by them, considered in their relation to art. The "poet" is Mr. D. S. MacColl, who, we need scarcely say, is no poet at all. We append the justifying sample:

Through the Australian desert, through the press
Of maddening wanton life in cities roaring,
You held your charter to the radiant gates;
Sea-gates of summer, pearl and chrysoprase,
Wood-gates of spring, blossoming rose and snow,
Floodgates of night, passion and vision and pain.
Therein abide, even in your Chantemesle,
That all men pass, where no one ever comes.

We must really call upon Mr. Harold Hodge to tell us in that incisive prose for which the *Saturday Review* is so justly celebrated what, in the name of all that is pathetic, the sentence beginning at "Therein abide" and ending "where no one ever comes" may be taken grammatically to mean.

Like his far-famed Wapping Wasp, the "towsy tyke" has fallen down—down; quite "six inches down"—from the *Athenæum* to the *Westminster Gazette*. Saturday was the day before St. Valentine's Day, and the "towsy tyke" naturally felt himself impelled to song. It seems that our Testament-maker is at times pleased to be humorous:

ERNEST: In bosoms that nothing can please,

Being empty of pleasure and sunk
In themselves; being wizened and frail
Like vats when the wine has been drunk—
Being warped and unspeakably stale
Like vats in desuetude shrunk.
Let the season and nature prevail,

Let the winepress of youth overrun—
JULIEN: If the valves be corroded with rust,
And the power and the gearing undone!—

ERNEST: Empurpled with stains of the must,
My fancy, forestalling the sun—

JULIEN: In the City we take him on trust!—

We consider that if the "towsy tyke" did not offer this shrewd bit of rapier work to the Editor of the *Athenæum* he missed the opportunity of a lifetime. That lunge about "in the City we take him on trust" is worthy of Mr. Wilkie Bard. Surely our poet of St. Valentine cannot have heard Mr. Pelissier sing "There's a sun still shining in the sky." Otherwise he would have been aware that, for the present season at any rate, the gibe about the metropolitan orb of day is already appropriated:

And talking of the "towsy tyke" and poetry and the sun and so forth, we have received from a gentleman, who appears to be engaged in a professorial capacity at a college of science, a sonnet and the following letter:

The Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of December 26th, 1908, your reviewer deals pitilessly but pithily with two sonnets, written, one by a lady, and the other by a personage referred to as "the towsy tyke"!

Happy as I am in the safety of obscurity, these criticisms afforded me much wicked enjoyment, though I do not mean to impute to your critic any but the most righteous motives imaginable. He (your critic) seems to me, however, to have challenged the whole tribe of minor poets to the combined task of producing one single satisfactory sonnet. Though I cannot claim membership with the above-mentioned august body, I, nevertheless, venture to submit to your judgment the enclosed Shakespearean sonnet.

Entreating you to overlook the plagiarism involved in the first three words, yet hardly daring to hope for any indication of your austere opinion,

Yours truly,

And here is the Shakespearean "sonnet":

When I consider how the Seasons change—
From sylph-like Spring, whose tremulous tears beguile
The Lord of Day, Him causing cease to range
'Midst Arctic snows; to Summer with her smile
Of sun-kissed seas and glinting daisy-meads,
Narciss-like, fainting in her own embrace;
To Autumn, pensive, clad in russet weeds
That whisperingly proclaim her queenly grace;
To Winter snell, with ringing ground, and fields
All brown and bare, and skies of wondrous grey—
Then I perceive how all that this Life yields
Of Joy or Grief, makes for the Perfect Day:
First, Youth, with faery dreams, then Love so dear
Then, Care and Age, then—Dawn o' th' Eternal Year!

We shall be happy to supply the name and address of this soaring human poet to the Editors of the *Athenæum*, the *Outlook*, the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Westminster Gazette*, provided that they do not all speak at once. "Narciss-like" is a compelling touch.

REVIEWS

PONTIFICAL SERVICES.

Alcuin Club Collections XII. Pontifical Services, Vol. IV. Illustrated from woodcuts of the 16th century. By ATHELSTAN RILEY, M.A. (Longmans, Green and Co., 21s.)

THE titles and introductions of the Alcuin Club's Collections use so many different series of numbers, that reference to a particular volume is rendered uncertain and confusing. The two volumes considered here are therefore quoted each by its author's name, Mr. F. C. Eeles and Mr. Athelstan Riley. In 1907 Mr. Eeles published reproductions of two series of woodcuts, called here A and B, which were used during the 16th century to illustrate the *Pontificale Romanum*, confining himself to *pars prima* of the book. Mr. Riley has now completed Mr. Eeles's work, in a second volume, by treating in the same way *pars secunda* and *pars tertia*. Mr. Eeles's volume was reviewed in No. 1,850 of THE ACADEMY, after the careful consideration which the work of an expert writing on his own subject demands. Since Mr. Riley's volume merely completes Mr. Eeles's, much that was said then must be recapitulated.

The particular editions chosen by the editors for reproduction are that of 1520 for Series A, and that of 1572 for Series B, both from the Giunta Press, at Venice. An apology is due to Mr. Eeles, because, from a hasty reference to his scanty preface, his reproductions were called "a selection." Comparison with the Giunta editions themselves shows that both editors have reproduced all the ceremonial woodcuts, with one exception. Mr. Riley misses, probably by accident, one which will be mentioned later. Both editors merely leave out the devotional or decorative subjects, which do not come within the scope of their work. Both add descriptive notes to every illustration, correcting the draughtsmen's constant inaccuracies by the rubrics. Mr. Eeles's notes are certainly more careful, but Mr. Riley writes a detailed and suggestive preface. The two volumes therefore form a valuable and convenient gallery of the ritual observed in services, outside the Mass, anterior, as Mr. Riley pertinently reminds us, to the reformations ordered by Clement VIII. in 1596. It is surprising to see in a service very largely illustrated, the Dedication of a Church, how much remains in the Roman Pontifical at the present day.

It was pointed out in the former review, from the plain, intrinsic evidence of Mr. Eeles's illustrations, that both series of woodcuts are mere *clichés*. On this point Mr. Eeles was silent, but Mr. Riley practically confirms the statement, and quotes the reappearance of Series A in an edition of the *Pontificale Romanum* printed at Lyons in 1542; to which may be added another Giunta edition in 1543. He also quotes a second Giunta use of many of the B Series in a *Missae Episcopales* of 1563. These quotations are based on no very exhaustive search, but they are sufficient for the editor's purpose, and to corroborate the statement repeated here. The inaccuracy of the woodcuts on points which they are intended to illustrate is undisputed. To the mistakes pointed out before, and to those corrected by the editors, may be added, on a minute point, the occasional omission in both sides of *vitta* (the bands hanging from mitres), and in the case of large objects, the omission of half of the *octo magni nobiles, sive oratores*, who bear of the papal canopy. This latter omission may, indeed, not arise from inaccuracy so much as from lack of space. This suggests another point in the treatment of the subjects which must be noticed. The subjects, besides being treated typically, are treated symbolically, especially

when the action represented takes place over large spaces, as in the dedication of churches and churchyards. In figure 42 (Riley), Series A, the five churchyard crosses, of which the four smaller have to be of a man's height, and *in situ* at the boundaries of the churchyard, are all grouped close together, and even the centre, taller one, scarcely reaches to the Bishop's waist. In the later series, B, the draughtsman, trying to evade difficulties of scale, omits all human beings, but is still forced to place the crosses so close together that, to scale with the shorter ones, the churchyard could not be more than twelve feet wide. Again, the single woodcut omitted by Mr. Riley (fol. 112, ed. 1520) represents the writing by the Bishop of the Greek and Latin alphabets across the floor of a church at consecration. During the singing of the *Veni Creator* ashes are strewn from corner to corner, so that they form an X or St. Andrew's cross. A little later, while the *Benedictus* is sung, the Bishop, with the butt of his pastoral staff, traces in the ashes first the Greek alphabet on one line, and then the Latin on the other. The intersection of the alphabets therefore occurs in the middle of the church, but not until the Bishop has finished all the Greek letters, and has passed the N of the Latin. The draughtsman could find no other way of representing this, than by putting the Bishop in a corner, with the two alphabets intersecting in front of him, at Δ and D, or thereabouts.

Since the woodcuts are so inaccurate on their own ground, they afford very slight evidence as to the existence of fashions at particular times and places, to which the draughtsmen's attention is not specially directed, and which are not described in the rubrics or the *Ceremoniale*.

Mr. Riley is inclined to give too much weight to the differences between the earlier and later series. These differences serve for little more than to remind the eye that changes were taking place in vestments during the 16th century, with the changes in architecture. Sleeveless, chasuble-shaped surplices were used in some places, and large *mappa* (the "fair linen cloths"), hanging in folds; apparels (rectangular patches of ornament) were tending to be disused; the clergy were beginning to grow beards, though the decree of the Council of Carthage against them, and the versicles and prayer to be said by the Bishop over the youthful student for orders when he first shaved, were still printed in the *Pontificale* as late at least as 1497. But it cannot be inferred, without other evidence, that these fashions were in use at the times or places of the editions in which they occur. Much less can be inferred concerning the number of lights placed on the altars, and the shape of mitres. Mr. Riley mentions the increase of height in the mitres of Series B as evidence of their later date. The evidence is very uncertain. Mitres of many shapes had been in use for a long period. Besides Carpaccio's very tall mitres of the nineties in the 15th century, taller and larger mitres than those in Series B are common in the pictures of other Venetian painters of that century, such as the Vivarini; while Jacobello del Fiore, in 1438, represents a contemporary donor, a Bishop of Ceneda, with a very high mitre on the ground beside him. Beyond the Alps, also, Albrecht Dürer represents St. Ulrick, in 1508, wearing an enormous mitre, and St. Poppo and St. Otto, in 1515, wearing mitres equally tall, but not so wide.

On the other hand, in Venetian Missals of the years 1506 and 1518, far more characteristically Italian than the ones here considered, very short, bulbous mitres are to be found. Similarly with the number of altar lights, Mr. Riley reminds us that seven lights were in use on the altar of the papal chapel in Rome at this date and much earlier. Though they may have

been the rule at Mass even always, candlesticks do not appear generally on altars in the Pope's presence at other times; in fact, the altars are bare, or only adorned with a cross. However, no Pope and altar appear together in these series, and there is only one representation of an altar at Mass (fig. 129, Riley, and fol. 229, ed. 1543); the rite represented, the singing of the *Christus vincit, Christus imperat, Christus regnat*, was confined *alicubus locis*, and is not even mentioned in a Venetian *Pontifical* of the year 1510. Figure 129, indeed, shows two lighted candles on the altar, and two on high candlesticks in front of it, but representations are common of altars at Mass with one light held by the server, and with no lights at all; an example may be seen in the Canon-picture of the Giunta, 1563, *Missae Episcopales*; here the only light, even at the Elevation, is the server's torch. Again, in a Venetian Missal of 1506, there are two lights on the altar and no torch. The illustrations of this Missal are much the most characteristically Italian referred to here, yet the Canon-picture is treated purely historically, in a style suggesting Mantegna. Pilate on his judgment seat appears prominently in the foreground, while the Christ, on the cross in the distant background, is robed to the feet, and has the robe tied round the ankles. The Canon-picture also of the Giunta, 1543, edition is much more archaic and German in treatment than that of the one accompanying the same ceremonial woodcuts in the 1520 edition. It further marks the stock nature of the woodcuts. It is therefore difficult to agree with Mr. Riley that they are safe guides to the practices obtaining in Venice, where they were printed. He also remarks of Series B that "the artist evidently drew what he was accustomed to see before him in the churches of his day." The artist really cannot be described as more than an inferior draughtsman and a very bad wood-engraver. Nor does either draughtsman show signs of individual observation, unless it be in the candle-end left on one of the two prickets in figure 48 (Eeles) of Series A. Otherwise the woodcuts should rather be regarded as diagrams supplied by printers' draughtsmen illustrating particular steps in ceremonial, from the receipts given them by some *ceremoniaris*.

THE MEASURE OF OUR YOUTH

The Measure of Our Youth. By ALICE HERBERT.
(John Lane, 6s.)

MISS HERBERT has given us in this novel a hero at whom it would be quite possible to poke fun, and some situations at which it would be easy to be superficially sarcastic. We believe, however, that in this study of an impressionable youth she is too serious and sincere to be taken lightly, and that his experiences, bearing essentially considerable resemblance to the search of Jocelyn Pierston for "The Well-Beloved," are those of many a young man in whom quickly excited emotions are not sentinelled by strong common-sense. To call such a man a "flirt" is often to do him great injustice; he is practically at the mercy of any pretty woman whose eyes invite him, by reason of his temperament. If, as is frequently the case, he is something of an idealist, and in the end is caught by mere beauty—as happens here—then steps in tragedy. With Bewley's marriage to Margaret the book closes; all his previous slips have taught him nothing—which is where we think Miss Herbert shows him up rather too unkindly; and we are left wondering what will happen, for certainly he will not long remain in love with her, nor she with him, if ever she was at all. She is summed up mercilessly:

She was as beautiful as she was stupid, as stately as she was mean of soul, and as spiritual in her beauty as she was

materialistic in her mind. She was practical and full of sound common-sense—no doll, but a "good plain cook," without the exuberantly affectionate disposition traditionally peculiar to cooks she should have been married in her youth to a member of the Stock Exchange and held "a little lower than his horse," behind which he would have very proudly driven her to Richmond on fine Saturdays. She would have conscientiously mothered his neat children, ordered his dinners . . . until she fattened, shrivelled again, and died. Of such is the kingdom of England.

And two of Bewley's friends, discussing the state of affairs in the newly-married man's household, appraise it with equal point:

"What's wrong with him?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong. He's as right, and as respectable—and as interesting—as the water-rate. He trots round smirkingly after that wickedly tenth-rate young woman; and he talks to you all the time about the furniture. They 'picked up' this tawdriness in Tottenham Court Road, and that beautifully convenient nightmare in Westbourne Grove, and the other vulgarity in Wardour Street. The walls are covered with things in frames; and there's not a picture or the cheapest photo of a picture among the lot—except the Botticelli you sent; and Madam has hung that in the spare room. She's 'afraid she's not very fond of old-fashioned sorts of pictures'—and Bewley beams at her! There's not a book allowed in the drawing-room. 'Books make such a litter.' The man's dead."

The major portion of the book is occupied with his various escapades and his state of mind, and it constitutes a piece of psychology of which the author may well be proud, absorbing in interest; lightened, too, by abundant humour, and dialogue that is brilliant, but not unnaturally so. Helena Swayne, subtle, seeing right through the poor fellow, pungent and yet sympathetic, is a finely-conceived foil to the servant-girlish amours of the little Cockney Lizzie. "I wants yer just t' love me a little," Lizzie gulps. Helena, on the other hand, is an artist:

As the two glided back to Chelsea in a "taxi," Helena's pretty hand, ungloved, again lay near to Francie's knee. He hesitated long, his heart-beats choking him. . . . Perhaps she was thinking him an idiot for being so unenterprising! Horrid thought! He took her hand up softly, and it lay between his palms—almost, he felt, as if it wanted rest. Then she withdrew it gently.

"It's what I said," she told him, no emotion in her voice; "material things are all that people care for. No, I don't mean that's what you care for, boy! I mean that I may have been giving out my soul to you for hours (I haven't: don't you think it!) and not a cat would care. But if I let you hold my hand, they'd say I was a wicked woman. And my husband would decidedly object!"

We must not allow more space to the details of these "flirtations" that teach young Bewley so much and yet warn him so little against his nature; but the whole story is a fine, acute, and poignant study of a certain type of adolescence and its trials which will do much more than merely amuse. The reader who appreciates the author's evident sincerity will be inclined to thank her for having written it.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Adventures of Louis Blake. By LOUIS BECKE.
(T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

A RIGHT good share of adventure had Mr. Louis Blake, and a right good story has Mr. Becke made out of it, as might have been expected. From San Francisco to Cocos Island, where occurs an interlude of treasure-hunting, and thence to the author's chosen scenes amid the lovely coral islets of the Pacific Ocean, we follow the career of the young sailor and trader with the greatest of interest; nothing comes amiss to him—whaling, fighting, fishing, yarning, it is all fine sport and part of the excitement that makes

life worth living. We do not doubt that the greater portion of this book is a record of actual events, for Mr. Becke's name will be well known to our readers, and he writes with an unaffected style that gives a very real and natural touch to each incident in the fortunes of his hero. Boys will delight in the story, and the boys of a larger growth who crave for the welcome relief of a plain tale *sans* heroine and love affairs will not be inclined to set it down if once they begin to read. They will call to mind certain days when they were under the spell of W. H. G. Kingston and Captain Marryat, and they will not be sorry to experience the old charm again in a slightly more modern guise. The pure story of adventure that can interest a grown-up person is somewhat of a rarity in the present strenuous age, and Mr. Becke is to be congratulated upon his success; he revives that thirst for travel and that desire for the sea which all healthy boys suffer at least once in their lives, and he will give most of his readers a longing to visit those beauteous islands of the South Seas unfortunately set so far away "down under."

The Unbeloved. By ETHEL HILL. (Greening and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

THE writer of this novel is the possessor of a luscious and opulent style. Adjectives flock to her pen like birds to the call of the charmer. She is intensely melodramatically conscious of the artistic value of backgrounds. Every event must have its appropriate setting of natural scenery. When the heroine feels it necessary to betray the secrets of her *soi-distant* husband to an old acquaintance, we are gravely informed that "a bird on a rose-twigg trilled out a song,"—"the connection of which with the plot one sees," to adopt Calverley. Miss Hill betrays a lofty disregard for the conventional rules of English grammar and syntax. She splits her infinitives recklessly and defiantly. "They had been talking about the materialisation of thoughts, and then had followed that startling phenomena," she writes, with blissful unconsciousness. Her knowledge of London topography would appear to be of the slightest. When Mary stood on Westminster Bridge, "meaning to walk along the embankment to Blackfriars, and then on to Drury Lane," she contemplated an absurdly circuitous route, since by turning down Savoy Street she would have saved at least half an hour.

The story itself need not detain us. A sentimental and neurotic girl falls madly in love with a man, about whom she knows nothing, save that he is a bully and a boor. At a word from him, she consents to share his home, dispensing with the formality of the marriage-bond. When it turns out that the man is already married and a notorious thief to boot, she considers that she has a right to complain. The novel closes with the suicide of the thief, and the birth of the woman's baby. It is a wantonly offensive and unpleasant story, and there are certain details in it which, we assert, quite frankly, a woman ought to be ashamed to have written.

The Heart of a Gypsy. By ROSAMOND NAPIER. (Duckworth and Co., 6s.)

IF we concede that an eminent London surgeon at the age of thirty-nine, accustomed to the world and its ways, would on a holiday fall in love with a beautiful, rather uncanny, and entirely uncultivated gipsy girl of eighteen, and bring her to his town house as his future bride, we can settle down to enjoy this clever and thoughtful book; but the concession to probability is a large one. However, the study of this untamed child of Nature suddenly transported to

the restrained atmosphere of the big city, where she must learn to dissemble and to be polite with people whose very proximity she detests, is a very consistent piece of work, and in the interest of it we lose sight to a great extent of the questionable basis upon which it is constructed. An element of fantasy is introduced by the curious psychic relationship of the girl with the beech-tree under which, as a baby, she was abandoned; it fills her thoughts, forms her consolation in distress, and at the last its doom is hers. It is a high compliment to a writer when the reader can say that this risky use of the occult is successful; in this instance it seems not at all absurd or incongruous. The conflict between the girl's passionate love for Nature, for open spaces, sun, wind and rain, and her love for the man, is excellently suggested. No permanent happiness could come of such an infatuation, of course, and the end of the story is inevitably sad.

The description of life at the old Somersetshire household is vivid and humorous; "Bunny," the parson's daughter, who writes her father's sermons and rebels comically against her cramped existence, is an especially delightful character. There are two or three blemishes on the quality of the book—the distinguished surgeon, for example, is fond of calling his sweetheart his "wild, shy Hind," and the simile is sometimes rather unfortunate:

"We will buy them, every one," he cried, with the recklessness of a boy in his teens. "Flowers for the shy, wild Hind to smell and munch till her sweet breath is sweeter still, to roll in, to trample down with her delicate hoofs if she wills."

This is sheer bathos. The author speaks of the "chicness of a Frenchwoman," which is by no means a pleasant mixture of languages. And she should not call "Widdecombe Fair" a Somersetshire song; it makes Devonshire people want to get up and throw things.

Lucius Scarfield. By J. A. REVERMORT. (Archibald Constable and Co., Ltd., 6s.)

WHATEVER else it may be, "Lucius Scarfield" is certainly a monument to a man's industry. To write a book which, when printed, runs to 574 crowded pages, must have required no little courage. To read it demands a certain dogged and invincible pertinacity of purpose, which is likely, in this instance, to be its own reward. The reader who has displayed sufficient hardihood to be in at the death can hardly avoid asking, "Why was this written?" and, again, "What does it all mean?" To neither of these questions are we in a position to offer a satisfactory reply. Mr. Revermort describes this book as a "philosophical romance of the twentieth century." It might more fitly be described as a nightmare in five spasms. The world in which Mr. Revermort and his strange creations move is a world entirely remote from human experience. His characters are less men and women than human ghouls. Through all the sorry drama there runs a streak of evil, and the reader is never free from the noxious vapours of the charnel house. There are no commonplace moments, no restful interludes. A feeling of electricity is always in the air. The dialogue would have delighted Mrs. Radcliffe herself. This is the way in which one schoolgirl talks to another:

"Do not reproach me, or you will kill me here. Forgive me, forgive me! I knew not what I said. Without you, what had my life been? Without you, what will my death be? A light beyond the empyrean falls about me where you are; where you are not, all is ruin. You to die and I to live on? Madness comes round me again."

Mr. Revermort's style is unnecessarily complex. He has, it must be admitted, a fine feeling for words, but he is apt—as in the following sentence—to torture meaning to the verge of madness:

He had the sensation of flooding intimacies, and at times her essence, at war with his, seemed to conquer, and, enfolding it, to possess it utterly, intoxicating him with the feeling of being re-fashioned by the happiest hours, or by the creative joys which this woman had experienced amid scenes by himself unvisited, or in the company of the marble dreams of Hellas, by himself half-understood.

Frankly, we regret this book: the more so because there are ample indications that Mr. Revermort, if he chose to unbend his intellect to more mundane themes, might write a very creditable novel. As it is, we can only regard "Lucius Scarfield" as a melancholy illustration of the effect produced upon a certain type of mind by a too sympathetic study of Schopenhauer and the pessimistic philosophy of modern Europe.

AN OUTDOOR BREVARY

I.

THE writer of these notes looked about him with no intent to find a key to the lock of this world. In Berkeley's Alciphron the objects of sight are offered as arbitrary signs "by whose sensible intervention the Author of Nature constantly explaineth Himself in the eyes of men"; but this spectator of the world looked no farther than its arbitrary signs. To draw pleasure from them was his gay science, and at first his whole aim was to call back the sun in winter when it did not shine, or to extend its short and weak shining season; and the aim of his self-discipline was to train the retentive faculties necessary to the reproduction of impressions, to habitualise the memory to repeat, on that sensitive glass where images of thought or sense are stamped, the sparkling freshness of first vision, to extort a permanent impress of beauty from those very figures whose charm is ephemerality. Presently he seemed to draw an inward and tranquil satisfaction, a message of the *admonitus locorum*, from the thing perceived; which seemed other than the simpler pleasure of the satisfied sense. Of this, the following notes are a record.

I will go out into the fields, for short self-heal grows among the grass.

Let the one object and business of existence be the sweeping the waters of Life with busy nets, in the hope of entangling some creature "of bright hue and sharp fin," and finding this piercing brightness and beauty not so much in seas as in creeping and hidden brooks, not in the prodigality, the climaxes of fine scenery, but in the familiar and compassed beauty of, say, bare spaces and thin-sown trees subject to light, of a country where is nothing salient or sudden, of the sun washing a jewelled knob of moss, in a poplar clapping its fresh leaves, with its *sonus desilientis aquæ*.

"Lift up thine eyes to the hills"; but not to the high mountains.

To-day the frost has yielded, and, in spite of savourless winter, the living earth can be smelt. The absence of odours is the worse side of a "hard" winter. We learn from Henry VIII.'s commissioners that one of the former abbots of the abbey of Boxley, in Kent, "pleasured much in odoriferous savours as it should seem by converting the rents of the monastery that were wont to be paid in corn and grain into gilly-flowers and roses." Let us honour the memory of the Abbot of Boxley.

We shall have snow in spring and a summer, maybe, which will be no summer, but, as Jean Paul says, a winter painted green; but this month the air has been as warm as milk, with winter gnats dancing up and down from the ditch to the sun. It is the February summer, the warm interval in the train of St. Valentine that comes between the January frosts and the March winds that hiss through the white blackthorns. "When the waters break from their enclosures, and well with joy and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air, to tell that there is joy within." Beneath the hedge the dead sorrel spires are dipped in rust, and the black fallen hawthorn leaves, the silver grass stalks, bleached by sun and dew, are a background to the pushing up of young grass, of the plantain and primrose crowns, the heart-shaped leaves of the celandine, the trodden chickweed by the gatepost. A dandelion is half-open by the roadside, and a pale-coloured, half-open speedwell and a pinkish-lilac ragged robin are spreading under the shelter of some bronzed-green brambles, while wild parsley lays its jewel-like green fronds here and there above the shallow grass, and the buff oak leaves that choke the ditch, and the grey-veined mat of ivy. A frond of hart's-tongue fern is brown at the tip, but the young fronds are shooting. There is a hollow near a stile in which hundreds of beech and oak leaves, of a wet and lustrous chestnut-colour, have settled so thickly as to cover the grass, and in the sandy field beyond a gorse-bush is sprinkled with five golden spots of bloom, and greenfinches start from the thickets where blackbirds and thrushes are singing.

It is a day of sudden rains; the sky clouds, then chinks of intolerable brightness appear in dark cloud-packs, which fill with a streaming haze of light that lengthens into fan-like water-carriers, drilling their long rows of rain into the earth. An eclipse of the pale-coloured sun, and the lenient rain falls in a spray as fine as sand. Then, like a precious gum, the sun wells out again and spills itself over the green-filmed stems of the tall elms in the hollow, each visible to the foot, and made individual in the plantation by the sudden brightness of their background. The cloud above the sun is frayed again, and now the sun hangs like a lamp above a crater-shaped cloud, and below in the intenser light the distant hillocks and down and pale-coloured fields begin to smoke.

When the shortest day recedes, there is triumph in the encroaching of the light, the enlargement of the light of lights, the "house of mirth." A burning pillar of fire both to be a guide of the unknown journey and a harmless sun to entertain us honourably.

The seasons and spots where light is most manifest have a peculiar attraction, the clear and desirable light in the morning, that almost too sharp precision of the protracted day before the warm veiled weather begins, the whiteness of the sky from whence light is issuing, mimetic water, the rain-varnished road, the sharp pebble in the wall, the light-splintering leaves of laurel and thistle. Did not a certain monk, Joachim, almost transfer his allegiance? One day he was preaching in a dark chapel—in almost complete darkness, for the sky was packed with clouds—when suddenly there was a break, a lightening, and the sun shines out in the chapel. He stops, and salutes the sun, and intoning the *Veni Creator*, "*Emmène son auditoire contempler la campagne.*"

A rough, high-shouldered pasture-field, patched with dock and faded rushes, where every tiny hillock and crowded mole-heap was sharply shadowed, while the light smote upon the grey dewdrops on their sunward side—large variable jewels, cold sea-green beryl, and gold, and red; and the same large lights moved upon the points of the sharp rushes, and varnished docks,

upon the purple-stemmed bramble in the hedge and upon the buff leaf melting into the hue of the earth it is to fatten.

How bright are the grass-bents! Their seeds have fallen, the last dregs of sap dried in them, but they shine like filaments of spun glass; they are rooted in the crannies of the long orange-spotted wall, which a film of water, bright and thin as a snail's trail, dapples. The blue sky flows over the long wall as a stream flows over a pebble, and in it the spark-like doves, flying high, shake the light from their mirror-like white breasts, and then, as they wheel with a sharp clatter, dissolve—sparkle and dissolve again. There is a spirit of life in everything, and in the very air "*atherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.*"

When you stand on a hillside facing the low-hung winter sun, the racing and quarrelling larks in the fields below move like stars as they turn the reflection of the slanting rays upon their polished wing-shafts.

So, to a high-poised lark, those below must "shine and run to and fro like spark among the stubble," provoking him to swift descent. And so the "pretty aetheriall birds," as Aubrey calls them, were taken "by alluring them with a dareing-glass, which is whirled about in a sun-shining day, and the larkes are pleased at it, and strike at it, as at a sheepe's eye, and at that time the nett is drawn over them, while he plays with his glasse he whistles with his larke-call of silver."

How carefully we count the first steps of the two plants that show the earliest green in spring, woodbine with its greyish leaves, and the elder which puts forth its paired leaves, and between them the small brownish granular disc, the promise of that broad-faced water-like flower that will smell at the time "when all the ground is poudred as if it had been peynt, and where every flower casts up a good savour."

It is a day of wind, when the mounting rock is blown aside like a feather, a day of sun and snow, alternating as swiftly as the cloud-isles and cloud-streaks drawn by the wind on the downs. Now a flaring sun, set like a single jewel in the blue enamel of the sky between dull packs of cloud, and now a thin smoking veil that darkens until it has outwept its snow—just one or two granules, then semi-flakes the size of bees, then "blossoms" that flash and fall, and wink and hover and are over-past and renewed, and then cease before the sun. "*Il sera le mois de Mai quand il plaira à Dieu.*"

To Pan the city is as smoke to the nostrils, as vinegar to the palate. It is Pan of the promontories that wanders above the voices of the hedge-birds upon the brown shoulders of the hilltops, where the air is cold as metal, and where the blue bog-like springs soak out among the rushes and the sprinkled white flints, where the matted turf is patched with dry olive moss, and fine hair-like grass, and budded gorse and brittle heather; Pan that overlooks the sheep-fields, on which sheep are marked in silver spots upon the green slopes and ribbed swells sharp in the clear austere light; and whence their laments and the bark of an incessant dog rise to the hilltop. In the bright rushing of the wind in unencumbered places and uplands, the tinkling of the hollow gicks' pipe and dead grass among the brambles, its singing hiss among the dry needles of the pine, we hear the goat-footed piper of desolate places and "stony seats" making the music which is itself the charm and terror of things.

M. J.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair.

Mr. E. Mawley read his "Report on the Phenological Observations for 1908." The most noteworthy features of the weather of the Phenological year ending November, 1908, were the severe frosts early in January, the exceptionally heavy fall of snow and remarkably low temperatures in the latter part of April, and the marked periods of unusually wet and dry weather during the summer. In February and March wild plants came into blossom in advance of their usual time, but throughout the rest of the flowering season were more or less behind their average dates. Such early spring migrants as the swallow, cuckoo and nightingale made their appearance very late. The only deficient farm crop was that of barley. The yield of wheat, oats and beans was rather above the average, that of peas and hay very good, while the crops of turnips, mangolds and potatoes, taken together, were the most abundant for many years. The yield of apples was under average, and that of pears and plums much under average. On the other hand, the crops of currants, gooseberries and strawberries were almost everywhere unusually good. As regards the farm crops, this was the third good year in succession, although compared with 1906 and 1907 the yields in 1908, except in the case of turnips, mangolds and potatoes, were very inferior to those of either of those years.

Mr. W. Marriott read a paper on "The Cold Spell at the end of December, 1908." The weather during

From Everett & Co.'s List

NEW FICTION.

**MRS. WHISTON'S
HOUSE PARTY**
By THOMAS COBB.

THE DEVIL'S ACE
By FERGUS HUME.

"A 'mystery' novel of the first water."—*Western Mail*.

FELIX STONE
By A. & C. ASKEW.

THE DEGENERATE
By FRED WHISHAW.

THE IRON HEEL
By JACK LONDON.

"The Iron Heel" is a book for all to read, and its insight, large sympathy, clear reasoning, and high aims are in evidence in every chapter."
—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CHRISTIAN MURDERERS
By WINIFRED GRAHAM.

"A justifiable attack on those who seek to honour God by dishonouring His methods. . . . Miss Graham tells the story with charm and pathos."
—*Daily Telegraph*.

"Deserves the attention it will undoubtedly command."—*Truth*.

BROTHER OFFICERS
By HORACE WYNDHAM.

"Mr. Wyndham at his best."—*Scotsman*.
"Mr. Wyndham always writes of military life as one who knows it, and his slight sketches of officers are happy and unexaggerated."—*Globe*.

London: EVERETT & Co., 42 Essex Street, W.C.

December was generally mild until Christmas Day, when a considerable change took place in the distribution of barometric pressure, and the weather assumed a wintry character. Gales occurred in many places and snow fell more or less over the British Isles during the following week. The most remarkable feature, however, was the intense cold which prevailed over the central and south-eastern portion of England from the 28th to the 31st. The temperature on the 28th did not rise above 25° over a considerable portion of the Midlands, while on the 29th it remained below 25° over practically the whole of England (except the south-western counties) up to within about twenty miles of the coast. On the 28th, 29th and 30th over the greater part of the country the minimum thermometer fell below 20° , while over a considerable area it fell below 10° on the 29th and 30th. At several places the lowest temperature recorded was about zero. At Berkhamstead the thermograph showed that the temperature remained below 25° for a period of fifty-eight hours—a most unusual occurrence. Mr. Marriott stated that the isobaric charts indicated that during this period there was a ridge or wedge of high pressure between two cyclonic systems, and that the conditions were thus favourable for the production of great cold. For the month of December the cold was very exceptional, as the only instances in the neighbourhood of London or at Greenwich in which the maximum temperature was below $25^{\circ}.5$ for the day were the following: 1796, 25th, $19^{\circ}.5$; 1798, 28th, $19^{\circ}.5$; 1816, 22nd, $24^{\circ}.0$; 1830, 24th, $22^{\circ}.0$; 1855, 21st, $23^{\circ}.2$; 1874, 31st, $24^{\circ}.5$; 1890, 22nd, $23^{\circ}.7$; and 1908, 29th, $25^{\circ}.4$, and 30th, $23^{\circ}.3$.

CORRESPONDENCE

"SCHOPENHAUER AND WAGNER": A REPLY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Oddly enough, four days prior to your last issue I had sent my publishers the matter for a new brief Preface—suggested by myself in a letter to them of two months earlier, but delayed in execution by a more urgent task only just completed—to replace the original appeal to my readers' sympathies with which, now somewhat out of date, at a time of great trouble and worry in every direction, I had bidden them *Auf Wiedersehen!* Perhaps this intimation may somewhat relieve the mind of your correspondent, J. T. Presslie (who must forgive me if I feel uncertain whether to say "Mr." or "Miss"), though I am unable to remove a "full-page photograph of his [my] little house in Surrey," which, for very good reasons, has never adorned Vol. VI., or any other volume, of my "Life of Wagner." My said new Preface opens with a word of congratulation to readers who are "rather late in the field"; I little guessed that I was on the point of confrontation with a reviewer in the same category, but must congratulate myself on the unusual experience, in these days of swift oblivion, that a work of mine should actually be criticised nearly eleven months after issue.

What I do regret, though, is that the critic of a special chapter in my Volume VI. should display so little acquaintance at first hand with the works of a philosopher for whom he (or she?) ventures to figure as champion. Echoing a voice I lately heard elsewhere, J. M. Presslie opines that "To speak of the disembodied Will in terms of Time is as ridiculous as to attribute the properties of sound to silence—to speak of a B flat Silence, or a Silence in A sharp!" Quite apart from Berlioz having characterised the love-scene in his "Troyens" as "l'expression de ce bonheur de voir la nuit, d'entendre le silence," and Wagner having described the orchestration of his "Tristan" love-scene as "the deep art of sounding silence"—both of which eloquent paradoxes your correspondent might have encountered in my Vol. VI. aforesaid—I must remind my newest critic that on page 35 (only four pages before my "very foolish speech on page 39") I had quoted from Schopenhauer himself: "True, we can carry out no idea of the above entirely without employing terms of Time. Such terms should

be excluded where the Thing-in-itself is concerned [according to his master, Kant], only it pertains to the unalterable confines of our intellect that it can never quite dispense with this first and most immediate form of all its operations"; and from the same philosopher again, page 37: "In this Will we, therefore, recognise the Thing-in-itself, so far as it no longer has Space, but merely Time, as form." J. T. Presslie may possess such a mental equipment as entirely to "dispense with this first and most immediate form of all our intellect's operations," but I confess to not having personally risen to so sublime a height that I can think without an elementary notion of Sequence.

There are other remarks in that letter in your issue for the 13th inst (the anniversary of Wagner's death, by the way) which I consider too offensive for more than a mere nailing to the counter—e.g., "For these amendments in Wagner's own words we should have been grateful; possibly Mr. Ellis had them in his hands, and yet preferred to give us his own interpretations"; and "Then what a pity that Mr. Ellis and all the rest of us do not suffer from a similar eye-complaint," which might easily be met with the rejoinder, What warrant have you for assuming that Mr. Ellis does not? As for the immediately succeeding question, however, "Or was it that Schopenhauer would have been a philosopher in any case, but quite a different kind of philosopher if he had known no eye-strain?" I emphatically answer, Yes, and have proved it in that chapter of mine by the "rays of hope" that filtered into his "System" as advancing years brought that "assuagement of nervous troubles" which Herbert Spencer also recognised in his own person without knowing the physiological reason why. If anybody chooses to consider the advice to "hie you to the oculist" when suffering from "sick-headache, nerve-storms," and so on, "completely ridiculous," I can but pity that individual for being so behind the times (you see, I have still to speak "in terms of Time"); but I cannot think highly of his or her altruism, and am half inclined to revoke the sympathy I originally felt for the hopeless hash which a printer seems to have made of your correspondent's closing sentence: "The splendid translations Mr. Ellis has given us of Wagner's prose works render unhappy this lapse in the treatment of the Schopenhauer chapter all the more remarkable." Doubtless it attests my ignorance, that I am unaware of J. T. Presslie's claim to an authoritative verdict; but I may console myself with the reflection that an authority of such world-wide renown as Professor Wolfgang Golther has publicly recorded his opinion of that selfsame chapter thus: "Das erste Kapitel schildert Wagners Weltanschauung in ihrer Verwandtschaft mit Schopenhauers. Voran steht der Tod des Hundes Peps, die tiefe Liebe Wagners zum Tier, die gerade in diesem Fall durch besonders zahlreiche und schöne Briefstelle bezeugt ist. Und von diesem Mittelpunkt aus erwächst die Religion des Mitleids, die schliesslich Schopenhauers Pessimismus zu überwinden vermochte. Ich kenne keine Darstellung, die so klar und anschaulich die wesentliche und grundlegende Einstimmung zwischen Wagners und Schopenhauers Gedankenwelt heraushebt, gleichsam uns wissend macht durchs Gefühl, nicht durch leere Begriffe."

WM. ASHTON ELLIS.

Brighton, February 16th, 1909.

THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you allow me, after thanking you for the kind and, on the whole, appreciative notice of my little book, "Church Principles for Christians," to refer to one point raised by your reviewer.

I suspect that we are *au fond*, in agreement, or should be if we came to define our terms, but, as he says that my plea for "private judgment" seemingly "vitiates everything for which" I have "been contending," pray permit me to say that the review in question recognises the right of duty of such judgment. Your reviewer appeals throughout to the private judgment of his readers. And he is dealing with questions of dogmatics.

The fact is, we cannot, do what we will, divest ourselves of this prerogative. I can neither accept nor reject your reviewer's contentions without its exercise.

But this does not mean that every man is to construct *ad initio* his own creed.

JOSEPH HAMMOND.

[We are glad to find that there is, after all, very little difference between Canon Hammond's position and our own. Of course, it is true that in one sense we all exercise the faculty of private judgment. For if a man entrusts his conscience into the keeping of a Church he must first satisfy

himself with regard to the credentials of that Church, and this necessarily involves an act of private judgment. His submission once made, however, his "private judgment" has nothing further to say in the matter. He has decided for the principle of authority, and what the Church imposes, that he is bound to accept. That is the Catholic position and it is the only logical position that can be taken by those who believe, as all Anglicans profess to believe, that their Church is Catholic and Apostolic.—EDITOR.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We are honestly reluctant to avail ourselves further of the opportunities for gratis advertisement provided by THE ACADEMY and its correspondents. We will at least be brief, and deal only with the particular rulings laid down by W. McC.; our logic, scholarship, politeness, golliwogism, Covent Gardenism, obvious badness, and notion that brackets are legitimate or not according to context, must take care of themselves. The first two rulings are evoked by our sentence, "But we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived." (1) "'Hopes' is not good English. . . It is on a par with 'We have considerable faiths that . . .'" The Oxford English Dictionary, s.v. *hope*, after defining it as, among other things, "Expectation of something desired," adds by way of note:—"c. in plural; often in singular sense, esp. in phr. in *hopes*," and quotes among its examples:—"Great hopes were entertained at Whitehall that Cornish would appear . . ."—Macaulay.

(2) "'Deceit' is not in question; therefore 'deceived' is not the proper word." The O. E. D. gives, s.v. *deceive*:—"2. To cause to believe what is false," with, as one example:—"Wolsey . . . was too wise to be deceived with outward prosperity."—Froude. And, s.v. *deceived*, it offers *mised* as a synonym. Your correspondent's error is the elementary one of assuming that there is always absolute parallelism between all senses of words etymologically related; the same line of argument would forbid us to describe as enormous an animal that was innocent of enormity. The third definite ruling is that "'seduced' into buying a book is not good English; *induced* is the word." Rather, it is a word, and one for a different thing; to *seduce into doing* is to induce to do by misrepresentation or temptation—the sense that we happened to require.

THE AUTHORS OF "THE KING'S ENGLISH."

[The authors of "The King's English" must not confuse the opinion of THE ACADEMY with that of its correspondents. We have stated that the *King's English* is not always a reliable guide, and this statement we are prepared to substantiate from the book itself. But that is not to say that it is a worthless book or that it is not interesting and stimulating and on the whole a valuable book. All we maintain is, that it is not infallible.—ED.]

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Newman. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Edith Livermore. Constable, 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION

The Dream and the Woman. Tom Gallon. Paul, 6s.
The City of the Golden Gate. E. Everett-Green. Paul, 6s.
A Poached Peerage. Sir William Magnay. Ward Lock, 6s.
The Pilgrim's March. H. H. Bashford. Melrose, 6s.
Transplanted Daughters. Mrs. Burton Harrison. Unwin, 6s.
Nightshade. Hoy Horniman. Sisleys, 6s.
The June Princess. Constance Smedley. Chatto & Windus, 6s.

REFERENCE

Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1909. Cloth gilt, 31s. 6d. net; or in two vols., 16s. 6d. net each. Special thin paper Edition de Luxe, 50s. net.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON, one of the Suffragettes who was brought up at Bow Street on Thursday in connection with the latest idiotic and abortive "raid" on the House of Commons, is the author of a pamphlet misleadingly entitled "No Votes for Women." We will quote one instance of her reasoning powers taken at random. She writes:

Sir Edward Clarke, at an anti-Suffrage League meeting the other day, expressed himself as "delighted to see the successful efforts that were being made to disprove the assertions of the 'Suffragettes' that they represent either the majority of women or the best informed and most public spirited among them." He believed "that neither assertion is well founded." Shortly after this speech was made, the Association of Registered Medical Women in Great Britain and Ireland asked Mr. Asquith to receive a deputation of their representatives "in favour of the extension of the suffrage to women." In making this appeal they wrote: "When receiving a deputation of Members of Parliament in last May on the same subject, you invited an expression of opinion from the women of the country. In response to this invitation we have written to all the registered medical women residing in the United Kingdom, asking whether or not they are in favour of woman suffrage. The results of this enquiry are as follows: In favour, 538; against, 15."

Lady Constance Lytton evidently thinks that this is a crushing reply to Sir Edward Clarke's remarks. So that we may take it that her idea of the highest duty of women is that they should become doctors. We have nothing to say against women doctors: we believe they are often skilful and clever, and they are no doubt useful members of the community. But that they have any sort of claim to represent the best-informed and the most public-spirited women we entirely deny. They number, according to Lady Constance's figures, 553. They are, therefore, of course, a microscopic minority. They have taken up the profession of medicine primarily in order to earn money, and we have heard of women doctors making five or six thousand a year. This certainly shows that they are "well informed" in their profession and that they are capable in a business way, but there is not necessarily anything public-spirited in earning a large income, and

a woman may be a very good doctor without being in any way fitted to exercise political power. Moreover, the very fact that a woman takes up the profession of medicine proves that she is an abnormal woman (we use the word in no opprobrious sense), an exceptional woman, and an utterly unrepresentative woman. We believe we are right in saying that women doctors are unmarried and childless in the proportion of about five to one. That is to say, they are women who have deliberately declined the highest prerogatives and functions of womanhood in order to take up a lucrative profession. This is to their credit or not, according to their particular circumstances, and according to the way one looks at the question. We shall not make sweeping assertions, whatever we may privately think. Each case would have to be examined and considered on its own merits. But when Lady Constance Lytton jumps to the conclusion that a clever woman doctor is necessarily better informed and more public-spirited than, say, a washerwoman who marries and has half-a-dozen children she is indulging a woeful and deep-seated error.

When Lady Constance was brought before the magistrates on Thursday morning she is reported to have said that she was more proud of her action than of anything else she had done in her life. Lady Constance is an unmarried lady and is in her fortieth year, and for our part we shall refuse to believe that during the whole course of her no doubt amiable life she has not succeeded in doing something more deserving of self-congratulation than brawling in public and obstructing the police. In any case, it's never too late to mend, and during her month's incarceration in Holloway her ladyship will have ample time and opportunity to think matters over. We presume, of course, that she will go to prison rather than find the necessary sureties to be of good behaviour; so illogical and so excitable a lady would not, we feel sure, be able to bring herself to refuse the glorious crown of martyrdom which is offered to her. Meanwhile, may we suggest to Lady Constance Lytton that even a little activity in the too much neglected sphere of imparting elementary instruction in reading and sewing to the orphan boy and the orphan girl respectively would be an improvement on that form of activity which results in dragging an honoured and honourable name through the police court?

The *Westminster Gazette* is fond of representing Mr. Augustine Birrell in the figure of a bull, who, when sufficiently goaded, comes out and scatters his tormentors in a terrifying and devastating manner. The other day he was once more so represented by Sir Francis Gould in connection with his "defence" to the indictment brought against him for his hopeless and criminal mismanagement of Irish affairs. The *Westminster's* notion is rather an unfortunate one for itself and Mr. Birrell, for it irresistibly provokes comparisons between the right honourable gentleman and an animal which bears a superficial resemblance to a bull—namely, the cow. Mr. Birrell's whole attitude towards his accusers is very much that of a bewildered, tormented and yet doggedly obstinate cow. In reply to enquiries as to his failure to protect the lives and properties of law-abiding citizens in Ireland and his blank refusal to do anything to put down cattle-driving, boycotting and brutal intimidation, he raises doleful and long-drawn "moos" about "Liberal principles." He is unable to deny the facts that are arrayed against him because they are borne out by his own statistics, and the only argument he can think of is that, bad as things are to-day, they were worse in 1886. Even this wonderful "argu-

ment" will not hold good for long, for it is abundantly clear that as long as Mr. Birrell remains Chief Secretary for Ireland things will go from bad to worse in that wretched country. It appears now that the best chance for those unfortunate people who have incurred the displeasure of the Land League is to pray that, say, half-a-dozen more policemen may be murdered and that every sort of crime and outrage may rapidly increase, so that Mr. Birrell may at last be driven to help them even at the risk of going back on his "Liberal principles."

The recently reported case of the Socialist Member of Parliament, Mr. Pete Curran, affords a beautiful example of the way in which temperance reformers subordinate their own feelings to their sense of duty to the community at large. Here we have Mr. Curran, who, the other day, got so drunk that he was found by a policeman lying in the street underneath the belly of a docile and discriminating cab-horse, which forbore to trample on him. Anyone looking at this state of affairs in a casual manner might be tempted to jump to the conclusion that Mr. Curran was one of those wicked and unscrupulous people who actually desire to stand between "the people" and their "passionate desire for temperance reform." Not a bit of it. Mr. Curran is an ardent "temperance reformer"; he voted for Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill at every stage, and he has never allowed his own fondness for the flowing bowl to interfere with his determination to reduce the opportunities of other people to indulge in alcoholic stimulants. We do not desire to be too hard on Mr. Curran or to exult in his misfortunes, but perhaps we shall not be exceeding the limits of fair criticism if we venture to remind him, and a good many other members of the Liberal Party, that Temperance Reform should begin at home.

We read in one of the papers that Mr. Gibson Bowles, who is contesting the election at Glasgow as a Radical, on being asked if he would allow the consideration of the Irish Vote in the constituency to influence his avowed expression of policy, replied: "I never budge." This beautiful and stirring reply, coming from the lips of a gentleman who has just "budded" to the extent of deserting the Conservative Party, to which he has belonged all his life, and going over to the other Party at a time when it has reached such a stage of advanced Radicalism that is almost indistinguishable from pure Socialism, is distinctly refreshing. We are aware, of course, that Mr. Bowles has left his Party on the Free Trade versus Tariff Reform question. He is perfectly right to stick to his principles, and nobody can blame him for refusing to acquiesce in the Tariff Reform policy if he does not agree with it; but between this very proper attitude and barefaced going over to the other side there is a great gulf fixed. Mr. Bowles's action is all the more curious in view of the fact that, although he has always been a severe and often just critic of his own Party, his criticisms have ever been directed to what he considered its abandonment of true Conservative principles. In short, he has claimed to be more Conservative than the Conservatives. And now we have him talking about his "revered and able leader," Mr. Asquith! Can anyone in his senses conceive Lord Robert or Lord Hugh Cecil or Lord James of Hereford or Lord Cromer going over to the Radical Party because they did not approve of Tariff Reform? The idea is unthinkable. And yet nobody seems surprised at Mr. Bowles's action, which perhaps is not a great compliment to Mr. Bowles.

THE wit of Oxford is exceeded only by that of Cambridge. Hence, of course, Mr. Owen Seaman. And

hence, of course, the *Cambridge Review*. We had occasion last week to draw attention to the unmannerly conduct of an editor of the *Granta* (it seems that there have been many editors of the *Granta*), and we are now informed by the *Cambridge Review* that "the ex-editor of the *Granta*, whom THE ACADEMY has attacked, will reply"—in the *Cambridge Review*! Why should he not reply in the *Animals' Friend*? The ex-editor of the *Granta* is no doubt a very clever youth, and we hope to hear him sing as announced, but he will have all his work cut out to justify, to the satisfaction of honourable people, such an unmannerly and unscrupulous line of conduct as that to which we drew attention. The editor of the *Cambridge Review* explains delicately that he does not "intend to go into the merits of the point at issue." Seeing that it is a point, which, so far as Cambridge is concerned, absolutely bristles with demerits, this is smart of him. The fact is that the young gentlemen at Oxford and the young gentlemen at Cambridge are bursting to be smart. In their wild reaches after the finished punctilio of hapenny journalism they are naturally prone to forget the first principles of decency. They imagine, for example, that it is decent to beg and pray of the editor of a London literary paper to "honour" them with a gratuitous article and then to turn and abuse him like a pickpocket out of gratitude for his kindness. They imagine also that it is a good thing to applaud, praise and extol attacks which they have not read, and that it is a better thing to revive an impertinence for which they have already apologised, and then, on pressure from the printer and stationer on whom they depend for their editorial positions, to proceed solemnly to a second apology. However, boys will be boys; and we suppose that in universities where measles, Socialism, paradox and Seamanship would appear to be rife, naughty habits of mind are bound to exhibit themselves. On the whole, we can well understand why it is that the Oxford or Cambridge bred man is losing caste and finds himself when he goes down as stranded as the time-expired soldierman, though for very different reasons. Not so many years ago the average 'Varsity man was a person with whom one might reckon; to-day he is of no more account than the bright youth from the board schools. Smartness is a poor substitute for understanding, even in an age of comic poetry.

We note that Jim Crow, otherwise Herbert Vivian, fails to apologise to Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., for the scurrilous and under-bred remarks to which Vivian committed himself in a late issue of *John Bull*. Perhaps Mr. Bottomley has been too busy this week to devote that editorial attention to the matter which it would seem to demand. We can only say that if Vivian is not made to hold up his hand and apologise in humble and befitting terms that brilliant literary organ, *John Bull*, will have to take down its boast as to being devoid of rancour and rant. It seems to us that a very good motto for the front of the paper would be:

Evil passions, wicked rages,
But should leave to beasts in cages.

It will be interesting to have the opinion of the *Guardian* on Vivian's outrageous display of venom, for by what can be considered only as a journalistic irony the *Guardian* and *John Bull* are both printed and, in part, owned by the same firm—namely, Messrs. Odhams.

A fearful and pathetic wail has just been put up in *Vanity Fair* under the heading of "Malice Aforethought." The article would appear to have been dictated by *Vanity Fair's* genial editor, so full of whine and expostulation is it. From this gentleman's point of view the world abounds in creatures who "spit

venom in the dark." With great gushes of tears he remarks: "There would seem to be many such. Their slime fouls many beautiful things. The rank odour of their presence poisons the air in many otherwise fair places. Their cold, dank, scaly folds crush out the life of many a delicate, fragrant flower." But, thank Heaven, there is balm in Gilead, for it seems that these venom spitters "invariably miss the target, whilst they are so afraid of the weapons they try to wield, and handle them so awkwardly, that any recoil is bound to knock them down." And with a view no doubt still further to mix his metaphors Mr. Harris or his man adds "So do they pray that thistles may grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley, because of their bile which rejects the wholesome corn." This is pretty good from a paper which is so interested in a book called "The Bomb." The amount of wholesome wheat in "The Bomb" could be collected in a thimble. It is pretty good, too, from a paper which, in its anxiety not to hurt anybody's feeling, goes out of its way on the next page to call his Majesty the German Emperor "Windy Bill," and to explain that now that the Prince of Wales has dined at the Savage Club "the Savages intend to reform and live cleanly." And it seems but yesterday that our contemporary observed that Mr. Watts-Dunton looked like a sick walrus, and described another literary gentleman as a wooden fool, or words to that effect. The persons who have spit venom at this tender pelican should be severely reprimanded at once. It appears to us that the whole article is a veiled attack on *John Bull*. We should have thought that Mr. Harris's ideas of friendship would have prevented these distressing manifestations of "schadenfreude," not to say "groll" and "hak."

The drought in poetry continues. Out of a sort of radical stubbornness Mr. Massingham, it is true, sticks to his poet of the passionate feet and the surge-swept heart. The gentleman's latest effusion is not without merit. On the other hand, it abounds in flaws which a competent judge of poetry would not be disposed to pass, and some of the rhyming, as, for example, "laboured" with "dead" and "powers" and "bowers" with "ours," is a little forced. For reasons past finding out the average nonconformist appears to have made up his mind that "ours" and "hours" are dissyllabic words. Possibly his illusion comes of having heard his father call persistently for "'Alf Howers with the Best Authors." In any case it is a nonconformist illusion and a sure mark of the nonconformist poet. On the front page of the *Spectator* last week we read "Poetry: Blake's Spectacles," which looked promising, but Blake's spectacles—William Blake's spectacles, mind you—could move the *Spectator* poet to only five not altogether brilliant lines, beginning "These were his glasses." We can imagine Blake regarding curiously through these same glasses Mr. St. Loe Strachey and his poet. One wonders what he would think of them:

"Give me my bow of burnished gold,
Give me my arrows of desire,"

is slightly different from "these were his glasses." The *Saturday Review* has delighted us with the following illiterate stanzas:

When she-goats begged from Jove a beard,
The he-goats sad began to rage,
Because their dignity they feared
Would rivalled be by females sage.

* * *

And this the moral of my tale,
For ever bear with those who try
To ape your manly mien, but fail
In worth to reach your standard high.

The *Saturday Review's* "standard high" will "observed be" by everybody. For the rest, the *Athenæum* and the *Outlook* are discreetly dumb.

"VOTES FOR WOMEN"

MARK how their shining effigies are set
For ever on the firmament of Time,
Like lovely words caught in a lovely rhyme,
Or silver stars lapt in a faery net.
Ivory and marble keep them for us yet,
And all our blossomy memories of them chime
With all the daedal graces of the prime—
Helen, and Ruth, Elaine, and Juliet.

And You, in this disconsolate London square,
Flaunting an ill-considered purple hat
And mud-stained, rumpled, bargain-counter coat,
You of the broken tooth and buttered hair,
And idiot eye and cheeks that bulge with fat,
Sprawl on the flagstone chalking for a vote!

T. W. H. C.

THE SPHERE AND THE BUBBLE

THE *Sphere* is an illustrated newspaper, and it calls itself "an illustrated newspaper for the home." We shall not say that it is an uninteresting newspaper or that its steady advertising of Beecham's Pills, Allcock's Plasters, Scrubb's Ammonia, and Jewsbury and Brown's Tooth Paste is not profitable. In other words, besides being for the home, the *Sphere* is a very commercial paper indeed. There is no harm in commercialism properly considered. There is no sin or shame in plastering your columns with the advertisements of the family-medicine vendor, and there is no sin or shame in being associated with such a paper in a journalistic or other capacity, provided that the journalist or other person so associated contrives to remember always what manner of being he really is. The editor of the *Sphere*, as all men between Fleet Street and the Café Royal are aware, is one, Clement Shorter, a bosom friend of that great and good man, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, and a respected resident of St. John's Wood. Now, Mr. Shorter in his place is what might be termed a dear creature, and in his place we have not the smallest objection to or contempt for him. We have seen him described in print as "a great illustrated journalist," whatever that may mean, and there can be no doubt in the world that he turns out the *Sphere* in a thoroughly competent and satisfactory style—in a style, that is to say, which pleases both the sixpenny public and the sixpenny advertiser, thus killing as it were two birds with one stone. We should even go the length of saying that in his profession of "illustrated journalist" Mr. Shorter takes quite as high rank as the editors of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Graphic*, and the *Daily Mirror*, which, from Mr. Shorter's point of view, will be praise indeed. We like the *Sphere* to look at, we are acquainted with people who buy it "for the children," and we understand that it is much valued by invalids on account of the valuable hints they are able to get from its advertisements. We believe, further, that to have brought into being such a "property" as the *Sphere* now is may be safely reckoned something of a journalistic achievement, and for that achievement Mr. Shorter undoubtedly deserves—and gets—a proper share of credit. He is "Mr. Clement Shorter of the *Sphere*," and "as such" he is within his rights to hold up his head

with any successful journalist in London. So far so good. A wise man would be content with the honour and glory which are the natural perquisites of the journalist who has compassed what Mr. Shorter has compassed, and a wise man, as we know, is at any time worth a Jew's eye. But Mr. Shorter apparently cannot be content. He has triumphed signally in illustrated journalism; he enjoys the support and confidence of the domestic and travelling public and the distinguished patronage of the pill and salve makers; yet the soul of him sighs for other worlds to conquer. To cut a long story short, Mr. Shorter simply declines to be a mere journalist. And for a great many more years than we care to think about he has been striving with such might and main as in him lies to be taken and accepted and received and pasted up, not for a journalist, but for a man of letters. We will say nothing of his abiding works in literature, for these need no bush and are duly enumerated in the British Museum catalogue. Neither do we propose at the moment to discuss Mr. Shorter as "The Biographer of the Brontës" or as the contributor of a marvellous introduction to a recently-published selection from the poetical works of the late Lionel Johnson. It is with the Mr. Clement Shorter, who churns out for us "his delightful Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*, that we propose at the present juncture to deal. Of the general intention and merits of the "Literary Letter" in question much might be written which would be calculated to arouse mingled feelings in the Shorterian bosom. We will say of it, broadly, that it is intended to be gossipy and "topical," and that it is also intended to invest the *Sphere* with a sort of literary atmosphere, and to convince the world at large that Mr. Shorter is a man of letters who by force of circumstances has been compelled to condescend to journalism, rather than a journalist who has taken to literature as a "obby," and in lieu of golf or billiards or canary-breeding or postage-stamp collecting, as is the manner of eminent journalists. Inasmuch as the world, and particularly the literary world, is a patient and long-suffering and complacent affair, and inasmuch as Mr. Shorter is, as a rule, possessed of a mouthful of the honey of Hybla or Hymettus when he speaks to us of authors or publishers he has been allowed for years to spread his sweet leaves to the air and dedicate his beauty to the sun unadmonished, unproved, uncriticised and unchecked. And naturally he has proceeded in consequence, and probably without knowing it, from impertinence to impertinence. His offences have been numerous, and a catalogue of them would take up a great deal of space. Consequently, we shall glance only at what we consider to be one of his crowning efforts. From a recent "Literary Letter," signed "C. K. S.," we take the following:

I believe it is a theory of many eminent men of letters that our age cannot produce good poetry—that this is a scientific period, and that commercialism and science have killed the poet. I am waiting for the critic to arise who will smash this theory to atoms, who will show that there never was a more poetic age than ours, who will make it clear that Tennyson's theology transmitted in verse, and Mr. Browning's philosophy given to us more or less in the same medium, were by no means the high poetry that the last generation thought them. Someone will also have to prick the bubble of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and challenge the ready acceptance of an earlier generation and of the middle-aged people of to-day of the mechanical verse that appears in that anthology. It is quite remote from great poetry.

That Mr. Shorter should be "looking for a critic" what time himself and Dr. Nicoll and Mr. Thomas Secombe and Mr. Mackenzie Bell and Mr. Alan Northman still breathe the breath of life is a little astonishing; on the other hand, it is not astonishing at

all that Mr. Shorter should indulge the *New Age* and street-corner view of "In Memoriam" and apparently all Browning; though here again we have plain proof that he knows next to nothing about poetry, barring what he has been taught by the worst masters. No, the really startling, breath-taking, brilliant, arresting and impudent part of the paragraph is the reference to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." We must take leave in the interests, not only of poetry, but of criticism and even of journalism, forthwith to nail Mr. Shorter to his own counter in the matter of this so-called bubble. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" contains roughly a matter of three hundred and fifty poetical pieces, bearing beneath them such names as Shakespeare; Marlowe, Donne, Sidney, Wyatt, Barnefield, Spenser, Campion, Drummond, Milton, Marvell, Dryden, Beaumont, Shirley, Vaughan, Crashaw, Herrick, Lovelace, Jonson, Waller, Suckling, Wither, Fletcher, Cowley, Gray, Collins, Burns, Cowper, Carey, Rogers, Thomson, Blake, Prior, Shelly, Scott, Wordsworth, Moore, Keats, Byron, Southey, Hood, Lamb, and Coleridge. We will do Mr. Shorter the credit to suppose that his remark about mechanical verse does not refer to the whole of the poetry in the "Golden Treasury." At the same time, it is evident that he refers to a very great deal of it; otherwise he would not talk about pricking bubbles. Consequently, we will beg of him to be good enough to give us the titles of the pieces in the "Golden Treasury" which appear to him to justify his remarks. We should be disposed to wager that he will make a singular exhibition of himself if he attempts to oblige us. Mr. Shorter may be sure that there is absolutely nothing about Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" which requires to be pricked. It is Mr. Shorter who ought to be pricked and not Palgrave at all. Our advice to him is that he should apply for a course of literary training to that other brilliant judge of poetry, Mr. T. P. O'Connor (*vide* the advertisement in the *British Weekly*), and that after devoting himself for some weeks to this course and paying particular attention to the hints of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "eminent expert," he should read through the "Golden Treasury" with an humble and a contrite heart. There are doubtless a few pieces in the "Golden Treasury" which may not be quite to Mr. Shorter's taste. The "critic" who despises "In Memoriam" and suggests by implication that it is "quite remote from great poetry" will naturally find, say, Sidney's sonnet on "Sleep" or Collins's ode on the Passions a trifle mechanical. Fortunately, however, there are still people in the world who would prefer either of these trifling pieces to all the wonderful poetry in "Peter Pan," which, if we are to believe Mr. Shorter, has been proved to be "true poetry" by its "success." Mr. Shorter concludes his observations as to Browning, Tennyson and the "Golden Treasury" with the announcement that "we have the triumph of poetry in the success [again the success] of Mr. Graham Robertson's 'Pinkie and the Fairies.'" In this pregnant sentence, coupled with the reference to "Peter Pan," we have the key to the entire Shorterian situation. When Mr. Shorter wrote his paragraph he was not really thinking about poetry, or Tennyson, or Browning, or the "Golden Treasury." His thoughts were with Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Graham Robertson, and particularly with Mr. William Heineman, who is the publisher of "Pinkie and the Fairies." Mr. Shorter wished to express for the thousandth time his admiration for the success of Mr. Barrie, and he wished to bestow a patronising nod upon the success of "Pinkie and the Fairies" and upon the famous publishing house of Heineman. To accomplish this much in plain, unvarnished terms would, of course, have been somewhat unliterary and flat-footed from Mr. Shorter's point of view, and consequently he proceeded to belaud the Barrie and

Graham Robertson successes by dragging down "In Memoriam" and "Mr. Browning's Philosophy" and sneering at the "Golden Treasury." If Tennyson and "Mr. Browning" and Francis Turner Palgrave could re-visit the glimpses of the moon to-morrow Mr. Shorter would be the first to rush round to shove his card into their hands and to congratulate them upon their "success." He would "confess" that whatever carping critics might have to say about "In Memoriam" or "Mr. Browning's Philosophy" or Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" he, for his part, believed that all three of them must stand for "true poetry" because of their "success." He would congratulate their publishers; he would publish photographs of their wives' pet kittens; he would make pilgrimages to their houses; he would speak of them as his friends. And his paragraphs in their praise—at the expense of an earlier generation and "the middle-aged people of to-day"—would be innumerable and full of treacle. On the whole, critics of the Shorter stamp can be more than spared. For, although they pretend to be the friends of Literature, they are subconsciously its bitterest and most dangerous enemies. They look upon letters, not as a concern of the spirit or even of the intellect, but as a species of elegant business with which it is creditable to associate oneself for the purposes of professional or social advancement.

THOMAS HARDY

It is interesting to note the unthinking docility with which people will echo and re-echo a catchword or a cant phrase, concerning any author, which has sufficient substratum of truth to render it current and plausible. The bleat of the "Cotswold lions" has sounded its aggravating chorus now for many years to the effect that Mr. Thomas Hardy is a cynic and a misanthrope and a pessimist; we expect almost any day to hear him referred to as "the well-known pessimist" by innocent frequenters of public libraries—the fact being that a fair proportion of those who moisten and apply the ready-made label would be hard put to it to explain the difference between a pessimist and a taxidermist. For an author to be a pessimist it is not enough that he should deal with the darker side of life: he must show that his own personal feeling is inclined in that direction, and there is a detachment about Mr. Hardy's work which does not warrant such a conclusion; it renders him almost an ideal *raconteur*—a teller of tales, who leaves the reader to form his own opinions. In Mr. William Archer's "Real Conversations" we find Mr. Hardy expresses himself clearly on the point; "I believe," he says, "that a good deal of the robustious, swaggering optimism of recent literature is at bottom cowardly and insincere. . . . My pessimism, if pessimism it be, does not involve the assumption that the world is going to the dogs, and that Ahirman is winning all along the line. On the contrary, my practical philosophy is distinctly meliorist." It is too often forgotten that he has given us some idylls, such as "Under the Greenwood Tree," wherein scarcely any sorrow enters, and that the happy ending is by no means unknown in his books.

We are free to admit, on the other hand, that in the depiction of the sombre configurations of life, its predicaments, its tangled threads, its spoiled patterns, lies Mr. Hardy's strength; and often if it were not for the humour and the play of fancy which intersperse his gloomier scenes the heartbreak of it all would be well-nigh intolerable. The pressure of events that are merely related can accumulate relentlessly when the manner of their relation is so austere and incisive; who can forget the gradual overwhelming of hapless

"Tess" by the flood of circumstance? Then Mr. Hardy has another power which he shares with few—the faculty of calling into his service things insensate, outside the sphere of humanity, and investing them with a strange and prodigious significance; trees and clouds, rain and sunshine, night and morning, are deflected from their normal course and informed with a mood, a meaning, that urges his characters on or works in subtle connection with them at critical points in their careers. The surprising part of this potent descriptive gift is that it is employed so deliberately and with such patient precision of detail that inspiration seems lacking; more often than not it is by sheer aggregation that the emotions of Nature are sounded, and grafted into the acts of these Wessex men and women. The method is the antithesis of Ruskin's efflorescent language; it has none of the tenderness of Richard Jefferies' earthward pen; yet how it sets the stage for the actors! No one who has once read "The Return of the Native" can fail to remember how wonderfully the whole narrative is haunted by the melancholy expanse of Egdon Heath. On the very first page we feel a presentiment that it will be a dominant factor; in the twilight "the hollow stretch of whitish cloud shutting out the sky was as a tent which had the whole heath for its floor":

Looking upwards, a furze-cutter would have been inclined to continue work; looking down, he would have decided to finish his faggot and go home. The face of the heath by its mere complexion added half an hour to evening; it could in like manner retard the dawn, sadden noon, anticipate the frowning of storms scarcely generated, and intensify the opacity of a moonless midnight to a cause of shaking and dread. . . . The sombre stretch of rounds and hollows seemed to rise and meet the evening gloom in pure sympathy, the heath exhaling darkness as rapidly as the heavens precipitated it. And so the obscurity in the air and the obscurity in the land closed together in a black fraternisation, towards which each advanced halfway. The place became full of a watchful intentness now; for when other things sank brooding to sleep, the heath appeared slowly to awake and listen. Every night its Titanic form seemed to await something; but it had waited thus, unmoved, during so many centuries, through the crises of so many things, that it could only be imagined to await one last crisis—the final overthrow.

The first glimpse of the heroine comes as she stands tensely watching for her lover and listening to the wind:

Throughout the blowing of these plaintive November winds that note bore a great resemblance to the ruins of human song which remain to the throat of fourscore and ten. It was a worn whisper, dry and papery, and it brushed so distinctly across the ear that, by the accustomed, the material minutiae in which it originated could be realised as by touch. It was the united products of infinitesimal vegetable causes, and these were neither stems, leaves, fruit, blades, prickles, lichen, nor moss. They were the mummied heath-bells of the past summer, originally tender and purple, now washed colourless by Michaelmas rains, and dried to dead skins by October suns. . . . One inwardly saw the infinity of these combined multitudes, and perceived that each of the tiny trumpets was seized on, entered, scoured, and emerged from by the wind as thoroughly as if it were as vast as a crater.

The chapter in "Far From the Madding Crowd" entitled "The Gargoyle: Its Doings," contains a marvellous bit of this uncannily accurate description:

It was too human to be called a dragon, too impish to be like a man, too animal to be like a fiend, and not enough like a bird to be called a griffin. This horrible stone entity was fashioned as if covered with a wrinkled hide; it had short, erect ears, eyes starting from their sockets, and its fingers and hands were seizing the corners of its mouth, which they thus seemed to pull open to give free passage to the water it vomited. . . . Presently the gargoyle spat. In due time a small stream began to trickle through the seventy feet of

aerial space between its mouth and the ground, which the water-drops smote like duck-shot in their accelerated velocity. When the rain fell in a steady and ceaseless torrent the stream dashed downward in volumes. . . . The base of the liquid parabola has come forward from the wall, has advanced over the plinth mouldings, over a heap of stones, over the marble border, into the midst of Fanny Robin's grave. . . . The rich tawny mould was stirred into motion, and boiled like chocolate. The water accumulated and washed deeper down, and the roar of the pool thus formed spread into the night as the head and chief among other noises of the kind created by the deluging rain. The flowers so carefully planted by Fanny's repentant lover began to move and writhe in their bed. The winter-violets turned slowly upside-down, and became a mere mat of mud. Soon the snowdrop and other bulbs danced in the boiling mass like ingredients in a cauldron. Plants of the tufted species were loosened, rose to the surface, and floated off.

With the contrast between this gruesome picture and Tess Durbeyfield's first view of the Valley of the Great Dairies we must finish our glance at this phase of Mr. Hardy's art:

It was intrinsically different from the Vale of Little Dairies, which, save during her disastrous sojourn at Trantridge, she had exclusively known till now. The world was drawn to a larger pattern here. The enclosures numbered fifty acres instead of ten, the farmsteads were more extended, the groups of cattle formed tribes here about; there only families. . . .

The bird's-eye perspective before her was not so luxuriantly beautiful, perhaps, as that other one which she knew so well; yet it was more cheering. It lacked the intensely blue atmosphere of the rival vale, and its heavy soils and scents; the new air was clear, bracing, ethereal. The river itself, which nourished the grass and cows of these renowned dairies, flowed not like the streams in Blackmoor. These were slow, silent, often turbid; flowing over beds of mud into which the incautious wader might sink and vanish unawares. The Froom waters were clear as the pure River of Life shown to the Evangelist, rapid as the shadow of a cloud, with pebbly shallows that prattled to the sky all day long.

In the majority of novels scenery matters little; its description is often too obviously introduced as a form of padding out weak situations, and it affects neither the action nor the characters. In those under consideration it is inseparable from either, and cannot be in the smallest degree "skipped"; it sets the keynote of the story, round which the dreams and desires, the passions and pains of human beings harmonise and modulate in varying complementary chords—often fluctuating into discords, the resolution of which is inaudible, lost in the outer silence and shadows.

From this generalisation one or two books must be omitted—"The Trumpet-Major," for instance, where the scenery is more the casual accompaniment, beautifully suggested, but not an integral part of the story. In one sense this book is the least satisfactory of the Wessex novels, for it is impossible to avoid a feeling that sweet Anne Garland, fairest of millers' daughters, deserves a better fate than to be mated with Bob Loveday, who treats her so shabbily, and, like the legendary sailor, falls a ready victim to any woman's wiles as soon as ever he steps ashore from his voyages. John, the steadfast soldier, we conclude irresistibly, would have made her happier; and as the suspense is kept up to the very last, the disappointment comes upon the reader suddenly and rather keenly. Bob, we maintain, in direct opposition to one or two treatises on Mr. Hardy's work that have amazed us by their ineptitude, is not one of the most successful characters. Considered as a story, this book seems to need the cohesion and dramatic power which are so prominently displayed in many of the others; but this drawback is counterbalanced by its intense interest and skill as a vivid picture of the days when "there were two arch-enemies of mankind—Satan, as usual, and Buonaparte, who had sprung up and eclipsed his elder rival altogether." Few of Mr. Hardy's romances, he himself acknowledges, are so founded on fact—on actual occurrences—as this one; but in all the novels we have

that sublimation of the general into the typical, that expression of the type in the conversation and actions of a few, which is only possible in the careful and tireless hands of a literary master. Take, for an example of this peculiar adroitness, the inimitable rustics of Wessex. The dull man is not always a fool, neither is he necessarily a failure; were we, however, to meet some of these natives in the flesh we should probably find them extremely uninteresting and tedious at first. But fraternise with them—in the porch of the village hostelry, at merry-makings, after church, when and where you will—and often a kind of subtle, shrewd foolishness comes to the surface which could be reproduced by no 'prentice hand. Again and again Mr. Hardy seizes it unerringly with signal effect. Listen to the residents of Egdon chaffing each other round the bonfire; they have agreed that "Get out of my sight, you slack-twisted, slim-looking fool!" is rather a hard way of saying "No" to a man's proposal of marriage:

" . . . But even that might be overcome by time and patience, so as to let a few grey hairs show themselves in the hussy's head. How old be you, Christian?"

"Thirty-one last tatie-digging, Mister Fairway."

"Not a boy—not a boy. Still, there's hope yet."

"That's my age by baptism, because that's put down in the great book of the judgment-day that they keep down in the church vestry; but my mother told me I was born some time afore I was christened."

"Ah!"

"But she couldn't tell when, to save her life, except that there was no moon."

"No moon; that's bad. Hey, neighbours, that's bad for him?"

"Yes, 'tis bad," said Grandfer Cattle, shaking his head.

"Mother know'd 'twas no moon, for she asked another woman that had an almanac, as she did whenever a boy was born to her, because of the saying, 'No moon, no man,' which made her afraid every man-child she had. Do ye really think it serious, Mister Fairway, that there was no moon?"

"Yes; 'No moon, no man.' 'Tis one of the truest sayings ever spit out. The boy never comes to anything that's born at new moon. A bad job for thee, Christian, that you should have showed your nose then of all days in the month."

"I suppose the moon was terrible full when you were born?" said Christian, with a look of hopeless admiration at Fairway.

"Well, 'a was not new," Mr. Fairway replied, with a disinterested gaze.

Then there is the chatter of the old maltster in "Far From the Madding Crowd"—perhaps the country people in this delightful book are the best of all:

"Father's so old that 'a can't mind his age, can ye, father? And he's growed terrible crooked, too, lately," Jacob continued, surveying his father's figure, which was rather more bowed than his own. "Really, one may say that father there is three-double."

"Crooked folk will last a long while," said the maltster, grimly, and not in the best humour.

"Shepherd would like to hear the pedigree of yer life, father—wouldn't ye, shepherd?"

"Ay, that I should," said Gabriel, with the heartiness of a man who had longed to hear it for several months. "What may your age be, malter?" The maltster cleared his throat in an exaggerated form for emphasis, and elongating his gaze to the remotest point of the ashpit said, in the slow speech justifiable when the importance of a subject is so generally felt that any mannerism must be tolerated in getting at it, "Well, I don't mind the year I were born in, but perhaps I can reckon up the places I've lived at, and so get it that way. . . ."

He "reckons them up" lengthily, and then puts the triumphant question, "How much is that?"

"Hundred and seventeen," chuckled another old gentleman, given to mental arithmetic and little conversation, who had hitherto sat unobserved in a corner.

"Well, then, that's my age," said the maltster, emphatically.

"Oh, no, father!" said Jacob. "Your turnip-hoeing were in the summer, and your malting in the winter of the same years, and ye don't ought to count both halves, father."

"Chok! it all! I lived through the summers, didn't I? That's my question. I suppose ye'll say next I be no age at all to speak of?"

"Sure we shan't," said Gabriel, soothingly.

"Ye be a very old aged person, malter," attested Jan Coggan, also soothingly. "We all know that, and we must have a wonderful talented constitution to be able to live so long, mustn't he, neighbours?"

"True, true; ye must, malter, wonderful," said the meeting, unanimously.

Solomon Longways and his cronies, who enliven the pages of "The Mayor of Casterbridge"; the dairymaids in "Tess," all in love with Angel Clare; the picturesque gatherings in "Under the Greenwood Tree," these, and other equally lively passages, we must pass by with a mere allusion; they are all little well-defined portraits of the bucolic mind, and many of them might hold good at the present day in the more sequestered districts of Devon and Cornwall. Dorset, we fear, is by this time too near the centre of civilisation to retain many characters of such pristine innocence and rugged eccentricity.

In the accounts of the Maypole festivities, the "skimmity-ride," the November bonfires, and other ancient customs and ceremonies which are now either extinct or surviving only in remote quarters, Mr. Hardy has done good service as a historian. The scenes are made to live again before us, and the chatter of the villagers, their quaint, broad comments on local affairs, their enthusiasm and inoffensive egotism, are never-failing sources of amusement. Those who have been fortunate enough to witness the annual Whit-Monday practice of "Cheese-rolling" at Cooper's Hill, near Gloucester, where between a steep double line of hilarious humanity the round cheeses fly down the grassy slope and split into a hundred pieces over the cottage roofs far below; or those who have been in the town of Helston, Cornwall, on "Flora Day," will appreciate Mr. Hardy's preservation of these pictures, and regret the decadence of real folk-song and dance, the disappearance of those antiquated rejoicings which for unnumbered years expended harmlessly the superfluous energy of young and old. Railways, alas, have not been an untainted blessing.

A favourite theme of Mr. Hardy's is that of the woman established by force of circumstance in a slightly lower social position than that which is hers by birth or upbringing; or perhaps we ought rather to say that of the woman of a finer texture of mind and body than those with whom she is brought into contact day by day; the effect being somewhat similar in either case. Bathsheba Everdene, the lady sheep-rearer and farmer; Eustacia Vye, dark and proud and passionate, an exotic among the cottagers of Egdon Heath, ever craving for Paris and a fuller life; Lucetta Templeman and Elizabeth-Jane, whose dresses made the Casterbridge worthies stare; Marcia Bencomb wandering at the "Gibraltar of Wessex" in "The Well-Beloved"; and other instances, will occur to our readers as exemplifying this friction between life and location. In varying ways their fates are worked out: to happiness through much tribulation, as with Bathsheba, or to despair and death, as with poor Eustacia after her mistaken marriage, drowned in the weir-pool at Shadwater; and always the adherence of the true artist to probability is noticeable, even if we rebel—as who can help doing—at the pitiable finish of some of the attempts of these women to find the meaning of their existence—their final breaking on the wheel of vain desires.

The mention of the last-named book leads us to consider another phase of Mr. Hardy's performance—that represented by "Jude the Obscure" and "The

Well-Beloved." Here, we feel that the author is not treading his ground so surely. The grandeur and the supreme ironic force of "Tess" are wanting in the story of Jude; there seems to be a needless insistence upon the sordid aspects of passion; its atmosphere seems vitiated with a slight miasma as from incipient decay; there is, in spite of its cleverness, an insidious lowering of the tone and a clear dismissal of the finest qualities of art which so lift the previous books above the level of the average novelist. As for the other volume, it is a truly remarkable departure—a study of a man who in almost every woman he meets searches for the ultimate "Well-Beloved" who shall satisfy his peculiarly fastidious heart. To outline the story will be sufficient, and we need hardly comment on its extraordinary import. Jocelyn Pierston, a sculptor of budding fame, returns to his home in that "singular peninsula that stretches out like the head of a bird into the English Channel." After his absence abroad he finds himself strangely stirred by little Avice Caro, the daughter of a neighbour:

To tell the truth, his affection for her was rather that of a friend than of a lover, and he felt by no means sure that the migratory, elusive idealisation he called his Love, who, ever since his boyhood, had flitted from human shell to human shell an indefinite number of times, was going to take up her abode in the body of Avice Caro.

By page thirteen he has proposed to her, however; but on the very next page we find "he was full of mis-giving":

He had quite disabused his mind of the assumption that the idol of his fancy was an integral part of the personality in which it had sojourned for a long or short while. To his Well-Beloved he had always been faithful; but she had had many embodiments. . . . Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance; a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomised sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips.

Thus he oversets at one blow any idea of that sacred, indivisible union of body and soul which belongs to love and is ratified in marriage. Poor fellow—"in love" with a "subjective phenomenon!" And by page twenty-eight the "subjective phenomenon" has taken unto itself another female shape. Avice fails to keep an appointment; and in his walk Jocelyn overtakes a woman with a Juno-like face, who borrows five pounds from him, shares shelter with him in an old boat, and allows him to accompany her to Budmouth, his arm round her waist:

Somewhere about this time . . . he became conscious of a sensation which, in its incipient and unrecognised form, had lurked within him from some unnoticed moment when he was sitting close to his new friend under the lurret. . . . It meant a possible migration of the Well-Beloved. The thing had not, however, taken place; and he went on thinking how soft and warm the lady was in her fur covering, as he held her so tightly; the only dry spots in the clothing of either being her left side and his right, where they excluded the rain by their mutual pressure.

As they both happened to be bound for London, she out of pique at a quarrel with her father, he on business, they naturally travel up in the same compartment; and in the cab which conveys them from the station he is so convinced that the Well-Beloved has migrated that he bursts out, "My queenly darling! Instead of going to your aunt's, will you come and marry me?" She consents, in order to become independent, and they live for a few days at an hotel; but a tiff and a little sarcasm put an end to that incarnation of the "phenomenon." In the subsequent years the man follows the uncertain gleam, under various guises, until it concentrates in a fine searchlight upon a lady

he meets at an evening party. Unfortunately he hears news of the death of Avice, "the only woman he had never loved," and the fickle illumination fades—for the Well-Beloved has flown to the astral sphere, and Avice haunts him from the skies! He takes train to the West in time to see her funeral and brood awhile at her grave, but happens to glimpse Avice's daughter (Avice had married) through the windows of a house where she is a servant, and, presto!—there is no need to tell what happened. Immediately he transfers his residence to her neighbourhood, and discovers that though he is forty and she twenty he wishes to marry her. But, to his utter astonishment, she confesses that she also suffers from the same complaint:

"What I see in one young man for a while soon leaves him and goes into another yonder, and I follow, and then what I admire fades out of him and springs up somewhere else; and so I follow on, and never fix to one. I have loved *fifteen* already!"

This naturally upsets his programme. Later, Avice the second, having fallen in love, *pro tem.*, with someone forbidden, is anxious to get away for a time, and Pierston takes her to London as a servant in his flat. He still asks her to marry him, whereupon she says she is already secretly married to a quarryman at home, but separated through the usual incompatibility; he then escorts her back and brings about a reconciliation. Twenty more years pass by. He is sixty-one, well-preserved, and, the husband of Avice the second having died, he comes to England from Rome prepared to wed her out of friendship. But, alas! her daughter—Avice the first's grand-daughter—passes the window, a modern young miss of about twenty, trim and pretty, and *voilà* Avice the third and a belated edition of the Well-Beloved! The third Avice he woos somewhat diffidently, and, by reason of her mother's wish to see her comfortably settled, she accepts him. But on the eve of the wedding she meets a former lover in distress and runs away with him; and this lover turns out to be the stepson of the Juno before-mentioned, who had eloped with Pierston long ago. "Juno"—Marcia Bencourt—comes to see him about it, nurses him through an illness, and finally these two old people marry, sadly enough, the fervours of youth all past, the valley of the shadow not far away.

Knowing so well what Mr. Hardy can do, we feel that this sort of thin psychological adventure is somewhat beneath his talent, and however sincerely he may have intended the book it seems to strike a wrong note.

In so brief a survey of the Wessex novels as this must necessarily be it is not possible to enlarge upon many aspects of them; it would be interesting to follow out in detail the story of "Tess," Mr. Hardy's undoubted masterpiece, and to see how essentially pure her nature was in the face of condemnatory facts. It would be too broad an assertion to say that Mr. Hardy exalts the man and Mr. Meredith the woman, but it is justifiable to compare the women-characters of the two great writers; with the one they are so full of suffering, so grimly hounded by fate; with the other they are so vivacious, so brilliant, so victorious. With one they are loved for their sensuous charm; with the other men love them for their spiritual and bodily beauty. This is, of course, generalisation, and they move in different spheres; but the comparison is illuminating and not without profit.

We have no space to do more than mention the short stories, and that charming little book, "Two on a Tower," which, as far as we can ascertain, is unfamiliar to most of Mr. Hardy's admirers. But we wish, in conclusion, that before Mr. Hardy forsakes his fair land of Wessex to embark on the construction of epic poetry he would give the world a novel—a cheerful

one—to balance against the sadness of "Tess." The pair would then, with the chosen volumes of the other two masters, rank among the finest and most representative works of English literature in the domain of fiction.

THE CONVERSATIONALIST

It was no exaggeration to say that the river flowed beneath his windows. Pent into a narrow tunnel after its freedom of meadows and poplars, it travelled swiftly under the old mill and emerged in a flouncing fan of white water directly below his room, hasty and eager to greet the daylight again. In the morning, when he awoke, the confused noise mingled in his ears with the songs of many birds, and soon the steady thudding of the moss-grown flats of the giant old wheel as it rumbled round in its dark, streaming chamber would send a faint tremor through the walls; half-awake, he would imagine he was on board some huge paddle-steamer, labouring in a heavy sea. At night, the roar of waters wove a muffled lullaby that projected itself into his dreams, dwindling or growing as sleep laid her hand heavily or lightly upon him.

During the first few days of his stay, as he listened, he had disentangled from the din two voices, one deep and hollow, the other sibilant and whispering, and he knew that they held continual conversations together. Once or twice he caught at their meaning and stretched out his arms, saying quietly, quickly: "Yes, yes!" but even as the thought came to him the thrill was gone, and the noise of the water relapsed to a mere puling chatter of trivialities. In the daytime the diapason of the wheel sometimes overwhelmed the conversation, and then he would wander along the river-bank to watch how the water curved in shining lines round meadow-corners, and note how, wherever there was an eddy, there existed a whisper of sound, so elusive that he had to bend down closely to catch it; a bird's drowsy note near by would overcome it. He knew, by-and-by, every point near the mill where there was a little voice. From under the rushes, where the stream swung along rather quickly, rose a quaint, sleepy trickle like the preoccupied murmur of a girl-child talking to herself among her toys. Farther down, where an endless procession of tiny whirlpools screwed themselves into the grass and vanished, a soft, faltering sound prevailed; a sound to the ear as October gossamer is to the eye. He pictured a woman speaking below her breath with her lips close to other lips that whispered pensive answers; there were silences, pauses of a minute or two, and then, as more little vortices spun to the bank and unravelled against the dusky yellow stems, the voices would begin again, shyly, dreamily. He thought, as he listened, that the woman's eyes would be shut. This led him to wonder whether, some day long ago, a woman had been drowned there, and he fancied a white arm flung carelessly across the brown, earthy edge.

But at noon, the hour when the old wheel rested, he returned to the mill to gaze at the released waters, and to listen. They were more riotous; the words were more easy to the ear, the large, low words.

To-day, somehow, he seemed nearer to their meaning than ever before. The sun crept round until it shone full upon that wonderful snowy labyrinth, striking into it a dazzling sheen as of a million falling diamonds, building, twenty times a minute, faultless little rainbows in the spray, increasing the greys of the bank to greens, the browns to reds, finding in the ancient walls that rose straight from the pool unsuspected spots of purple and gold. Whenever the light touched the water, the listener found that he was on the point of comprehending what was astir between those ceaseless voices. Over there, in the corner, too,

was a curl of spent foam marvellously like a face—a woman's face, white as a snowdrop's petals; and below it streamed out a long, dark patch of weed that waved like blown, heavy hair. . . . He clutched the rails and leaned forward; but a cloud drifted across the sun, and the waters became a noise. He looked up, watching the ruffled silver edge of the cloud, waiting for it to sail by; but behind it came another, and still another, so that the sunshine swept round beyond where he stood, touching a field here and there a mile away, making a green flame of a chestnut-grove on the side of a hill, sending a shaft as clear and straight as a search-light upon a little white, distant farm—leaving him always the centre of a patch of shadow that changed its shape but would not pass. He turned away with a sigh.

Sunset found him again by the mill, for the old wheel was silent then once more. Reluctantly, as though loth to lose their great illuminator, the clouds let the round red globe sink towards the horizon, and the last level spears of radiance shot across the rushing waters, so that the diamonds were changed to gold. The man lingered, his eyes seeking for that curl of white, that face in the foam, that sinuous, moving weed that looked so like a woman's hair unbound; but the pool was darkening, and the commotion bewildered him; he lost the vision of the lustrous morning.

The last rich splendours faded in the west, leaving high, cool primrose-spaces and long, low bars of cloud burning duskily below them. Opposite, where the vapours of evening still held pink reflections of the glory just ended, the earth-line, swinging slowly eastward, disclosed the dreamy, solemn oval of the full moon. From the colour of ruddy firelight, golden-brown, it paled through deep daffodil to the hue of spun silk, till presently, like a silvern shield hung on the wall of heaven, it glinted on the mill-pool and the silent, lonely figure that leaned against the low rail. Down in the tranquil backwater its sallow image elongated itself curiously until it might have been an opal goblet, held in the languid hand of some water-sprite lazily floating and dreaming; at intervals it would be covered with a thin veil of ripples that ravelled and unravelled as the current stirred the pool with invisible fingers. A wild-fowl splashed at the bank, whirring her wings; the opal goblet broke into a thousand quick, flashing fragments, a maze of tangled light and mysterious, whimsical lines, then re-gathered into the misshapen, wavering moon-face, gazing passionlessly, purely up at the faint, fine stars. The breeze that had sprung up at sunset freshened to a warm, fragrant wind.

The man turned to the falling mill-race once more—those diamonds that had changed to gold an hour ago were now like sparkling facets of silver, brilliant, living drops that sprayed up into the air and danced and whirled down to mingle their radiance with the long lines of foam spinning off below. He looked eagerly at them, for the soft enchantment of that perfect light enveloped all. It showed the snowy fan of waters; it showed the clear brown edge where the old walls left the pool; it showed . . . yes, it showed that curl of spent foam so wonderfully like a woman's face—and there, too, waved that blown, loosened hair. He listened. The voices began—he knew they would; they answered one another. he was sure, and his pale face strained forward in the moonlight, minute after minute, intent upon that vague, sibillant conversation. And as he listened a heavy hand of cloud slowly, cruelly clenched over the moon and would not let it go.

Suddenly listless, the man moved away. For the woman's face had blurred to a mere quivering oval of foam, and the voices were meaningless. "To-morrow," he said, whispering, "to-morrow I shall see her . . . and hear her voice."

REVIEWS

KNOWLEDGE AND FAITH

Old Beliefs and Modern Believers. By PERCY ANSLEY ELLIS, Vicar of St. Mary's, Westminster. (Andrew Melrose, 3s. 6d.)

FAITH is old, and immutable; knowledge is progressive, and leads incessantly towards change and correction; hence in the minds of all thinking persons arises the conflict of idea and thought which has shown itself in a hundred different ways since scientists and Egyptologists have given to the world their discoveries, their theories, and their emendations of previously sanctioned truths. To accept the great doctrines of Christianity and all they involve, unquestioningly and absolutely, may be possible to the simple and tranquil souls for whom all varieties of creed are reduced to the formulated platitudes of a Methodist pulpit, or to those whose intellectual balance suffers no derangement from the strepitous impact of a Sankey's "hymn" with its assertive rhythm and a "refrain"; but there are many who cannot take such vitally important matters on trust. Their power of ratiocination will not be quashed by mere statements, nor calmly relegated to oblivion; they desire some distinct proof to dissect, some evidence with which to grapple, some virile proposition to wrestle with, to throw or be overthrown—better than indifference or atrophy. For this most valuable contingent of possible adherents—valuable because its majority consists of keen men of business, men of letters, men of the world in the capable sense—this book has apparently been written, and although we cannot agree with all its conclusions, it appears to us a careful, thoughtful, and earnest attempt to dispel those insidious forms of doubt to which the type of mind we have indicated will always be a prey.

It is no trivial thing to take up the pen in defence or in elucidation of sacred truths; it is a task to be performed with prayer and fasting, and the recognition that whoso deals with human souls deals with mysterious forces, and must do so in full assurance of his authority, lest his presumption result in untold harm and misery. The hand reached out to save the man who stands insecurely on the rock perilous may easily slip and push him to destruction; we are, therefore, glad to find that the author of this little treatise realises his position, reasons calmly, strives to reconcile without undue straining the fundamental truths of religion with the modern tendency to argument and criticism. "Loyalty to Christianity," he observes, "demands no sacrifice of truth, and no refusal of anything that can rank as fact. We cannot harbour the slightest fear that Nature has facts to disclose that can imperil Christianity." We might go a step farther, and say that loyalty to Christianity demands acceptance of natural truths, and that the facts disclosed by Nature, or, rather, by our more complete comprehension of her, will strengthen the faith of those whose outlook is not merely superficial: they were none the less facts before we discovered them. At the same time, the danger is pointed out of allowing the easy doctrine of "God in Nature" to degenerate into a kind of Pantheism, which regards Nature "as the complete expression of God, and makes no distinction between man and God."

Some of the statements are a little too sweeping. "There is nothing in the Bible to suggest that man began at the top and was degraded by sin." We do not find this surprising assertion proved at all satisfactorily—the writer goes on to remark that St. Paul's theory of the relation between Adam and his posterity occurs incidentally in two passages (Rom. v. 12-21;

1 Cor. xv. 22). "If these two passages were lost, nothing else in the New Testament would suggest the popular version of the effects of Adam's sin." But they are not lost; and can we not draw a considerable number of inferences?

However we may differ on two or three points, still we can concur in several chapters of the book; we feel that the author has put his case plainly and judiciously, and that a goodly proportion of those who read will have reason to be grateful to him. His work does not err, as too often similar books do, in overlooking the fact that mystery is an essential part—a corollary—of faith. "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, *the evidence of things not seen*," said the indomitable apostle—one can almost hear his voice ringing, see his eyes shining. "I am persuaded," he cries, "that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God." Do we really need much book-learning, many expositors, after that magnificent, triumphant avowal?

AMONG THE HILLS

British Mountaineering. By C. E. BENSON. (Routledge, 5s.)

FROM that wonderful age when the child surveys the first flight of stairs and ponders upon what manner of sensation it might be to reach the summit unaided, to the time when, no longer a child, he gazes enviously at the inaccessible snow-peak of some cloud-beleaguered Alp, half hidden, half revealed in tantalising splendour, the instinct to climb is one of the strongest implanted in human nature. We must ascend, even though it be only to the top of some slippery, sea-washed boulder, or up the grassy slope of a smooth Sussex hill. And if there be many among us—we can well believe it so—who would rather sit by the fire and read this book than emulate its author in his hair-raising exploits, there are many others to whom it will prove but an additional incentive to essay the crags and tors that rise within the easy reach of a railway journey, in our own islands. It is not given to all of us to be sure-footed and clear-headed on dizzy heights, but much may be accomplished by practice—even persons with weak hearts need not despair, according to Mr. Benson. The secret is to take ascents steadily, without haste, and with precautions such as a good equipment and a well-packed provision-pocket in the rucksack; items one would imagine to be unnecessarily emphasised, yet which are disregarded or overlooked even by men whose experience should have taught them better.

No attempt is here made to dwell on the poetic or scenic aspect of mountaineering; there is not a sentence of "padding"; the book is severely practical, and no one who intends during the coming summer to make a sojourn in the Lake district (which is, of course, the Mecca of English climbers) should neglect to take it with him. It is full of good advice to beginners, hints and cautions, too, that will not come amiss to more advanced students of the art. Discussing the advisability of careful management of the rope, the writer says:

Twenty feet is not very far to fall, but anyone who walks out of his drawing-room window into his area would find it quite far enough. Sixty feet is no great height, either, but it would serve. Anyone who questions this has only to step off the coping of an ordinary London West End house on to the pavement to be convinced.

The novice is warned that his legs are stronger than his arms. "Of course," says Mr. Benson, "one

would think he knew that, but he never by any chance acts as if he thought so. He pulls himself up with his hands, whereas he should push himself up with his feet." And, again, with regard to keeping cool, we have excellent advice:

There is not much good in losing your temper with a mountain. The mountain does not mind, and you only make a fool of yourself. . . . More than once I have been out with a beginner, who, after conscientiously loafing and zig-zagging up a hundred feet or so of grass slope announces crossly his intention of going straight ahead at "the beastly thing," and having done with it, and away he goes accordingly, digging in his toes and lifting himself with a small group of muscles, to arrive in triumph at the top, three minutes before the other man, who is following with leisurely zig-zags—but a bit done up, whereas the tortoise is as fresh as when he started, and perhaps fresher. The importance of the zig-zag as a saving of labour in ascending can hardly be exaggerated.

Many thrilling incidents are related where a slip or a fault has nearly caused disaster, and generally the humorous side of affairs strikes the author forcibly, so that the book is at times provocative of an unexpected laugh.

We are sorry that Mr. Benson has had no experience of Cornwall. Some delightful cliff and rock "scrambles" are to be had at several parts of the coast of that rugged county, and the colours of the rocks, especially towards the Land's End, are surprisingly beautiful. Many of the secluded and practically unknown little bays on both north and south coasts offer granitic pinnacles and "chimneys" which no climber need be ashamed to try, even if only for the sake of novelty and practice. But, of course, we admit that for such sport as can come under the legitimate title of mountaineering the enthusiast must travel northward-ho.

The photographs are an excellent aid to the text—some of them illustrate positions that look quite dangerous enough to satisfy the epicure in risky feats—and the list of districts where "sport" may be had will be of great value; it includes England, Scotland, and Wales, Ireland not appearing in the volume, save in a passing allusion. The inclusion of a chapter of medical hints—what to do in case of accident—was a happy idea, and goes to show the care and thoughtfulness with which the author set about his task. It has evidently been a labour of love, and it was very well worth doing.

THE CHILD AND THE CATECHIST

Church Teaching for Church Children. By the REV. J. N. NEWLAND-SMITH, M.A. (A. R. Mowbray and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d. net.)

ONE of the most interesting features in the religious history of the nineteenth century has been the remarkable development of the Sunday School. There can be little doubt that to the work accomplished by these valuable institutions can be traced that zeal for the religious instruction of the young which is now, happily, characteristic of the Church of England as a whole. They have been nurseries of good churchmanship. Many a man to-day will thankfully and proudly admit that he owes whatever of good there is in him to the teaching he received in his Sunday-school days. There is, however, another side to the picture, and one which candour compels us to insist upon. The advent of the Sunday-school teacher was accompanied by the decay, and ultimately by the extinction, of the catechist:

The Curate of every parish shall diligently, upon Sundays and Holy-days, after the second Lesson at Evening Prayer,

openly in the church instruct and examine so many children of his parish sent unto him, as he shall think convenient, in some part of this Catechism.

So runs a now practically neglected rubric in the Book of Common Prayer. The reasons for the gradual disuse of this laudable practice are not difficult to surmise. The growth of population and the somewhat abnormal conditions of city life combine to render its retention a matter of extreme difficulty. In the majority of cases the parish priest—already unduly handicapped by a variety of entirely superfluous duties—has been content to hand over the spiritual instruction of the children of his parish to the voluntary Sunday-school teachers. These, doubtless, have done their best. Unhappily, however, in many cases, that best has not been good enough. They have been men of unflagging industry, of warm sympathy and of an entirely commendable patience. But too often they have lacked the necessary training, and the success of their efforts has been incommensurate with the labour that has been bestowed upon them. In these days when secular education is receiving so much attention it is more than ever necessary that the Sunday-school teacher should not be found walking in old and outworn paths. He must be at least as fully equipped for his task as the mathematical master or the instructor in physical science. Our children are critical. They are as quick to detect a flaw in argument as to note any appearance of insincerity or mere perfunctoriness on the part of their teachers. Such things they resent, and the influence which the teacher might otherwise have established over his pupils is considerably impaired, if not, indeed, hopelessly lost.

The absence of satisfactory manuals of instruction for the teacher is undoubtedly one of the causes of the present unsatisfactory method of Sunday-school teaching. Such books are few and far between. The best of them might possibly be counted upon the fingers of two hands. As Mr. Percy Dearmer remarks, in his excellent introduction to this book:

Our widespread failure to achieve any noticeable results from a century of Sunday School work is no doubt due to the fact that few are sufficiently gifted as to be able to make bricks without straw. We did our best, those of us who had determined to learn the art of teaching, with such books as we had, and we gradually drew up manuscript books of our own; but the lay teachers, upon whom most of the work has fallen, had neither the libraries nor the leisure for so much literary endeavour, and we clergy were but average men doing our average little best, without guidance, without tradition, and without previous training.

Happily it is possible to praise "Church Teaching for Church Children" unreservedly. Mr. Newland-Smith has written a book for which every parish priest, catechist and Sunday-school teacher should be sincerely grateful. Certainly we have never met with a more thorough or comprehensive exposition of the main principles of the Catholic faith, or one more admirably adapted to the requirements of children. Mr. Newland-Smith's method is entirely individual, though it presents some interesting points of contact to that of the Sulpicians. The book is divided into three sections, each of which covers the lessons for a whole year. The Catechism is minutely dissected, and every clause explained with the greatest care and in the simplest terms. In addition to this, the lessons are arranged in small groups, which are followed by some very useful "revisions." By this means the scholar is not allowed to forget the substance of what he has been taught in the foregoing instructions. Mr. Newland-Smith is peculiarly apt in his illustrations, which are gleaned from a variety of fields. One instance will suffice for the purpose of quotation. He is speaking of the hotly-debated subject of auricular confession:

We may take (he writes) a common-sense illustration of this. If you want a jug of water you generally go to the tap and draw it. The water does not come from the tap, though it does come from the tap; it comes from the waterworks.

Forgiveness comes from God, through the priest. He only conveys God's forgiveness, just as the tap only conveys the water. Yet people often say: "I do not want any priest to come between my soul and God." Suppose they said: "I do not want any tap to come between my water and me. I shall stand my jug out into the back garden and wait till it rains. I prefer to get my water straight from heaven." We should think them rather foolish, though they could get a jug of water in that way.

This extract will serve to indicate Mr. Newland-Smith's point of view, which is that of a loyal Catholic and Churchman. Readers may accept our assurance that in this volume there is no paltering with the eternal verities, no timid evasions or half-truths. The author may be warmly congratulated on performing for the children of this country a service no less important than that rendered to the children of France by Mgr. Dupanloup.

GENERAL LEE

General Lee: Man and Soldier. By THOMAS NELSON PAGE. (T. Werner Laurie, price 6s.)

MR. PAGE has taken for his hero one of the most fascinating personalities of modern times, the Bayard of the New World, and one of the most skilled soldiers and magnetic leaders of all times. His name perhaps does not remain in memory like that of some others, partly because his career ended in defeat (but so did Napoleon's) and partly because he did not hold the stage long enough to impress himself on the mind of the world so deeply as other great captains have done. In America his name is immortal, and so it will be among students of the art of war for all time. This volume appears opportunely, for it is well that we should read of Lee just as America has been celebrating the centenary of Abraham Lincoln—the Carnot, the organiser of victory for the North. These two great men were reared in surroundings as different as it is possible to conceive. But nobility was innate in both—in Lincoln, the log-roller of Illinois, as in Lee, the son of an old Virginian house, of an old English stock. Both were animated with true patriotism. Perhaps most of us will acclaim Lincoln's as the higher, and he offered the command of the armies of the Union to Lee. But Robert Lee had some of the defects as he had to such a great degree the merits of his qualities. He held State above country—and who can blame him, considering which was his State? Virginia is associated with all that is noblest and most attractive in all the Americas, and not only in the United States; and, as Mr. Page tells us on page 38, "Lee had from his boyhood been reared in the Southern school of States Rights, as interpreted by the Conservative statesmen of Virginia." That conception of States Rights cannot be given better expression than in the words of Robert Lee's father, a Governor of Virginia, who in the Virginian Convention, while advocating the ratification of the constitution of the United States, said in debate: "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." We are reminded of the passionate esteem in which the traditions and opinions of a father were held in old Virginia. "Political views were as much inherited as religious convictions." Then, too, we read that at the Military Academy at West Point the text-books in use there taught the absolute right of a State to secede and the primary duty of each man to his native State. In such surroundings of thought was Robert Lee born on the 19th January, 1807, at Stratford, on a plateau

about a mile from the south bank of the Potomac. Mr. Page describes Stratford as "a massive brick mansion . . . which, even in its dilapidation, looks as if it might have been built by Elizabeth and bombarded by Cromwell." The Lees themselves were scions of a family "ancient enough to have fought at Hastings and to have followed Richard of the Lion Heart to the Holy Land." The Lees were the neighbours and kinsmen of George Washington, who was ever the great Southern leader's ideal. Robert Lee graduated in war during the Mexican campaign, where he received in succession the brevets of Major, Lt.-Colonel and Colonel, and at the end of the war was declared by his chief, General Scott, to be "the greatest living soldier in America"; and later the same general declared him "the greatest soldier now living in the world." Then Mr. Page says himself, "On the 10th January, 1807, was born Robert E. Lee, whom we of the South believe to have been not only the greatest soldier of his time and the greatest captain of the English-speaking race, but the loftiest character of his generation; one rarely equalled and possibly never excelled in all the annals of the human race!"

He goes on to quote Lord Wolseley, who has said: "According to my notion of military history there is as much instruction both in strategy and in tactics to be gleaned in General Lee's operations of 1862 as there is to be found in Napoleon's campaign of 1796." He who will pit himself against our great Field-Marshal in military controversy will be a brave man.

Well, then, starting in such superlatives, why has Mr. Page taken up such a defensive position on behalf of his hero? For defensive it is, almost apologetic. He says he is repelling the charge that Lee was not loyal, that he was a rebel and an egotist. He defends his position well. He shows us the heart-searchings of this noble-minded man when the time came for decision between Virginia and the Union; his decision, too, to leave the career of arms and never to draw sword save in defence of his country. He shows, too, his love of freedom, for he manumitted his slaves (his *servants*, he called them) before the war began, and how he ever thought for them. But is this long defence needed? To most of us Robert E. Lee has ever been even the character which these pages once more show him. Another line of defence is against the charge that Lee was only great in defence, that in offensive military operations he failed.

Here Mr. Page is not so strong, for his methods of narrative are very faulty. Military students have never had any doubt of the supreme merit of Lee's 1862 campaign and of his generalship universally. His daring, brilliant strategy, his bold turning movements, his rapid changes of position and front will be the admiration of all time. He never once failed when properly backed up. When he and Stonewall Jackson worked together they were invincible against any reasonable odds. Had Jackson lived and commanded Lee's right at Gettysburg, instead of Longstrut, the result of the day might have been reversed. Lee had there a bulldog soldier, who would not take the risks to attack Meade's flank when ordered. He wasted eight hours of priceless time while pick and shovel were at work to make a vulnerable position unassailable and while reinforcements rolled in to Meade's position.

Mr. Page deprecates his power of describing Lee's military exploits, and then proceeds to do so in much detail. Here is where he fails. Though evidently a close and accurate student of the great campaign, his narrative is very tedious to follow. He gives us no map. Now, even the readers of his own country must surely find some difficulty in tracing the quickly-told movements of either Army. Even the closest student of any campaign asks for the help of a skeleton map to enable him to retrace familiar paths of war. Similarly it is a severe strain to locate the place in either

army of the generals of different units. Brigade is sent from Division, Division from Army Corps (each designated by the name of its general) without any introductory note to show that the lesser was a part of the greater unit. Mr. Page's sentences, too, are at times of quite unusual length, exacting the very close attention of the reader.

Subject to this criticism, the book is quite readable, and Robert E. Lee, general and leader, Christian and gentleman, is made known to us very intimately. In no scene do his qualities shine out more brilliantly than in the last of all, when he surrendered his Army of the South to General Grant, to whose generosity, too, due credit is paid.

"What will history ask of the surrender of an army in the field?" asked an officer of his staff in passionate grief.

"Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand that we were overwhelmed by numbers; but that is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender this army? If it is right, then I will take the responsibility."

NOVELLA TEBE

The Story of Pisa. By JANET ROSS and NELLY ERICHSEN. Illustrated by NELLY ERICHSEN. (Mediaeval Town Series, J. M. Dent and Co., 5s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net.)

THE in attractive titles, a "Vade mecum" or "Hand-book," which Mrs. Ross and Miss Erichsen naturally avoid, nevertheless accurately describe their attractive little volume. It is more than a guide-book and scarcely a history, for it begins with a sketch of Pisa from the remotest times and ends with a useful list of hotels where visitors may expect tolerable accommodation or something better. There is also a plan of the town as it stands and an index. It is, in fact, exactly the book to guide the visitor by day and amuse him during idle evenings, and it is written throughout with intelligence and enthusiasm.

Mrs. Ross alone is responsible for the first hundred pages, which relate the history of Pisa. Unlike more ambitious historians, who, in order to develop historical theories of their own, double through time like hares, she is content to chronicle as many concurrent events as she can deal with clearly, in the order in which time developed them. It must be admitted that her sketch is rather fatiguing to the mind, for it contains too many facts crowded into a small space. She might have omitted some, leaving sufficient to interpret their monuments or lesser memorials existing in Pisa at the present day. She herself seems a little confused by the remotest and most uncertain events, for the antiquity of Pisa can scarcely be said to approach the boundaries of imagination, compared with the antiquity of many other cities—say Knossos. "The volcanic spiritual force which was pent within the small town," as Mrs. Ross describes the Pisan spirit, really is astounding. It seems as if every Pisan born between 1000 and 1400 must have been "a great-hearted gentleman"; a character which by no means hindered the city's prominence even among all the cities of Europe, in crimes of violence and treachery. Yet its merits deserved the eulogy and protection of St. Bernard. It is not surprising if the expenditure of so much force exhausted the Pisan race. From the beginning of the seventeenth century the Pisan spirit disappears, and the Medici family occupies its place in the history of the city. In order to realise the greatness of that spirit while it lasted, Mrs. Ross dwells rightly on its influence and extension outside its own territory. Being the most powerful and advanced of Ghibiline cities, yet often attached by sentiment to the person of Popes, Pisa frequently acted on equal terms

with the Empire, the Papacy and other great Powers. It subdued Sardinia, Corsica, the Balearic Islands and large parts of Sicily. It planted colonies and exchanges on all the shores of the Mediterranean, in the valley of the Nile, and on the banks of the Orontes; it maintained its own courts of justice at Acre, Joppa, Jerusalem, Antioch, Laodicea, Damietta and Tunis. Its *Consuetudine di Mare*, approved by Henry IV. in 1063 and Gregory VII. in 1075, mark the beginning of international maritime law. When we reflect that our own naval supremacy was largely built up on piracy five hundred years later, we gain an idea of the civilisation to which Pisa had attained in many directions before the Norman Conquest. It was this expansiveness and civilisation which both inclined and enabled the Pisans to fill their city with far-distant treasures, the remains of which are still to be found there.

The description of the city as it now is, with pen and pencil, is due to Miss Erichsen. Her thirty illustrations, though slight, and often on too small a scale, are correctly drawn, and with two exceptions only, apposite to her text. She generally avoids the mere prettiness into which facile sketchers are apt to fall. She is a pleasant and well-instructed guide. The depraved belfry, the Tower of Famine, with its "famous Erl of Pise," the *Campo Santo*, with its miraculous earth, the *Duomo*, without and within, and *S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno*, have all been described so often that Miss Erichsen's careful descriptions need no special comment. Since such conspicuous monuments serve as advertisements to attract foreign money, they are more likely to escape modern Italian taste and cupidity. But a breach has already been made in the City-walls, and there is no knowing how soon a municipal syndicate may be interested in house-breaking or reconstruction, nor how long lesser treasures may escape the entire destruction of the *Porta Romana*, or the deformation already suffered by *S. Maria della Spina*, *S. Sepolcro*, *S. Martino in Chin-sica*, *S. Maria delle Carmine*, *S. Marta*, *S. Sisto*, *S. Anna*, and *S. Vito*. The Medici indeed made many alterations, but they left much in their place, and nothing like the statue of Victor Emanuel in its "banal square," behind the "paltry barrier." More welcome, therefore, are Miss Erichsen's descriptions of the lesser monuments, which have suffered less, the *campanili* of *S. Caterina*, *S. Silvestro*, and *S. Niccolò*, and the churches, *S. Pietro in Vincolis*, *S. Andrea Foris-portæ*, *S. Michele in Borgo*, *S. Paolo in Orto*, *S. Stefano de' Cavalieri*, *S. Frediano*, and *S. Caterina*. The last is also full of memories of St. Thomas, and with *S. Domenico*, of the other great Dominican luminary, St. Catherine of Siena. *S. Francesco* is especially connected with St. Francis himself, and with Alberto, whom he sent to introduce the Franciscan Order into England, and who died and was buried at Oxford. The palaces of the city, to which Miss Erichsen devotes a separate chapter, have inevitably and naturally undergone more changes than the churches, in fulfilment of the purpose which they were built to serve, human habitation. They have been altered to meet the requirements of each successive owner, whose necessities appear mingled not unpleasantly in their fabric. The *Palazzo Gambacorti* is haunted, as by ghosts, by that great Pisan family and by the Emperor Charles IV., and the *Palazzo Granduca* and the *Palazzo Vecchio* by the still greater Medici. In a little house off the *Via della Fortezza*, Galileo was born. To many visitors the *Palazzo Lanfranchi* is more interesting because Byron hired it, and one of the *Tre Palazzi*, "a prim, square, white house," because Shelley lived in it, than for any charms of architecture which they may still possess. The *Museo Civico* also is more

lively to those who seek history and life than are most of those rather dreary mausoleums of dismembered works of art, often disguised by ignorant restoration. Here is a fragment of the Great Girdle, many coins and seals of the city, needlework and ornaments, and a collection of *targoni*, banners, and other insignia of the *giuoco del ponte*. Since the game was a public one, its adjuncts are appropriately stored in a public museum—they could scarcely be preserved otherwise—just as domestic ornaments and utensils linger suitably in old houses. And there is much besides, the more separable of the larger objects of painting and sculpture, in the Museum, the *Seminario Arcivescovile*, and elsewhere, precious to those who appreciate works of art even when they are misplaced and disfigured. Especially Pisan, for one reason or another, are Bruno di Giovanni's panel, *St. Ursula rescuing the city from flood*, once in *S. Paolo a Ripa d'Arno*, now in the Museum, and the polyptych from *S. Caterina*, by Simone Martini, now unhappily divided between the Museum and the Seminary. The great *Glorification of St. Thomas*, by Francesco Traini, a Pisan born, happily still remains in *S. Caterina*, where the saint preached; but a triptych by Bernardino di Mariotto has been wilfully torn apart, although the whole of it is in one building, the Museum.

There, too, Miss Erichsen particularly admires a *Madonna*, by Gentile di Fabriano, and a banner painted by Fra Angelico, at least Mr. Langton Douglas says so. Still more characteristically Pisan is the great group of sculptors which Pisa first adopted from far and then bred within its walls, the Pisani. Large fragments of the *Duomo* pulpit, by Niccolò, are preserved in the Museum. The Baptistery pulpit, by his son, Giovanni, one of the inspirers of Giotto's realism, is still *in situ*. Giovanni's beautiful ivory *Madonna*, leaning to the right in order to support the weight of the Infant on her left arm, as Miss Erichsen describes it—or necessarily following the curve of the tusk—is in the sacristy of the *Duomo*. His triptych of the *Madonna* with the two St. Johns is in the Baptistery. The work of Andrea and Nino is much confused; one or the other can be seen in sculptures of *S. Maria della Spina*, but the *Madonna della Rosa* and the *Madonna del Latte* Miss Erichsen states definitely are Nino's. Tomasso, son of Andrea, and architect of the bell-house on the summit of the leaning tower, has a fine reredos in *S. Francesco*. A signed crucifix by Giunta, the only painter of the group, is to be found in *S. Ranieri*. The frescoes of the *Campo Santo*, especially the *Triumph of Death* and the *Holy Hermits* are famous by reproduction and description, and the reasons for ascribing them to the Orcagne, or the School of Giotto, or the Lorenzetti, or Bernardo Daddi, or even to Traini are more or less known.

It does not distinctly appear which of the authors is responsible for the last chapter, describing the neighbourhood of Pisa, with its mountains, its pine forests, its cultivated lands, its ancient burghs, its fortresses, its monasteries, its churches, and its baths. Since the chapter contains the merits of both writers and is, on the whole, the most successful in their book, it may well be attributed to both jointly. Besides giving an adequate historical and antiquarian sketch of each place, the writers create a charming impression of the scenery and healthful climate of the whole Pisan country. Most casual visitors to Pisa, and, indeed, most naturalists, will be surprised to learn that those much-abused potentates, the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, were so enlightened as to acclimatise camels in their domain of S. Rossore before 1663; that a large herd still exists; and that all attempts to acclimatise them elsewhere in Italy have proved abortive.

Space fails to tell of a great company of Popes, Emperors and foreign Kings; of illustrious families,

Gherardeschi, Bergolini, Appiani, Lanfranchi, Visconti; of expert captains, Castruccio Castracane and Sir John Hawkwood; of holy Pisan patrons, St. Sisto, St. Thorpè, St. Ranieri, St. Lussorio; of picturesque personalities, the Blessed Alberto Leccapecore, the Countess Matilda, Daimbert, the mysterious and attractive Pier delle Vigne, Nazaradech, Dante and his friend, Nino Visconti, the grotesque Giovanni del Agnello; of architects, the Comacine Guilds, Buschetto, Rainaldo, Diotisalvi, Bonanno, Bacio Bandinelli; of painters, Ghirlandaio, Benozzo Gozzoli, Andrea da Firenze, Spinello Aretino, Antonio Veneziano, the Gaddi, the Lorenzetti; of historians, Marangone, Sercambi, Vesalio, Vassari, Villani; and of travellers, Rutilius Numantianus, Montaigne, Evelyn, Richard Lassels, Marianna Stark. Such as these and many more formed the history of Pisa or illuminated the city or rendered it illustrious by their presence or their works. Their acts are written in Miss Ross's and Miss Erichsen's story, and their names for the most part in their comprehensive index.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Links in the Chain. By HEADON HILL. (John Long, 6s.)

THERE is no beating about the bush with Mr. Headon Hill. He plunges you into the very heart of a situation with an amazing and most businesslike celerity. In this last novel of his, for instance, you have not been reading for five minutes before a murder has been committed. This deed accomplished, event follows event in a hot and breathless succession. We are flung headlong into a world of frauds, dupes, detectives and crystal-gazers. The ingredients of such romances never vary, and "*Links in the Chain*" is not noticeably different from any of the thirty or forty other novels which we owe to the unflagging industry of Mr. Hill. As an interpretation of life the book is simply ludicrous. Mr. Hill is not concerned with the credible, but it may be urged in his defence that he has contrived to avoid many of the pit-falls into which some of his less successful rivals in the art of sensation writing have been lured. He can tell an entirely impossible story, and invest it at odd moments with some faint show of plausibility. Since, too, novels of this kind seem inevitable, it is perhaps well that we have such a writer as Mr. Headon Hill. There are many worse novelists.

The City of the Golden Gate. By E. EVERETT-GREEN. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

THE great earthquake in San Francisco offers possibilities to any novelist with a sense of the tragic and a gift for vivid romancing, and the writer of this book has woven a very presentable story into those days of overpowering terror. The description of the shaken, burning city is graphically done, and the part taken by the chief character in the work of rescue and assistance to the homeless crowds affords an opening for realistic depiction of which good advantage is taken. We do not care for the hero—who is more than half a villain—with his "yellow, cat-like eyes" and his uncanny mesmeric powers; he is quite an automaton and most unconvincing. His place is usurped, however, by two well-drawn, sane and smart young men, who straighten things up very pleasantly in the end and marry the two girls who have been terrorised by the pseudo-hero, so all finishes happily. No one will grumble at any lack of ability to hold the attention, and the style keeps on a good level, as novelists go. The illustrations had far better have been omitted.

The Dream—and the Woman. By TOM GALLON. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

FOR those who are fond of a good "mystery" story, with a little love and plentiful complications, this volume will be a welcome arrival. The plot is far too involved for us to do more than suggest its burden, but it is cleverly worked out and not too far removed from plausibility to spoil the reader's sense of fitness. It treats of a murder (everyone thinks it is a murder until the victim turns up safe and sound) committed by a woman who is a somnambulist, and who wakes at the instant after the crime—if crime it be—with the sensation of having suffered a horrible dream. The trial scene is capitally told in the words of the young lawyer for the defence; the other portions of the narrative are related by those who are chiefly concerned, and if the various pieces of the puzzle do wedge together a trifle too accurately at times and the help of coincidence is a little too freely invoked, we are inclined to forgive the author because of the "thrills" and ingenious situations he has devised. He makes a slip or two: for example, we really do not think the defending counsel in a big criminal case would dine with a couple of important witnesses on the evening of the first day, and discuss freely the progress and the probabilities of the affair. However, there is the story to console us; it may not be literature, but it is good entertainment.

Did She Do Right? By A. J. MACDONNELL. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

IT occurs to us that when a person chances upon a passable idea for the plot of a novel there should exist certain conditions, rules, examinations—what you will—without compliance with which he or she could be prosecuted for writing the story. For example, a sentence like this ought to "throw" the aspirant:

He almost thought his favourite Clytie waved her marble hand, as if beckoning him to some midnight revel of the gods, as dazzling white against the dark background of foliage, she stood amidst nymphs and graces, a shrinking Venus, and playful faun on either side; the flickering shadows of the palm leaves giving a semblance of motion to the cold marble.

Seven consecutive sentences, each concluding with a note of admiration, should prevent a "pass" certificate; to say that a person is in a "dreamy reverie" (really, Mrs. Macdonnell must look up the etymology of "reverie," for she does this two or three times), and to be consistently tautological, might earn a black mark; and mixtures such as the following ought not to be allowed:

It was evident this handsome "preux chevalier" was a *persona grata* to the elder lady, if he had not succeeded in winning the heart of the younger.

And what are we to say to this:

Stately cypresses raise their kingly heads to Heaven, and over all the glorious, clear, azure vault, radiating sunshine, the sweet, fresh air is so pure, the rich colouring so exquisite, while the scent of late roses intoxicate (*sic*) the senses with perfume!

Alas! We fear that not in our time will such a Society for the Protection of the English Language be formed. Mrs. Macdonnell means well; her plot is fairly good; but on every page are mistakes—mistakes—mistakes, till the reader with any sense of composition is driven nearly frantic. The finest romance would be utterly spoiled under such treatment; it pulls the book down to the apparent level of a novelette. It is a thousand pities that some kind and grammatical friend could not have punctuated and polished this story before it was printed.

The Trials of a Country Parson. By AUGUSTUS JESOP, D.D. (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

THIS attractive little book, which reached a fourth impression fourteen years ago, is again issued in a new edition, and the pleasant discursions on life as viewed from an East Anglian rectory are as readable as ever. Up-to-date, in several items, they are not; the changes in local government and in various other matters have rendered obsolete some of the author's remarks; but on the social side the essays remain of great interest. Existence is not necessarily cramped because one is cut off from the excitements of London, and, as is humorously indicated, there lies a gulf of difference between isolation and loneliness. The microcosm of village life may contain all the elements which go to make the larger world, and the observant eye of the resident perceives much that to the mere visitor is altogether unknown.

The author has not a very high opinion of the peasants of this part of England, and he sums up their character in none too tender a fashion; but this does not prejudice his innate kindness of heart. "I, for one," he writes, "hereby proclaim and declare that I intend to help the sick and aged and struggling poor whenever I have the chance, and as far as I have the means, and I hope the day will never come when I shall cease to think with shame of him who is said to have made it his boast that he had never given a beggar a penny in his life."

I am free to confess (he proceeds) that I draw the line somewhere. I do draw the line at the tramp—I do find it necessary to be uncompromising there. Indeed, I keep a big dog for the tramp, and that dog, inasmuch as he passes his happy life in a country parsonage—that dog, I say, is *not* muzzled.

We get many glimpses into the narrowness and the peculiarity of the rustic outlook, some pathetic, others which we hardly know whether to describe as pathetic or humorous. Said one old countrywoman, who had been married five times, when asked if she didn't "mix up" her husbands now and then if talking about them:

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really du! But my third husband, he *was* a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed, fighting—you've heard tell o' that I make no doubt. The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd interfered wi' him. Lawk ah! He'd 'a' made nothing of 'em!"

We are pleased to find a long and pertinent protest against the indiscriminate "restoration" of these splendid country churches. The essential difference between restoration and preservation is insisted upon—a difference which many experimentalists in architecture seem to ignore:

You can't reproduce the carvings you are going to remove—you have no eye for the delicate and simple curves; your chisels are so highly tempered that they are your masters, not your servants; they run away with you when you set to work, and insist on turning out sharply-cut cusps, all of the same size, all of them smitten with the blight of sameness, all of them straddling, shallow, sprawling, vulgar, meaningless; melancholy witnesses against you that you have lost touch with the living past.

Let it be enacted that, whosoever he may be . . . who shall be convicted of driving a nail into a rood-screen or removing a sepulchral slab, of digging up the bones of the dead to make a hole for a heating apparatus, bricking up an ancient doorway or hacking out an aperture for a new organ, or scraping off the ancient plaster from walls that were plastered five hundred years ago—anyone, I say, who shall do any of these acts, if he have committed such an offence without the license of a duly constituted authority, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanour and sent to prison without the option of a fine.

The author also pleads strongly for a rearrangement of our system of keeping county and ecclesiastical records, urging that instead of being interned in lawyers' offices, London chambers, or whatever it may be, they should be centralised and rendered accessible

in the various cathedrals of the country—an alteration which would have its advantages if a system of indexing could be arrived at, as anyone will know who has spent a week muniment-hunting for some special purpose.

The literary style of the book approaches too nearly to the colloquial or conversational at times to be wholly satisfactory, but it is on an average good, and the reader interested in village life and in speculations on subjects akin to churches and church management will thoroughly enjoy the volume.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The reasons given by the authors of "The King's English" in defence of their bad syntax are insufficient and unconvincing. Their letter in *THE ACADEMY* of the 30th ult. has, by the way, a certain resemblance to the leg of mutton off which Dr. Johnson dined on one occasion while travelling from London to Oxford, and now that they have disposed of all the points which I submitted, to their evident satisfaction, I may be allowed to submit one more passage from that same lumbering letter. Here it is: " . . . indulgent enough to refer our condemnation to the very common abuse . . ." I should correct that phrase in a boy's essay thus: " . . . to refer to our condemnation of, etc., but doubtless 'The Authors' will have some subtle but unavailing defence for their words as they stand."

I would respectfully point out to "The Authors" that the quotation which they give from Macaulay in his chapter dealing with the Rye House Plot, viz.: "Great hopes were entertained at Whitehall that Cornish would appear . . ." does not support their contention. Plurality is understood here. The hope of each individual partisan of James II. from an influential quarter amounted to "great hopes." Macaulay uses *hope* and *hopes*, each in its proper place, and he would not be likely to say that he had "considerable hopes." Where Macaulay here uses "hopes" one can feel the surge of the multitude. Shakespeare is equally correct in his use of *hope* and *hopes*—e.g., "I have hope to live, and am prepared to die."—*Measure for Measure*, Act III., Scene I. "Was the hope drunk wherein you dress'd yourself?"—*Macbeth*, Act I., Scene VII.

"His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot

Of very expert and approved allowance:

Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,

Stand in bold cure."—*Othello*, Act II., Scene I.

Cassio's hopes for the safety of the Moor rest *firstly* in the stoutly-built ship, and *secondly* in the excellent judgment of the pilot.

I am still convinced that "The Authors" did not express themselves in good English when they wrote " . . . but we have considerable hopes that no one else has been deceived." "The Authors," in defence of their use of *deceived*, quote Froude as follows: "Wolsey . . . was too wise to be deceived with outward prosperity." The word is quite properly used here. "Outward prosperity" is an abstract condition touching society in general. The phrase logically considered has great extension. "The Authors" used the word *deceived* in a concrete sense, touching a point of personal rectitude which was not in question. Despite what "The Authors" say, I am convinced that the phrase which I submitted, viz.: *but we hope that no one else has been misled*, is better English. "The Authors" maintain that they are correct in using the words "seduced into buying . . . a book." I would respectfully suggest to them that the word has become obsolete in the sense in which they use it. It has lost its character through associations with the law courts, and to use it in its original sense is sheer pedantry. In syntax propriety has to be observed; and, despite the ruling of "The Authors," I hold that it would be distinctly improper for anyone to declare that *he or she had been seduced* into buying a book. If "The Authors" will use *ducere* let the word be induced.

I would say in conclusion that I have no enmity towards "The Authors." I am told on the best authority that their book has good points, and "The Authors" themselves say in their letter that they "cannot fairly complain if any statement they make is pressed to the utmost."

W. McC.

Glasgow, February 22nd, 1909.

THE SUBTLETY OF SUFFRAGITIS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a Conservative, will you allow me to protest against the introduction of a fresh element of discord into the ranks of the party in the shape of an organisation describing itself as a Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association.

As there are already three associations working with unremitting and monomaniacal zeal on behalf of the establishment of petticoat government, the reason for the existence of a fourth is hard to discover. To judge from the nature of the speeches delivered under the presidency of a renegade Radical, at an opening meeting held in the Westminster Palace Hotel, there is not a particle of difference to be found between this latest blossom from off the tree of suffragitis and the branches of which the respective flowers are Mrs. Pankhurst, Mrs. Despard, and Lady Frances Balfour. Upon the basis of the principle now recognised, we may confidently anticipate in the near future the formation of Conservative and Unionist Women's Temperance Associations, Anti-Vivisection Leagues, Anti-Vaccination Leagues, Vegetarian Alliances, Vigilance Leagues, and Faith Healing Associations.

It is high time that the type of Unionist who advocates female suffrage because "it will pay the party" should adduce some evidence in support of his extremely disingenuous statement. At present it is impossible to extract anything from him save reiteration. Like the beaver in the "Hunting of the Snark," he opines that the thing must be true because he has said it thrice. Australia, New Zealand, and Finland have afforded strong proof of the very opposite of his contention, and the fact that the Socialists, not only of this country, but also of France and Germany, are unanimously in favour of the enfranchisement of women should give him pause in his progress towards the shooting of Niagara.

As a sample of the muddle-headedness of the Conservative Suffragette in trousers, nothing can be more illuminating than his opposition to the Licensing Bill. It requires only the most shadowy modicum of an intelligence to perceive that the first use made by women of the franchise would be the abolition of the public-house, yet so hopeless is the density of this would-be strategist that he actually believes that Bung can be balanced on the same string as Mrs. Pankhurst and Mrs. Carrie Nation.

As to the Millite, Ibsenite, and Shavian Conservatives who advocate the conversion of the British Empire into a gynocracy upon abstract grounds, their position is one of an utterly untenable description. There is no room for the supporters of the most revolutionary proposal which has ever been brought forward in the world's history, save with the revolutionary party, and the sooner these befogged politicians range themselves side by side with Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Victor Grayson, Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. "Willie" Redmond, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. George B. Shaw, Mr. R. J. Campbell, Mr. Silvester Horne, Mr. Byles (of Bradford), Mr. Isaac Zangwill, and other Socialistic, Hebraic, and Nonconformist feminists, the better it will be for the defining of parties on a clearer and more intelligible basis than exists at present.

F. DALRYMPLE DUNCAN.

"Woodhead," Kirkintilloch.

A PHENOMENAL GENIUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Caleb Porter: I raised a purely impersonal question affecting our national honour, and for the purpose of enriching our Pantheon with a phenomenal genius—John Martin. This appeal, which should have called forth a generous response, called forth Mr. Porter, who used it to make personal attacks on me. In my last there was a slip of the pen for which I apologise; I spoke of Tintoretto's "Last Judgment" instead of his "Paradise," the picture under discussion. All Mr. Porter's other charges, such as the recklessness of his assertions, I meet with an emphatic denial. With remarkable ingenuity, by means of irrelevant quotations, he hints a series of petty little malicious libels that he would not have dared to utter directly. He hunts over the whole period of my public activity for points that can be twisted to discredit me, and shows the weakness of his position and the strength of his animus. Knowing that his personal misrepresentations must recoil on himself, he attacks my English. While grammarians differ, such charges, like mud, may be thrown at any writer; but until Mr. Porter himself shows a truer sense of style, gives more point with less verbosity, he is out of court. All my scathing charges against the decadents who have brought so much demoralisation into the art world he

allows to go by default; he shirks the larger issues, and he cannot rise above personalities which belittle himself more than they do his opponent. He favours me with much advice gratis, forgetting that advice, like charity, should begin at home, and, in his case, stay there.

Distrusting all opinions that agree with, and may be prompted by, my pocket interests, I have sacrificed such interests for a public good. I have never made a personal enemy, but have made many pen-enemies while fighting for good causes, and against injustice; yet for one enemy I make in this way I make a dozen friends; and the glowing letters I have received, even from great writers in America, would compensate me for ten thousand pen-pricks. My crusade against anarchism in the art world is prospering royally, the whole trend of thought is in my direction, critics are taking my standpoint, and artists see that my work was prophetic. My position is founded on root principles: the alternative to these principles is anarchism and blank insanity. I have merely given an advanced reading of them to meet the progressive needs of the time. So for "Modernity" critics to try to upset my position is, as a wag put it, like the action of an insane grasshopper trying to compass the destruction of London by butting its head against the cupola of St. Paul's!

E. WAKE COOK.

[This correspondence must now cease.—ED.]

JONATHAN SWIFT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of the 13th inst. there appeared an essay on Swift which contained a mis-statement of fact so flagrant that one naturally expected to find some explanation of the lapse in the following issue. But I have looked for it in vain in your number of to-day. The writer of the article asserts that Addison and Sheridan were the warm friends of Swift. Addison was never his warm friend. When Addison left Dublin after his short term of office as Irish Secretary, all the historian can find to say of the relations of the two men is that "Addison escaped without having had any serious quarrel with Swift." While, as to Sheridan: that eminent man was not born until six years after the Dean of St. Patrick's was buried.

I claim the privilege of an old subscriber in pointing out an error the publication of which in a journal of literary criticism occasions some misgiving to the most indulgent reader.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

Oulton Broad, Suffolk,
20th February, 1909.

[In reply to our correspondent we quote from W. J. Courthope's "Addison" in the "English Men of Letters" series:

During his residence in Ireland Addison firmly cemented his friendship with Swift. . . . Swift's admiration for Addison was *warm and generous*. To Archbishop King he wrote:—"Mr. Addison, who goes over our first secretary, is a most excellent person, and being my *intimate friend*, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things." On his side, Addison's feelings were *equally warm*. He presented Swift with a copy of his "Remarks on Several Parts of Italy," inscribing it: "To the most agreeable companion, the *truest friend*, and the greatest genius of his age."

As to Sheridan, the reference in our article was, of course, to Sheridan the elder.—ED.]

SCHOPENHAUER AND WAGNER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I thank you for the opportunity to destroy the impression I fear Mr. Ellis has formed that I placed his house in Surrey rather than Sussex out of intentional discourtesy. It was an unnoticed error on my part, for which I willingly apologise.

I cannot see that these pretty paradoxes of Berlioz and Wagner, with regard to a "sounding silence," give moral support to Mr. Ellis' own paradox of clothing the unfleshed soul in a garment of Time. I would like to say that I had, although your correspondent would throw doubt on it, paid due regard to the utterance of Schopenhauer, "True, we can carry out no idea of the above entirely without employing terms of Time. Such terms *should* be excluded where the Thing-in-itself is concerned (according to his master Kant), only it pertains to the unalterable confines of our intellect that it can never quite dispense with this first and most immediate form

of all its operations." Observe that "should." Schopenhauer plainly points to the desirability of excluding the idea of Time from the Thing-in-itself, while frankly recognising the impossibility. Whatever idea we have formed of the Thing-in-itself, in so far as that idea is dependent on Time for its realisation, it is likely to be wrong. If I, like Mr. Ellis, cannot *think* without an elementary notion of sequence, I can at least deplore that limitation of my intellect rather than acquiesce in, and even feel complacent about it; I can at least say, "If I cannot imagine the Thing-in-itself in its non-phenomenal state, where pleasure will be positive and pain negative, without attributing Time to it, I can nevertheless know that Time is imposed on the conception by my intellect, and that when my particular Thing-in-itself is set free from my particular intellect, it will also be freed from Time." I can go so far as to see it might happen in the sense that there will be no memory of a past time, no anticipation of a future time, no consciousness of a passing of time, but merely an unutterably blissful immovable Now. If we could remember no past and anticipate no future, it is not beyond our power to imagine an everlasting Now! Let me, in turn, direct Mr. Ellis' attention to the following beautiful and most luminous passage from Schopenhauer's "Fragments of the History of Philosophy":—"One can establish *a priori* respecting all motion in general, no matter of whatever kind it may be, that it is primarily perceptible by the comparison with something resting; whence it follows that the course of time, with all that is in it, could not be perceived were it not for something that has no part in it, and with whose rest we compare its motion. We cannot imagine that if everything in our consciousness at once and together moved forward in the flux of time, that this forward movement would nevertheless be perceptible, but in order to do this we must assume something fixed, past which Time with its content flows." And what else is this innermost "something fixed, past which time flows," but that very same timeless Thing-in-itself, or Will—of whose "time-possibilities" Mr. Ellis sees fit to speak?

I note Mr. Ellis asks why I assume he does not suffer from eyestrain. The retort is obvious.

Mr. Ellis is not a pessimist, *ergo*, Mr. Ellis does not suffer from eyestrain!

J. T. PRESSLIE.

5 Edith Road, Peckham, S.E.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The subject of Schopenhauer and Wagner having come up in your columns, will you kindly allow me to put a question to Mr. Ellis for the express purpose of obtaining from him a public answer which elsewhere failed to be recorded. It is this: What in his Wagner "Life" does Mr. Ellis mean, in Schopenhauerian parlance, by the "immediate appearance of the will"? This question is not put to raise any further controversy; but, for present purposes, to allow of the answer appearing either in accord or in disagreement with what I take to be Schopenhauer's meaning, please allow the following quotations. They are from the philosopher's first volume of "World as Will": "Appearance (Erscheinung) is object for the intellect (Vorstellung) and nothing else besides. Every object for the intellect, no matter of what kind, is appearance. The thing-in-itself, on the other hand, is solely will. As such, it absolutely is no object presentable to the intellect, but *toto genere* different from it. The will is that of which every intellectual object, the appearance, the visibility, is the objectivation." (Sec. 21.) "The will, as thing-in-itself, is wholly different from its appearance, and completely free from all of its forms, which precisely, first on appearing, it takes on." (Sec. 23.) "This thing-in-itself, which as such is never object, purely because every object is anew its mere appearance, no longer itself, must, should still it be thought of objectively, borrow the name and conception of an object, of something, in one way or another, given objectively, and in consequence from one of its appearances. But in order to serve as an explanatory point, this ought to be nothing else than the most finished among all of its appearances—i.e., the most explicit, the most unveiled, and directly illumined by knowledge. Now this is precisely the will of the individual." (Sec. 22.) "The knowledge which I have of my will, although immediate, is not, however, to be separated from that of my body. . . This will, apart from my body, I cannot really present to my intellect." (Sec. 18.) "Therefore, here to us the body is the immediate object—i.e., that object for the intellect (Vorstellung) which affords the subject's knowledge its point of departure." (Sec. 6.) "My body and my will are one—or, what I term my body

as object perceptible to the intellect (Vorstellung) I call my will, in so far as I am conscious of it by a wholly different method comparable with none other; or, my body is the objectivation of my will." (Sec. 18.)

DAVID IRVINE.

National Liberal Club,
21st February, 1909.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

The Cambridge Review announced last week that the ex-editor of the Granta would reply to Lord Alfred Douglas's strictures on the Granta's editorial methods in the next issue of the Cambridge Review. The reply of the ex-editor of the Granta has duly appeared, and it proves to be not a reply at all, but a sheer libel upon Lord Alfred Douglas. Writs are being issued upon the printers and upon the ex-editor of the Granta today. Meanwhile, the publisher, Mr. Elijah Johnson, of Trinity Street, Cambridge, has telegraphed to us as follows:

Yesterday early closing. No more sold after wire. All being called in.

ELIJAH JOHNSON.

We make no comment; but we desire that Editors who may have received review copies of the Cambridge Review should take notice of the above-mentioned facts.

Our recent remarks respecting the poetry of our literary contemporaries appear to be gravely resented. We are flooded with correspondence on the subject, but we remain unmoved and unshaken in the position we have assumed. In no instance do the angry friends of the "poets" concerned take it upon themselves to assert over their names that our comments are unjustifiable. On the other hand, their plea is that the blemishes to which we have objected are blemishes which occur in the writings of Shakespeare and Pope and Keats and "other English poets," the which, of course, is not argument. Shakespeare can be proved to have concluded passages of blank verse with a rhymed couplet. Shakespeare happens to have been in a position to do what he liked. We shall not humour the ribald by asserting that he was wrong in this particular. But if Binks adorns blank verse with rhymed couplets in the Outlook it will be very awkward for Binks. A correspondent, for whom we have the sincerest respect, informs us that after reading "our words" as to the

dissyllablizing of "hour" and "our" he "at once took down from his shelves volumes of Pope and Cowper, of Shelley and Tennyson, and had no difficulty in finding numerous examples of this rhyme." And immediately he goes on to beg the question as follows: "But it should be noted that although 'hour' may rhyme with 'power' as it does in the Dunciad (IV., 627-628), we have here no dissyllablization of 'power,' as is clearly shown by the spelling 'pow'r' in the older editions." Which merely proves what we have asserted—namely, that a person who rhymes "power" with "hour" is doing his best to dissyllablize "hour." Our correspondent adds that "words ending in -ower can never be dissyllabic when ending a line in Pope's heroic verse." We quite agree; but it happens that Pope was careful always to elide the "e" in -ower, which indicates plainly that Pope knew what he was about. Another correspondent, who is a distinguished authority on metrical matters, asserts that "hour," while not a dissyllabic word, is a word of rather more than one syllable, and that its value is a syllable and a half. This is a point; but for ourselves "half a syllable" is a refinement which suggests hair-splitting, though of course a syllable is really capable of division. Yet when all is said, one and a-half is not two, and the inferior poet who wishes to rhyme words ending in -ower with "hour" should, in our opinion, take Pope's precaution and elide his "e"'s. The general disposition to quote the slips of genius as justification for the muddleheadedness and ignorance of mediocrity does not amuse us in the least, inasmuch as it is sophistry and wickedness. One of the major weaknesses of the modern poet is that he happens to be born idle. The gentleman who wrote in the Saturday Review:

When she-goats begged from Jove a beard,
The he-goats sad began to rage,
Because their dignity they feared
Would rivalled be by female sage—

might readily have avoided "he-goats sad," "because their dignity they feared" and "would rivalled be" if he had taken the smallest pains. Little boys at school are quite properly birched for this kind of slackness, and it certainly ought not to be forgiven in a presumably full-grown "man of letters." Neither should editors who lend themselves to the promulgation of such illiteracy be forgiven. The Saturday Review has a great reputation behind it. The unthinking take it for an authority, and we can well imagine that on being reproved for writing "rivalled be," the indolent versifier of the next generation may cite the Saturday Review of February 20th, 1909, for his justification. It will be just as reasonable of him so to cite Mr. Hodge's illiterate sheet as it is reasonable, in people who should know better, to cite Keats and Tennyson in justification of equally obvious illiteracies.

Messrs. Odhams, the printers, appear to be frantically desirous of dissociating themselves with John Bull in the proprietorial sense. They have sent us a letter in which they assert that they have no proprietary interest in either John Bull or the Guardian. We never supposed for a moment, and we never suggested, that Odhams, Ltd., hold shares in John Bull, Ltd. But we have invited Messrs. Odhams to assure us in writing that the principals in their firm are not shareholders in John Bull, Ltd., and as they have failed to give us this assurance we shall continue to assume that Mr. Odhams, senior, and Mr. Elias—a director of John Bull, Ltd., by the way—are in point of fact sufficiently interested in John Bull and sufficiently interested in each other to warrant our paragraph of last week. Meanwhile, we have again to note that the rejected of Deptford and Bagdad would still appear to have failed to muster up enough grace

to apologise to Field Marshal Earl Roberts, K.G., who happens to be of Kandahar and other more heroic places than either Deptford or Bagdad, and who has a son whom he loved buried in a region called South Africa. When Vivian and Bottomley manage to do something for their country, instead of for themselves, they may begin to carp viciously at their elders and betters. There are times when an apology becomes "cleverer" men than either of them.

The March number of the *English Review* contains an article entitled "The Source of Information." The article is signed, but we shall not mention the author's name, because his friends are quite capable of making a sufficient show with it in articles of their own. The editor of the *English Review*, in collusion no doubt with our wonderful author, has interspersed the article with rows of black "quads," and appends the following cryptic footnote:

This article by Mr. —, which we print after submitting it to a censorship mindful of the Law of Libel, contained certain accusations against certain public persons—accusations which we believe to be true. Mr. — was exceedingly unwilling that we should publish his article without these accusations. In order to prove that he, at least, has the courage of his convictions, we have adopted the form in which the article at present appears. We do this the more willingly since it demonstrates how in this country the Law of Libel aids that very obscuring of facts to which Mr. — refers—that obscuring of facts which is the most serious of modern tendencies."

The editor of the *English Review* is an ingenious young person, and in this footnote he over-reaches himself as ingenious young persons will.

We do not doubt for a moment that "The Source of Information" has been written out of a sort of sincerity. "In general," says the author, "the whole mass of public information on which Englishmen depend for the nourishment of public opinion has long been, and is now everywhere admitted to be, tarnished at the source. We do not get a true picture of the world in which we live. We get a picture which now warps, now enflames our imagination, which breeds sudden fanaticisms upon petty things and a dulness upon important things." This is the truth and the obvious truth. As it stands it bears reference in the main to political matters. But it applies with equal and probably greater force to literary affairs—a fact which seems utterly to have escaped the minds of the author of the article and his enterprising editor. In his footnote, as we have seen, Mr. Hueffer assures us that the article "has been submitted to a censorship mindful of the Law of Libel, and that, in consequence, certain charges against public persons—which charges could be substantiated—have been blacked out. In the first place, we should like to remind Mr. Hueffer that, if it comes to sheer law, practically all expressions of adverse opinion on all subjects are libellous. To take an example: A writes a book; B reviews it, and in the course of his review remarks that A's book is a bad book, that A is a clumsy and incompetent writer, and that, before he adventures on publication again, he should furbish up his grammar and endeavour to make himself acquainted with the elements of his subject. This is done every day; yet a lawyer will tell you that it is libel. Of course, if you are an unreasoning person you will be frightened by the lawyer's pronouncement and proceed solemnly to blue-pencil B's review. You may argue that what B has said is true, but there is a saw to the effect that the greater the truth the greater the libel—and there you are again. It is open to any man to issue on any other man a writ for libel, even if the other man has praised him rather than

blamed him. If you say in print, or otherwise publish, of one Jones, that he lives at Surbiton, or, for that matter, at Mayfair, Jones may, if it so pleases him, issue his writ. The consequence is that, when you apply to the average solicitor for an opinion as to possible literary or journalistic libels, the solicitor invariably assures you that your article is "full of libels," and that he would advise you to take them out. And because they have suffered from time to time through the absolute inability of many editors to distinguish between severe criticism and actual libel, the printers—and no editor can move without printers—invariably keep their nerves in a fine state of rawness on the subject, and every now and again offer you legal advice and admonishment free, gratis and for nothing. So that, on the whole, the editor not over-blessed with backbone, has a harrowing time of it, and he is apt to suppose that it is quite impossible for him ever to be able to say what ought to be said about this, that or the other person who happens to be a clear enemy of the public interest.

Of the relations of the *English Review* and the persons who write the *English Review* with political affairs we know nothing. Politically considered, the *English Review* appears to be very mild indeed, though dangerous, in the sense that it is tainted with Socialism; and as to the persons who write the *English Review* a serious publicist possibly winks at the thought of them. But, on the other hand, the *English Review* has already and most palpably cast in its lot with a group of authors and journalists who delight, we believe, in being known generally as "intellectuals" and who appear to us to be engaged—consciously or subconsciously—in the flagrant obscuration of literary opinion and the "tarnishing of public information" upon literary matters at the source. In effect they have introduced into journalism and into letters the principle of party. Quite a number of them are either soft-shelled and ingrained Socialists or pretenders to Socialistic beliefs for business purposes. And while letters and Socialism are as the poles asunder, your "intellectuals" make a point of basing the whole range of their pronouncements as to contemporary writing on the rough and rotten plank of Socialistic intention. Mr. Tifts, for example, writes a "novel" in which he expresses idiotic and, it may be, libidinous views about marriage. In his spare moments Mr. Tifts happens to be a Socialist or a hanger-on of some Socialist club or society, or a gratuitous contributor to some Socialist magazine. Consequently it is quite impossible for the "intellectuals" to whisper "bo" to his goose of a book. Not only so, but they must needs encourage Tifts by assuring the world that he is a "fine" author and probably "our only great novelist"; that his silliness is wisdom and his libidinousness courage. Of course, we do not propose to say that the *English Review* has actually embraced these methods. But there can be no doubt that its sympathies are with the "intellectuals" and that the methods we have indicated are the methods of the "intellectuals."

The *English Review* would have us believe that the journalism of to-day is gagged by the libel laws. We say that this is not so. We have proved in THE ACADEMY that the Law of Libel cannot prevent an honest expression of opinion, or an honest and even severe statement of hard facts about any person or any company of persons. The law of libel is not intended to protect either fools or rogues, and no honest journalist need take it into his calculations for a moment. The man who goes before an English judge and jury with a request for damages for libel

must have milk-white hands and exceedingly well-washed milk-white hands. If you know that his hands are dirty, and particularly if he has himself proved by his own acts or words that his hands are dirty, the Law of Libel is a dead letter. But you must be sure of your man. Furthermore, you must not reprove or expose him for the mere sake of reproving or exposing him, and, above all, you must not bear him malice. It is very seldom the attack which provokes a libel action. Ordinarily it is the reply to the attack. Here is your smug literary charlatan, full of beans and "bounce." On a day you point out his more pronounced blemishes in sharp and explicit language. He knows that you have spoken the truth about him and he immediately falls into a violent soapy-fits kind of rage. To your suggestion that he cannot rhyme properly, or that his verses are derived, or that his friends scratch his back when they call him poet, or that his novel, while pretending to be written in the interests of art or high morality, is really a bid for the financial support of the garbage-lover, he replies with paragraphs in which, out of sheer rage and without the slightest reference to facts, he accuses you of as many criminal offences as he can remember. And this, of course, is where the libel comes in. Your lawyers explain it to him, and down he goes on his silly knees like a smacked baby. If the accusations which Mr. So-and-So has brought against "certain public persons" in the *English Review* are, in the elegant language of the editor of the *English Review*, "true" the *English Review's* chaos of "quads" amount to so much cowardice. And if Mr. So-and-So will send these accusations to the editor of THE ACADEMY with proof and substantiation for them we will undertake to print them in the teeth of all the lawyers in Norfolk Street. It must be noted, however, that the editor of the *English Review* is guarded in his assertions as to truth. He says not "accusations which are true"; but "accusations which we believe to be true." It may be, of course, that this is a mere rotundity of phrasing and that the editor is in possession of the proofs. But if he is not so fortified his beautiful black "quads," and his undignified tremors before the Law of Libel, are quite superfluous. For, clearly, not even an editor should make accusations which he is not in a position to substantiate.

Apart from all questions of libel, the average scribbler indulges in a great amount of cant about criticism. This is because he sets friendship and the desire to please above all other literary considerations. When he, for his part, goes out of his way to praise and exalt the middling writings of somebody whom he calls friend, he expects that friend always to praise and extol the writings of his friend's friend, or, in other words, the writings of himself. It is high treason to condemn or, for that matter, even to hint at the metrical blemishes of the poet whom you happen to have met at dinner. And it is arson, embezzlement, petty larceny and murder in the first degree to say a single unflattering word of the man who once gave you a "kindly" and altogether over-laudatory paragraph in his obscure literary column. The name of one Lucius Junius Brutus is remembered with respect amongst schoolboys because, in the interests of justice he "attended at the execution of his own sons." A Judge of the High Court would be applauded for sending his brother to penal servitude for fraud or manslaughter. But if your friend outrages the Muses, and you fail to find a flaw in the indictment and dismiss him without a stain on his literary character, you are a brute and an ingrate and no gentleman. Fortunately, literary turpitude is not quite a hanging matter. If it were the executioner might make himself exceedingly busy. As for the common view of the Law of Libel—tut!

A DEDICATION

WHAT shall I say, what word, what cry recall,
What god invoke, what star, what amulet,
To make a sonnet pay a hopeless debt,
Or bind a wing'd heart with a madrigal?
Weak words are vainer than no words at all:
The barrier of flesh divides us yet;
Your spirit, like a bird caught in a net,
Beats ever an impenetrable wall.

This is my book, and there as in a glass,
Darkly beheld, the shadow of my mind
Wavers and flickers like a flame of fire.
So through your eyes, it may be, it will pass,
And I shall hold my wild shy bird confined
In the gold cage of shadowless desire.

A. D.

HORACE

BOOK III. ODE 13.

O WELL, whose waters as the crystal shine
Bandusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
And not without a flower visited,
A kid with swelling brow to-morrow is thine,
Whose horns to war and wantonness destine
In vain; in vain, for his dark blood shall spread
Child of the frolic fold, in thy chill bed;
When the hot Dog-star's hours to rage incline,
They pierce thee not, that profferest pleasant cold
To flocks that range, and labour-weary bulls;
Thou, too, from all time forward shalt be told
Great among wells of name, by me that sing
The ilex shadowing thy stone-bound spring
Whence issues all the tumult of thy pools.

BOOK III. ODE 30.

Not brass eternal, nor the monument
Of princes shall outlive this powerful strain
Where never the loose wind in rage is spent,
Nor flight of ages, nor the wasteful rain;
The Earth can have but earth, which is his due;
I shall not wholly die; best part of me
Shall ever live young, destined to renew
And to be praised of ages yet to be,
While climb the Hill the Priest with Maid sedate:
Loud Aufidius' son shall Fame describe—
How the once lowly base, now grown to great,
From where parched Daunus ruled a rustic tribe,
The first to our Italian modes conveyed
The Æolian strains! So take deserved praise,
The deeds have won, and thou, Pierian Maid,
Of thy free grace bind me thy Delphic bays.

M. JOURDAIN.

TONO WELLS

WE shall propose that for the future Mr. Wells be known among his friends as Tono. We say this in no spirit of sarcasm or ribaldry, but out of the simplest compliment. For we are of opinion that Mr. Wells has a career behind him which may conveniently be forgotten. Until lately—almost until the other day, in fact—our friend figured in the eyes of persons who read as a fantastic Socialist and an unblushing advocate of free love, who would fain be taken for a philosopher and a man of letters. The fact that he had made no legitimate bid for consideration whether in the

department of philosophy or in the department of letters concerned nobody. As a would-be Sociologist he was allowed to put his quack nostrums on the market without let or hindrance, and his fictional efforts were designed to excite delight and admiration in the bosoms of constant readers of *Pearson's Magazine*. It has become evident of late, however, that Mr. Wells's Socialism, not to mention his advocacy of free love, are more or less half-hearted affairs, and we have been able to demonstrate in these columns that really he is an individualist, and that he yields to no man in his practical respect for the marriage laws. And it has evidently occurred to Mr. Wells that, as his reputation among the "comrides" for a whole hogger and an amorphic firebrand is on the wane, he might with advantage endeavour to compass a little more credit in the harmless, necessary business of letters. The result is with us in the shape of "Tono-Bungay"—a novel which has appeared serially, not in *Pearson's Magazine*, but in the *English Review*, and a novel not intended so much for the gaping multitude as for the exiguous and exacting minority. From Mr. Wells's point of view, the adventure has no doubt been a noble one, and as he is not the kind of writer who goes forth to adventures, noble or otherwise, for mere adventure's sake, the nobility of his already accrued rewards will, no doubt, delight him. The enormity of those rewards will be patent to anybody who is acquainted with the meaning and effect of modern criticism, or, to be more precise, modern reviewing. Since Messrs. Macmillan turned out "Tono-Bungay" in its admirable green and gilt covers the reviewers have done little else but belaud it, and the public has been reading it with such understanding as it can bring to bear upon the situation. The only dissentient voices have been those of Dr. Robertson Nicoll and the genial editor of *Vanity Fair*; so that, on the whole, Mr. Wells can afford to laugh the cheerful laugh of the gentleman who is well out of the wood. That Dr. Robertson Nicoll and the genial editor of *Vanity Fair* should both of them despise "Tono-Bungay" is in itself the finest possible tribute to the quality of the book. We can well understand Dr. Nicoll's distaste for the whole performance; because to a man of the worthy doctor's journalistic connections and associations "Tono-Bungay" may well come in the nature of a personal slap in the face. The editor of a paper which is dependent upon the patent medicine vendors for a considerable portion of its advertisement revenue must not be expected to acclaim vociferously the fictional executioner who makes a show of burning one of the great company of "boosters"—we believe "boosters" is the term—at even a metaphorical stake. Dr. Nicoll informed us that he expected "Tono-Bungay" would "turn out to be a patent medicine." Not only was he correct in this wonderful surmise, but he also had the satisfaction of discovering that one of Mr. Wells's heroes, of the name of Ponderevo, was by way of being a patent medicine vendor, and that Mr. Wells's other hero, also called Ponderevo, not only assisted hero number one in the patent medicine vending, but actually succeeded in committing every crime in the decalogue during the period of his early manhood. We may note at this juncture that the two-hero innovation appears gravely to have misled the reviewers. Mr. Wells will have it, if only by implication, that it is the younger Ponderevo who should rank as his principal figure. In point of fact, the great and only person of consequence in the book is Ponderevo the elder, inventor of Tono-Bungay. And it is out of the elder Ponderevo that he has made the body and power and strength of the book. Over this stumbling-block Dr. Nicoll naturally comes to grief. And he comments upon the sins of Ponderevo the younger, which are really of no consequence, and are not

intended to be of consequence, with almost ludicrous disapproval. The genial editor of *Vanity Fair*, on the other hand, finds "Tono-Bungay" to consist of the "rinsings and dregs of Mr. Wells's personal experience" and "not worth while writing." We surmise that this is because our author has refrained from certain touches of pornographic realism which are the fictional fashion nowadays. "There are three women concerned with the hero," wails the genial editor of *Vanity Fair*; "one he marries, another he kisses, and a third he adores from a distance." This is not spicily enough for the palate of the author of "The Bomb," though it has set Dr. Nicoll babbling about "orgies." Thus doth the tongue of sectional criticism waggle and confound confusion. The Nonconformist, as Nonconformist, is outraged by Ponderevo's love affairs. Our anarchist considers them the affairs of a mooncalf and a milkop. "Tono-Bungay" is an excellent novel, not because of, but in spite of Ponderevo the younger. Of Ponderevo the elder and his Tono-Bungay and nightmare finance and gaudy palace building Mr. Wells gives us a recital which is sheerly epical. The inventor of "Tono-Bungay" is in effect the embodiment and exemplar of the commercial and advertising spirit of the times done in large and to the life, like a drunken elephant. Mr. Wells himself affects to despise him; and the reasons for this ostensible contempt are not difficult to comprehend. But in his heart of hearts Mr. Wells knows that he has given us a mammoth and abiding figure, and that it is a figure which nobody can afford altogether to condemn. For when you indulge scorn for Ponderevo you will find yourself in effect scorning quite a number of people who, though their lives may have ended in disaster, would appear to have set the fashion in methods for practically all successful Englishmen, and who are in effect the gods of most Englishmen's idolatry. The fact is that England is choke-full of would-be Ponderevos. One discovers them in every walk of life, and it is civil and indeed necessary to look upon them as useful and important persons. There are not half-a-dozen newspaper businesses in London, to take an example, which are not being conducted on lines copied clean out of the *vade mecum* of Edward Ponderevo; and that Ponderevos abound in politics, finance and in every species of enterprise which is based upon advertising goes without saying. The persons most directly concerned may not have attained to Ponderevo's magnificence; they may not possess his splendid imaginative gifts; they may not possess his faith or his hope or his charity or his common-sense or his fearlessness or his sense of decency, and they may be utterly incapable of his innocent delight in his own madness; but they are Ponderevos for all that, mute, inglorious, and, it may be, unsuccessful Ponderevos; but still Ponderevos, and there is not a man amongst them who will read "Tono-Bungay" without feelings of admiration, exhilaration and satisfaction. Herein, we consider, lies the tremendousness of Mr. Wells's book. He has collected and assembled the more admired characteristics of the modern Englishman and hammered them into a giant at which only gods and little fishes may reasonably laugh. He has set up a mirror for Nature and a looking-glass for London which refuses to be dimmed. And in spite of Dr. Nicoll he has read out a moral lesson of the most apposite character. Though his moral is sound, however, we consider that Mr. Wells makes an artistic mistake in bringing his Ponderevo to a miserable and ignominious end. While there have been signal instances to the contrary, your average successful Ponderevo does not, as a rule, finish in disgrace. Usually he dies in the peerage and more or less of an odour of sanctity, and his heirs are fain to follow in his footsteps.

POPPYCOCK AND SNIGGS

THERE are two classes of persons who imagine themselves to be associated with journalism, and even with literature by prescriptive right, the one class being the lawyers and the other the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. We are disposed to believe that in his day and generation the man who is elaborating a practice at the Bar may accomplish useful and satisfactory work as a reviewer, leader writer, or purveyor of fiction, as the case may be. When he comes into his forensic kingdom, however, literature—he calls it literature—usually goes by the board, though when he attains to the ermine he is not at all averse from being described by the hapenny reporters as “our literary Judge.” The Cambridge undergraduate, of course, is slightly different, for while your lawyer takes to writing for the mere purpose of eking out a miserable income, your undergraduate is supposed to take to it for the pure, unadulterated love of letters. We consider that nothing could be more creditable to a university than the existence in its midst of a reasonable, non-commercial review or magazine, written by undergraduates for undergraduates, and consecrated to the furtherance of the literary arts. We can remember the time when at Oxford, at any rate, there were wealthy youths, not to mention youths not quite so wealthy, who regarded the establishment and more or less persistent maintenance of some sort of literary periodical as part of a man’s duty to himself and to his fellows, and who, of course, invariably lost a good deal of their fathers’ money in pursuance of this fair white literary ambition. All such youths were rather looked up to by the average, and what they lost financially they no doubt gained in swagger, to say nothing of experience. In point of fact, of course, the undergraduate magazine is really the school magazine carried out of boyhood into hobbledohyhood. Its tone should therefore be innocent and unworldly, if a little sarcastic; its intentions should be soaringly ambitious; and its proprietors should do all that in them lies to cloak their business instincts with a lavish show of indifference to financial considerations. We may take it for granted, however, that the unimaginable touch of time is not without its effects even in the scholarly fastnesses of Oxford and Cambridge. And in our opinion those effects become most singularly palpable when one looks a little closely into the undergraduate journalism of the day. At Oxford, in this present year of grace, a firm of printers and stationers continues to bring out the *Isis*, while at Cambridge somebody not specified performs a similar service for the *Granta*. One has merely to glance at any number of either magazine to appreciate at once the journalistic situation in both cases. The *Isis* is full of advertisements—chiefly cigarette advertisements—and the *Granta* is full of advertisements—chiefly cigarette advertisements. Where the cigarette advertisement is lacking, you have the announcements of the tailor and outfitter, or the wine and spirit merchant, or the banjo, mandoline, and guitar merchant, or the hairdresser and perfumer, or the dancing master, or the enterprising hustling publisher. In short, your amateur, innocent, well-intentioned, ambitious literary sheet has become the puppet and lure of the advertising tout who begs to inform every huckster in the directory that “this old-established journal has a large circulation among the young gentlemen at Oxford [or Cambridge] University,” which young gentlemen, need it be said, are full of money and absolutely panting to purchase cigarettes, banjos, grand pianos, flannel trousers, digestive biscuits, fountain pens, spicy novels, and, in fact, all objects of exchange and barter whatsoever. As for the “editors” of these precious publications, one is filled with a wondrous awe of them. And this largely

because they would appear to be the most transitory and ephemeral and anonymous and carefully hidden Grand Llamas in the world. So far as we can make out, the *Isis* of Oxford appears, as of yore, to be edited by a Mr. Poppycock, while the *Granta* of Cambridge is edited by a Mr. Sniggs. We should imagine that both gentlemen are passing rich on what is known in Cornmarket Street and in Trinity Street as “thirty bob a week.” Neither gentleman would seem to own his paper as a gentleman should, and if either gentleman does own his paper we can only say that either gentleman is to be commiserated. We have the current number of the *Isis* and the *Granta* before us and we shall apply to them the perfectly legitimate test of poetry. The *Granta* contains two sets of verses; in one of which we get a reference to tobacco and in the second a reference to cigarettes:

Here, apart from dons and “duns”
Is the end of my desire,
Breakfast; and a pipe of Lunn’s
O’er the fire.

On the inside of the blue cover of the *Granta* Mr. A. Colin Lunn advertises his, doubtless excellent, tobaccos. Poem number two commences:

With a number seven “Abdulla,”
And boots that are painfully new;

and on page four of the *Granta* Messrs. Abdulla and Company quite appropriately advertise their doubtless excellent cigarettes. The *Granta* is feelingly described in its sub-title as “A college joke to cure the dumps.” The current number of the *Isis*, and we say it to its credit, is devoid of the flagrant puff, at any rate in verse. Furthermore, it prints under the caption of “Sonnet” the following lucubration:

The lord Florentine of the bitter wrong,
By worship of his love’s divinity,
From Hell’s deep whirlpool and the cruel sea
Of red-flaked fire was borne on pinion strong
Out o’er that ocean where the waters throng
Unto the Mount of clear felicity;
Until, by service of love’s radiance,
He moved in the supernal arc of song.

Not so to us; when he whose only crime
Is love too deep of beauty and those eyes
More fair, more pure than the lucidities
That Dante hymn’d, must suffer in this time:
Who worships loveliness with latest breath
Wins in this adverse hour, not heav’n, but death.

Florentine is excellent for Oxford, as also is the rhymed couplet at the end of what purports to be a sonnet in the Italian form. Of the rhyming of “divinity” with “felicity” and “sea” with “radiance” we will say nothing.

During the year 1893 there was published in Oxford a magazine, “æsthetic, literary, and critical,” entitled *The Spirit Lamp*, and edited by Lord Alfred Douglas. We have three numbers of that magazine before us as we write. It is a magazine of the shape of the *Isis*, though somewhat smaller. Each number contains forty-eight pages of letterpress, and not a single advertisement. In one of the numbers we find the following sonnet, written by the late Mr. Oscar Wilde:

The sin was mine, I did not understand,
So now is music buried in her cave,
Save where some ebbing, desultory wave
Frets with its restless whirls the meagre strand.
And in the withered hollow of this land
Hath summer dug herself so deep a grave,
That hardly can the leaden willow crave
One silver blossom from keen winter’s hand.

But who is this that cometh by the shore?
(Nay, love, look up and wonder!) Who is this
Who cometh in dyed garments from the South?
It is thy new-found Lord, and he shall kiss
The yet unravished roses of thy mouth,
And I shall weep and worship as before.

In other numbers there are poems and articles signed "Lionel Johnson," "John Addington Symonds," and "Alfred Douglas." The present writer is not the editor of *THE ACADEMY*, and he is not in the least disposed to place an exaggerated value upon the contents of these three numbers of *The Spirit Lamp*. But he ventures to ask Mr. Poppycock and Mr. Sniggs—which is to say all the editors of the *Granta* and all the editors of the *Isis* whoever were—to produce a number of their respective journals which is capable of comparison with the aforesaid *Spirit Lamp*. The late Mr. Oscar Wilde came to great grief in this life, and this through his own fault. We shall not say that the late Mr. John Addington Symonds was an altogether admirable and perfect man of letters. We shall not say that the late Mr. Lionel Johnson was a finer poet than Tennyson, or a greater master of the art of "getting on" than Mr. E. V. Lucas or Mr. Clement Shorter. We shall not assert that the whole of the verses Lord Alfred Douglas published in *The Spirit Lamp* were impeccable, faultless and distinguished verses. But we do say that the worst piece of writing contributed to *The Spirit Lamp* by any of these four was a thousand miles ahead of the *Granta's* metrical tobacco puffs and quite appreciably and substantially ahead of any other kind of writing the *Isis* and the *Granta* combined have found themselves in a position to publish since the day when *The Spirit Lamp* flickered out. Mr. Poppycock and Mr. Sniggs, and, for that matter, the whole universities of Oxford and Cambridge, may quite conveniently take these facts to their private bosoms. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge are either the fostering places of high letters or they are nothing. That their institutional journals should be procured and bawled out for the purposes of commercialism is an offence before the Muses. And that your Poppycocks and your Sniggses should sneer at a man who, despite all the handy slurs, is the one editor in England to-day who stands for poetry and high letters and straight, fair and square criticism is a scandal and a reproach to anybody who has at any time been connected with either university. And particularly is it a reproach to Oxford, and a reproach which posterity will not be slow to bring up against her.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

THE COMMON SKY

AN eminent journalist upon one of those occasions when he wrote in metre lyrically asserted that he was the captain of his fate. Let us hope that in an heroic sense this is true of most of us. The fact is not thereby obscured that it is hard to kick against the economic pricks. A man who has little love for the quiet country, like Charles Lamb, may be enforced to keep sheep in New Zealand, and a man who objects to the striking ugliness of a town, like John Ruskin, may be permanently domiciled in bachelors' chambers hard by the Strand. Such a man will do well to emulate Milton's Belial, a very wise devil with the talent for making the best of things. In this case, instead of making the best of hell, he is strongly urged to make the most of heaven.

Few people seem to have realised the possibilities latent in a persistent and enthusiastic cultivation of a taste for the "scenery" of the sky. Those who live in an untidy suburb or have the even bitterer misfortune to dwell amid the tidy prettiness of a country vil-

lage have here a perpetual refuge. There is seldom a day in the year when there is not something to be seen that will repay a little stiffness in the back of the neck. There are certain days when the beauties of heaven are palpable to the most vulgar, when a succession of cloud palaces are for ever being built and for ever tumbling to ruin. The wind is the most fantastic and inventive of architects. He delights in his plastic medium and he never repeats himself. Then, too, there is his brother artist the sun, who has learned all the secrets of light and shade and is the most incomparable of the great masters in colour. These things may be apprehended of all and they will be happening upon any day blessed with a fresh Atlantic breeze that has contrived to avoid the hopelessly Philistine mountains of Wales. Then there will be a feast of light and colour and form.

But what is to be done when November skies are dull with uniform grey. The answer comes as a quick retort: There is no such thing as a sky dull with uniform grey. Vegetarians aver that by careful training of the sense of taste exquisite pleasure may be derived from the delicate and varied flavours of bread. The musical ear finds as much delight in the subtle modulations of Bach as it does in the drastic and flamboyant antithesis of more modern composers. The connoisseur in wine remains incomprehensible to the inexperienced. All these facts simply prove that there is no such thing as monotony, and that the perception of small differences is the beginning of good taste. There are not many people who are connoisseurs in November skies, but the fact remains that there are never two of them alike. That uniform grey resolves itself into a marvel of shifting light and shadows, the abode of perpetual change and a source of ecstatic delight to the beholder who has cultivated the habit of looking up.

There is only one possible occasion when the heavens are dull. The brazen blue of a cloudless June day is not very interesting. Keats seems to have felt this when he was writing "Endymion," and he finds comfort in the fact that even on such days as these a little cloud will sometimes steer a forlorn course from rim to rim of the barren heavens. The enthusiast will have to confess himself beaten. If he be of a scientific turn of mind he will wonder why the sky is blue, and ponder upon the influence of ultra-violet light in the formation of nuclei in the atmospheric envelope.

Then, of course, there are the stars. Everybody knows that the stars are beautiful. Poets, good and bad, have always insisted upon the fact. Some of them institute absurd comparisons concerning the eyes of the one or more young women who excite in them the mild emotion that induces this type of lyric. But there are few, even among the poets, who have contracted a personal friendship with particular stars, who can call to them all by name, who know all their moods and glances as they would those of a comrade. Here, again, intimacy reveals infinite variety. The wintry sparkle of Vega, the warm glow of Capella, the hectic glare of Aldebaran—each has its peculiar message. With concern we note that from a post of vantage the bull presses Orion hard to-night, and that his uplifted shield seems but a frail defence. It is for ever an eternal procession of old friends, and it is good to feel at home in those great wide spaces, to read old-world stories of a banished mythology scrawled across heaven itself. Of those nights when moon, wind and cloud make a phantasmagoria of their own, through which come glimpses of this familiar world which we have learned to know, it is unwise to speak. Shelly knew it well, and he was not silent.

The other poets have known it also. To the seeing eye the barest patch of the heavens is as much as a whole Cook's tour. The person who cannot be moved

except by mountains or volcanoes in eruption, or Niagaras or canyons or the "illimitable prairie," is in pretty much the same æsthetic condition as one who requires four-and-fifty pipers or a couple of hundred cornets-à-piston before he is troubled with a sense of music. Messrs. Cook and Richard Wagner are excellent to think about, but the effect of their labours on the general taste has not been in the nature of an unmixed blessing. The portentous is not necessarily more beautiful than the commonest beauty.

REVIEWS

THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK

The Ornaments, Rubric and Modifications of the existing Law relating to the Conduct of Divine Service: Convocation of Canterbury, Lower House. First Report of Committee. (London: Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press, 1s. net.)

IF we regard this Report as the outcome of two years' hard labour the result is very disappointing. It is not too much to say that the majority of the proposed modifications or alterations are trivial and in many cases altogether unimportant. On the other hand, there are a few of paramount importance, which can be considered only as signals of danger and treated as such.

We are prepared for what is to follow by the amazing addition which it is proposed should be made to the Preface of the Book of Common Prayer, and which we cite in full:

Inasmuch as it is to be desired that changes, *even within the bounds of what is legal* (the italics are ours), should not be made in the customary arrangement and conduct of Divine Service arbitrarily or without the goodwill of the people, any question which may arise between the minister of a parish and the people with regard to such arrangement and conduct of the services shall stand referred to the Bishop of the Diocese, who, after such consultation as he shall think best, both with the minister and with the people, shall make orders thereupon, and these orders shall be final, provided they be not contrary to anything contained in this Book.

Here is, indeed, a *via turbulenta*: a method of perpetual friction between bishop, priest and layman. The Prayer Book (even though revised) is no longer to have the force of law; no sure standard of order is left. There is no court nor tribunal of appeal. The bishop is to be an absolute pope in his own diocese. A priest moving a few miles from one diocese to another can be compelled to entirely alter his procedure, even in the face of what is legal, and be deservedly exposed to the charge of manifest inconsistency. The layman can be forced to acquiesce in a conduct of Divine Service which he knows to be illegal. And all this is to be done on the "final order" of one man, the Bishop, who, although he is as much bound to obey the law as any other man, yet can thus over-ride the law. Where, we ask, is the Church, where are the people, who are prepared to accept such unmeaning illegal tyranny? There is no manner of doubt that the "customary arrangement and conduct of Divine Service" really means slovenly and even illegal methods of celebrating the Holy Communion. For example, there are many churches where the first part of the office is habitually left out, and the service is made to begin in the middle, either at the offertory (so as not to lose the collection), or, in case of Evening Communions, at the exhortation, "Yet that do truly," etc., a flagrant illegality, and a most serious and unwarrantable interference with

the due order of the service. This improper performance might have gone on for twenty years, and, though illegal, have become "a customary arrangement." A new vicar desires to restore the legal and right order. Some parishioners object. The bishop is called in, and decides that this very proper change is against the "goodwill of the people." So he makes "orders that shall be final," viz., that the lax and careless arrangement shall be perpetuated, against the law and also against the conscience of many. Where is the real finality in this? Where any prospect of peace? The only course open to hundreds of priests, if placed in such a position, would be resignation. Such cases are in no way improbable. We know a church where the first half of the Holy Communion Service is said on one Sunday and the latter half on the next, doubtless with the ignorant "goodwill of the people," and this where there is a large population. Another arrangement, the most common of all, and especially in the country, is this: Morning Prayer and the first half of the Communion Office are sung and made to appear as one distinct service. In the middle of the Communion Service a loud voluntary is played while the main congregation goes out. Then the latter part of the Communion Office is read as a separate service. A new rector may wish to alter this, and to treat the Holy Communion Service as a complete service from beginning to end, altogether distinct from Matins. This would be quite legal, and more than that, perfectly reasonable and right from every point of view. But a wealthy squire or a few aggressive and aggrieved parishioners intervene. The bishop, after consultation, makes a "final order" preventing the rector from making a legal change.

Similar cases might be multiplied almost indefinitely. Once the power to over-ride the law is given into the hands of one official in his administrative capacity nothing can be expected but chaos and confusion. What would be thought of a Government which proposed to invest the judges and magistrates of the State with like power? What sort of security would be left for the citizens? To what sort of chaos would the civil administration be reduced? And yet here are a body of men, presumably sane, who, after two years' deliberation, calmly suggest that the security of the law shall cease, and that the bishops shall become, by some astounding sort of paradox, simply licensed outlaws. The Canon Law and the Civil Law, built up through centuries of progress, are to be abrogated in favour of arbitrary judges. After all, Cecil Rhodes was perhaps not so far wrong when he left, in addition to his money, the legacy of his humorous dictum that the clergy were mere "babes in business." Fortunately for the Church, the laity have to be reckoned with. They will hardly allow this summary setting aside of the law. It is true that the Committee who issue this Report say that "they have done their work in the conviction that if its results are to stand good they must be submitted to a wider tribunal than that either of the Lower House or of the whole Convocation, viz., the tribunal of the whole Church."

But no one can be surprised if we ask the question whether the Archbishop of Canterbury and other bishops will be as unwilling to listen to the voice of the Church as they were in the case of the recently-proposed Education compromise. What is to be said of the attempt to muzzle the clergy, or what of Canon Henson's grievance against two great Church societies for their noble stand against the Archbishop-Runciman policy?—a *gravamen* supported by four bishops, several deans and archdeacons, but ignominiously defeated by a large majority. The Dean of Canterbury's spirited answer applies in some measure as well to the case before us, that "on at least two critical occasions in the history of the Church it had to be

saved from its own bishops, in order to be saved from ruin." By whom? By the priests and the laity.

On November 13th, 1906, the Archbishop of Canterbury, addressing a Full Synod, said that:

Rules clear in principle and yet elastic in detail we do absolutely require, if the Church, in its manifold activities, is to be abreast of modern needs and yet loyal to ancient order.

How have the Committee interpreted this high-sounding but plausible direction?

So far from clear and definite rules for the ministers' guidance, the unfortunate parish priest is now to find rubrics of vague and uncertain tendency, and that in matters of grave importance. The definite "shall" of the present Prayer Book is to be replaced by the weak and timid "may." Imagine the rules and regulations of a club or a regiment of soldiers drawn up in similar fashion, and the resultant confusion and breaking up of discipline and order.

If only "may," why trouble to have a so-called rule at all? There can be absolutely no principle, clear or obscure, in "rules" of this kind. "Elasticity of detail" practically amounts to absence of principle and an invertebrate weakness of action.

Even so, of what avail is it whether the rules say "may" or definitely and legally "shall," when it is expressly provided that the bishop of his own sole power, without assessors, with no further possibility of appeal, can intervene and say absolutely that "shall" is to be read "shall not," and that a change (to quote again the absurd and preposterous clause), "even within the bounds of what is legal," shall not be made? Why have any law at all?

We shall no doubt be told that this sweet, reasonable elasticity will be stretched in both directions. We see little in the proposed revisions which gives room for such sanguine hope. Nor would it be politic.

Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.

What, for example, might be expected from those bishops who are at present doing all they can to stamp out vestments, if they were invested with absolute power? What would be the value of a "rule" saying that a vestment "may" be worn, if a bishop could say it "may not"? We could name several bishops who, in this matter, would be little likely to consider the "goodwill of the people." We know of one who directed a new incumbent to discontinue the use of vestments. On what ground? That "the people were not ready for them." It will hardly be believed that vestments had been in use in that parish for a whole generation, thirty-three years. But such is the actual fact.

And what shall we say of the cases where whole congregations desire the use of incense—the demand of the laity? Are they considered, or is their goodwill consulted? The cruel boycott to which some good men who use incense at their people's request have been subjected by certain bishops is sufficient answer.

We contend that this subtle and plausible addition to the Preface contains all the elements of anarchy, tyranny, chaos and confusion. It would place one class or order of men in a position *extra legem*. It would give them a power which no individuals could hold with safety to a State, a power subversive of true freedom, a power liable to dangerous abuse, a weapon fit rather for tyrants than constitutional rulers. The existence of such an arbitrary veto, so far from making for peace, would certainly place an intolerable strain upon the relations between parson and people. For, after all, people do still understand the difference between "may" and "shall" and between "shall" and "shall not." They do understand that a law is a law, and that in definite law there is some security of order. But the position that in any and every parish

someone may step in and say that it matters not one jot that the incumbent is strictly and accurately obeying the law of the Prayer Book of the Church and of the State, because now someone has come to set that law aside in favour of certain persons who dislike that law, while the said someone is equally prepared to give an exactly opposite direction in the next parish—such a position is the very negation of all order and the high road to perpetual strife in the Church. It is unintelligible to men of sound common-sense. It is certainly not likely to prove loyal to ancient order, any more than are loyal many details of the suggested Revision, which we propose to examine in a subsequent article.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

University Administration. By CHARLES W. ELIOT.
(Constable and Co., 6s. net.)

IT may naturally be supposed that a book published in London, bearing the title "University Administration," is about those great seats of learning which are called in Europe "Universities"; and since it appears at this time, its title suggests those questions of reform at Oxford and Cambridge which have been recently discussed. It must, therefore, be explained at the outset that this book has nothing to do with English universities, much less with their reform; indeed, it refers but twice to Oxford and Cambridge only, quite incidentally, by way of comparison. It is a book about American institutions, the majority of which, the author, presumably an American also, points out, are not, in the proper sense of the word, universities at all. They consist of single colleges "around which have grown up an undergraduate department of applied science, including agriculture and engineering, finance or commerce, and, in a few cases, divinity." Mr. Eliot describes, in many respects, clearly, the organisation of the large American institutions, such as Harvard, as the best means by which these numerous detached technical colleges can be developed into institutions of the Harvard type; and he regards it as part of the functions of the large institutions to encourage their development. Yet all the institutions are called "universities," and to Europeans there is much in those, even of the Harvard type, to justify a common nomenclature, if Mr. Eliot may be taken as a faithful representative of their spirit. His book, therefore, has not much particular application to universities in these islands, least of all to Oxford, Cambridge, Trinity College, Dublin, and their corresponding universities in Scotland.

Nevertheless Mr. Eliot makes many shrewd and even wise observations concerning corporate administration generally and methods of education. If he had written his book at half the length it would have been a suggestive and useful little treatise. It does possess those qualities to a certain degree as it stands, but they are obscured by his habit of worrying his subject. He will not take the smallest or most obvious point for granted; he discusses each hair under all its conditions, in every light, and from every point of view; he enunciates as discoveries courses so familiar as to have become almost instinctive, and argues to the bare bone propositions which no one disputes. He devotes a whole tedious chapter to little else than proving quite superfluously that as many different courses of study should be provided as possible, in order to allow students to select those best suited to the individuality of each. This he calls "The Elective System," and he tells us there are experts in "Election." He is such a slave to system that it is difficult to attend to anything in his book except the systems in which it is entangled. He leaves the impression that, if American "universities" are so much systematised

also, American youths can have no time or intelligence left to learn anything else after mastering their intricacies. If those institutions really are so terribly over-organised they go far to account for the peevish expression by which American boys from about fifteen to twenty-two can be recognised in Europe among boys of all other nationalities.

Mr. Eliot's first sage remarks concern the trustees of universities, and are equally applicable to administrative bodies of all sorts. The members must be few enough to sit round a table and discuss, without making speeches. They must carefully avoid elderly control and must always co-opt a younger trustee than the retiring one. They should prefer for their purpose—though not for a technical office—"a child of the house," who will give his services with more devotion. They must be "men able to get their facts through others, and to form their opinions through a process of comparison and judicious sifting," "since they will often be called upon to decide on matters beyond the scope of their own experience." Unfortunately it is not yet superfluous to add, even in England, that they must not be interested in politics. But is it necessary to insist, since they have entire control of the finances, that some of them at least must know how to invest the money? Mr. Eliot reminds them to buy land for the enlargement of their buildings long before they want it, so that their front door may never be flush with the public pavement, like Westminster Cathedral; to be prodigal in the upkeep of their buildings and grounds; and never to fall into the fallacy of supposing that it pays in the long run to give any preference to local dealers, even though the institution is exempted from rates. He insists that scrupulous regard should be given to the wishes of benefactors, and that all accounts should be carefully published. His recommendation that all the available income should be spent seems advice of more doubtful expediency, but it is a suggestive and arguable proposition. Perhaps, in a country devoted to advertisement, lack of ready money, if judiciously managed, can be made the source of further endowment, and Mr. Eliot says that it is. The Harvard Board of Overseers seems also to deserve Mr. Eliot's commendation, as a large body of graduates, somewhat resembling Convocation, but more effectual, keeping the trustees in check, and particularly desirable in smaller universities.

As regards the intellectual training of students, it scarcely seems necessary to insist now, in the case of institutions so largely technical, on the value of practice in all branches of study in which it can possibly be introduced. Museums serve this purpose less obviously, by illustration in studies which hardly admit of practice. In the collections which they contain Mr. Eliot draws a sensible distinction, not always recognised. There must be objects and books for free use and renewal, and treasures to be jealously guarded. But Mr. Eliot adds that there must be no "dust, insects, crumbs, and accumulations of rubbish." The students and custodians will also presumably wash, but he does not explain on what system. He duly praises a method of teaching law, which he calls the Case-System, invented—it might be safer to say introduced into American universities—by Professor Langdell. This consists in arguing with the students leading cases decided in the American courts, and thus teaching them the points of law which they establish—an excellent method of teaching, but surely not peculiar to American universities. Nevertheless, Mr. Eliot recommends it appropriately. He praises, rightly, too, if rather unnecessarily, an expedient for making the students think for themselves, so he condemns their trusting too much to manuals in making experiments in chemistry. Why he seems to distrust quotation in essays is not so evident, nor why he stigmatises

the non-delivery of essays on the appointed day as "a very great evil." If an idea or a fact has already been expressed in the best possible way, the words had better be quoted, rather than the idea worse expressed. The question is: What is quoted? and, from the point of view of the instructor, whether the quotation is sufficiently apposite to show that the student understands it. In the second case it is difficult to find any evil except unpunctuality. Work of all kinds which is delivered late, whether from postponement or scrupulous correction, is often peculiarly excellent and often inferior; there can be no rule.

Though Mr. Eliot is very sympathetic to students as regards their discipline, he is somewhat illusive. English public schoolboys should approve his excellent dicta: that no official should on any account try to make a naughty student incriminate himself, nor "require students to testify against each other," nor punish the students wholesale for the undiscoverable offence of one of their number—a flagrant injustice too often committed in English schools; and again, that "the record of actual censures and punishments should be made as little condemnatory as possible." But he considers one of the advantages of the innumerable clubs which American students are encouraged to form—some of them "small, exclusive and secret groups"—is "that they can be utilised by college officers in confidential ways" for control and reform. And though the student's records, kept with the utmost accuracy, are "held to be confidential," there are "many proper uses to which they can be put by request of friends," etc. Not very long ago the headmaster of an English public school put such a record to a use which he considered proper, and was heavily fined as the result of an action for libel. American universities may still have something to learn from English judges in this respect. Mr. Eliot would certainly not approve of such a use of a student's record, but his idea of the duties of university officials make such a use very likely. Apparently discipline in American universities lies entirely in the hands of the Faculties, and since American youths are encouraged to follow courses under several Faculties, they are subject to the moral control of them all. Since Mr. Eliot evidently disapproves of any dogmatic and, consequently, ascertainable basis of morals, which is indeed contrary to the spirit of American universities, the wretched youths must be amenable to several unknown codes.

Finally, to one of Mr. Eliot's ideas direct exception must be taken. He regards a university as fulfilling its functions only when it meets a public demand. Like a shop, it must store goods that the public will buy. On the contrary, the essential of a university is the cultivation of all knowledge, exact or speculative, whether the public wants it or not. Teaching is merely an extension of its functions. An institution such as All Souls' College, which did not teach at all, might constitute a university; a technical college could not. The whole spirit of American educational institutions, or at any rate Mr. Eliot's conception of it, seems to be so much more like that of technical colleges than of universities proper that they seem unlikely to develop in that direction.

PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY

Psychic Philosophy as the Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law. By V. C. DESERTIS. (William Rider and Son, Ltd., 4s. 6d. net.)

THE late Professor Huxley once remarked that whenever he came across the word "polarity" in a book he shut the book up, never to re-open it. We confess to a similar prejudice with regard to the word "psychic," and it was, in consequence, with feelings

of distinct apprehension—grounded on previous experiences—that we approached the study of the above volume. In many respects we were agreeably surprised. We must record at the outset our appreciation of the motives which have obviously inspired Mr. Desertis in the production of this book. It is quite evident that he is a sincere and intelligent man. He is no crank. Still less does he belong to that odious confraternity of quacks and charlatans who have succeeded, while providing very comfortably for themselves, in making the very name of spiritualism a synonym for everything that is fraudulent, odious, and base. No; the place of Mr. Desertis is not with these. He is free from the least suspicion of disingenuousness. He is what is sometimes vaguely termed a "seeker after truth." Dissatisfied with the conventional creeds, he has turned aside to fashion one for himself, and, in doing so, he has, it appears, found intellectual peace and salvation. We do not begrudge Mr. Desertis his happiness, and shall merely content ourselves with stating a few of the reasons which make it impossible for us to accept his conclusions.

We observe that one of our author's main quarrels with orthodox Christianity is its claim to be the repository of *THE Truth*. (For the capitals Mr. Desertis is responsible.) Truth, we learn, is attainable by mortal man: *THE Truth*, presumably, resides in the bosom of God. But surely this is a distinction without a difference. Unless there be an authoritative standard of Truth, how shall we declare that any belief we hold possesses any elements of truth? Truth is either absolute, or—possible falsehood. Mr. Desertis has himself expended much ingenuity in exposing some of the errors (as he believes them to be) of popular religion. He can only do this by applying to them the test of a standard of truth, which must necessarily be absolute, for otherwise it precludes Mr. Desertis from the exercise of any judgment on the question. Infallibility is, in fact, a dogma by no means peculiar to the Roman Church. It is a quality the existence of which we assume every time we venture to pass a judgment on any event in history or in the lives of our contemporaries. The only question is, Where does this infallibility reside? And, that question once asked, the waters of theological strife are stirred to some purpose.

Mr. Desertis has raised so many interesting points in the course of this book that it is quite impossible to touch on all of them. We shall therefore confine ourselves to those arguments which deal with the phenomena of "occultism." Mr. Desertis is a convinced occultist. He believes firmly in the existence of a spirit-world, and in the possibility of what perhaps he will allow us to call "supernatural visitations." And here we are entirely at one with him. The New Testament (to say nothing of the Old) abounds in records of such occurrences, and the numerous accredited "miracles" in the history of the Early Church are not lightly to be waived aside. Indeed, we will go further. We are quite in agreement with Mr. Desertis when he maintains that it is folly to accept the various supernatural stories related in the Bible and, without weighing the evidence, to refuse to give credence to the similar phenomena which modern spiritualism claims to have produced. It is necessary to walk warily, however. The subject is one of such tremendous importance that the evidence must be of no ordinary character, if we are to accept as genuine the stories which reach us from the séance and from the spiritualist lecture-room. Now, it is somewhat significant in this connection that in the only first-hand piece of evidence recorded in this volume, the "medium" furnished some information which proved, on investigation, to be demonstrably false. Mr. Desertis, indeed, finds it necessary to warn

his readers against accepting too glibly the communications conveyed by the spirits:

It may be stated broadly that all communications which deal with the recipient in a manner calculated to flatter vanity, to imply a special privilege, or to recommend any creed or system, or which profess to give special and reserved truths not for the mass of mankind, are at best of very doubtful value; and all who foretell events and prices, for whatever alleged motive, are to be entirely distrusted.

It appears, then, that the utterances of these dwellers in the spirit-world are to be received with considerable reserve. And for what reason? Because of the general unreliability of the so-called "intelligences." The whole of the evidence in this book goes to prove that while it is perfectly easy to communicate with the blackmailer, the debauchee, or the sensualist, the saint and the philosopher almost invariably refuse to answer to our summons. Let us listen to Mr. Desertis once more:—

Those who materialise, speak, and cause the usual phenomena at séances are generally, though not always, the earth-bound, who are glad to wile away some of the tedium of eternity (and to those whose only idea of life is personal enjoyment there is tedium, how great none can know who know nothing of the complaints of the sufferers), who return to their old haunts for conscious intercourse with men. Some few return through unselfish love, some through duty, having a mission of help and guidance to carry out, and these latter, as a rule, do not manifest; but generally the purpose is merely trivial, and there is usually but little elevation of thought or nobility of language.

Well, we would like to ask Mr. Desertis whether he thinks it at all probable that if Eternal Providence had intended to enlarge men's knowledge with regard to the future life, He would have selected such sorry instruments for His purpose. And in truth what have we learned by all these table-rappings, darkened rooms and planchettes? The testimonies are incoherent, inconclusive, and self-contradictory. Before the portals of the future there hangs an impenetrable veil, and to attempt to lift it is to court disaster. We of the older faith may well rest content with the Divine assurance, "In My Father's House are many mansions," and, while we are ready to accord to every new creed or philosophy a respectful hearing, we shall not be greatly disturbed by the failure of this or the temporary triumph of that, seeing indeed that all things come to an end, but that to "love God and keep His Commandments" is "the whole duty of man."

We are bound to say, in conclusion, that there is much in this volume which we have found both helpful and stimulating, and with which we are in entire agreement.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Seekers. By FRANK SAVILE. (Edward Arnold, 6s.)

THE "secret treasure" story has taken many forms, and while novels are written we suppose it will continue to be the basis of a respectable proportion of their number. And if all tales of hidden gold and jewels were as exciting and as clever as this one, there would be small reason to complain. "Seekers" is a capital yarn, if "yarn" be not too disparaging a word to use when the literary quality is so high. The author knows the phrase he wants, and finds it, and he has a style with him when a bit of fighting has to be described that carries the reader into the scene—which is the finest kind of arm-chair adventure one could wish. The little kingdom of Montenegro is the background of the romance, disguised slightly as "Montanera"; into the plot love enters, of course, but not with a very strong interest. The dialogue is

quite of the Anthony Hope school, and, indeed, the whole scheme is not unlike the "Ruritanian" affairs. Perils by intrigue, escapes from the dungeon of a fortress by means of a rope that hangs down the interior of a well, several foreign ambassadors, and a curious mixture of modernism with a mediæval atmosphere—all these things are bound to recall the famous "Prisoner of Zenda." Says the Crown Prince to his father, the King of Montanera:

"I wish to goodness this tampering with the mails might be given up; it is an anachronism in the twentieth century."
 "There you go again, with your radical nonsense," retorted the Strong Man. "Is the Russian post-office not used politically? Do the Austrians never open the correspondence of suspects?"

The conflict between the forward party and the party which favoured conservatism in such delicate matters is amusingly dictated. The love affair of Gilforth, the rather jolly Englishman, forms a pleasant interlude, and, altogether, most readers will spend a couple of profitable hours and enjoy several "thrills" if this book comes their way.

The Leveller. By ALEXANDER McARTHUR. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

RUSSIA, for some inscrutable reason, possesses an extraordinary fascination for the English and American writer of romances, and it would probably be no exaggeration to assert that Mr. McArthur is about the hundredth novelist who has fled to the country of Tolstoi and Turgenev for inspiration. From his spelling we judge Mr. McArthur to be an American. His outlook on life is certainly that of a cosmopolitan. His style of writing is not that of a man of letters. Here, for instance, is an atrocious sentence:—

Conversation was general and ranged over a variety of subjects: Tolstoi's book of the hour, the "Kreutzer Sonata," which, having been proscribed by the Russian Censor, a copy in manuscript had been passed round among the author's friends, and having been read by Rubinstein and several of those at the table, was made the subject of an especially hot discussion.

This, it is only fair to add, represents Mr. McArthur at his very worst.

For the rest, the story is readable, but by no means remarkable. It is the oft-repeated tale of two lovers who, separated by a series of cruel mischances, are finally united to live happily ever after. An element of variety is imparted in this instance by the fact that the heroine is a Jewess, while her lover is the proud scion of one of the noble Russian families. Despite, however, the general conventionality of the theme, the story is told in a convincing manner, and there are no awkward pauses in the narrative. To us the chief interest centres round the figure of Rubinstein, who hovers like a shadow about the background of the picture. The great pianist has been sympathetically delineated, and the result is a study, both subtle and acute, in the strange vagaries and hidden tragedies of the artistic temperament.

No novel dealing with Russian life is considered to be complete which does not contain a personal interview with the Czar. There is, of course, one in this volume.

Lil of the Slums. By "DICK DONOVAN." (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

AFTER reading this novel we feel as if we had witnessed a lurid transpontine melodrama, with a villain who strides about shading his eyes, and a heroine who poses and weeps on every propitious occasion. For although the story is not a bad one, it is irreparably

injured by the manner of its writing; the unadulterated "journalese," the ready-made phrases of the newspaper reporter, occur on page after page; and the characters talk to each other in this manner:

"My God! I'd forgotten Foster," cried Rowland, pressing his hands to his head; "now I see through it all; now you have given me the key, and I'll solve this mystery or perish."

"Foster has been watched, and nothing can be proved against him."

"But I'll prove something. I'll wring his secret from him even if I have to tear his heart out to get at it."

"Bert, my beloved, we will journey to the new land together and work for each other, cling to each other, until in God's good time we sink away to rest." Then did he answer to her amazement, "The story is not yet told, and it may so chance that when you have come to your own, you may bid me go from you, and see you no more."

The gentle and good and long-suffering hero, too, has been reading penny horrors, for he writes to his sweetheart in the style of an errand-boy veneered with the fearful politeness of his favourite dashing desperado:

"As you have chosen to place an insurmountable barrier between us, our paths will now lie far apart. We might have been happy in our poverty had you shown yourself less indifferent to my wishes. However, you have willed it otherwise, and all that is left for me to do is to say farewell, though my heart breaks in writing the word, for I have loved you. Farewell! When this reaches you I shall be far away. Once more, farewell."

When the girl read this, the paper "fluttered from her nerveless and trembling hands." We knew it would.

The story is "written round a true incident arising out of the loss of the steamship *Princess Alice* in the Thames," but the description of the collision is very poor, and the whole thing becomes boring long before the last chapter is reached. We happen to see that "Lil of the Slums" is appearing in a West Country daily paper at the time we write this notice, which goes to explain a good deal of its character.

Someone Pays. By NOEL BARWELL. (John Lane, 6s.)

THERE are many objections to the method of allowing a story to evolve itself by means of letters supposed to be written by the various characters. For one thing, the reader, as a rule, has a sub-conscious sense of the artificiality of the device; he feels that in real life the epistles written by participants in a chain of incidents such as this would never so precisely and beautifully expound the story to an outsider who should chance upon them. And, again, unless the author is exceptionally adept, and the reader preternaturally attentive, there is likely to be a somewhat hazy notion of what all the pother is about—the clarity and sequence of the plot suffer. To set against these and other disabilities of the epistolary novel, we have an advantage or two; one is that we usually escape the long and limp descriptions of people and scenery which so often dilute the ordinary romance; another, that character comes out in personal letters as sharply as in actions. This, however, necessitates the proviso that the author be very competent.

Recognising the inherent drawbacks of the manner, we cannot regret that this story has been told by the letters of the persons chiefly concerned, for Mr. Barwell has carried his task through excellently, and kept his characters consistent—a difficult feat. The theme is unpleasant, but it is not unduly intruded; indeed, we might truthfully say that the greatest interest comes from the side-issues, and from the disclosures of rather charming relationships which bear

on the main position only incidentally. The residence of Jack Orr, the exasperating young hero, in the household of Kershaw, the hypocritical and impecunious vicar, for purposes of "coaching," is provocative of amusement; later on, of tragedy. He introduces a friend of the "boulder" class, through whom one of the servants loses her reputation, and in the complications which follow the author has not been quite careful enough to indicate the real culprit among the three possible ones; the reader is left at the last moment slightly in the dark. These things, however, will be to many of less importance than the glimpses of the Cambridge don and his girl friend, Kitty Strowdley (who, it seems to us, was far too good for Jack), and other letters of people who are at a tangent to the immediate circle reveal some pretty by-play of episode and of thought. We are of the opinion that Mr. Barwell might justifiably give us another book in the same manner with a rather less sordid central incident than the betrayal of poor Emily; he is certainly capable of something good in a lighter vein.

A Short History of the English Stage. By R. FARQUHARSON SHARP. (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 5s.)

WE are bound to feel a considerable amount of sympathy for the author who attempts a concise history of the stage and its art in this country, for quite naturally and inevitably a large portion of his task will consist of catalogues of theatres, actors, authors, managers, and the plays which have been performed. This, of course, has happened to Mr. Sharp's volume, and, while making it valuable as a work of reference, detracts from its interest as a book to read; there is no room to spare for the digressions, the comments, the author's own asides which would have raised the subject out of the arid regions of mere history; the leaven of anecdote, too, must be sparingly used.

The general reader, however, will find plenty of pleasing matter in the first few chapters. It is curious to note how in the cycle of years we sometimes revert to ancient customs—the old-time "Pageant Master" gradually developed into the theatrical manager, as we now know him, but to-day we have a craze for pageants and pastoral plays, and once more the "Pageant Master" has become a necessary person. The love of a spectacle *per se* seems to form a notable line of demarcation between human beings and the animal creation; if a cat watches a mouse, or a dog surveys the garden, it is not with the mere object of seeing; and it is rather an illuminating thought that that desire of eye-pleasure has led us so far—led us from the primitive wooden movable structure on which in mediæval times the actors strode and the spectators intruded to the elaborate and imposing theatres of the present, with their accessories of music, scene, and song.

The simplicity of those early pageant-plays was perfect. "Tapestries were hung at the back for the purpose of scenery; 'halfe a yarde of Rede Sea' is one item recorded." Even the splendid Elizabethan drama was presented under conditions which we can hardly realise to-day—part of the audience on the stage, smoking and interrupting; protection from the weather of the rudest; the floor covered with rushes; scenery as we know it practically non-existent. Not until Garrick assumed a firm attitude was the stage resolutely kept free from the fops and gallants, who sometimes "so encumbered the actors that these were obliged to shoulder their way through to gain a clear space in which to perform." Dresses, too, were conventional:

It is difficult for us to bear in mind, in these days of historical "accuracy" on the stage, that ever since the drama had

emerged from its beginnings the actors had worn every-day dress, intensified in certain directions and made fanciful in others, but still without an attempt at synchronism. . . . Garrick played Macbeth in a Hanoverian military uniform to a Lady Macbeth in hoops and feathers, but that fact disturbed no one's appreciation of their performances.

This was not altogether a drawback. The modern idea that scenery must be gorgeous and settings ornate does not make for good art or its sane comprehension, as anyone will acknowledge who remembers the annoying flutter of astonishment that for some minutes pervades His Majesty's Theatre when the curtain rises on one of Mr. Tree's presentations of Shakespeare's plays. When the eye of the beholder is seduced into approval, his ear too frequently becomes less critical and his brain anæsthetised into pleasant languor.

It is a great pity that the author has seen fit to deal with the rubbishy stuff written, and sometimes produced and acted, by mediocrities of the last ten or twenty years; ninety per cent. of it was not worth even a passing allusion, and in a book of 318 pages, which only allows half its space to the important periods that pre-date Henry Irving (we reach Irving and Ellen Terry on page 161), there seems a grievous lack of proportion; the condensation has been carried too far in the first half, not far enough in the latter. To adduce only one instance: the plays of Wilde ("that witty writer") are taken as they come, just mentioned with a nod of approval, lumped with all the rest; whereas a single production of his pen was worth all the thin and meretricious "smartness" of some of our later playwrights put together. In a book where compression is a *sine quâ non* this inattention to values is a fault.

This is, however, the most serious complaint we have to make, and we do not wish to end on a note of dissatisfaction. The account Mr. Sharp gives of Garrick, the Kembles, Macready, Phelps, and many others, is worthy of all praise. Of Foote, the irrepressible, he writes well, with one or two brief anecdotes:

He was a dramatist of considerable merit, and wrote a number of plays and comedies that reflected contemporary manners with great spirit; but it is as a mimic that he will always be remembered. No one escaped his satire; and the town flocked to see him, everyone eager to laugh at the reproduction of his friends' peculiarities while dreading an exhibition of his own. . . . He bore the loss of his leg, and the tragic-comical result of the necessity for a false one, with considerable pluck. Someone had the ill-taste to make fun of his misfortune, whereupon Foote snapped out, "Make no allusion to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?"

Of Sheridan, too, we have a good impression in these pages. We can appreciate the amount of care and labour which has gone to the writing and compiling of this history. Although in the nature of things it is a book which must be open to the charge of omissions, these are not numerous, and Mr. Sharp, with the one exception which we have emphasised, has executed his task in a sound and literary manner.

AN OUTDOOR BREVIARY—II.

On the arc of the bay, upon the slowly-rising land behind it, upon the pale, buff-coloured, divided fields for the plough, the gulls sweep out in great flocks over the sea. They feed together upon the edge of the falling tide, making curving bands of white that mix with the ribbon of the breaking surf; they follow the plough, and float above the ribbed field; they flit like a sudden scudding drift of snow against a dull grey sky; now and then they rise in a cloud, and so rising disappear, and as they turn and wheel they send flashes of

delicate light from their vibrating wings, like a note struck upon a silver bell. The glimpse of their evanescent shining is like the rapid turning of a polished blade; they vanish, like bands of light fading across the downs.

Upon this hill that surveys the expanse of wide fields, divided by white lanes and low plashed hedges, the atmosphere is colourless, and the soul seems to escape from the languid and minute business of men, in contemplation of the unfaltering strength of the fresh and sleepless skies, and the "central peace subsisting for ever at the heart of their endless agitations." There is but little sound upon this hill-solitude of pale, short-grassed turf but the whispering of the sibilous wind in the greater gorse, whose warm flowers are set about with dry, sharp spines. It patches the shoulder of the upland with cloth of gold, this shrub with its tawny, aromatic blossom, before which Linnæus fell to weeping, and knelt for joy, the first time he saw it yellowing with "heavenly alchemy," the crisp turf of some English mountain of myrrh and hill of frankincense.

On a dry heath, a bare down, upon the places of wide prospect and the stony seats of Pan, it seems enough that the light is unimpeded, that the clear stream of the wind flows without a bar, and there is nothing between us and the sun. "You never enjoy the earth aright" (wrote Thomas Traherne, in his "Divine Raptures") "until the sun itself floweth through your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars, and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world."

Birds seem the loosened souls of a tree. Is there not some tradition that the first birds were made out of "a rose, and a blade of grass, and a breath of the winds"—the souls of the trees winged and voiced?

Now and again, in the grey-limbed, leafless orchard, above the cold agile wind slipping by on either hand, is to be heard the cold treble notes of birds that seem to swim and float upon the stream of the air, and distil from it like water-drops, as the birds' wings trace their innumerable paths across the earth. There is no sound in Nature like a bird's voice, from the inflected cry of the playing plover and the blackbird's oboe voice—a note blown through a glass flute, *dulcis, durabilis, clara, pura, secans aera et auribus sedens*—to the hedge-bird's pittering note of meditation, then zee, zee, tsui, tsui, clink, clink, and a thin chipping and tapping upon a miniature whetstone; and the notes that are like the chiming of pebbles upon a sheet of smooth ice. Southey, indeed, found the finch's note in the sound of a stone thrown over ice. He writes that he and Coleridge found out that stones flung upon a lake when frozen make a noise like singing birds, and when you whirl on it a large flake of ice "away the shivers slide, chirping and warbling like a flight of finches."

St. Augustine speaks somewhere of the "*luminosus limen amicitiae*," and the phrase, "the luminous threshold," recurs to one just now upon the doorway of the remote and fragrant region of spring, both in the dry days of protracted light, and again, during one of the sudden showers of the season, when washing the threadbare woods, and coming towards us with that peculiar rushing sound, rain-drops bright as sparks sprinkle the threshold of spring with lustral waters. And when the rain is over-past, there follows the sound of tiny runnels in the grass, the fresh "suck" of the ground as it drinks the moisture, as of one over-hastily drinking from a cup; while draughts of wind shake

down the shining drops from the twigs of the thorn upon the lustrous mat of last year's leaves.

There is a deserted avenue of oaks, carpeted with pale grass and tufts of bluish-green gorse, and soaked red bracken. Buff sheep, indistinguishable in colour from the litter of dry oak leaves, are lying upon the wintry grass, and under the short, sturdy trees with green, mossy plinths and powdered shafts. Overhead, against the pale sky, their branches spread into a net of fine twigs, sun-shot with pale olives and fawns, and like Circe's web, "imperishable such as is the handiwork of the goddesses, fine of woof and full of grace and splendour," for in winter oaks, especially old oaks, gain a fresh grandeur when leafless, as the vast weight of their athletic branches is more easily guessed when their contours are no longer hidden away among the dense foliage. Through the moist turf, bright channels of water ramify like the twisted shoots of an old vine, and tick among the grass. To the left is the wide flat level of the plain, with low, wave-like hills rising on its verge; to the right a channel of luminous flood-water reflecting the leafless bushes that fringe it; and from the bushes, from the fawn-coloured ploughland, from the threadbare copse, from the clear patch of springing wheat, the wild, rain-laden essence of spring rises like an exhalation.

On the flat roof of the hill, where the sunshine is now and again overcome with blots of cloud, the bright rushing of the wind passes over the sleek bents and close grass sprinkled with small white snail-shells no bigger than a nail-head. There was a scattering, too, of ochre-tinted boulders, each with its sharp shadow shot out right in front of it, and in among the green grass, germs of plants—miniature bird's foot trefoil, infinitely small silky-centred plantains, embryo daisies. There is no sound but the wind whistling, like shaken silk, or the surf thrown up by a miniature sea upon a miniature shore, in the grass bents, and a lark, bright bird, splashing in the light, as in water.

Round the roof of the hill the clouds stream, very slowly on the rim of the blue, and swiftly overhead in the mid-stream of its flowing glaze—some thin as a grey foam bubble, some impenetrable, shadowed, and solid as a reef; some smaller, like swans, drifting down the stream. Far below, from this Olympian height, shine the habitable roofs of the village, the green and buff divided fields, the thread-like highways, the yellow sheep crowded in a gateway, the horse-pond no bigger than a silver spangle, the fine loop of a stream vibrating like a shining wire. The bright distance, the bareness of the hill, its flowerless turf, gives a fineness to what is seen, as if the recollection had been strained to clearness through the hour-glass of Time.

The many-weathered month is full of undescribed sounds. The aimless brown leaf scratches the white road and brushes the neighbour tree, and the dry-tongued wind patters in the ivy. Where last year's leaves lie bedded under beech-trees they are stirred by "a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts"; and there is a crisp rustling in the dry grass and dead leaves, as dozens of little black spiders run into it, a creaking of bough against bough, a strong humming in the yellow-powdered bee-alluring fallows, almost as loud as the phantom of a sullen song that comes and goes among the wires of telegraph-poles.

"Pure colour almost always gives the idea of fire, or rather it is perhaps as if a light shone through as well as the colour itself. The fresh green blade of corn is like this." So is the lilac and syringa, pricked

with upward-pointing, transparent leaves, looking as if it had been held to a fire, until a flame had caught upon every twig, a very "hand of glory."

By the Buddhists of the Zen teaching, stress was laid upon the contemplation of Nature in all her aspects, as a discipline to the soul and as a means of purging the spirit of all the calls of the flesh. The beauties of Nature were but the mirror in which the disciple should see the miracles of his own soul repeated. But no! the disciple's soul is the mirror in which he should see the miracles of Nature repeated. We shine with the sun. "Let the shadow advance upon the dial, I can watch it with equanimity, while it is there to be watched. It is only when the shadow is not there, that the dial is terrible." Light clarifies us, height raises us; the bareness of a poor hill-pasture has some of the effect of personal austerity.

Looking down upon the tree-tops of a wood or copse from a height, some weeks ago, there seemed to come a greyish tinge, upon the branches, then a thickening until the eye could not see down into the wood, dense and veiled with its narrow buds. Then this gave place to a reddish-purple, very vivid against the enamel-blue of cloudless March, and certain light points, like lighted wicks, showed themselves—the enormous pale cone-like buds of the horse chestnut. Then the larches lifted their boughs and dipped themselves in their flawless colour, as of "green silks but newly washed," and now followed by the first fine fledgling leaves of each tree, all beautifully distinct in colour. But even when leafless each tree is as strange and wonderful a thing and as distinct as in June. The chandelier-curves of the ash branches, the rutted bark of elms, the creased grey elephant-hide of the oak, the aspen-bark that looks as if it had been slit up and down with the point of a knife, the rosy-fingered willows, the pale-skinned smooth shaft of the beech, with its snake-like undulations, pleasant to see and to touch. Burke was assuredly right in maintaining that there exists a very close connection between sight and feeling, and in tracing the agreeable sensations arising from the sight of soft, smooth surfaces to this connection. What we see, we touch, as with our hand. From the smooth columnar beech we get that "something peculiarly sweet" that Gilbert White notes in the "shapely-figured aspect" of chalk hills in comparison with the angular broken hills of stone.

CORRESPONDENCE

LINE-LENGTHS IN POETRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In Mr. Omond's letter in your issue of September 26th he lays stress on the necessity for proving that short and common measures are not more than varieties of long measure, and suggests that proof would be afforded could we find a poet using the three forms interchangeably without apparent consciousness of alteration. I can recollect only one poem where the three forms are used together—Shelley's "Lines," of which the first stanza follows:

"The cold earth slept below,
Above the cold sky shone;
And all around, with a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow,
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon."

Shelley was probably conscious of the alteration, as the first three stanzas follow this model, and only in the last is the opening short measure, or Alexandrine, amplified by the word "beloved" to common measure, or ordinary ballad. This amplification seems to be a breathing out of the suppressed

passion of the first part of the poem, and the whole combination appeals to me intensely as a technically perfect stanza. In analyzing the stanza, I assume that each pair of lines is a complete verse, the three verses being respectively in Alexandrine, romance, and ballad, or short, long, and common measures. The following is my division:

The cold / earth slept / below /, / above / the cold / sky
shone /;
And all / around /, with a chill / lug sound /, from caves /
of ice / and fields / of snow /
The breath / of night / like death / did flow / beneath / the
sin / king moon /.

When speaking of an Alexandrine I mean the original verse so designated—that is, a verse of six stresses divided into two equal parts by a distinct pause. I believe this pause to have been a necessary and characteristic feature, and a pause plays as important a part in a foot as a syllable.

The step from the romance metre of eight stresses, or feet, since stresses may be suppressed, to the ballad metre of seven feet seems fairly evident. In his first volume of "English Prosody," Professor Saintsbury points out that the romance metre showed a constant tendency to drop a foot. This tendency was strengthened by the necessity to gasp in taking breath at the end of a verse, and the foot may have been dropped either at the beginning or at the end of the verse, resulting in unequal verses, some divided with the four stressed half coming first, some with the three stressed half coming first. Examples of the latter are of fairly frequent occurrence—in Chapman's "Homer," Book i., verses 134 and 249, and Book ii., verse 155, are the following:

"Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintain in sure abode

My counsels with respect? Mine eyes yet never witness were

That followed him, took up. Himself to Agamemnon went.

In the ballads the romance and ballad metres constantly combine: in the first part of "The Hunting of the Cheviot," out of twenty-four stanzas, eighteen are ballad, six romance. The following form is common:

"I wish I were where Helen lies;
Night and day on me she cries;
Oh, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lea!"

The blending is very spirited in "King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid":

"The blinded boy, that shootes so trim,
From heaven downe did heie;
He drew a dart and shot at him,
In place where he did lye:
Which soon did pierse him to the quicke,
And when he felt the arrow pricke
Which in his tender heart did sticke,
He looketh as he would die.
'What sudden chance is this,' quoth he,
'That I to live must subject be,
Which never thereto would agree
But still did it defie?'"

It will be noted that after every ballad verse of seven stresses there is a distinct pause, whilst there is none, or only the slightest, at the ends of the romance verses. The length of the pause cannot be determined with certainty—it may not have the full value of a foot, probably has not, as a pause tends to shorten, to collapse on itself as it were—but this pause following ballad verses is without doubt much longer than that following romance verses. In the following stanza, however, a curious fact may be observed:

"We played at love in Mulga town,
And O, her eyes were blue!
We played at love in Mulga town,
And love's a game for two.
If three should play, alack a day!
There's one of them will rue,
Dear Heart!
There's one of them will rue!"

This is from Ogilvie's "In Mulga Town," and the device at the end is one frequent use. The fact to be noted is that the stanza could be rounded off at the first "rue," and all its verses

then would be ordinary ballad verses; but the addition of "Dear Heart" converts the line of three stresses into one of four, followed up by another of three:

"If three should play, alack a day!
There's one of them will rue, Dear Heart!
There's one of them will rue."

The result is, as it were, a telescoping of two verses, one romance and one ballad; so that the first two lines form a romance verse, or the last two a ballad verse. Furthermore, the pause at the end of the ballad verse disappears when "Dear Heart!" is introduced, the metre running on smoothly and naturally, so that the pause is evidently of sufficient duration to allow of the insertion of two syllables—in fact, of a foot. The conclusion, then, appears to be, that a ballad verse is a romance verse with a silent foot at the end. This telescoped verse has been exceedingly popular in its double form, as seen in "Dowsabel":

"This mayden in a morn betime
Went forth, when May was in her prime,
To get sweet cetywall,
The honeysuckle, the harlocke,
The lilly and the lady-smocke,
To deck her summer hall."

A curious reference to the claims of the two forms, romance and ballad, to popular favour, appears in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III., scene 1, v. 24, etc.:

Quince: Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bottom: No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

It is easier to show that the Nibelungen is closely related to ballad metre. The following stanza from Miss Rossetti's "He and She" combines a verse of each:

"Should one of us remember,
And one of us forget,
I wish I knew what each would do—
But who can tell as yet?"

This is the basic metre of Macaulay's "Horatius," and in forty out of its forty-five stanzas the two metres occur side by side. It has been called Nibelungen, as it forms the principal metre of the German epic, the "Nibelungen Noth." The verses of that epic do not uniformly conform to this type, syllables being freely dropped or inserted. Often the last section of the verse closing a stanza is lengthened out in the manner of the Alexandrine at the close of a Spenserian stanza:

"Now came the lovely maiden, as morning comes in rose
From sullen cloud forth-stealing; then sundered many woes
From men's faint hearts, new gladdened to have old aches
dispelled;
He saw the lovely maiden, her gracious splendour he beheld."

As if recognising the fact that a syllable has been dropped from the middle, the verses will sometimes be found printed as above, divided into two parts. The Nibelungen verse has a most distinctive lilt, which has been brought about by the dropping of a stressed syllable. Printed at length, Miss Rossetti's verses would be divided as follows:

Should one/ of us/ remem/ber, / and one/ of us/
forget/,
I wish/ I knew/ what each/ would do—but who/ can
tell/ as yet?/ /

A considerable number of short poems have been written in the Nibelungen metre by British poets, but one must turn to the poetry of Germany and Denmark to see the amount of variation of which this metre is capable. In the first place, the long terminal verse reads, in English, rather awkwardly at first. It very rarely occurs in British poetry; the following is an example from that metrical master, Burns:

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue."

The slight awkwardness is caused by the pause which takes the place of the dropped stressed syllable; restore the syllable, and the verse reads smoothly enough:—

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue."
Bewitchingly o'erarching
Twa laughing een o' bonie blue.

"Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
When first that bonie face I saw,
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm—
She says she lo'es me best of a'!"

The result is a romance verse. Instances occur where a dropped syllable is restored, and a ballad verse results:

"Da sprach der Fürste Sigmund: 'Deine Rede ist mir leid'";
("Prince Sigmund spake in answer: 'Woful is thy speech to me'");

"Da wuchs in Niederlanden eines reichen Königes Kind."
("In Netherlands was fostered once a wealthy monarch's child.")

The same metre, the Nibelungen, is widely used in the Danish ballad. Celenschlaeger uses it in "Hrolf Krake," an heroic poem in twelve books; and Winther also uses it in a series of poems entitled "Woodcuts." The metre varies almost in the same way as in the German, but it contains a much greater number of pure ballad verses. The lengthened end-verse of the German appears to be absent, but, on the other hand, a verse is common in it that I do not remember seeing in the German. The following is a stanza from Winther's "Steffen og Aune":

"Naar Aftensolen slog sit Blik mod Havet ned,
Og vort Kirketaarn og Husene der rødmæd derved,
Han hoielte sine Arme paa Dørens grønne Braet,
Og skued ned i Dalen, og blev dog aldrig traet."

("When on the ocean fell the sun's low evening beam,
And our houses and church steeple were rose-tinted from the gleam,
Upon the door's board mossy his folded arms he laid,
Whilst down the vale below him his glance unwearied strayed.")

Here the last two verses are of the normal type, the Nibelungen, the second is ballad, whilst the first is Alexandrine, having dropped the unstressed as well as the stressed syllables of the fourth foot. It is to be supposed that as the pause is always present in the ordinary Nibelungen verse, it is also present when it takes the form of the Alexandrine. This type of verse is of very frequent occurrence in the Danish Nibelungen, and it tends to show that there certainly is a verse divided into two equal portions by a silent foot. Were this occasional verse to form the normal verse of a poem, the pause would probably be shortened, or even disappear, as it apparently has done in one form of the English Alexandrine.

I should not have resorted to foreign poems could I have found examples in our British poetry; but, owing to its much wider range, the German and Danish Nibelungen metre shows its close connection with the ballad, romance, and Alexandrine metres much more decidedly than the British form does.

The Alexandrine appears in the British ballad, the following being from the Robin Hood series:

"And yf I toke it twyse,
A shame it were to me:
But trewly, gentyll knyght,
Welcom arte thou to me."

"Robyn," said our kyng,
'Now pray I the
To sell me some of that cloth,
To me and my meynè.'"

I think it can hardly be doubted that each Alexandrine is here divided by a pause:

"And yf I toke it twyse, a shame it were to me":

and the Danish ballads show that a syllable at one time occupied that pause; whilst the German and Danish both show, in the Nibelungen verse, that that syllable is also accompanied by a pause.

I do not for a moment deny that the Alexandrine, as now used, runs on without pause: my contention is that originally it was divided, and is, like the ballad and Nibelungen, a variety of romance metre. I submit, however, that even in poems

like Browning's "Abt Vogler," the mid-pause is still evident in many of the verses; it may be atrophied, but it is there.

This brings me to the second important question in Mr. Omond's letter. He asks why the law of eight stresses to a full natural line only applies to writers of our own or kindred races, and why the Greeks so markedly favoured lines of six beats. I do not know the classical metres sufficiently to say much concerning them; but of the hexameter this much may be said: that whilst it had only six feet, these feet might be said to bear not six stresses, but any number from seven to twelve; that is, allowing the long syllables to be the equivalent of the present stressed syllables—and if this be not allowed, then it cannot be allowed that they had even six beats. There is, perhaps, no doubt, however, that a foot of Greek poetry was much longer than a foot of present iambic or even anapestic poetry; so that an hexameter would more than equal, in breath-volume, a romance line. Howbeit, the hexameter is an early development, in the same way as the Icelandic stave or the Anglo-Saxon alliterative couplet. These metres are no longer living, and whilst it is to be presumed that they all perfectly satisfied the reciters and listeners of their time, they have become extinct types, and cannot again be revived in their old forms. The modern imitation of the hexameter has nothing of the majesty of the hexameter itself, but that majesty is of the past; and it is a law of growth that a type once perfected and lost can never appear again. I do not suppose that we have by any means reached the ultimate form of our verse; but I am confident that whilst the world-poets of younger growth were striving for the natural form along such varying lines as hexameter and stave, these have evolved to and crystallized in the common or ballad measure of seven beats.

In conclusion, I would express my sincere thanks for the courteous consideration given to me, an outsider, both by Mr. Omond and yourself.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

Government Buildings, Christchurch, New Zealand.

December 21st, 1908.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your courteous comments on my letter of the 20th ult. have left me—unconvinced. May I tell you why?

1. As to Addison. You quote Mr. Courthope as your authority for the statement that Addison and Swift were "warm friends." Mr. Courthope bases his opinion on two documents: a letter of the Dean's to Archbishop King, in which Swift compliments Addison; and a dedication to Swift, in which Addison flatters the Dean. These documents do not—in my humble judgment—justify the inference which Mr. Courthope is disposed to draw. They prove nothing. It is necessary to read them in the light of the circumstances under which they were written. Addison was a Secretary of State, exiled in Dublin, the representative of the English Government. Swift was the savage castigator of statesmen and administrations, who might at any moment turn "ag'in the Government" with his accustomed devastating ferocity. At most, the writer of the letter and the author of the dedication may each be described as a diplomatist holding a candle to the devil. Addison was temperamentally incapable of conceiving a warm friendship for a man of Dean Swift's idiosyncrasies. And Swift was incapable of remaining the warm friend of any man.

2. As to Sheridan. You say: "The reference in our article was, of course, to Sheridan the elder." By "Sheridan the elder" is meant, equally, of course, Sheridan's father, who wrote a "Life of Swift." But Sheridan the elder was a youth in his early twenties when the Dean died. It was Sheridan's grandfather who was a favourite of the Dean. Dr. Sheridan was a Dublin schoolmaster, an accomplished scholar, an eccentric divine and an inveterate wag. He achieved a degree of intimacy with Swift permitted to no other man. He had become necessary to the Dean's mental comfort. Swift kept him about his person in the same way and for much the same reasons that kings kept court fools. In those black intervals of tragic gloom and incipient madness which ushered in the end, the lonely, disappointed, embittered satirist found solace and stimulus in the unflagging spirits and abounding jests of the reverend author of "The Art of Punning."

Permit me to add that when ordinary readers—of whom I confess myself—find cited in a critical article the names of a number of the greatest lights in English literature, commencing with Congreve and Dryden and ending with Addison and Sheridan, they have but one identification for the last-

named writer. They do not read into the name "Sheridan's father" or "Sheridan's grandfather." And the ordinary readers are right, I think.

WILLIAM MACKAY.

Oulton Broad, Suffolk, March 1st, 1909.

[1. I am in agreement with Mr. Mackay on one or two points: viz., that Swift was incapable of remaining the warm friend of any man. But that does not prove that he was unable to feel a warm friendship at all: friendships, as everyone knows, are not always permanent. Also, I agree regarding the difference of the two characters. But to say that Addison was "temperamentally incapable of conceiving a warm friendship for" Swift is rash: persons of widely differing temperaments and tastes frequently become close comrades. In any case, one is entitled to assume that W. J. Courthope is at least the equal of Mr. Mackay as an authority, and would not have made such definite statements in a standard work without due deliberation. 2. As to the other point at issue, I need only say that the "ordinary reader" who is as well-informed as your correspondent would not doubt for a moment which of the Sheridans was indicated.—THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.]

MR. HARDY'S NOVELS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Those of your readers whose interest in the Wessex novels has been aroused or revived by your article on "Thomas Hardy" may be glad to know of three stories which have not been reprinted since their appearance in periodicals many years ago.

They are: (1) "An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress," published in the *New Quarterly Magazine*, July 1878; (2) "The Waiting Supper," in *Murray's Magazine*, January and February, 1888; and (3) "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," in the *Graphic* Summer Number for 1883. This last is obtainable in a cheap pirated edition, published in New York.

I am unable to offer any explanation why these charming stories have not been included in Messrs. Macmillan's new eighteen-volume pocket edition of Mr. Hardy's works.

STUART MASON.

March 1.

"THE KING'S ENGLISH."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—"W. McC." quotes our words "... indulgent enough to refer our condemnation to the very common abuse ...," and thus comments: "I should correct that phrase in a boy's essay thus: to refer to our condemnation of."

We are as clay in the hands of a critic who treats these two expressions as synonymous, and gravely offers one as a substitute for the other; he moulds us as he will. We withdraw from the unequal combat, profoundly impressed by "W. McC.'s" genius for correction, and assuring him (in trembling anticipation of possible future achievements in the way of synonym) that we really mean "correction," not "correctness," however strong his preference for the latter word on æsthetic or other grounds.

It is a pleasure to us to be able to add that we are in cordial agreement with "W. McC." as to the quantity of the middle vowel in *ducere*.

THE AUTHORS OF "THE KING'S ENGLISH."

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

An Oxford Tutor: The Life of Rev. Thomas Short, B.D. C. E. H. Edwards. Elliot Stock, 1s. 6d. net.

Life and Work of Lord Rosebery. James Renwick. Mitford Publishing Co., 1s. net.

DRAMA

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England. A popular history for young people. Frances E. Cooke. Unwin, 1s. 6d. net.
Malaria and Greek History, by W. H. T. Jones, to which is added *The History of Greek Therapeutics and the Malaria Theory,* by E. T. Withington. Sherratt & Hughes, 5s. net.
Studies in Roman History (Second Series). E. G. Hardy, M.A., D.Litt. Swan Sonnenschein, 6s.

JUVENILE

Jan of the Windmill. Juliana Horatia Ewing. Bell, 2s. 6d. net.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH

The Fortnightly Review, The Century, Cornhill, Windsor, Contemporary Review, English Review, Blackwood's, Travel and Exploration, Socialist Review, Celtic Review, Empire Review, Book Monthly, The International, The Art Journal, The Country Home, Deutsche Rundschau, The Dickensian, Merve de France, Scotia, Journal of the Gipsy Lore Society, Connoisseur.

MISCELLANEOUS

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The Letters of John Ruskin, 1870-1889. George Allen, 25s.
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National Independence. Francis Francis. Constable, 6d. net.
In re Shakespeare Beeching v. Greenwood. (Rejoinder on behalf of the defendant.) G. G. Greenwood, M.P. John Lane, 2s. 6d. net.
The Sense of the Infinite. A Study of the Transcendental Element in Literature, Life, and Religion. Oscar Kuhns. Holt & Co., New York; Bell & Son, England, \$1.50.
The Wander Years. Being some accounts of journeys into Life, Letters, and Art. J. H. Yoxall, M.P. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.
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REFERENCE

Handbook to the Technical and Art Schools and Colleges of the United Kingdom. Scott, Greenwood & Son, 3s. 6d. net.
Drumhey's Year-Book for East Africa, 1909. Being a complete calendar, directory, and gazetteer for the British East Africa and the Zanzibar Protectorates; and containing information about Uganda and German East Africa. Arranged and compiled by J. S. A. Drumhey. Drumhey.
The Schoolmasters' Year-Book and Directory, 1909. A Reference Book of Secondary Education in England and Wales. Year-Book Press, c/o Swan Sonnenschein, 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We announced last week that the "reply" of the ex-editor of the *Granta* to Lord Alfred Douglas's criticism of the *Granta's* editorial methods, which reply appeared in the *Cambridge Review* of March 4th, was in the nature of a libel upon Lord Alfred Douglas. We issued writs on the printers of the *Cambridge Review*, Messrs. Fabb and Tyler, and on the ex-editor of the *Granta*. We are pleased to be able to state that the editor of the *Cambridge Review* has apologised in fitting terms, and that Messrs. Fabb and Tyler have also apologised, while Mr. Johnson, the publisher, assures us that the whole of the issue of the *Cambridge Review* of March 4th has been withdrawn.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's dear, kind, peace-loving, compromising friend, Mr. Runciman, made a very pretty exhibition of himself in the House of Commons on Thursday night. The case of the Swansea Oxford Street Church School will be familiar to our readers. It is not a case that admits of argument. The facts are not denied, and cannot be denied. The local authorities at Swansea were guilty of the most flagrant and malicious injustice to the school, which they have done their best to starve out of existence. In their distress the managers of the Church school appealed to the Board of Education, and Mr. Runciman sent down Mr. Hamilton, K.C.—now Mr. Justice Hamilton—in the capacity of Commissioner to make the fullest enquiries and to report. Mr. Hamilton, after going into the matter at length, reported that the local authorities were in default. Did Mr. Runciman thereupon proceed to put into force the power of the Board of Education to compel the authorities to make good their default? Not a bit of it. Mr. Runciman, like Mr. Birrell, is the proud possessor of "Liberal principles," and "Liberal principles" do not allow Ministers to take action of any kind which may result in the loss of votes. Consequently Mr. Runciman, in the face of Mr. Hamilton's report, and sheltering himself behind the legal quibbling of the Attorney-General, took no action at

all. Here are the words of the Attorney-General in the House of Commons on Thursday night: "The authorities can pay teachers as little as they can. It may be most ungenerous and harsh to do so, but it is not illegal." And it is on the strength of this "legal opinion" that Mr. Runciman endeavours to excuse his flagrant breach of common fairness and impartiality. Mr. Balfour, while hotly denouncing Mr. Runciman's inexcusable conduct, said that he recognised Mr. Runciman as "a man of honour." This is the sort of thing that is always said on these occasions, and no doubt it is right that the amenities of debate should be observed; but for our part, we must confess that we entirely fail to see anything honourable in such gross misuse of authority for party purposes. The action of the local authorities at Swansea, and the support given to their illegal conduct by the Board of Education under a Nonconformist Government, throws a lurid light on the value of the "right of entry," in exchange for which the Archbishop of Canterbury was ready to hand over the Church schools. Meanwhile, in Swansea itself, on the same day as that on which the debate we have referred to took place, "the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches" was engaged in the sweet task of forming a "Free Church Socialist League." We are surprised to hear that the Archbishop of Canterbury did not take the opportunity of attending and saying a few words. The "Free Churches" supply the only suitable field of activity for an Archbishop who has so little regard for religious education as Dr. Randall. He is not popular in the Church of England. In the Free Churches he would soon no doubt become as popular, as beloved, and as brotherly as "Dr." Clifford.

The friends of the imperfect poet would appear to be innumerable. They continue to address us scathingly through the post and they continue wittily to cite chapter and verse "in the great masters of English poetry" for every fault of which a bad poet is capable. Out of a large number of such correspondents, however, only one ventures to retort by addressing himself to a review of our own poetical blemishes and failings. We print his letter in another column, with suitable editorial comment. It will be noted that our critic lays himself out to discover lapses which in the main are not entirely obvious. He has not succeeded in making out a case, but, even if he had so succeeded, his *tu quoque* would not be either just or complete. It is all very well for him to tell us that the *Saturday Review* would not have printed Miss Jourdain's poems, inasmuch as he may have inside information on the subject. The awkward fact remains, however, that, despite the altitudes of superiority now claimed for the editor of the *Saturday Review*, that gentleman did print and publish in his paper a couple of weeks ago, or thereabouts, a set of verses, which contained the following lines:

When she-goats begged from Jove a beard,
The he-goats sad began to rage,
Because their dignity they feared
Would rivalled be by females sage.

* * *
And this the moral of my tale,
For ever bear with those who try
To ape your manly mien, but fail
In worth to reach your standard high.

We have printed in italics the more palpable illiteracies of the *Saturday Review's* poet or translator, and, while we quite admit that it may appear smart of Mr. Hodge's champion to retaliate by pretending to point out flaws in the work of our own poet or translator, we shall take leave to assert that there is a mighty deal of difference between the work of the two parties. The charges brought against Miss Jourdain are not, in our

opinion, honest charges. The best that can be said for them is that they might conceivably be capable of discussion by scholars. But the blemishes we have italicised above could not be discussed, even by schoolboys. That is to say, while there may be people in the world who would contend, and as we believe quite improperly contend, that it is not open for a poet to translate "fons" into "well," no person possessed of the smallest claim to literary acumen would contend that "would rivalled be" or "standard high" are other than clumsy and unpoetical English. The issue is the thing, after all, and the false issue and the red herring do not become even a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, which honourable position in the world we assume our correspondent to hold because of his cocksure statement as to what the editor of the *Saturday* would or would not have done. In our view, the issue for our correspondents is not in the least a question as to whether Shakespeare rhymed "hour" and "power," or as to whether our poet has mistranslated "fons," but rather a question as to whether verses such as those quoted above should be allowed to appear in a paper like the *Saturday Review*. We say that this question admits of only one answer, and if Mr. Hodge disagrees with us it is his plain business and duty to say so in his own columns.

For another class of correspondent we are constrained to confess an amused contempt. We refer to the brave defender of the faith who writes to inform us that he himself is a contributor to the *Saturday*, the *Athenæum*, the *Outlook* or the *Spectator*, as the case may be, and that he believes his editor to be a gentleman and the possessor of the highest literary gifts, and that it is "only too obvious that THE ACADEMY's criticisms are dictated by envy and malice." This kind of epistolary honesty is somewhat discounted by the fact that the persons who indulge in it are most careful to conclude by explaining that as they do not seek advertisement we must please refrain from publishing their letters. It seems to us that when an unbiassed person wishes to discuss a public matter with the editor of a public journal it is fairly astute of him to mark his letter "private and not intended for publication." And as for envy and malice, who in the name of goodness would envy the professor of mathematics who added two and two together to make five, and who in the name of goodness should be accused of malicious intention for that in all probability and by the rules of the game two and two make four? We find ourselves utterly incapable of envying the editors of any of our contemporaries whatsoever. And our malice for the whole boiling of them could repose comfortably and with a large margin on a threepenny-piece. In point of fact, we are their best friend, inasmuch as we have already succeeded in spurring them on to nobler ideals. Take last week's *Saturday Review*, for example. It is utterly devoid of a scrap of verse. The *Outlook* has had no poetry for weeks; the *Athenæum* is in the same case. We presume, to their credit therefore, that the editors of these redoubtable journals have begun to appreciate the excellence of our axiom to the effect that it is better to appear without poetry than to print middling, indifferent or bad poetry. What is more: this sudden access of a due and proper severity of judgment on the part of the editors of the literary weeklies will not be without its beneficent effect upon the imperfect poets, who, we hope, will remember for the rest of their lives that if they wish to appear in the *Saturday Review* they must at least endeavour to achieve something that will pass for English in the Board Schools, or in the cases of the other journals we have named, something that would be passed for poetry by the "eminent expert" who runs the Literary Help

Column in *T. P.'s Weekly*. And no matter what happens or who cries "malice," we, for our part, will never tolerate "down, six inches down" or "the pane entitled 'smoking'" from the *Athenæum*, or "passionate feet" and "hours" and "powers" from the *Nation*, or English sonnets in the German idiom from the *Outlook*. We rejoice that the editors of these journals have at length set their "passionate feet" in the right path, and we hope and trust that our "standard high" will "rivalled be" for all time in the future by them, even though their journals may have fallen "down—six inches down" in the estimation of the literary public.

A fortnight ago we called attention to the appended paragraph by Mr. Clement Shorter:

I believe it is a theory of many eminent men of letters that our age cannot produce good poetry—that this is a scientific period, and that commercialism and science have killed the poet. I am waiting for the critic to arise who will smash this theory to atoms, who will show that there never was a more poetic age than ours, who will make it clear that Tennyson's theology transmitted in verse, and Mr. Browning's philosophy given to us more or less in the same medium, were by no means the high poetry that the last generation thought them. Someone will also have to prick the bubble of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and challenge the ready acceptance of an earlier generation and of the middle-aged people of to-day of the mechanical verse that appears in that anthology. It is quite remote from great poetry.

Leaving out the question of Tennyson's theology and Mr. Browning's philosophy, we invited Mr. Shorter to give us the titles of the pieces in the "Golden Treasury" which would appear to him to justify his remarks. Two issues of the *Sphere* have appeared since then, and Mr. Shorter is too dumb to plead. That is to say, he finds himself unable "to prick the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.'" So that he stands confessed for a rash and hazardous critic, and for a critic, moreover, who is as devoid of pluck as a clothes-prop is devoid of muscle. Of course, Mr. Shorter and his friends will murmur among themselves that in his failing to justify his impudent assertions about English poetry Mr. Shorter is merely treating THE ACADEMY with silent and well-merited contempt. It will never occur to them that Mr. Shorter makes no answer because he has no answer and is incapable of inventing an answer that would pass muster in the sight of reasonable people—"middle-aged" or otherwise. And as it may be that Mr. Shorter is afraid to print in the *Sphere* his list of mechanical and inferior pieces of poetry from Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" lest he might in the choice parlance of his craft "give THE ACADEMY a gratuitous advertisement," we are quite willing to accord him the necessary space in this journal, the literary advertising strength of which is quite as great as that of the *Sphere*. Meanwhile, we are glad to recognise in our friend's current Literary Letter the old, sure touch. "The publishing business of Hurst and Blackett," he writes, "has been purchased by Hutchinson and Co. It includes the still valuable copyrights of Edna Lyall and George MacDonald's novels. This is slightly 'rocky' English—Mr. Shorter must forgive us the shock which 'rocky' is bound to create in his sensitive breast—but it is eminently Shorterian and eminently useful. We heard of the transference of the business of Hurst and Blackett to Hutchinson and Co. weeks ago, and we have maintained an unfortunate silence on the subject. We are abundantly reproved by C. K. S.'s business-like, opportune and graceful paragraph. If he would stick to such paragraphs, instead of posing on silver tip-toe to prick such radiant bubbles as Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury,' we might continue as a whole to put up with our Mr. Clement Shorter.

The *Englishwoman* is scattering broadcast among ladies free copies of its first number, to which we have referred on two occasions; accompanying this handsome present is a letter, signed "The Editorial Committee of the *Englishwoman*," in which letter it is set forth that "The *Englishwoman* intends to show how earnest women are in their efforts to arrive at a sound opinion, and, incidentally, how well they are able to form accurate judgments on established facts." We have already given our readers a few specimens of the logical methods of the writers in the *Englishwoman*, and we are delighted to think that so many people over and above those who bought it are to have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the quality of this feeble and futile publication. From a literary point of view the *Englishwoman* has already, in its first number, stamped itself with the brand of illiteracy by the character of the fifth-rate doggerel it serves up under the guise of "poetry," and by the unconscious comicality of its would-be serious contributions to the art of fiction, from the hands of Mr. Galsworthy and Miss Cicely Hamilton. So far from proving that how earnest are "women" (by which, of course, the *Englishwoman* means women who want votes) "to arrive at a sound opinion, and how well they are able to form accurate judgments on established facts," it succeeds merely in proving that the particular women who have written in the first number of the *Englishwoman* care nothing whatever about sound opinion or established facts, unless they happen to fit in or be capable of being made to appear to fit in with their own wild and wonderful "cause."

For some months past we have been engaged in a tussle with a baronet and a firm of solicitors. Needless to say, our sufferings have been intense, and during the course of the argument we have received from the baronet and his advisers quite a number of graceful epistles. As examples of the literary art, the letters in question are much valued by us, and the fact that they contain practical exemplification of their authors' skill in other arts not quite so graceful renders them doubly interesting. We, therefore, propose to regale our readers by reproducing the correspondence in these columns side by side with a running comment. Number one of the series will appear next week.

An interesting performance of Mrs. Percy Dearmer's play, *Nan Pilgrim*, was given last Sunday and Monday at the Court Theatre. The play is founded on Mrs. Dearmer's fine novel, "The Difficult Way," and it had a most friendly reception and is commendable as a piece of serious and at times brilliant writing. That it would, however, be successful for any length of time in filling a theatre we very much doubt. The subject is not by any means morbid, though some might be tempted to so call it, and, spiritually speaking, the play ends happily, though with a rather unnecessarily painful death-bed scene. This is all right in a novel, but in a play, which, when all is said and done, should not be a sermon, except in the most indirect fashion, it is otherwise. Mrs. Dearmer should certainly feel encouraged to write another play, for her relative failure seems to us to be bound up with the unsuitability of her subject-matter, rather than with the use she has made of it. Miss Lilian Braithwaite gave a winning and powerful rendering of the principal part, and Mr. Holmes Gore, as the idealistic and saintly but tragically wrong-headed clergyman, was excellent, though we incline to think that his "make-up" was faulty. He should have been younger and better-looking to carry off what most women would describe as his "tiresomeness." The "Miss Gripper" of Miss Thomas was a triumph of sure acting in a very delightful comedy part.

SONNET.

I DREAMED we walked together, you and I,
Along a white and lonely road, that went
I know not where . . . and we were well content.
Our laughter was untroubled as the sky,
But all our talk was delicate and shy,
Though in that cage of words wild thoughts were pent
Like prisoned birds that some sweet accident
Might yet release to sing again and fly.

We passed between long lines of poplar trees . . .
Where, summer comrades gay and debonair,
The south wind and the sunlight danced . . . you
smiled,

With great glad eyes, as bright as summer seas,
To feel their twinkling fingers in your hair . . .
And then you kissed me, quickly, like a child!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

A CORNHILL POET

ONE by one the poets are being discovered to us. There is Mr. J. M. Barrie and there is Mr. Graham Robertson—both true poets, by intention if not by execution. The *Sphere* has vouched for Barrie and for Graham Robertson, and we may take it that quite shortly "What Every Woman Knows," and "Pinkie and the Fairies" will range with that marvellous romance, "Aylwin," in the world's classics, one of them prefaced by Shorter, and the other by "that brilliant publisher-critic, Alan Northman." Children who have been taught in their schools to lisp Mackenzie-Bell instead of Milton, and Watts-Dunton instead of Wordsworth, will no doubt be compelled in the near future to recite portions of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in the belief that it is poetry, and that Jerome Klapka Jerome, that mightiest of Cockneys and concertina-swingers and literary hat-swappers, is also a true poet. We live, let us remember, in an age of progress; letters and journalism are no longer affairs of themselves but the mere stalking-horses of the pill merchant, the rat-poisoner, and the cheap furniture manufacturer, and the souls of the agile company of lucubrators who "cater" for the "intellectual public" of the day, are simply running over with poetry. Among other true poets, of whose accession to seats besides Shakespeare we may expect momentarily to hear, let us mention Dr. Nicoll, Mr. Frank Richardson, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. D. S. Macoll, and the gentleman who writes the advertisements for The National Share Exchange. It is obvious that all these personages have their private and very proper human feelings and aspirations, and that a great part of their leisure is given over to exercises with the pen. Consequently, they are just as good and true poets as Homer or Dante or Keats, and though they may seem to lack the accomplishment of verse, this is really an intellectual illusion, for if any of them cared to try he could probably astonish Mr. Swinburne and sprinkle a sudden show of fear upon the ruby lips of Mrs. Binyon. The National Share Exchange gentleman in particular is a poet both by birth and grace, for under a very large "£174580 Paid to Clients," we find him writing:

Week follows Week, Month succeeds Month, the Years pass swiftly by.—Yet, although we have advertised in every important journal and newspaper in the United Kingdom, there must still remain thousands of people who do not believe that we have paid away the amount which heads this announcement.

Which disposes of the theology of "In Memoriam," and the philosophy of Mr. Browning, and pricks the bubble of Palgrave in one fell swoop, as it were:

Week follows week, month succeeds month,
The years pass swiftly by.

Truth, oh you who are not yet middle-aged, and consequently beauty and consequently true poetry! Not only so, but it hath a dying fall. There are poignancy and tears and a *crie-de-cœur* in it; as also a voice and some magic and a certain amount of haunting melody. Who, after reading such lines will give a fig for all Mr. Swinburne's "Garden of Proserpine." "Week follows week, month succeeds month, the years pass swiftly by," and "even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea." Wherein lies the difference?—at any rate, for Mr. Shorter. The one poet offers us a beautiful and consoling horological fact in terse and melting language. The other poet offers us an equally beautiful and equally consoling physiographical fact in equally terse and equally melting language; and there you are. Anybody can write poetry, and the modern world is full of it. We will not labour the palpable moral.

It will no doubt exhilarate the polite world to know that the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, not to be outdone by Mr. Shorter, has discovered a true poet; and not only has he discovered his poet, but he goes the length of giving us a ravishing sample of his poet's wares. The prose works of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle are believed to be in huge demand. Readers of the *Strand Magazine* find life next door to insupportable when you deprive them of their Arthur Conan Doyle, and when the good knight "assembles" for parade, as it were, a selection of his "round the fire stories," literary England is moved to its profoundest depths. Having been taught that Mr. Meredith is a poet, and that Mr. Thomas Hardy is a poet, Sir Arthur Conan has very naturally done his best to keep himself from trespassing on the Mountain. But when he is told in cold minion solid that Mr. J. M. Barrie is also a poet, Sir Arthur recollects that he, too, is not without the divine spark, and he sets to work valiantly to produce a piece of true poetry. What is more, he goes one better than Mr. Barrie and puts his passionate utterance into what he conceives to be poetic form. The result is dispatched to the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, a respectable monthly published by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., and the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* forthwith springs upon his millions of readers Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's poetic gem. The said gem occupies a front position in the March *Cornhill*. It covers two and a half pages, and it is entitled "Shakespeare's Expostulation." We have looked in vain in our contemporaries for the expostulation which should jump to the critical lip when a gentleman of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's kidney is discovered solemnly and seriously putting words into the excellent mouth of William Shakespeare. Consequently, we here and now take leave to expostulate emphatically on our own account. We do not suggest that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's verses are discreditable to him. Probably with a view to showing up the defects of the Swan of Avon he insists, it is true, upon garnishing the blank verse of "Shakespeare's Expostulation" with an over-generous supply of rhymed couplets. But, taking it on the whole, his blank verse is correct, and it bears every indication of having been beaten out with a fat thumb on a solid mahogany dining-table after supper:

Masters, I sleep not quiet in my grave,
There where they laid me, by the Avon shore,
For that some crazy wights have set it forth
By argument most false and fanciful,
Analogy and far-drawn inference,
That Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam
(A man whom I remember in old days,
A learned judge with sly adhesive palms,
To which the suitors' gold was wont to stick)—
That this same Verulam had writ the plays
Which were the fancies of my frolic brain.

Here, truly, you have beaten gold:

Terum terum terum ter-tumpty tum,
or, as Thackeray had it—

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!

This is art and metre and scansion and correctness and smoothness and oleagenousness and the top of form. The absolute brilliance of the passage as a whole will be obvious to the least literate, and, for once in his life, the editor of the *Cornhill* has clearly rendered the editors of the *Athenæum*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, and the *Outlook* green with envy. And for the enterprise of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company in securing such a poem at enormous expense we can have nothing but unreserved admiration. We are compelled to enquire, however, in the interests of truth, and consequently in the interests of beauty, and, therefore, in the interests of poetry, upon what authority it is that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle advises us that William Shakespeare sleeps "not quiet" in his grave. Our own information is that he sleeps just as quietly and just as comfortably as the rest of them. We quite recognise that if ever a buried poet has reason for uneasiness in his sepulchre, Shakespeare is that buried poet. The people who eat pea-nuts and raise hogs have done their best to rob him of his fame. Miss Corelli has gone to live in his birthplace: Mr. Hall Caine is the victim of a striking resemblance to some of the Shakespeare pictures; Mr. George Bernard Shaw brags that Shaw is a better playwright than Shakespeare. Yet somehow William Shakespeare has contrived to sleep on. What he will do if he should get wind of this unkindest cut of all in the shape of the defence and patronage of Conan Doyle is another pair of horses. We should not be surprised if he were to get up and frighten the life out of the Vicar of Stratford. We shall wait events with keen and unflagging interest, and if nothing happens we may rejoice, because herein we shall have at length clear and unmistakable and incontrovertible evidence that it is impossible to provoke the silent dust or engage the attention of the dull cold ear of death. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is doubtless a well-meaning person. If he had written "Shakespeare's Expostulation" in somebody's scrap album nobody could have blamed him. And perhaps we ought not to blame him for its appearance in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The horror of the situation lies in two circumstances—namely, that a magazine of the *Cornhill's* traditions should print such verses, and that it should survive their publication. We trust that Messrs. Smith, Elder and Company may be depended upon to spare us "Milton's Animadversion," by William Le Queux, and "Shelley's Objurgation," by Alice and Claud Askew. Tilly-fally, thou temerarious Sir Arthur.

It were well for all of us to have a due appreciation of our small successes in this world. To be knighted for one's literary performances is nowadays in itself a bitter criticism on one's literary performances, and one would have thought that pretty well the only recipient of such an "honour" in modern times would have gone the more humbly and the more softly all his days in consequence. But vainglory is a vice of the blood which apparently even a knighthood cannot cure.

MR. ARCHER'S TWO GUINEAS

FROM the advertisements columns of the *Author* of March 1st it is our duty to cull the following advertisement:

We have pleasure in announcing that we have made an arrangement with MR. WILLIAM ARCHER by which, upon request of the author, he undertakes to read, criticise, and advise upon any plays entrusted to us, and he will read no manuscript plays which do not reach him through us.

The reading fees are fixed as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
For scenarios of not over 2,000 words ...	1	10	0
For plays of one or two acts ...	1	10	0
For plays of three or more acts ...	2	10	0

The payment of these fees entitles the author to a written opinion from 300 to 800 words in length, dealing with the theme, construction, characterisation, and diction of his play, suggesting alterations where they seem called for, and (so far as possible) conveying both theoretical criticism and practical advice.

The fact that a play has been submitted to Mr. Archer will be treated by him, and by us, as confidential. On the other hand, the author is at liberty to show Mr. Archer's opinion to managers, actors, etc., if he so desires. It would manifestly be misleading, however, to quote detached phrases or make garbled extracts from a detailed criticism. Mr. Archer therefore leaves it to the author's sense of fairness to show to managers, etc., the whole opinion if he shows any part of it.

If, in addition to the opinion, the author should desire a personal interview with Mr. Archer, a further fee of two guineas would be charged.

Plays re-submitted after alteration are subject to the same fees as plays submitted for the first time.

Manuscripts should be addressed to:—

Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie, 5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., and, if Mr Archer's opinion is required, they should be accompanied by the reading fee in advance. Cheques should be made payable to Messrs. Curtis Brown & Massie. If, as may sometimes happen, a play does not seem to call for serious consideration, but can be adequately dealt with in three or four lines, half the reading fee will be returned.

Plays should in all cases be type-written (or printed), and a copy should be retained by the author. While all reasonable care will be taken of manuscripts, we cannot be responsible for their loss in the post, or otherwise.

Mr. Archer will endeavour to give his opinion of any play within two weeks of receiving the manuscript.

It is not necessary that plays entrusted to us for placing with managers should be submitted to Mr. Archer, and, on the other hand, it is not necessary that plays sent to us for Mr. Archer's inspection should be entrusted to us for placing, although we have many openings for good plays. Our agency for playwrights and our arrangements with Mr. Archer are not interdependent.

Especial attention is called to the advantage of expert criticism on scenarios. On the other hand, we find it practically impossible to interest managers in plays not complete in every detail. It is our practice to send to actors and managers only plays of which it can be said they are worth the manager's personal and immediate attention. Plays placed by us are subject to a commission of ten per cent. of the receipts. We can undertake arrangements for only such plays as are left exclusively in our hands.

CURTIS BROWN & MASSIE.

Now, from a certain point of view the essence of this advertisement is Mr. William Archer. In other words, if, say, the name of Mr. Brown or Mr. Massie were substituted in place of the name of Mr. Archer, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's invitation to trade would lose a great deal of its point and attractiveness. We have to remember that Mr. William Archer was formerly the dramatic critic of the *World* newspaper and formerly the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, and that

he is now the dramatic critic of the *Nation*. We have to remember also that he writes regularly on art and morals in the *Morning Leader*; that he delivers lectures on the drama in Copenhagen; and that he is credited with having introduced Ibsen to the English stage. These facts are generally known, and the general effect of them upon the minds of would-be playwrights cannot in the nature of things be other than stimulating. Furthermore, it is important for us to reiterate that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement appears in the *Author*, which is an organ run ostensibly in the pure interests of authors and authorship. So that the amateur playwright may be excused for assuming that in this advertisement he is offered, at a reasonable charge, the opportunity of a lifetime. We are not concerned to deny that a criticism of one's dramatic writings from the pen of Mr. Archer is worth two pounds ten, nor are we concerned to deny that the author who desires a personal interview with Mr. Archer should be charged an extra two guineas for the honour and privilege. We believe that the advice Mr. Archer will have to offer in return for his fees must always be honest and useful to the recipient. At the same time, we pillory and deplore Mr. Archer's connection with Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement on general principles and in the interests of letters. We say that if Mr. Archer permits himself to be held forth as an inducement to the literary aspirant to part with fees, it is his duty to be sure that before those fees are paid the literary aspirant is made fully aware of the precise literary situation. We hold that the fact of Mr. Archer's eminence in his profession of dramatic critic and the fact of the appearance of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement in the columns of the *Author* are jointly calculated to excite in the bosom of the amateur, hopes and expectations which are not by any means sure of being realised. The advertisement is couched in language which will lead the inexperienced to assume that Mr. Archer's opinion of a play by an amateur will have great weight "with managers, etc.," and may, therefore, of itself result in the acceptance and production of dramatic works which in other circumstances would not be accepted. We base this statement on the paragraph in the advertisement which runs: "On the other hand, the author is at liberty to show Mr. Archer's opinion to managers, actors, etc., if he so desires. It would manifestly be misleading, however, to quote detached phrases or to make garbled extracts from a detailed criticism. Mr. Archer, therefore, leaves it to the author's sense of fairness to show to managers, etc., the whole opinion if he shows any part of it." Let us enquire, from the point of view of the amateur author, why it would be manifestly misleading to quote detached phrases or garbled extracts from Mr. Archer's detailed criticism? The suggestion and implication is that if Mr. Archer were to say of a dramatic work: "This is a fine play, but it could never be made successful on the stage," the author who showed a manager or an actor the first part of Mr. Archer's criticism and suppressed the latter part might delude a manager into accepting an altogether hopeless and unstageable play. We do not suggest that this is what Mr. Archer or Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie intend by the paragraph we have quoted, but we think that the amateur author will undoubtedly put such a construction upon it and will part with his fee in the belief that with Mr. Archer's favourable criticism in his pocket he will be much more likely to succeed with managers and actors than if he went to them with a bare manuscript. In point of fact, of course, Mr. Archer is perfectly well aware that this is not the case, and for that matter Mr. Archer is equally well aware that instances might arise where so far from his praise being helpful, it might prove positively disastrous, while the very animadversions which he would leave to the author's

sense of fairness not to suppress might prove a recommendation. We are glad to believe that there is a class of play much sought after by managers which would be condemned at sight by Mr. Archer. Furthermore, we know that, taking them in the lump, managers are not ultimately to be affected by Mr. Archer's criticisms of any play in the world. Ultimately these affairs are not settled by critical opinion or critical introduction, but depend simply on the taste, views, and goodwill of the managers of theatres. It is safe to presume that during the course of his connection with Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie, Mr. Archer has received appreciable sums of money in the shape of fees for criticisms and fees for personal interviews. Is he in a position to point to a single play by an amateur, or even professional author, which has been produced in London as the direct or indirect result of the approval or disapproval he has handed out in return for fees? We do not doubt for a moment that his advice will have enabled Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's clients to improve their work or to secure a reading of it from certain managers. But the whole suggestion of the advertisement is that Mr. Archer and Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie between them can procure the acceptance of plays by inexperienced authors by virtue of Mr. Archer's position as a critic of the drama. As a matter of commercial ethics no tradesman—and the dramatic agent is after all a tradesman—can be expected to cry stinking fish. We do not expect the dramatic agent to inform his clients that he cannot hope in any conceivable circumstance to place more than ten per cent. of the plays entrusted to him for negotiation. This would be to shut up his business and deprive him of an honest means of livelihood. But we do expect from a professional man of Mr. Archer's standing a reasonable sense of professional dignity. In the first place, it is considered among members of the recognised professions quite *infra dig* to advertise or lend oneself to the purposes of advertisement at all. And in the second place, if a literary man—and we suppose Mr. Archer calls himself a literary man—is so far forgetful of what he owes to his profession as to associate himself and his good name to the literary and dramatic agency business, it behoves him to be very frank with the simple, if ambitious, aspirant to literary fame. In our opinion, while it may be sufficient for Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie to refrain from saying in their advertisement that with or without the advice of Mr. Archer only an infinitesimal percentage of the plays written by amateurs can in the nature of things be produced at the theatres, it is not sufficient for Mr. Archer so to refrain. And it is not creditable to him that an advertisement couched in language which is intended rather to secure clients than to help and assist untried talent should be primed and baited, as it were, with his name. Any author of standing will tell you that there is no royal road to acceptance, whether it be for plays or books. The literary or dramatic agent cannot influence either the publication of books or the production of plays. His position is that of the commercial adviser of the successful author and the errand boy of the author who has not yet found recognition. In rare instances he may be able to make suggestions to the immature which will result in their literary advantage, but these instances are very rare, and his real business so far as the amateur is concerned is to keep the amateur's manuscript on its steady round of the publishing houses or the theatres, as the case may be. The moment he begins to boast of his "influence" in the sense that a manuscript, whether of a play or a book, stands a better chance of acceptance because it is sent to a publisher or a manager through himself instead of through the post, he immediately begins to skate on

curiously thin ice. Mr. Archer and the editor of the *Author* will not attempt to contend that we are wrong in this assertion. Both of them have a sufficient acquaintance with the conditions of the literary life, and particularly the literary life in what we may term its infantile stages, to be aware that it is full of pitfalls. Both of them would insist, for example, that no young author, and for that matter no experienced author, should sign a publisher's agreement or a theatrical manager's agreement without first submitting it to the Society of Authors. Both of them, we think, would even go the length of advising an author to be just as wary in his dealings with the literary or dramatic agent as he should be in his dealings with the publisher or the manager of a theatre. Yet in the matter of this advertisement we find them both tacitly and actively and for profit approving and blessing and furthering the interests of a dramatic agency without putting up the least word which can be considered cautionary. We do not say that there is anything in Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement which approaches to misrepresentation or exceeds the limits of legitimate advertising. The construction which will be placed upon it by the inexperienced, however, is quite another affair, and for that reason we could wish to see it considerably modified, or at least modified in such a way that it would not so readily lend itself to misconstruction. In a journal which is supposed to be the sure rock and jealous guardian of authorship, such an advertisement means far more than it would mean in the ordinary advertising medium. And as for Mr. Archer's name, the steady parading of it must have a great deal more value than the mention of the usual "eminent" or "trained expert"; otherwise it would not be there. Mr. Archer's personal position in the matter is rendered all the more difficult when we consider that he is a busy man, and that he is supposed to be the leading dramatic critic in London. Even supposing that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie hand to him the full advertised fees for the reading of scenarios and plays, it is difficult to understand how, if he makes a practice of giving detailed criticisms and advice, he can afford to do it for the money. The man who will read and advise at length, and with critical purpose, on a three-act drama for two pounds ten shillings must be fairly put to it for money. We have no doubt that Mr. Archer is an honest man, and that he does his work thoroughly, and consequently we can only commiserate with him on his slavery. He must not be angry with us for calling his attention to what we consider to be an unprofessional and unprofitable association. If we are to have Mr. Archer advertised as a sort of star inducement by a firm of dramatic agents, we might just as well have Mr. Meredith advertised as the reader and adviser of the literary agencies at a couple of guineas a time, or Mr. Swinburne advertised as the "poetical expert" of T. P.'s Correspondence College. The thing is unpleasant on the face of it, and if Mr. Archer values his literary reputation, he should take steps either to remove his name from this advertisement, or to define a little more precisely and a little less ambiguously what it is exactly that he undertakes to do for the budding dramatic author. To sum up, and in order that nobody may misunderstand what we have said: while Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement in the *Author* is a legitimate and proper advertisement, and contains nothing in the nature of misleading or wilfully disingenuous or otherwise improper statements, it is nevertheless capable of being misconstrued by the inexperienced, and particularly so in view of the status of Mr. Archer as a dramatic critic, and of the status of the *Author* as a class journal. And that

is why we consider it to be against the best interests of authorship. We should contend that Mr. Archer's services to the literary aspirant must of necessity be limited to instruction. When an author pays him a fee for his opinion on a dramatic work he can only criticise it to the best of his ability and advise the author to alter it with a view to its improvement. Even if the work is sufficiently powerful to send Mr. Archer off into fits of ecstasy he can no more guarantee that "managers, etc.," will be equally delighted than he can guarantee that the moon is made of green cheese. In our view the only possible attitude for him to take up is that of the tutor and mentor. When he allows it to be suggested that his word will help amateur work to acceptance he goes too far. He has permitted this suggestion or implication to be made in the paragraph we have quoted as well as generally in other parts of the advertisement. We have not had the advantage of perusing one of Mr. Archer's "written opinions," so that we are unable to say whether those opinions contain the best advice which can possibly be given to nine out of every ten would-be playwrights; which advice is: "Give up attempting to write plays and stick to your clerking or your iron-mongering or your shop-walking as the case may be." If Mr. Archer deals faithfully with Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's clients he must find himself compelled to administer this advice. If it costs him three hundred words, so much the worse for the client, though on the whole it is a good twenty-five-shillings' worth.

REVIEWS

THE ROMAN CITIZEN

Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero. By W. WARDE FOWLER, M.A. (Macmillan and Co., 10s. net.)

STUDENTS of Latin literature and many others who can understand Latin with a little encouragement are not likely to forget "Virgil's Messianic Eclogue," published in a collected form by three scholars of taste in 1907. Mr. Warde Fowler's section of that delightful little book testified to his possession of accurate scholarship, a true literary sense and a temperament correspondent with a great poet. Such qualities are too seldom combined, and admirers of his former work will welcome and value his present volume. The Age of Cicero has been rendered too often as dry as his bones and as trite as many of his sentiments by writers impervious to the influence of his genius in disguising them in brilliant phrases. Mr. Fowler treats it with scholarship deep enough to be of the greatest service to younger students, and in so modern and vivid a manner as to prove very stimulating and suggestive to those who have at least passed out of the range of examinations.

Mr. Fowler prepares his ground by recounting the radical changes in the political, social and economic conditions of Rome and Italy, caused by the Hannibalic Wars; the admission of "new men," like the Ciceros, within the governing classes; the immense increase of slaves; and the reckless speculation of all men of any means at all, Cicero again included. On the wider subject of intellectual movement he sketches the change wrought by the introduction and spread of Greek studies. He contrasts the earlier *nobilitas* on the one hand with a large number even of that conservative order and the *nouveaux riches* on the other. He reminds us of the chief characteristic of the Roman Republic, its absorption of individuality in the State. "But towards the end of the Republican period the

individual had free play; at no time in ancient history do we meet so many various and interesting kinds of individuality even among the *nobilitas* itself. . . . it was a fact of the age, in which the idea of the State had fallen into the background. . . . They had fallen under an influence more powerful over men with time and capacity for reflection than any State, Greek Philosophy. Orpheus possessed the beasts and they ran wild, they knew not whither. Though it was Stoicism, with its collectivism, modified for Roman practice by Panaetius and Posidonius, which attracted them more than did Epicureanism for all its individualism, yet the Greek Spirit, the intellectual, æsthetic spirit which expresses itself only in self-development, was stronger than any systematised philosophy. The Greek Spirit rendered the Romans of the Ciceronian age less purely Roman than their forefathers, and gave the age a mixed character. As the Greek Spirit still enlightens the races of Europe the Roman Spirit unified them. In this element of unity the last century of the Republic is the least characteristic of Roman history. But it takes more than a generation to endow the parts of a machine with independent thought. "The new education was admirably calculated to train men in the art of speaking and writing; . . . in philosophical receptivity the brightest and finest minds among the aristocracy show an ability which is almost astounding; . . . I use the word receptivity because the Romans of our period never really learnt to think for themselves." Somewhere else Mr. Fowler suggests—if he does not actually say so, for the passage has hidden itself for the moment—that they were incapable of original thought. At any rate, it is their imitative, in a special sense their codifying, power which must strike every careful student of Roman literature as of Roman history. It is symbolised by Cicero, "the most cultivated of the ancients," writing his most impassioned speeches and his most heartfelt moral *dicta* with a Greek original spread out before him. It was the study of Greek rhetoric also which stimulated oratory, "the staple product of the age and the chief *raison d'être* of its literary activity." Oratory was the staple product, because it was the most effective instrument in politics and in that other science—largely then a branch of politics—to which Mr. Fowler unerringly points. "The enlightenment of the Scipionic circle" with its "Greek teachers, not only of grammar, rhetoric and philosophy, but of the fine arts" . . . "opened out a new way in manners, in literature, in philosophical activity, and, lastly, in the study of law, which was destined to be Rome's greatest contribution to civilisation." Orpheus reduces the beasts to order only after he has fully possessed them. Mr. Fowler's remark is profoundly true and needs to be impressed on students; Law is the enormous debt that civilisation owes to the unifying genius of Rome.

It has been necessary to linger over ideas suggested by Mr. Fowler. His book bristles with such spurs to reflection; they are its most valuable characteristic, so much so that his historic excellences can only be suggested, in a reasonable space, somewhat similarly. Cicero, of course, pervades his age. Mr. Fowler writes no full, set appreciation of him. He sketches him gradually in clear, firm strokes, as he treats of his age generally, in its various aspects, but he leaves a distinct, finished figure. "The highly respectable citizen," "the man of sterling worth," "the man who has made himself by his own exertions, with none of the advantages of high birth," the Cicero of the dull writers, so boring to schoolboys, we see subsisting entirely and lending large sums on borrowed money, "plunging" in the shares of bubble companies, moderate financially in nothing but his legitimate income, regulating his expenditure solely by his desires. By realising thus that he had all the gambling spirit of

his period we begin to realise his keen insight into the conditions of the society in which he lived, and his extraordinary political sagacity in holding abreast, in a sort of triple leash, the State, the financiers, and their victims, numerous enough to eat up both. And it is in the Letters, on which Mr. Fowler insists so rightly, that the real charm and humanness of Cicero appears. We are amused and sympathetic when he far exceeds the customs of the Courts in his violent vituperation of Piso or Vatinius and carries on a pleasant private correspondence with them afterwards; when he impeaches Catiline as a monster of iniquity and also offers to act as his advocate. He was entirely devoid of political principles, we have been told. But his natural benevolence gave him extraordinary keenness of vision, when he conceived the idea that the regeneration of the State lay in "the moral and political ascendancy of a single man." The Letters reveal, too, his friendships, "his good-breeding," "his real kindly feeling and true sympathy." Mr. Fowler dwells on these traits affectionately; he is almost as interested in one of the objects of his regard as Cicero himself, the fascinating Caelius, though he does disapprove of him gently for clamouring for panthers.

Cicero looms so large that there is room only to mention Mr. Fowler's admirable notes which give the key of other conspicuous individuals: Paulus and Scipio Æmilianus, the great-souled philhellenes, *hauriunt libertatis alienae quam suae dignitatis memores*; Cæsar, as an historian "to whom facts are more important than words"; Varro's "encyclopædic learning," and advocacy of slave-breeding; the genius and weakness of Sulla; Atticus, the subtle millionaire who lent without interest; Tiro, the slave, inspirer of the tenderest affection; the missionary spirit of Lucretius; and the rudeness and bad taste of Cato. With Chapter III., on Finance, and Chapter IV., on the Aristocracy, which have been quoted repeatedly; Chapter VII., a "not unpleasant picture" of Slavery under its Italian agricultural conditions, on which there are columns which might be filled; Chapter IX., the vivid picture of the daily life of a Roman in comfortable circumstances; and Chapter V., with its touching and dignified story of Lucretius the soldier and Turia; all these can only be named especially, to "tempt a student to further and more exact inquiry."

DISCURSIONS

The Wander Years. By J. H. YOYALL, M.P. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

WE might almost endow this book with the sub-title "A Collector's Creed," for it expresses from the first page to the last the thoughts of a man who puts himself *en rapport* with every beautiful object of earth, from a piece of rare china or an ancient spinning-wheel to a church or even an old-world town. There are collectors and collectors; some whom all good men should abjure, for whom everything has its price, whose paltry souls can never rise above sensations of envy when others have "secured" a picture, an ornament, a treasure which they themselves have coveted; some, again, whose collecting is more that of the mind—who can allow the beauty of a thing denied to sink into them until it becomes theirs in a truer sense than if it stood, uncomprehended, on their very sideboard. In such a way a man can collect even cathedrals and objects immovable and inviolate; in such a mood has Mr. Yoxall written his most interesting book.

The whole course of the genial pages affords a study in the art of digression. Only a traveller with a well-equipped mind and an eye to history can digress and gossip constantly from theme to theme with any

pretence to success or any hope of giving his readers abiding pleasure. The author slips easily and naturally and conversationally into any little channel of thought that suggests itself: from the Via Balbi—"that street of palaces in Genoa the beautiful"—to the palaces of Westminster and the smoking-room of the "House"; from a glimpse of a piece of English china at Choisy-le-Roi he wanders to tell how Staffordshire ware came to be imitated in that corner of France; on the banks of the Loire he indulges visions of Goethe and Sophie Vulpius. The Loire at twilight gives him opportunity for a fine little word-picture:

Nun-like twilight; violet eyes in a dusk-white face, starry brows irradiating garments dim and dun; the sky "all silent silver lights and darks undreamed-of": in the trembling purple air a large repose, a solemn peace; and solitude, divinest solitude, mother of pensive delight. Silence in the silence, largeness of serenity, a still ecstasy, a momentary nirvana—almost the smooth beatitude of non-existence itself. It breaks; sudden but not startling, a thin chain of notes, dropping golden from some hidden belfry, gives a muezzin call to evensong. Listen! They sound, they appeal to us, those plaintive biddings to prayer; they cease awhile, as if despairing of us; they call again with new endeavour, with a more urgent evangel; mournfully they end, despondent of us, and the wide space of fields and sands and waters relapses into crystal quietude and utter calm.

We have often noted that it is not absolutely necessary to travel a hundred or a thousand miles Orientward to obtain a sense of the mystery and beauty of the world; London will breathe it to us, many a time, and these adventures of the soul are prettily suggested by a passage in the earlier part of this book:

On London river lies a boat for each of us: no swan-ship, no Lohengrin kiff perhaps, yet an enchanted wherry that bides and rocks till we come. Of a summer night from the Terrace at Westminster the long double stretch of sky and stream, deep blueness fired by points of yellow silver, stars aloft and lamps below, seems Venetian, shows Tyrrhenian; and the river incites and invites. And then, as the born seaman, after a spell ashore, longs to weigh and unfurl and sail to God knows where, so on the arid Embankment the landsman burns with restlessness and the wander-desire. Pinned to his beat, the blue policeman feels it, almost to the point of tears; somewhere on the Surrey side a concertina wails to him, and he shifts his noisy soles and sighs. He feels the wander-yearning, and the East has a name for that: it is "the spirit of the camel," Arabs say.

We are bound in these days to regard with respect and a certain envy anyone who ever met and talked with "Lewis Carroll," and Mr. Yoxall has an amusing little interlude about that mathematical fairy-man:

In the dons' common-room at Christ Church, the night I met Lewis Carroll, the talk turned on public speaking and the use of written notes. One of the dons cited Dickens: Dickens, the most brilliant after-dinner speaker of his day, never used a written note. "He used to construct the mental image of a wheel, with the heads of his speech to form the spokes, and the illustrations for each to form the tyre. As he went on speaking you could see him knock each used portion of his mental wheel away with a raised finger, and when he had knocked away all the spokes —"

"He had spoken," said Lewis Carroll.

We could wish there were not so much about Mr. Yoxall's obsession—old china—in his book; we cannot all be enthusiasts such as he is on this matter, and his hobby-horse is apt to take the bit between its teeth when it hears a whisper of "Wedgwood" or "Spode." It would have been better had he restrained the pet animal occasionally, and confined himself to the subjects of men and pictures and places, upon which he discourses so admirably. The first chapter, "Consule Planco," and the third, entitled "Bygones in France," are the best examples of this particular talent; and the last, "The Soul of a Cathedral," is an

exceedingly good study of that indefinable quality of personality, the gathering together of all the mysterious influences of years gone by in one place, which so often thrills the reverent visitor to these sacred buildings; we think Mr. Yoxall is at his highest level in this essay—it rounds off the book impressively and with touches of genuine insight. Every chapter, however, is readable, and it is distinctly a volume to be appealed to again and again for relief in a lonely or leisurely hour—one of those entertaining, chatty, rambling collections which we like to have on a low shelf, within easy reach.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Geoffrey Cheriton. By JOHN BARNETT. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

IF we say that we believe Mr. Barnett could write a most interesting novel without a heroine, lacking a whisper of a fair lady's voice or a flutter of a fair lady's dress, it will be perceived at once that a high compliment is thereby implied. The first portion of this book, concerned solely with the hero's school and business adventures, is every bit as good as the latter half, which introduces a feminine rival to Cheriton's affection for his worthless chum. We do not think that the main theme—that of this quixotic friendship of Cheriton for Iggulden—has quite sufficient stability; the one man is so good-hearted, the other such a wastrel that it is hard to imagine the comradeship, firm as it was in the beginning, could stand so severe a test. The plot is worthily handled, however, with plentiful humour, and Barbara, the little lady who has to take matters into her own hands and almost propose to Cheriton at the last, is a most winning and satisfactory heroine. We have only one complaint to make, and it applies to countless other stories: why does the young man who turns from a business career to novel-writing almost invariably succeed, and—to add to the indictment—why do generous uncles or other timely and thoughtful persons die just at the psychological moment and leave him plenteous store of gold?

To conclude in a less querulous mood, we may say that Mr. Barnett has created quite an irresistible character in the red-haired Niblett, with his cranky steam-launch and his manifold eccentricities. And the literary style of the book is excellent—the author makes even an account of a football match entertaining.

The Prince's Pranks. By CHARLES LOWE. (John Lane, 6s.)

WITH a fine unconcern the author of this book makes a Crown Prince of Germany the chief character in a series of wildly improbable incidents which can scarcely be held to constitute a "plot." This delightful youth sheers alongside a broken-down steamer with his "torpedo gunboat or something of that sort" (Mr. Lowe probably means a t.b.d. or something of that sort) in fine bravura style, and catches the dispatch-boxes which a Queen's Messenger flings across to him from the deck of the disabled vessel. It strikes us as so charmingly reasonable that a Queen's Messenger would allow his documents to get into the hands of a Crown Prince of Germany in this manner, especially as a crisis was approaching in foreign affairs. We have had the pleasure of meeting one of these Royal errand-boys, if we may so term them, and he impressed us as a person who would hardly permit himself such a disastrous day's work as that! However, Mr. Lowe possibly thinks it doesn't matter much what people do in a story—there is internal evidence to that effect in his book, at any rate. We meet Anarchists who are

provided with the most liberal stock of double adjectives we ever remember to have encountered outside Miss Corelli's novels; their eyes are "muddy-moist" and "liquid-muddy"; their noses are "hawky-hooked," "tip-tilted"; one has a "pear-shaped chin," another is "bullet-headed," eke a third is "thin-lipped"; and they all are "various-countried." We greet as a familiar friend, too, the dear old "sickening thud"—will he be fashionable again?—and several of his hoary company. Altogether, we are disappointed; there were possibilities of a stirring if somewhat melodramatic tale, and the author has made rather a mess of it. Here and there are good bits of writing and passable scenes, but the whole thing is very much of a marionette-show and can appeal only to those whose opinion will hardly be worthy of consideration.

The Dukedom of Portsea. By ALICE MAUD MEADOWS. T. Werner Laurie, 6s.

FROM the title of this novel it might be inferred that Miss Meadows had written a topical romance dealing with the subject of Mr. Druce and the Portland peerage. Lest any reader should be tempted to buy the book on this assumption, we hasten to assure him that, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, in Sir William Gilbert's popular song, "The Dukedom of Portsea" has "nothing to do with the case." There are, however, other and more cogent reasons why he should not buy this book. It is surely not unreasonable to ask that a writer who desires to be read should possess a knowledge of the elementary rules of English grammar and composition. Miss Meadows, unfortunately, is without this knowledge. We have no wish to be regarded as unduly censorious. We may respect her conscientious objection to conjunctions, ignore her split infinitives, and dismiss her entirely original system of punctuation with a passing sigh. But charity itself must assume an aspect of sternness when confronted with such words as these:—

It would be absurd if neither he nor a son who came after him should get no (*sic*) more out of the ground than that on which the cattle and sheep sustained their existence, grew fat and flourish.

It is unusual, too, for a man of real refinement and education to talk like this:—

In England things are looked upon in a different light from how they are in South Africa.

Once more. The number of English peers—or, for the matter of that, English porters, ticket-collectors, or shoeblacks—who could frame such a sentence as the following is comparatively small:—

On the farm that is now yours, but what (*sic*), I confess, I thought would be mine, I believe there are minerals.

When, at a more advanced stage of the narrative the hero and heroine are about to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and "all that was necessary was left out to make things as short as possible," it is only charity to assume that "unnecessary" is the word which Miss Meadows intended to write.

These are but a few instances out of many. Really, in these days of free education and County Council schools there is no excuse for writing of this character.

A certain indulgence may be extended to the book itself, as there appears to be a demand for fiction of this class. "The Dukedom of Portsea" is like a hundred other novels, which in our professional capacity as a reviewer of books, we have had the misfortune to read. They are all fashioned in the same mould. In the making of *such* books there is truly no end. The natural and proper habitat is, however, the col-

the *Daily Mail*, *Home Chat*, and other periodicals of a similar genre. Their appearance in Mr. Werner Laurie's publishing list needs justification.

ON TRUE SIMPLICITY

WHEN some future satirist looks back a hundred years or so, to this our present age, surely nothing will give him greater pleasure than our elaborate pursuit of simplicity. For true simplicity is a state, and not an act of grace, and is not yet attained, so long as its votaries strive in conscious efforts to secure it. Indeed, it may be doubted whether these conscious votaries have as much as apprehended a condition, the true nature of which may be discerned if we will but look back through the still open doors of a past century—a century in which quite ordinary men may be seen living the simple life with a perfect unconsciousness, and moving through its untroubled air with a serenity which appears to modern eyes less that of another age than that of another world.

Looking back, then, on to the stage of that other world, not two hundred years ago in time, but immeasurably remote in reality, one may distinguish many figures, each playing their several parts with great energy and skill, and each under equal conditions of a perfect simplicity. The *Industrious Apprentice* works out his life's success, and builds up the trade of England, under simple conditions of labour which would set your modern trade unionist raving on a dozen platforms. His Majesty's Foot Guards march out gaily to win some of the greatest campaigns of history (we may see them to this day on their *march to Finchley*) under equipments that would send a twentieth century philanthropist into the columns of every daily paper. And the country parson of 1750 brings bodily before our eyes a complete achievement of the simple life. It is not, perhaps, the highest achievement, but it is perfect of its kind. And it may be particularly commended to the gaze of the spurious simpliciterians of our own day.

This unconscious apostle of simplicity steps before us, sometimes under names almost too well known to bear quotation, sometimes in the guise of a nameless figure starting into life from the yellow pages of some old newspaper hardly known save to the eighteenth century collector. Who, for instance, has so much as heard of the *Champion*? And yet in 1740 the *Champion* was a truculent and vivacious paper, making some noise in the world, and understood to be largely written by that lively wit and satirist, soon to appear as the father of the English novel, Henry Fielding. And in one of the *Champion* essays, attributed to Fielding's pen, we have a little scene from a country parsonage not unworthy of the illustrious creator of Parson Adams, of which, says the *Champion*, "I was really a spectator." Abridgment would but spoil the leisurely perfection of the picture:

Some time since I went with my wife to pay a visit to a Country Clergyman who hath a living of somewhat above 1000. a year. In his youth he had sacrificed a Fellowship in one of the Universities to marry a very agreeable Woman, who with a small Fortune had had a very good education. Soon after his Marriage he was presented to the Living, of which he is now Incumbent. Since his coming hither he hath improv'd the Parsonage-House and Garden, both which are now in the neatest order. At our arrival we were met at the gate by the Clergyman and two of his sons. After telling us with the most cheerful voice and countenance that he was extremely glad to see us, he took my Wife down in his Arms, and committing our two Horses to the care of his sons, he conducted us to a neat little Parlour, where a table was spread for our entertainment. Here the good woman and her eldest daughter met us with many hearty expressions of Kindness, and very much Desires that we would take something to refresh ourselves before dinner. Upon this a bottle o Mead was produc'd

which was of their own making and very good in its kind. Dinner soon follow'd, being a Gammon of Bacon and Some Chickens, with a most excellent Apple-pye. My friend excused himself from not treating me with a roasted pig and a dish I am particularly fond of, by telling us that, as Times were hard, he had relinquish'd those tithes to his Parishioners. Our liquors were the aforesaid Mead, Elder Wine, with strong Beer, Ale, and etc., all perfectly good, and which our Friends express great Pleasure at our drinking and liking. After a meal spent with the utmost cheerfulness, we walked into a little neat Garden, where we passed the afternoon with the gayest and most innocent Mirth, the good man and good woman, their sons and daughters, all vying with one another who should show us the greatest Signs of Respect, and of their Forwardness to help us to anything they had.

The Economy of these good People may be instructive to some, as well as entertaining to all, my Readers. The Clergyman, who is an excellent Scholar, is himself the School Master to his Boys (which are three in number). As soon as the Hours appointed for their Studies are over the Master and all the Scholars employ themselves at work either in the Garden or some other Labour about the house, while the little Woman is no less industrious in her Sphere with her two Daughters within. Thus the Furniture of their House, their Garden, their Table, and their Cellar are almost all the work of their Hands; and the Sons grow at once robust and learned, while the Daughters become Housewives, at the same Time that they learn of their Mother several of the genteeler Accomplishments.

Love and Friendship were never in greater Purity than between this good Couple, and as they both have the utmost Tenderness for their Children, so they meet with the greatest Returns of Gratitude and Respect from them. Nay, the whole Parish is by their Example the family of Love of which they daily receive instances from their spiritual Guide, and which hath such an Effect on them that I believe—*Communibus Annis*, he receives voluntarily from his Parishioners more than his due, though not half so much as he deserves.

Acquaintance with this scholar-parson, making his flock good by virtue of his own goodness, and furnishing his house, garden, table, and cellar with the work of his own hands, brings us into the actual presence of the simple life; here is no mere talk, but the thing itself. And once we have seen it, how manifest is the absurdity of simplicity upholstered from catalogues and dieted by pamphlets.

The eighteenth century bears, superficially, a bad name for its clergy, and some captious critic will say that the *Champion* paid his visit in a pastoral dream-land remote from solid English homesteads. Fielding's name is not held to be that of a dreamer of pastoral dreams; so to support the attribution to his pen of the unsigned *Champion* columns, we may turn to the pages of his "Amelia." There the great novelist draws at full length another country parson, and one, moreover, of some importance in the world. But Dr. Harrison carries with him the same grace of simplicity whether in town, where "the *beau-monde* resort," or in his own country parsonage. And this is Fielding's picture of an affluent country parson's home in the mid-eighteenth century:

The situation of the parish under my good friend's care is very pleasant, it is placed among meadows washed by a pure trout stream, and flanked on both sides with downs. His house would not indeed much attract the admiration of the virtuoso. He built it himself, and it is remarkable only for its plainness; with which the furniture so well agrees, that there is no one thing in it that may not be absolutely necessary, except books, and the prints of Mr. Hogarth, whom he calls a moral satirist. Nothing, however, can be imagined more agreeable than the life the doctor leads in the homely house, which he calls his earthly paradise. All his parishioners, whom he treats as his children, regard him as their common father. Once in a week he constantly visits every house in the parish, examines, commands, and rebukes, as he finds occasion. This is practised likewise by his curate in his absence; and so good an effect is produced by their care, that no quarrels ever proceed either to blows or law suits; no beggar is to be found in the whole parish; nor did I ever hear a very profane oath all the time I lived in it.

If we add to that account of the good Doctor the

observations that he possessed the art of thinking and yet preserving a pleasant countenance the while; that his generosity was boundless and yet wise; and that he was often heard to say "that a wicked soul is the greatest object of compassion in the world," then the figure of the parson who achieved the finest simplicity of life, even though hampered by a comfortable income, stands worthily beside that of his nameless and poorer brother. Dr. Harrison comes before us in the cassock and wig of 1750. To complete our eighteenth century pictures we must step a little further back into the days of Sir Roger de Coverley, and a little forward into those of Goldsmith. Sir Roger, in 1711, found for his village parson and private chaplain a man who was a good scholar, "though he does not show it," who was every day soliciting the worthy knight for something on behalf of one or other of his parishioners, but who never, for all the thirty years of his cure, had asked anything for himself, and who (like Dr. Harrison) was the peace-maker in every dispute—"there has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he came among us," said Sir Roger. Mr. Spectator does not draw his country parson with Fielding's firm and vivacious touch, but we may discern clearly enough the wise and kindly village pastor, and one moreover who "understood a little of backgammon." And lastly the most famous of all wearers of wig and bands, the most perfect example, with his brother in simplicity, the Rev. Mr. Abraham Adams, of the English village parson of the time, steps from out the latter years of the century in the immortal person of Dr. Primrose. What mere quotation can convey even a suggestion of Goldsmith's picture, can suggest the simplicity and completeness of the life led by the Vicar and his Household on £15 a year and a farm of *about twenty acres*? "Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little encloses," says Dr. Primrose, "the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one storey, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness . . . though the same room served us for parlour and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed on bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved and did not want richer furniture." From this little homestead the Vicar and his son went each morning after prayers to till their farm, working till sundown, with but half an hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, which time "was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and philosophical arguments between my son and me." In haying-time all dined in the field, the cloth spread upon the hay, while the talk was of Mr. Gay's verses, or of Ovid, or of some rustic ballad.

At sunset the Doctor and his son came home, to find "smiling looks, a neat hearth and pleasant fire" awaiting them. Sometimes, if the field labours were finished early, the whole family drank tea in the shade of honeysuckle and hawthorn; and while Sophia and Olivia sang to the guitar, the Vicar and his wife "would stroll down the sloping field, that was embellished with bluebells and centaury, talk of our children with rapture, and enjoy the breeze that wafted both health and harmony."

To step into these eighteenth century lives, drawn, be it remembered, by masters so diverse as the exuberant and robust Fielding, the gentle Goldsmith, the calm Addison, is to recover our lost sense of true simplicity. For the loss of that sense we have to thank the spurious simplicitarian in our midst, with his diets of nuts, his pre-occupations with furniture, his pamphlets, his Garden Cities, his Guilds, his lectures. All these things may, and do, manufacture the simple prig. They will never yield the fine flower of the simple life.

AN OUTDOOR BREVIARY—III.

THE Greeks represented Iris, the messenger of the Gods, as the daughter of Wonder. And, indeed, she is a wild-fire, with colours crude as the hues left in puddles by some drops of tar. To go out to look for a rainbow is perhaps as foolish as to look into the night, not for sober starlight, but for fireworks. But yet, upon a day when the air was washed so transparent by a heavy fall of rain, the hues of the middle distance were as rich as those near at hand, the column rose that confuted us, built up of water and colour and high light. Upon a background of dull cloud this flame of "many colours of precious jewels" simulated solidity; but where the solid earth stood behind, the transparency of the jet of liquid glaze was manifest, and the divided little fields and hedges shone through it, and tattered thorns, a steeple, a congregation of great stones, all showed lustrous and transformed behind it. Through some such a many-coloured glass one could see, perhaps, with the spiritual eye of Thomas Traherne, in the days of his sweet and anxious apprehensions of the world when he was a child, and when:

"All appeared new and strange at first, inexpressibly rare and delightful and beautiful. I was a little stranger which at my entrance into the world was saluted and surrounded with innumerable joys. My knowledge was Divine; I knew by intuition those things which since my apostasy I collected again by the highest reason. . . . All things were spotless and pure and glorious; yea, and infinitely mine and joyful and precious. . . . I was entertained like an angel with the works of God in their splendour and glory; I saw all in the peace of Eden. . . .

"The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting. The dust and stones of the streets were as precious as gold: the gates were at first the end of the world. The green trees, when I saw them first through one of the gates, transported and ravished me; their sweetness and unusual beauty made my heart to leap, and almost mad with ecstasy, they were such strange and wonderful things. The Men! O what venerable and reverend creatures did the aged seem! Immortal Cherubims! And young men glittering and sparkling angels, and maids, strange seraphic pieces of life and beauty! Boys and girls tumbling in the street were moving jewels; I knew not that they were born or should die. But all things abided eternally, as they were in their proper places. Eternity was manifest in the Light of the Day, and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectation and moved my desire. The City seemed to stand in Eden, or to be built in Heaven. The streets were mine, the temple was mine, the people were mine, their clothes and gold and silver were mine, as much as their sparkling eyes, fair skins and ruddy faces. The skies were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine; and I the only spectator and enjoyer of it."

After rain; the grass rustles and ticks like a watch: and is alive, for "the verie essence, and, as it were, springe heade and origine of all musicke is the verie pleasante sounde which the trees of the foreste doe make as the growe," and the grasses as they spring.

Under the beech-hanger the ground snaps and crackles like the burning of thorns, with the brittle beech-nuts and the crisp drift of rust-brown leaves stirred every now and then by an earth-coloured toad limping heavily among them. Sometimes there opens a colonnade of slim, long-drawn tree-stems, with the light running down them as it washes smooth pillars—"pillars of silver in sockets of gold"; as they lay their slanting blue-grey columns of shadow upon the

ground. The roof is an almost cloud-like reticulation of innumerable purplish leafless branches, but at half-way a spray of red foliage would be thrown out flat, the light lying flatly along it so that against a dark background it seemed almost luminous. Then a leaf flashes and sidles down slowly as if it had been suspended by a wire. A stone's-throw from the younger beeches, a chorus-leader among them, was a solitary, web-rooted tree with deep mossed plinth and silver-green trunk, solid as a church pillar and lit by a brimstone butterfly alighted there. But it returns—the butterfly—to the irregular colonnade that leads to nothing. It is never the single tree that we follow, but the magnificent mass of them; the scented earth between their roots, the vague sea-like rumour and hiss of the wood, the hypnotic passes of their branches, "that emanation from old trees that so wonderfully changes and renews a weary spirit."

There is a great oak where I often sit upon the crisp, grey grass of the mound at its foot or lean against its patched trunk, massive and wonderful, in all things like "the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men." Beneath it I have passed bright March days, moving over unchecked by foliage or cloud, like a stream of purest mountain water, travelling with swift and animated flow under flashing sunbeams; and listened to the piping of birds whose every shrill and long-drawn note broke within me like a flight of bubbles.

And later in the season of leaves I have realised that dream of a disappointed man whose only wish, when passing out of the gates of life, was once more to lie in the shifting shade under an ash-sapling on the slope of a high-shouldered field; once more to watch the moving track of the wind, rushing a dark wave over the bright seeded grass of the meadow, or drying the pale green of the hill pastures. And when the leaves are thick upon the tree I can look up to the hollow dome, where the wind passes to and fro happily, and the congregated leaves reply softly; and now, or at any distance of time, I can see the sharp blue crystals of sky between the chinks of the roof.

Vague and speechless voices of leaves! What did the dim oak-grove of Dodona do, with its resonant instruments of brass to catch the faintest rumour among the leaves, but "perpetuate the fancy that the sounds of the wind in the trees may be for certain prepared and chosen ears, intelligible voices."

There is a tradition lingering still that the Downs—which Aubrey called "the greatest remains that he could hear of the smooth primitive world" when it lay all under water—were once almost covered with wood; and the people say that the King could follow the chase for forty miles through a succession of copses and woods; where now is *nil nisi campus et aer*, in some places not a tree, hardly a bush wherein to shelter from the shower. A smooth, primitive world: everywhere what smoothness and absence of rigidity, for the "long low line" of the down seems to move as if the wind would make new ripples and folds upon the grey surface like those the sea in quiet weather leaves upon the sand. From a height you may see the mounded barrows; the "grey wethers" that go down in troops in their greener bed like cattle in a summer's day to a stream. Not a footfall reaches you on the hill which thrills with the flutes of silence. Even the muttering of the telegraph wires has fallen away; there is only now and again the note of the "sishing" wind moving up and down in the dry grass; and the wheeling and wailing plover.

Below and around, like a map washed in with pale colours, buff and grey and palest green, lie the swells of cultivated downs, the white highways, the divided fields, where the brown of the newly-ploughed contrasts with the grey of the fallows, or the squares of springing wheat, luminous as a green flame. Here again are patches of ancient sheep-walk, fragrant in summer with wild thyme and burnet, where the turf is "of short, sweet grasse, good for sheep, and delightful to the eye for its smoothness, like a bowling-green."

The shepherds of the plain are becoming rarer, but those that still remain wear their long black or blue cloak and round felt hat of antique shape. But Aubrey, long ago, noticed a deterioration in their habit, which was once (says he) that of the Roman or Arcadian shepherds—"a long white cloak with a very deep cape, which comes half-way down their backs, made of the locks of sheep. There was a sheep crooke, a sling, a scrip, their tar-box, a pipe or flute, and their dog. But since 1671 they are grown so luxurious as to neglect this ancient warme and useful fashion and go *à la mode*." So the picturesque perpetually recedes further back.

Towards the late afternoon the blue has dropped away from the lower sky, as a dyed cloth bleaches in keen air, until a pale glass-like colour is left—like the very pale green panes that filled the church windows half a century ago—through which the huge sun soars downward to the shining edge of the pale-coloured world. It is here, in the empty Downs that Richard Jefferies' worship of the "great sun in the heaven" becomes fitly explicable; for the eye not caught or tangled by a tower or tree ever runs smoothly on to where moves and soars the streaming sun itself—light of light, the "house of mirth," the "saint" itself whose nimbus has encroached upon its face!

Against the far woods, covered by a blot of shadow rolling up the hill, indigo-blue, like tattooing upon the brown breast of the earth, shines the blossomed white cherry, like a puff of smoke drifting upon the wood, white as the wool of the Nymph's sheep, bush beyond white bush, and few far trees, a faint nest showing. Nearer, it shines like the silver veins of a niello, fine and radiant, and its sudden beauty

Stings like an agile bead of boiling gold.

Some philosophers and fathers thought that the world was created in spring; and in spring is revived and re-enacts its creation. "Awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

There is a charmed moment before full-leaved spring when the clear jewel-green of the leafing willow, the grey-green of the fruiting willow, the gold-notched wands of the male plant still flowering by its side, the blackthorn dipped in a crust of snow, the gorse blazing in yellow patches, "like the far lustre of a god-like town," contrast with the dull purple-browns of the later-leaving trees. Later, as the days move past, and the leafy and luminous haze spreads upon the woodland, we hardly realise how our stage is narrowed. Instead of the transparency of the leafless wood through which the white-flecked wings of the wood-pigeon flash as it flaps to its resting-pine, and through which the constellated primroses shine from out of the very centre, the myriad leafing boughs shut out all vision beyond a few paces. The wood lets down its curtain, that grows denser every day; it becomes a sweet and festive place, saying, like St. Francis of Assisi, "*secretum meum mihi*."

FRANION

A GAY, reckless fellow, gallant, paramour, and also, in Spenser, a loose woman. The word first appears in the sixteenth century (1571), and the N.E.D. gives several examples of it in the above sense. It is evidently a loan word. The N.E.D. compares O.F. *fraignant*, pres. part. of *fraindre*, to break. Prof. Skeat (Concise Dictionary) adopts this etymology. It does not, however, appear that *fraignant* was used as an epithet in O.F. It is a comparatively rare word, and means "brittle" (Godefroy). I suggest another etymon which, while raising considerable phonetic difficulties, suits the sense exactly, viz., F. "*fringant*, qui est d'humeur très vive, très séillante, e.g., Fille jeune et *fringante*. Une jeune *fringante*. Faire le *fringeur*" (D.G.). For the probable origin of the verb *fringeur*, v. Körting (*fringillus*, finch) and Diez, p. 589. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the F. word was used generally in a rather bad sense. Cotgrave has "*fringant*, gay, spruce, compt, gallant, fine; *fringuercau*, a jetter, spruce minion, gay fellow, compt youth, also, a licentious or lascivious person *fringuer*, to jet, or brave it, to be fine, spruce, trimme, neat, also, to minionize, or wantonize it. . . ." At this point the excellent Cotgrave become unquotable, as also s.v. *faire la fringue* and *fringuerie*. Palsgrave has "*fringuercau*, gettar a braggar, *fringuerie*, gettyng, braggynng," and also becomes unquotable in the case of the verb *fringuer* (558,2). This etymology answers so well to the meaning of *franion* that I am tempted to offer it as a guess. Phonetically it is very lame, as the word appears at a period when F. *i* was not completely nasalized. The change of ending might be explained by the influence of the synonymous word *minion*, for which Godefroy gives a (doubtful) variant *maignon*.

ERNEST WEEKLEY.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

February 26th, 1909.—Dr. C. Chree, F.R.S., President in the Chair.

The meeting was held at the Finsbury Technical College, by invitation of Prof. S. P. Thompson and Prof. E. G. Coker. The new Engineering Laboratory of the College was open to Fellows for inspection.

A paper entitled "A Laboratory Machine for Applying Bending and Twisting Moments simultaneously" was read by Prof. Coker. The present paper describes a machine built by students of the City and Guilds Technical College, Finsbury, in which uniform bending and twisting moments can be applied simultaneously over the whole length of the specimen, and in any desired proportion to each other. The principle of the design is to suspend a rod at two intermediate points by wires depending from a fixed support. The equal overhanging ends of the rod are loaded by weights W , so that the applied couple between the points of support is uniform and of amount W_a , where a is the length of the lever-arm. The rod is also twisted by weights W_1 attached to equal arms of length b , so that there is a uniform twisting moment of amount $W_1 b$ between the points of suspension. The two systems of loading are independent, and their ratio can be adjusted to any value desired. The paper then describes in detail the various parts of the actual machine, and shows how the accurate measurement of the strains can be effected. In addition to its applications for bending and twisting, the apparatus may be used for testing a variety of cases of combined stress if a pump is added to give a fluid pressure in the interior of tubes. A test

illustrating the failure of bicycle tubing to withstand combined bending and twisting moments, was shown at the meeting.

A paper "On the Self-Demagnetizing Factor of Bar Magnets" by Prof. S. P. Thompson, F.R.S., and Mr. E. W. Moss, was read by Prof. Thompson. This paper consists of three parts:—(i) A discussion of the significance and definition of the self-demagnetizing factor of magnets in general, and of bar-magnets in particular; (ii) a redetermination of the values of the self-demagnetizing factor for bar-magnets of circular section; (iii) determination of the values of the self-demagnetizing factor for bar-magnets of rectangular cross section of various proportions. It is shown that, in general, for every bar-magnet there is a self-demagnetizing action the value of which at the middle of the bar depends, for a given intensity of magnetization, on the length of the bar relatively to its cross section, on the permeability of its parts and on the distribution of its surface-magnetism. Owing to the circumstance that with every kind of steel the permeability is neither constant nor stands in any simple relation to the flux-density, any calculation of the actual polar distribution for rods and bars is impracticable. The only form of magnet that is practicable for calculation is that of the ellipsoid, the properties of which are that for any and every value of the permeability, and in any uniform field, the surface magnetism is so distributed that the magnetic force which this distribution exerts in the interior is uniform at every point within, and therefore the internal demagnetizing force everywhere within is constant. The amount of self-demagnetizing force per unit of intrinsic magnetization is recognized as the self-demagnetizing factor and has a definite value for ellipsoids of revolution of any assigned ellipticity. In the case of cylindrical bar-magnets the ratio of the nett value of the self-demagnetizing force for the whole bar divided by the internal magnetization is called the self-demagnetizing factor. The dimension-ratio of a bar-magnet is taken as the length divided by the square root of the cross section. Experiments were first made on the values of the self-demagnetizing factor for bar-magnets of circular section, and the results compared with those obtained by Du Bois and Riborg Mann. The values obtained are lower than those found by either of the experimenters named. The determinations were carried down to shorter rods than those examined by either of them, and the discrepancies between their results and the present ones are smaller as the dimension-ratios are larger. It is pointed out that one explanation of the differences may be due to the fact that the magnetizing solenoid employed by Riborg Mann was not sufficiently long. Experiments were made to determine the self demagnetizing factor for bar-magnets of rectangular cross section, and it was found that for equal values of the dimension-ratio the factor for bars having a sectional ratio of 2:1 was about 93 per cent. of that for bars of square section; while for flat bars, having a sectional ratio of 10:1, the value of the self-demagnetizing factor went down to about 75 per cent. of that for bars of square section.

Mr. C. R. Darling exhibited the following:—

An experiment to illustrate the temperature of equal density of aniline and water.—The density of aniline at 0°C. is 1.038, and at 100° 0.945, the diminution in density between the two temperatures being practically constant. As the density of water at 100° is 0.959, the temperature-density curves of the two liquids cross each other, showing an equal density at about 63°. By dropping aniline into water at atmospheric temperature, the superior density of the former is shown by the drops remaining at the bottom of the vessel; but when allowed to fall in water at about 80°, the drops of aniline sink until the temperature of the water is attained, and then rise to the surface. By taking a

U-tube, with the communicating part of narrow bore, and placing aniline in one branch and water in the other, the aniline column is seen to be shorter at low temperatures; but on surrounding the U-tube with a water-bath and heating, the columns will be seen to be equal in height at 63°; whilst at higher temperatures the column of aniline is longer than that of water.

A simple form of thermo-electric pyrometer for students' use.—In this instrument the hot junction of nickel and steel, or iron and constantan, is protected by a mild-steel cap, bored from the solid, and about 6 inches in length. This cap is screwed to an iron barrel of any desired length; and the wires pass from the junction through twin-bore fireclay to terminals screwed into a piece of hard fibre. The terminals are made of the same metal as that of the wire attached, and leads of the same wire are taken to a cold junction, kept in oil, and the indicator. The pyrometer is easily put together by students, and is used to form a temperature-scale from the deflections of a galvanometer by insertion in molten metals, or salts of known freezing-points. The mild-steel cap resists the action of molten substances far better than porcelain or silica, and enables the junction to follow a changing temperature more rapidly. The errors incidental to the forms usually sold, in which no provision is made for a cold junction, are avoided; and no damage ensues from dropping or rough usage, as in the case of pyrometers protected by porcelain or silica. The cap, when worn out, is readily replaced.

A combined metre-bridge and potentiometer, with new tapping-key device, for pyrometric and general laboratory work.—The arrangement of this apparatus is that of an ordinary metre-bridge, with four gaps, but with 4 metres of stretched wire; so that 1, 2, 3, or 4 metres of wire may be used in a bridge test. Between each pair of wires is placed a groove, through which passes a rod of phosphor-bronze on which the tapping-key slides. These rods are connected to a terminal at the side; hence it is not necessary to connect directly to the keys. The keys are furnished with two knife-edges, and may be depressed on to the wire on either side of the groove in which they slide, thus facilitating the finding of the balance-point. Each wire is furnished with an arrangement for tightening. The apparatus may be used as an ordinary bridge, or as a bridge with calibrated wire, it being possible to calibrate any wire by the aid of the others. It may also be used for the measurement of the E.M.F. of thermal junctions, constants of cells, etc., and all the ordinary purposes of a stretched-wire potentiometer.

A new form of carbon-plate rheostat, suitable for control of small electric furnaces.—The defect of the ordinary carbon-plate rheostat—difficulty of accurate control when consuming a large amount of energy—is overcome in this instrument by the use of four rows of plates, each 2 inches square, there being 22 plates in each row. Each set of plates is furnished with a separate adjusting screw, and hence may be kept at different degrees of tightness. By means of simple connecting devices, the plates may be used in series or parallel as desired. This form of rheostat is found to be well adapted for regulating electric-tube furnaces, and for varying the current to any desired extent during the calibration of instruments, etc.

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

March 4th, 1909.—General meeting, Dr. D. H. Scott, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the General Meeting of February 18th, 1909, were read and confirmed.

Mr. R. A. Rolfe, A.L.S., exhibited flowers of several crosses derived from the hybrid *Epidendrum kewense* and its parents, which showed Mendelian phenomena.

Dr. A. B. Rendle and Prof. Weiss contributed some remarks, and Mr. Rolfe replied.

Prof. F. E. Weiss exhibited actual specimens of the curious development of the roots of a sycamore which had grown on very stony soil, and further illustrated the developments by lantern-slides.

Dr. O. Stapf, Mr. J. C. Shenstone, and the President remarked upon the phenomena thus shown.

Miss L. S. Gibbs read her paper entitled "A Contribution to the Montane Flora of Fiji, including Cryptogams, with Ecological Notes." The Fiji group consists of 200 islands, only 80 of which are inhabited; Viti Levu is about 4,100 square miles in area, with forest-clad mountain ranges, the highest point being Mt. Victoria, 4,000 feet in height. The botanical history of the group begins with the visit of H.M.S. *Sulphur* in 1840, and in the same year the Wilkes Expedition touched at the islands. The *Herald* called in 1856, and Dr. Seemann visited the group in 1860-61, and embodied his results in his "Flora Vitiensis." Mr. Horne, Director of the Botanic Gardens at Mauritius, spent a year collecting in the late '70's.

Thanks to these investigators, the flora of the lower parts of the chief islands are fairly well known. The Author therefore decided to confine her investigations to the region lying at 2,000 feet and above, and the three spring months of August, September, and October were spent at Nadarivatu, the highest inhabited point.

From the collections the flora may be described as Indo-Malayan. They contain about 40 new species and many new records. Thus of the eight species of *Piper* Mr. C. de Candolle found five to be new, and of *Peperomia* all seven proved novelties. The introduction concludes with some observations as to the origin of the flora, and is followed by a systematic enumeration of the whole collection. An animated discussion followed.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

March 2nd, 1909.—G. A. Boulenger, Esq., F.R.S., Vice-President, in the Chair.

Mr. R. H. Burne, F.Z.S., exhibited specimens of elastic mechanisms in fishes and a snake which had been prepared for the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Dr. R. F. Scharff, B.Sc., F.Z.S., exhibited a number of reindeer bones and antlers, obtained from Irish caves, which displayed marks showing that they had been gnawed by different kinds of animals, probably in some cases by rodents.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., exhibited the skulls of some leopards, and called attention to the differences in skulls from Africa and India, and to the evidence afforded by them as to the existence of a small and large type leopard in Africa.

Miss Margaret Poole read a paper on "The Development of the Subdivisions of the Pleuro-peritoneal Cavity in Birds," communicated by Prof. G. C. Bourne, D.Sc., F.Z.S., and illustrated her remarks with lantern slides.

A paper was received from Mr. E. S. Russell, M.A., entitled "The Growth of the Shell of *Patella vulgata* L.," communicated by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, F.Z.S., of which the following is a summary:—

The breeding-season of this limpet extends from July to January. Sexual maturity is reached at a length of 20-25 mm. An average size for a limpet of the last season's brood in January or February is 10 mm.; at the end of the first year it may be 29 mm. Probable sizes at the end of the second and subsequent years are 38, 44, 48, 53 mm. Shells over 50 mm. may be considerably more than five years old.

Sexual maturity is reached in the first year and when the limpet is only half-grown. The rate of growth decreases with age and maturity, and is slower during the colder months of the year. Considerable changes take place in the ratios of the shells' dimensions during growth, being probably in large part the expression of "laws of growth" and not due to natural selection.

Mr. Frank Balfour-Browne, M.A., F.R.S.E., F.Z.S., presented a paper on "The Life History of the Agrionid Dragonfly."

Mr. C. Davies Sherborn, F.Z.S., communicated a paper by Mr. W. D. Lang, M.A., F.Z.S., entitled "Growth-stages in the British Species of the Coral Genus *Parasmilia*."

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

THE Annual Report on the work of University College, London, has just been issued.

Number of Students.—The total number of students during the Session 1907-8 was 1,361, being an increase of 170 on that of the preceding Session. Of these, 1,178 were students in the Faculties of Arts, Laws, Science, and Engineering, and 183 were students in the Faculty of Medical Sciences. There were 229 Post-graduate and Research students.

Benefactions.—Grateful acknowledgment is made for various benefactions. The principal of these are as follows: A bequest of £5,000 by the late Mr. Thomas Webb, of London and Cardiff, which is to be used for the completion and fitting of the new Physiology Building; a bequest of £500 by Mr. H. A. Kay, which is to be used for the rearrangement and re-equipment of the College buildings; a bequest of £1,000 by the late Prof. Bunnell Lewis for the foundation of a "Bunnell Lewis" Prize in Original Latin Verse Composition; a bequest of £1,541 by the late Madame Halfon for the foundation of prizes to be known as the "L. M. Rothschild" and the "Hester Rothschild" Prizes, which will be awarded during the next three years, one for proficiency in Hebrew and Aramaic, and the other for proficiency in French Language and Literature. The benefactions also include a gift by the Past Engineering Students' Committee of £410 for the new equipment of the Engineering Departments, and a donation of £50 by Mr. Yarrow for the provision of apparatus in the Mechanical Engineering Department.

Besides the Grants from the Treasury, the India Office, and the London County Council, the College benefited during the past year by Grants from the Carpenters' Company for Architecture, from the Chadwick Trustees for Municipal Engineering and Hygiene, from the Drapers' Company for Applied Mathematics, and from the Mercers' Company for Physiology.

Events of the Year.—The Report refers at length to the Chancellor's visit in March last, when he opened the new Libraries and the South Wing. It also refers to the inauguration of University College Hall, Ealing, and the Unveiling of the "John Oliver Hobbes" Memorial.

Buildings.—Rapid progress has been made with the new buildings for the Department of Physiology, which will be ready for occupation next month. The rearrangement and re-equipment of the College buildings resulting from the acquisition of the South Wing for University purposes is steadily progressing. This involved an expenditure for rearrangement and re-equipment during the year of £5,987 16s. 6d.

Public Lectures.—During the year, a large number of Public Lectures and Courses of Lectures have been organised, which have been attended by over 3,000 persons. There have been five special courses for Teachers organised in co-operation with the Education

Committee of the London County Council. Among the courses of Public Lectures the four most noteworthy, as indicating new departures, are Prof. Kuno Meyer's course on "Celtic Languages and their Literatures"; Prof. Fleming's course on "The Scientific Principles of Wireless Telegraphy"; Mr. Jago's course on "Forensic Chemistry," and a new training course in School Hygiene by Prof. Kenwood, aided by Dr. Meredith Richards.

Faculty Organisation.—The Faculties have been re-organised so that there are now five Faculties—namely, Arts, Laws, Science, Engineering, and Medical Sciences. In order to assist the Deans in the two most complex Faculties (*i.e.*, those of Arts and Science) the office of Sub-Dean has been created for the purpose of providing greater facilities for giving students advice, and for supervising and regulating their courses of study.

Arrangements for Research.—The organisation of the arrangements for Post-graduate Courses and for Research has been improved, with a result that the number of Post-graduate and Research students has increased from 171 to 239. The Report contains lists of original papers and other publications that have been issued during the past year. These include many noteworthy publications. The activity of the Department of Applied Mathematics under Prof. Karl Pearson, including the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, is marked by the issue of 27 publications, and that of the Department of Chemistry under Profs. Sir William Ramsay and J. Norman Collie, by the publication of 40 original papers.

The work of the Department of Egyptology has been successfully developed under Prof. Petrie and the excavations at Memphis (the cost of which is about £3,000 a year) are being steadily proceeded with.

Libraries.—The accessions to the Libraries have been 3,580 volumes, of which, 2,600 have been bequests or gifts, and 980 purchases. The rearrangement of the Libraries consequent on the increase of space available for them, has made rapid progress, and the card catalogues are very nearly complete.

Student Activities.—The Report contains information as to the various student activities during the year, which show that the corporate life is in a healthy condition. Perhaps the most noteworthy of these is the acquisition of the new Athletic Ground at Perivale, which was opened on June 3rd by the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by Lady Collins.

Equipment and Endowment Fund.—The Report closes with a summary of the urgent needs of the College. The need for new buildings for the Department of Chemistry at a cost of about £70,000 is placed in the forefront. The Chancellor (the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery) has intimated his willingness to subscribe £1,000 to a fund for the erection of new Chemical Laboratories.

Finance.—The expenditure for the year, including the amount already referred to on the rearrangement and re-equipment of buildings, and including the expenditure from Trust Funds, was £53,535, of which £2,855, being part of the expenditure on the rearrangement and re-equipment of buildings, is taken to Suspense Account to be provided by donations, or, failing these, out of the revenue of subsequent years.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRE-EMINENCE OF THE ACADEMY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Since you claim for THE ACADEMY a pre-eminence over the other weeklies as a judge of literature, and especially poetry, you may be interested to know that certain translations of Horace in your issue of the 6th of March are so inferior and so full of mistakes that they would not be tolerated in any of

your despised contemporaries, not even in that "illiterate sheet," as you facetiously style the *Saturday Review*. These pieces of verse sin against the laws of grammar, scansion, and translation:

HORACE, ODE III., 13.

"O well, whose waters as the crystal shine
Bandusia, worthy vintage to be shed,
And not without a flower visited,
A kid with swelling brow to-morrow is thine,
Whose horns to war and wantonness destine
In vain; in vain, for his dark blood shall spread
Child of the frolic fold, in thy chill bed"; etc.

"Fons" is a spring, not a well. "Worthy vintage to be shed," means, I suppose, "worthy of vintage to be shed," but it reads as if the water were the vintage, just as "child of the frolic fold," from its position in the sentence, ought to refer to the spring. "Destine" is queer scansion; in the other version, "destined" is normally scanned, also "destine" has no object; you must supply "him."

Here is an extract from the second effort:

HORACE, ODE III., 30.

"Where never the loose wind in rage is spent,
Nor flight of ages, nor the wasteful rain;
The Earth can have but earth, which is his due;
I shall not wholly die; best part of me
Shall ever live young, destined to renew
And to be praised of ages yet to be,
While climb the Hill the Priest with Maid sedate:
Loud Aufidius' son shall Fame describe—" etc.

"Possit diruere" means "can destroy," not "is spent." "Innumeras annorum series et fuga temporum" is scantly rendered by "flight of ages." "Libitina" the Death-Goddess, disappears in "Earth," which might stand if Earth were allowed to be feminine. "Shall ever live young" is not normal scansion; "While climb the Hill the Priest" is very bad grammar, and the next line does not scan at all. The river is "Aufidus," not "Aufidius," and the penultimate "i" is obviously inserted to give the necessary long syllable to eke out a stumbling verse.

Finally,

"So take deserved place
The deeds have won,"

is probably a misprint for "Thy," addressing Melpomene, though she comes in rather late in this version, but I have known you, Sir, wax very indignant over misprints and misquotations in other papers. I trust you will insert this in fairness to Horace and yourself.

8 Salisbury Road, Hove, March 9th, 1909.

CYRIL STARKEY.

[Fons can, of course, as every schoolboy knows, be equally translated by "well," "fountain" or "spring." "Worthy vintage to be shed" means exactly what it says. *Destine* may appear "queer scansion" to our learned critic, Mr. Cyril Starkey, but it is quite correct for all that, nor does it require an object, nor must we supply "him." A reference to any standard English dictionary would have prevented Mr. Starkey from making such an ignorant blunder. The word "destine" is here used as the past participle, and has the meaning of "destinate." The printer's reader has made a slip in confusing the name of "Aufidus," the river, with that of "Aufidius," the orator, and we take blame to ourselves for not noticing this, but apart from that Mr. Starkey's objections are either ignorant or frivolous. The difficulty of turning an ode of Horace into a sonnet, as in the first poem, and into rhymed verse as in the second poem, could not possibly be got over without some license as to translation. Most critics, who are not hide-bound pedants, will be inclined to agree with us that Miss Jourdain's versions combine great poetical skill with, on the whole, wonderfully accurate translation. "While climb the hill the Priest with maid sedate" is perfectly good grammar. Mr. Starkey will find similar constructions all over the poetical writings of Milton if he cares to instruct himself. Finally, we have never "waxed very indignant over misprints and misquotations in other papers." To do so would be absurd, unless there were reason to believe them deliberate. Anyone who has any experience of journalism knows that misprints and misquotations are bound to occur from time to time.—Ed.]

"SHALL" AND "WILL."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I noticed, some time ago, in the very interesting treatise on *shall* and *will*, published by Blackie and Co., the following:—

(a)—(p. 17) I may say, for instance: I *will* be satisfied if you grant me an interview of five minutes. This is, in reality, a *promise*.

(b)—(p. 17) Again, I may say: I *will* be very angry if my orders are disobeyed; meaning: I *intend* to be angry, I am *resolved* to be angry.

(c)—(p. 19) I *shall*, in certain circumstances, is *stronger* than I *will*.... I *shall* never forgive him, is a *stronger affirmation* than I *will* never forgive him.

(d)—(p. 20) I *shall* write to *The Times* about this, said an angry Englishman. I *will* write to *The Times*, would be *mill* in comparison.

(e)—(p. 33) Several English writers have noticed a curious use of *shall*, which prevails amongst the best class of servant-maids in Dublin, and possibly in other Irish towns. When asked to deliver a message, or to execute some commission, they say, "I *shall*, sir." This is perfectly good English, but it does not mean exactly what they intend to convey. Here the form, I *shall* sounds harsh (?) to English ears, and suggests a *want of courtesy (sic)* and *good will (sic)*.

On the other hand, if a student is to be guided by the rules laid down in the treatise on *Shall* and *will*, published by Hachette and Company, he will consider all the examples above quoted as mistakes.

Now, with the commonsense with which Providence has endowed me, I cannot help coming to the conclusion that both authors cannot be right. I *shall*, therefore, feel much obliged to you, sir, if you will kindly let me know whether my French interpretation of *shall* and *will*, in the following instances, is right or wrong, in order that I may adopt or reject it in future, as the case may be.

I beg to submit that (a) I *will* be satisfied and (b) I *will* be angry, referring to the author's feelings, a thing over which one cannot have any control, and over which one cannot exercise one's *will*, are both wrong; and I therefore consider that I *shall* must be used in both circumstances instead of I *will*.

(c) I *shall*, to my mind, can never be stronger than I *will*, the former meaning, in French, *Je dois* (vous obéir), *c'est mon devoir* (de vous obéir), *je dois me soumettre passivement* (à votre volonté), and the latter conveying the meaning of independence "*Je veux*." Besides, did not *shall* originally mean, in English, *obligation, debt*? Is it not Chaucer who says: "The faith I *shall* (I owe) to God? La foi que je *dois* à Dieu?"

Referring now to paragraph (d), if the writer of *The Times* had said I *will*, he would have meant a *promise* combined with a *threat*; by saying I *shall*, he merely meant *simple futurity* combined with *modesty*. He might also have meant this: "Though I am not *willing* to do so, I am, however, *compelled* by circumstances to apply to *The Times*, which would mean in French: "Les circonstances me forcent, bien malgré moi, à m'adresser au *Times*." This is the rule given by Bain to that effect: "I *will* may be softened into I *shall*, even in cases of *determination*, to give less of the appearance of egotism, the speaker pretending, as it were, that he is the *humble instrument* of events in what he is about to do; but the substitution of I *will* for I *shall* is *always* an error."

(e) With regard to the Irish maid-servants' saying to the person who addressed them: "I *shall*, sir," I think that I *shall*, here, is perfectly and in its proper place, considering the subordinate position held by maid-servants in general.

The very nature of I *shall* supposes some influence from without; the use of I *will*, which expresses the absence of all *external pressure*, would, on the contrary, show the independence of maid-servants and thereby constitute a piece of impertinence on their part. In fact, as far as I remember, all maid-servants in Shakespeare's works make use of I *shall* under similar circumstances. For the same reason, I consider that Lord Chesterfield, in the following example, shows more *deference* and *humility* to the lady he addresses himself to, than he would have done, if he had used I *will*.

Permit me, Madam, to assure you of the esteem and veneration with which I *shall* ever be, madam, your obedient servant,
L. Chesterfield.

Permettez, Madame, que je vous assure de l'estime et de la vénération avec lesquelles Je serai toute ma vie (c'est-à-dire, il est de mon devoir d'être toute ma vie) Madame, votre obéissant serviteur.

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

- El Greco: An Account of his Life and Works.* Albert T. Calvert and C. Gasquoine Hartley, with 136 reproductions from his most celebrated pictures. Lane, 3s. 6d. net.
- Massenet l'Homme—le Musicien.* Louis Schneider. Illustrations et Documents Eneditis. Lionel Isaacs, 21s.

FICTION

- Pomp and Circumstance.* Dorothea Gerard. Long, 6s.
- Cynthia in the Wilderness.* Herbert Wales. Long, 1s. net.
- Irresponsible Kitty.* Curtis Yorke. Long, 6d.
- God's Good Woman.* Eleanore S. Terry. Long, 6s.
- The Painted Mountain.* Peter Lauristoun. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
- Woman's Looking Glass.* Constance Evan Jones. Nesbit, 6s.
- Money.* Marie Connor Leighton. Ward Lock, 6s.
- The Picture of Dorian Gray.* Oscar Wilde. Copyright Edition. Charles Carrington, Paris: leather, 3s. 6d. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

MAGAZINES

- St. Georges, The Papyrus, The Homiletic Review, The National Gallery* (100 plates in colour), *Beautiful Flowers, and How to Grow Them.*

MISCELLANEOUS

- Brighton: Its History, its Follies, and its Fashion.* Lewis Melville. Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d. net.
- Social Ideals.* Papers on social subjects by Will Crooks, M.P., P. W. Wilson, M.P., George Lansbury, James Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., S. E. Keeble, J. H. Clapham, M.A., and J. A. Faulkner. Culley, 6d. net.
- The Early Education of Children.* Laura L. Plaisted. Clarendon Press, 4s. 6d. net.
- How Telegraphs and Telephones Work.* Charles R. Gibson. Seeley, 1s. 6d. net.
- The Over-Production of Woman, and the Remedy.* Mrs. Erskine. Sisley's, 2s. 6d. net.
- The Acharnians of Aristophanes,* with introduction, critical notes, and commentary by W. Rennie. Arnold, 6s. net.
- Hypnotism; Including a Study of the Chief Points of Psycho-Therapeutics.* Dr. Albert Moll. Walter Scott Publishing Company.

MUSIC

- Folk Songs from Somerset.* Gathered and edited, with piano-forte accompaniment, by Cecil J. Sharp. Simpkin & Co., 5s. net.

POETRY

- Sacred Poems.* Theodore Woodville Morgan. Baker, 1s. net.
- Later Recitations in Verse; Serious and Humorous.* Compiled and Edited by Ernest Pertwee. Routledge, 2s. 6d.

REFERENCE

- The Official Year-Book of the Church of England, 1909.* S.P.C.K., 3s.
- A Dickens' Dictionary.* The characters and scenes of the novels and miscellaneous works. Alphabetically arranged. Alex. J. Philip. Routledge, 8s. 6d. net.
- Pronunciation of Plant Names.* Reprinted from *The Gardeners' Chronicle, 1909.* The *Gardeners' Chronicle*, 1s. net.

THEOLOGY

- The World's Great Sermons.* Ten volumes, cloth.: Vol. i., Basil to Calvin; vol. ii., Hooker to South; vol. iii., Massillon to Mason; vol. iv., L. Beecher to Bushnell; vol. v., Guthrie to Mozley; vol. vi., H. W. Beecher to Punshon; vol. vii., Hale to Farrar; vol. viii., Talmage to Knox Little; vol. ix., Cuyler to Van Dyke; vol. x., Gore to Jowett. Compiled by Grenville Kleiser, with assistance from many foremost living preachers and other theologians. Published in London and New York by Funk & Wagnall. These are presented free to the subscribers of *The Homiletic Review* for 1909—a year's subscription being 12s.



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ABBOT FRANCIS GASQUET
and "PUBLIC OPINION"

The Abbot Francis Gasquet, the eminent Roman Catholic scholar and historian, Abbot-President of the English Benedictines, who is now engaged at Rome on the most interesting task of revising the Vulgate, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, dated Feb. 15, 1909, from Collegio Sant' Anselmo, Monte Aventino, Rome:—

Sir,—I see that many are expressing their opinions about your paper, and as I have for a long time now got so much pleasure and profit from it, I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of others. Obligated to be away from England for many months each year on business, and with little time to spend on the reading of papers, I have found PUBLIC OPINION exactly what I needed to keep in touch with passing events, and I look forward to the coming of the post which brings it to me.

I am,

Yours sincerely,
sgd. (Abbot) FRANCIS H. GASQUET.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Headmaster of Eton, in his final reply to the Humanitarian League, appears to us to have made a most unfortunate mistake. The case which he is upholding of the usefulness and perfect justifiability of the Eton beagles is not one which requires to be supported by reckless abuse of other field sports. Canon Lyttelton, by descending to the methods of claptrap involved in wild denunciation of the "wholesale slaughter of tame pheasants," is merely putting himself on a level with the cranks of the Humanitarian League. It is true that Canon Lyttelton is primarily a schoolmaster, but we would have supposed that his family traditions would enable him to have a juster appreciation of sport from the country gentleman's point of view than that which he has displayed. We should like to ask him what precisely he understands by "tame pheasants." Strictly speaking, of course, all the pheasants in these islands are tame pheasants. The pheasant is not indigenous to this country, and is not, therefore, to be considered as a wild bird; but Canon Lyttelton evidently draws distinctions between wild and tame pheasants, and by "wild pheasants" we suppose him to mean birds hatched and bred in the coverts, without any assistance from the keeper. Does Canon Lyttelton seriously suppose that such birds differ in any way from what he would call "tame pheasants." If so, we can only assure him that he is ludicrously in error. The artificial rearing of pheasants has merely the effect of increasing their number. The strength of flight of a pheasant and the height at which he comes over the guns is precisely the same in the case of the "wild" and the "tame" bird. If the coverts from which the birds are driven are composed of small trees, and if the configuration of the ground does not compel them to rise in their flight, they will fly low and afford easy and not very sporting shots. If, on the other hand, the trees are high and the ground admits of the guns standing considerably below the coverts, the shots will be high and sporting and correspondingly difficult. In neither case, provided, of course, that the guns are equal to the exigencies, is there any cruelty involved or anything which calls for the intervention either of Humanitarian Leagues or of solemn schoolmasters. A man has precisely the

same right, legally and morally, to rear pheasants in his coverts as another man has to rear poultry in a poultry yard. Every single pheasant that is ever shot is used for purposes of food, just as surely as every chicken which has its throat cut is used for the same purpose. Pheasants form a very valuable and relatively cheap supply of food for the market. At certain seasons of the year they can be bought for three shillings a brace in Leadenhall Market. It is instructive to contrast this state of affairs with that which obtains in countries where, owing to the absence of game rights of landed proprietors, game has almost entirely disappeared. In the South of France a pheasant nowadays is looked upon by the average inhabitant as a fantastically unpurchasable luxury. From twelve to twenty francs is the sort of price paid for a single pheasant in such districts.

A further indication of the lamentable pass to which this country has been brought under the auspices of the present Government was afforded by the debate on the Navy Estimates which took place in the House of Commons this week. Not only have the Government failed to maintain the two-power standard, which by common consent is necessary to our safety as a nation, but, according to Mr. Asquith's own showing, in a very few years we shall only just retain the one-power standard. In fact, to put the matter quite plainly, we stand in actual and immediate danger of annihilation at the hands of Germany. While our Lloyd Georges and our Churchills have been looking after their own private affairs, and while the Prime Minister and Messrs. Birrell, Runciman and McKenna have been wasting public time and public money in the attempt to thrust upon the community at large preposterous and fantastic measures of "temperance" and "educational" reform, the armed force, on which we depend for our existence, has been steadily and persistently undermined. The presence at the head of the Admiralty Board of the egregious Mr. McKenna, whose only claim to such a position would appear to be that he once rowed bow in the Cambridge eight, is not calculated to reassure the patriotic citizen. If we are to sleep soundly in our beds it is abundantly clear that our only hope is in a speedy change of Government. We have reason to believe that this highly desirable consummation is a great deal nearer than is commonly supposed. The feeling in the country against the Government, although it may fail to find adequate expression in the House of Commons, is growing in such an ever-increasing manner that a dissolution cannot now long be delayed.

The *Englishwoman* continues its gallant and successful efforts to give away its own case. From the current number we take, at haphazard, the following paragraph, which appears under the head of "Echoes":

Apropos of the question of Women's Suffrage, so many of you ask, "What good would follow this if this were done? What harm undone?" or words to that effect, that I am asked to tell the following true story to show that the vote does carry power, and that without power, "influence" is not as strong a lever as we need. It was recently decided to build some new public baths in a certain district of London, and some of the women living there obtained the promise from the local Council that one of them should be for the use of women. Some months afterwards a friend of mine called at the works to see how the buildings were getting on, and asked the foreman to show her the women's bath. "There is no women's bath, Madam." "Oh! how is that?" "The Council consider that a second-class men's bath was more required than a bath for women." My friend, accompanied by some other of the ladies, called on the Chairman of the Council. "Is this true that we hear that there is to be

no bath for women after all?" "Quite true, ladies; you see it was decided that a second-class men's bath was more wanted than one for women." "Oh, very well, just as you like; but we promise you that, as far as we can accomplish it, if we do not get our bath you will all be turned out at the next election."—*They got their bath.*

So that here we have a case in which the Council, after mature deliberation, had come to the conclusion that a second-class men's bath was more urgently needed for the general good of the community than a woman's bath. Certain women, however, chose to think otherwise, and subordinating the interests of the community to their own private fancies they proceeded to bring to bear upon the Council the power which lay with them, owing to their possession of votes. The councillors, being apparently men who had more respect for their position than for their principles, allowed themselves to be coerced through a cowardly fear of losing their seats at the next election. Could anything be more immoral and more against the public interest? In the same number Mr. Shaw unbosoms himself on what he is pleased to call "The Unmentionable Case for Women's Suffrage." He explains at the beginning of his article that he has already "made an effort to save the situation" by writing a letter to *The Times*. "But," says he, "*The Times* blushed and threw my letter into the waste-paper basket." On the whole, we are not surprised. The *Englishwoman*, of course, being armoured in a perpetual blush (*vide* the cover) was less squeamish. Consequently, the listening earth will be able to arrive at the startling conclusion that in the delicate mind of Mr. Shaw the question of votes for women is intimately bound up with the question of latrines for ladies. For our part, we shall decline to believe that violent revolution is necessary to remedy the trifling grievance to which Mr. Shaw refers. The usual minor poet, in the person of Mr. Laurence Housman, limps alongside the *Englishwoman's* intellectual procession with a doggerel poem entitled "The Sand-castle," in which he describes two children, a boy and a girl, at play on the sands. The boy builds a sand-castle:

. . . So without stir,
Conscious that all this work was done for her,
The girl sat safe-immured; and for employ,
To keep her quiet, the calculating boy
Had brought her weeds and shells wherewith to dress
Her locks and make herself "a great princess
Fit for a king." Tempted such rank to claim,
With folded feet, domestically tame,
Resigned she sat and played the sedentary game.

The boy, having installed his princess in, or, rather, on, the castle, sallies forth with the true spirit of knight-errantry and battles with imaginary monsters. All of which appears to us to be very right and proper. But Mr. Laurence Housman's little girl is evidently a budding suffragette of the most virulent description; for before long we are informed that:

. . . deliriously she squeals,
And pounding hard, on limbs a little numb
From too long sitting, and with feet a-drum,
"Champion!" she cries, "to share your fate I come!"

In passing, we note the delightful euphemism of "limbs" for what the little girl sits down on. However, that is neither here nor there. The point is that, on Mr. Housman's own showing, this resolution to throw up her part spoils the whole game from the point of view of both the little boy and the little girl. The little boy loses his illusions, and the little girl is brutally reminded that "a girl can't throw—not properly." All of which, on the whole, seems to us to be a fairly faithful allegory, the moral being that a little

girl is more likely to shine in the rôle of a princess than in that of a thrower of stones. It is a pity that Mr. Housman does not apply the moral of his poem to himself and his "deliriously squealing" female friends.

We go to press too late to be able to comment on the details of the Bill introduced by Mr. Geoffrey Howard for the purpose of extending the franchise to the whole adult population, male and female. Of course, everyone knows that it has not the smallest chance of becoming law. It has already evoked shrieks of rage from Miss Pankhurst, representing the National Women's Social and Political Union, and it causes equal dismay to Lady Knightley, the president of the insignificant but mischievous Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association; while four ladies have demonstrated against the Bill by chaining themselves to the railings of the Houses of Parliament in Bridge Street. Mr. Howard is, nevertheless, believed to be a convinced supporter of the Women's Suffrage movement; so that his introduction of this Bill to the House of Commons can only be regarded as a mystery. In this week's *Vanity Fair* Mr. Harris boasts that he has done everything he can for the suffragists. Unfortunately for them, however, Mr. Harris's devotion to anarchists of all kinds renders his support of the Women's Suffrage movement a not altogether unmixed blessing for the upholders of the movement. On the whole, it would appear that the friends of the suffragists do them almost as much damage as their enemies. To those who bear in mind the historic result of the far-famed contest between the two Kilkeny cats, this reflection is fraught with hopefulness. Meanwhile, a petition against the Bill, signed by two hundred and fifty thousand women, has been prepared and will be presented to Parliament. This is the first instalment of the signatures collected by the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League. It represents only a little more than six months' work; and, so far, many districts in England have not been approached at all; while in Wales and in Ireland respectively there is only one branch of the League established. All the women who have signed this petition are out-and-out opposers of any form whatever of female suffrage. So that, taking everything into consideration, what with the women who are in favour of the suffrage and the women who are against it, Mr. Howard's Bill is in a somewhat uncomfortable position. Meanwhile, Lady Carlisle, Mr. Howard's mother, and, needless to say, an advanced suffragist, has been demonstrating her patriotism by addressing one or other of the innumerable Liberal Ladies' Leagues on the inspiring subject of the necessity of promptly reducing our armaments. Lady Carlisle can scarcely be considered fortunate in the moment she has chosen for making her demonstration; and perhaps if she had waited until after the debate on the Naval Estimates she might have come to the conclusion that it would be wiser to hold her peace, both in her own interests and in the interests of woman's suffrage.

The kind gentleman who has been at pains to make himself acquainted with the inside of the mind of the editor of the *Saturday Review* sends us a letter which he asks us to print on personal grounds and "without any further reference to the respective merits of the weekly reviews." Here you have an ingenious soul, anxious on the one hand to express himself, and equally anxious on the other to confuse and deface the issue. We must request our correspondent to say his personal say in what appears to be his own paper—namely the *Saturday Review*. And we must remind him that we have not yet made any "reference" at all to the respective merits of the weekly reviews. Our

comments have been concerned with a variety of pieces of "poetry" which have lately appeared in the columns of our contemporaries, and which appeared to us to be faulty and unworthy pieces of poetry. We have not compared them, one with the other, and we have never said that the poetry in our own columns is beyond criticism. What we require from the friends of the imperfect poet—that is to say, if we are to be confuted—is a declaration that the verses about "he-goats sad" which appeared lately in the *Saturday* are the kind of verses which one has the right to expect from such an organ. It is obvious on the face of it that they were bad and illiterate verses, and in the literary sense discreditable to the *Saturday Review*. And it is obvious, too, that the editor who prints such verses is not to be congratulated on his gifts as a judge of poetry. With the necessary changes, the same remarks apply to the remaining "poems" and the remaining editors involved. There, so far as we are concerned, the matter must rest, and we shall not entertain further correspondence on the subject, unless, as we have said, some critic will assert over his name that the poems we have criticised are without spot and without blemish. "You're another" won't do.

Mr. Clement Shorter has not availed himself of our offer to provide space for a list of "mechanical" and inferior poems which, according to himself, occur in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." We may conclude, therefore, that discretion is the better part of valour for Mr. Shorter, as for lesser men. He can no more "prick the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'" than he can prick the moon with the end of his fountain pen. The bubble to be pricked is the critic of poetry called Shorter. We will prick him next week with innumerable pricks.

The polite world will rejoice to hear that Mr. Horatio Bottomley is "unmuzzled" and that his "letter bag" is crammed with "thousands of kindly messages which have showered in upon me since the collapse of the Guildhall proceedings. . . . From every part of the country—and, indeed, from distant parts of the Empire; from people in every walk of life; from the Bench, the Bar, and the Press; in the House of Commons, from Cabinet Ministers to door-keepers, I have been overwhelmed with congratulations and expressions of kindly regard." We shall not doubt Mr. Bottomley's word. On the other hand, it will give us a great deal of joy and pleasure to know the names of one Judge and one Cabinet Minister who have overwhelmed our young friend with congratulations and expressions of kindly regard. According to Mr. Bottomley's own showing he is now unmuzzled, and, consequently, he has no further grounds for reticent discretion. Meanwhile, though Mr. Vivian's name and pseudonym have disappeared entirely from *John Bull*, Mr. Bottomley offers no apology for his colleague's recent brutal impertinences towards Field-Marshal Earl Roberts of Kandahar, K.G. Running as he is, loose and without his muzzle, and having now leisure to set his journalistic house in order, Mr. Bottomley may, we hope, be shortly expected to express in *John Bull* at least as great a respect for the courage and public spirit of Lord Roberts as he indulges for the "splendid courage of Sir James Ritchie, one of the senior Aldermen of the City of London." Mr. Bottomley is proposing to "unite his readers to form themselves into a great League of Common Sense," the motto of which league is to be "No humbug, no cant, no namby-pamby, grandmotherly interference with the liberties of grown-up men and women." It is a noble scheme, and as a preliminary exercise in commonsense and a sample of what he can do when he is put to it, Mr. Bottomley must apologise to Lord Roberts

THE GOLDFINCH

I WANDERED hearkening, in an April wood,
While all around me in harmonious flood
Rose the clear singing of the brotherhood
Of wing and feather.

Shyly the linnets hid and twittered there
Larks circled upward in the ambient air
Whitethroat and willow-wren and whistling stare
Singing together.

One beyond others in the joyful throng
Piped in the apple-trees the whole day long
Crystal in utterance a wind-swift song
Divinely fluted.

Lightly the goldfinch, e'er he lit to sing
Spread the pale yellow of his painted wing
He that bears record of his ministering
In hues transmuted.

His be the praise of the first Lententide!
Seeking the wooden cross where Jesus died
This bird the nail within the hand espied
And tried to ease it.

Lightly he fluttered on a tender wing
Held in a slender beak the cruel thing
Still with a gentle might endeavouring
But to release it.

Then as he strove spake One—a dying space—
"Bear for thy pity as a mark of grace
Semblance of this, My blood, upon thy face
A living glory.

So while the generations come and go
While the earth blossoms and the waters flow
Children may honour thee and mankind know
Thy loving story."

Lord! of dominion over man and beast
That out of nothing madest great and least
Thine everlasting praise hath never ceased
From heavenly choir.

Hear even now in these awakening days
Rise from the meadowland and orchard ways
Anthem and madrigal and roundelays
That never tire.

Grant unto us of the untoward will
Holden of utterance, in praise to still
Some of this *jouissance* our hearts to fill
And our mute voices.

So shalt thou gather in returning Springs
Some mortal knowledge of celestial things
So shall we praise thee in the mind that brings
Life that rejoices.

PAMELA TENNANT.

"THE ACADEMY" AND "THE DAILY NEWS"

In its issue of Tuesday last the *Daily News* published a letter from Dr. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead, under the heading of "Rome and the Press." In the course of this letter Dr. Horton committed himself to the following extraordinary statement:

Some well-known organs, e.g., the "Academy," have passed into Roman hands. That once famous literary paper now passes its verdict on our current literature with the bias of Rome. Good books are those which favour Rome. Books which criticise or oppose Rome are, *ipso facto*, bad.

We consider this passage to be entirely libellous, and, coming as it does from the pen of Dr. Horton, we believe it to be maliciously libellous. In any case, Dr. Horton's statements are absolutely false and without foundation, and his letter as a whole, though it pretends to deal with the Press at large, reflects only on THE ACADEMY, which is the only paper mentioned, with the exception of the admittedly Roman Catholic organs. To say, as Dr. Horton says, flatly, that from THE ACADEMY's point of view "good books are those which favour Rome," and "books which criticise or oppose Rome are, *ipso facto*, bad," is preposterous on the face of it; and to suggest, as Dr. Horton suggests, that THE ACADEMY is a veiled organ of the Roman Church and is really in Roman hands, and, consequently, that its owners and managers are in the pay of Rome, and are concerned to "suppress everything that tells against Rome and give undue prominence to everything that tells in her favour," is sheerly false. On Tuesday evening we saw the *Daily News* and pointed out that the whole of Dr. Horton's allegations were untrue and without foundation. We also pointed out that such statements were calculated seriously to injure the reputation of the paper and seriously to damage it in its business concerns, and we expected that the *Daily News* would take immediate steps to make some show of amends for what had occurred and would hasten to assure its readers that it had committed itself to what was untrue, and that it was sorry for what it had done.

On Wednesday morning, however, the *Daily News* printed in its leader columns a paragraph with the title:

"THE ACADEMY."

A REPLY TO DR. HORTON.

In this paragraph our contemporary simply reproduced the facts on which it should have based an apology, and wound up in the appended terms:

We have pleasure in publishing this disclaimer, and regret that we should inadvertently have been the medium of misrepresenting the conduct of our contemporary.

Now, the editor of the *Daily News* is not so unskilled in his profession as to be unaware of the very great difference between "A Reply to Dr. Horton" and "An Apology from the *Daily News*." Yet he tops up what he will, no doubt, call an apology with headlines which, so far from suggesting that the *Daily News* is apologising, suggests, and, indeed, says, that THE ACADEMY is replying to Dr. Horton. In point of fact, there is nothing in Dr. Horton's wanton and malicious attack on the *bona fides* of this paper to which we should deign to reply, and as to the *Daily News*' "inadvertence," there could have been no possible inadvertence, because it is the duty of a newspaper about to make foul charges against another newspaper, and charges which involve the honour of the editor of that newspaper, to verify its statements before proceeding to publish them. The

editor of the *Daily News* can have made no sort of inquiry into the matter, and he published his libel on the sole word of Dr. Horton, who, we take it, is as fallible as the next man. As for Dr. Horton himself, he "apologises" in Thursday's issue of the *Daily News*, but under the misleading titles:

ROME AND THE PRESS.

DR. HORTON'S REPLY.

Not a word here as to THE ACADEMY or as to apologies—and he says:

Sir,—I deeply regret that I have been misinformed about the "Academy," and my error has involved you in the difficulty which you meet by your paragraph this morning. Permit me through your columns to offer a sincere apology to the editor and the directors of that journal. What misled me was that a copy was sent to me containing a review of a book of mine, entitled "My Belief." Or rather it was not a review, but a violent tirade against me from the Roman point of view.

I was surprised at this polemical bias in a literary journal, and on inquiry from a journalistic friend I was told that the "Academy" had passed into Roman Catholic hands. I did not resent it, nor was I astonished. I simply supposed it to be a fact. No one, I think, who read the article I referred to, entitled, I think, "The Logic of Dissent," could blame me for drawing the inference, or for believing the statement which seemed to explain it.

But in view of what you publish to-day, I beg to withdraw what I said, and to express my thankfulness that the journal as a whole is Protestant.

May I, however, point out how the episode illustrates my main contention? Even where the editor and managers of a paper are Protestant, the Roman influence finds a way to dictate the treatment of a book which advocates Protestant principles. Sorry as I am to have misrepresented the "Academy," I cannot alter my general view of Roman work in the Press.—Yours, etc.,

March 17th.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

We shall refrain from comment at the present juncture, but we shall give Dr. Horton and the *Daily News* an opportunity of going a little more thoroughly into the affairs of THE ACADEMY than they appear to have thought worth while before promulgating their libels.

MR. ARCHER'S TWO GUINEAS

We called attention last week to an advertisement which is appearing in the *Author*, and we pointed out that, in our opinion, this advertisement, while perfectly legitimate in its way, might conceivably be misconstrued by inexperienced dramatic authors. The persons most nearly concerned in the affair are, of course, Mr. William Archer, whose name is flourished right through the announcement, and the editor of the *Author*. From the editor of the *Author* and from the Authors' Society we hear nothing, probably because they have absolutely nothing to say. Mr. Archer, however, being of a less reticent disposition, has sent us the following letter, which we print with a great deal of pleasure:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

March 15th, 1909.

SIR,—While appreciating the concern of THE ACADEMY for my "good name" and "professional dignity," I must beg leave to doubt whether they are so gravely imperilled as your article of last Saturday suggests. Indeed, as you have thought it your duty to quote Messrs. Brown and Massie's announcement in full, I am quite willing to leave your readers to judge for themselves whether there are any good grounds for your solicitude. The only point on which I can imagine a difference of opinion among people whose opinion I value, is the question whether there is anything "infra dig" (to use your own expression) in the

appearance of my name in such an advertisement. If on this point any good man censures me, I am sorry, yet not seriously disturbed. If I have a book to sell or a lecture to deliver, no code of etiquette forbids me to advertise the fact; and I fail to see any difference of principle between delivering a lecture in public, and delivering an opinion—which also, by the way, is apt to be a lecture—in private. If one has honest wares to sell, why should one not take any frank and legitimate means of bringing the fact to the knowledge of possible buyers? It is not frank advertisement that disgraces either a man or his calling: it is the underhand and disguised advertisement, the puff insidious and oblique. When I am found guilty of that, I shall bow to the reproof of anyone who has the dignity of his and my profession sincerely at heart.

For the rest, I do not see that there is a single word in Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's announcement that can convey the slightest false impression to any playwright or would-be playwright, however inexperienced. If one is to give an opinion on plays at all, it is absolutely inevitable that one should state whether, and on what conditions, that opinion may be shown to managers. To make such a statement is not to claim one jot or tittle of influence. My record, as you are good enough to point out, is a long one, and is perfectly open to inspection: the playwright must judge for himself, or must take independent advice, as to whether my opinion is likely to help or to hinder the chances of his play. As a matter of fact, there are some managers who would attach some weight to my praise, others with whom it would weigh less than nothing; and I should be perfectly willing to tell an author whether, in my judgment, he ought or ought not to show my report to this manager or that. But I welcome this opportunity of declaring explicitly—what I think is pretty clearly implied in Messrs. Brown and Massie's announcement—that it is not primarily in relation to managers that I hope and believe that I can be of service to playwrights. My particular function is not that of a manager's "taster," but rather that of a consulting physician. Sometimes I have to pronounce a play incurable, sometimes to suggest a course of treatment which may rescue the germs of vitality in a piece which shows talent but is anæmic or misshapen. Very rarely does a play come to me in such a form that I can encourage the author to take it, as it stands, to any manager whatsoever. I may, of course, prove to be an unskilful and unhelpful consultant. In that case—if my services are not worth the modest fee charged for them—my practice will doubtless be very small. But if I had received even that modest fee for each of the plays I have read gratuitously during the past twenty years, I should now be a considerably richer man than I am.—Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Mr. Archer is wrong in supposing that we are concerned in the least for his good name or his professional reputation. Indeed, we suggested that by lending himself to the purposes of Messrs. Brown and Massie's advertisement he injures both his good name and his reputation, and, what is more, he makes it quite evident that his respect for the profession of his adoption is not huge. In his reply, which does credit to his desire that he should not be misunderstood, Mr. Archer is careful to indicate that he does not value our opinion and that he considers us to be other than good and sincere men. It is human of him to take this view. On the other hand, we have no desire to secure his kind appreciation, neither do we require from him a certificate as to our good faith in dealing with a public matter. We have to repeat that Messrs. Brown and Massie's advertisement contains the following paragraph:

The fact that a play has been submitted to Mr. Archer will be treated by him and by us as confidential, or the author is at liberty to show Mr. Archer's opinion to managers, actors, etc., if he so desires. *It would manifestly be misleading, however, to quote detached phrases or make garbled extracts from a detailed criticism. Mr. Archer, therefore, leaves it to the author's sense of fairness to show to managers, etc., the whole opinion if he shows any part of it.*

We shall take leave to inquire of Mr. Archer upon what grounds it is that he permits the passage we have quoted to appear in Messrs. Brown and Massie's invitation to pay him fees? He may answer that he is most anxious to safeguard the honour of ambitious authors, and that he is most anxious that "managers, etc.," should not be misled by ambitious authors who happen also to be unscrupulous authors. Nobody will deny that such anxieties are praiseworthy in Mr. Archer, and that he has a right to indulge them if it so pleases them. At the same time, the obvious and unmistakable innuendo which is likely to be conveyed, either with or without Mr. Archer's conscious desire, by the words we have quoted, is that Mr. Archer's favourable word is a most useful and valuable asset to a dramatic author seeking acceptance; and that it is so useful and valuable, indeed, that Mr. Archer finds it necessary to give warning that authors should not use it in a disingenuous or unfair manner. Now we say that to a dramatic author of any experience the whole suggestion is so much balderdash. Every author who has been through the mill knows perfectly well that Mr. Archer's unqualified approval will be of no more use to him than a headache, at any rate in the marketing of his dramatic produce; and if after giving such an author his approval Mr. Archer were to implore him not to put it to unfair purposes, the author would smile discreetly in his sleeve and wonder what was happening to Mr. Archer's wits. We hold that the paragraph as a whole is either absolutely superfluous or that it is intended to produce a certain effect in the minds of the inexperienced, and that in any case it will create an undesirable impression, not to say wild anticipation, among the fee-paying aspirants for dramatic glory.

It will be noticed that Mr. Archer leaves this particular issue outside his reply. It is not a new issue, being, in fact, the principal issue raised by us last week. We are glad to observe that our advertising friend desires to be very explicit in the columns of THE ACADEMY. We think, however, and we said as much in our previous article, that the place in which he should take care to be explicit is his own advertisement. With a view to being explicit in THE ACADEMY he would fain figure as a sort of "consulting physician" to the drama. His business, he says, does not lie "primarily in relation to managers," and he says, further, "very rarely does a play come to me in such a form that I encourage the author to take it as it stands to any manager whatever." We are to assume, therefore, that managers really do not concern Mr. Archer, and that he receives fees for suggesting improvements or alterations in hopeless dramatic work, which improvements and alterations will render the work worth submitting to managers who are likely to do business. We can conceive the possibility of this being so, but we do not consider it at all probable. If it be so we can only congratulate the incompetent upon the ease and economy with which it is possible for them to convert their banal and meretricious works into promising plays by reference to Mr. Archer. We shall not say that Mr. Archer is a bad physician, but he is a physician who, according to his own showing, considers it "proper to advertise." We are all aware that physicians in other lines of therapeutics who advertise are never above announcing to the public the plain facts as to the cures they bring about. Will Mr. Archer oblige us with a few instances? Is there a single play now being performed in a London or provincial theatre, or, for that matter, in an American theatre, or a Continental theatre, which, prior to its acceptance, was submitted to Mr. Archer and criticised by him for a fee, and through the agency of Messrs. Brown and Massie? We do not know that there is no such play. For anything we are in a position to assert to the contrary, every play at present before the public in

London may have been doctored for a fee by Mr. Archer, and we trust Mr. Archer will not imagine we are too hard on him when we remark that some of them appear to have been doctored by very bad hands indeed. But we should like a specific instance, and we think that such an instance would be valuable not only in clearing up Mr. Archer's position, but also in emphasising and rendering still more attractive Messrs. Brown and Massie's excellent advertisement. It is all very well for Mr. Archer to mention that he has given many people advice for nothing. Most of us give advice for nothing because, as a general rule, advice about the arts is without money and without price, and only the immature wish to buy it.

With the struggling person in any art one cannot deal too tenderly; nothing is sadder or more pitiable than the situation of that large body of persons whose ambitions are out of all proportion to their talents. We can remember the time when pretty well every young person who could trail a pen imagined that he or she was a heaven-sent poet. It is the fashion now to tell all such persons that the ability to write a considerable poem is very rare, and that a novel or a play is the thing to attempt. In point of fact, it is more difficult to obtain recognition and success as a playwright than it is to obtain recognition and a modest share of success as a poet; for obviously there are fifty times as many editors as there are theatrical managers, and printing a poem is a trifling matter as compared with the staging and production of a play. Mr. Archer is just as well acquainted with these facts as we are. If he wishes to be explicit and frank with the youths and maidens who are painfully saving up thirty shillings or two guineas for his opinion of their dramatic efforts, his advertisements should make it abundantly clear that Mr. Archer's opinion can be only of the slightest weight when the hard business of acceptance and production is toward. He is quite within his rights when he asserts that he can give advice and assistance to dramatic authors in the literary sense, but he has no right to hint that his word is so powerful among managers, etc., that he finds it necessary to stipulate that it should not be garbled or denuded of its reservations or qualifications. And if his friends imagine (as he would lead us to believe) that he is justified in accepting fees from authors who in their turn imagine that with his favourably-written opinion in their pockets they are on the high road to dramatic success we shall content ourselves by saying only that his friends are woefully wrong. The best of doctors can do nothing with the stillborn, and ninety-nine plays out of a hundred written by persons who happen to be so infantile in the literary sense that they will part with a fee for anybody's opinion *are* stillborn.

REVIEWS

SUPERSTITION

Psyche's Task. By J. G. FRAZER, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. (Macmillan and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

"PSYCHE'S TASK" is one of those ornamental titles to learned and subtle treatises which Dr. Frazer, of the Golden Bough, has learnt from Ruskin to invent so cleverly. Its significance is pointed by a sentence from Milton's "Areopagitica": "Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds, which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull and sort asunder, were not more intermixt." No one knows better than

Dr. Frazer that the bush is a continually appropriate sign of good vintage, as it is but a temporary covert for bad, and no living English writer has a better right to hoist the sign, for he has to offer not only sound and wholesome drink, but that of the finest quality, of variously reminiscent bouquet, limpid as water, and of those alluring colours which give more than half its satisfaction to the palate. In the present volume Dr. Frazer is almost too wholesomely precise, for he tells us its object more than twice with unvarying distinctness. He is quite right; the age is so enlightened that he will be misunderstood if possible. His object is fourfold, and he presents it to us in four chapters, from the second to the fifth, adding a Preface which calls to mind that he is printing the substance of a lecture at the Royal Institute; an Introduction; and a Conclusion.

He starts with the axiom that superstition is an evil "false in itself." He continues: "That it has done much harm in the world cannot be denied. It has sacrificed countless lives, wasted untold treasures, embroiled nations, severed friends, parted husbands and wives, parents and children, putting swords, and worse than swords, between them; it has filled gaols and madhouses with its innocent or deluded victims; it has broken many hearts, embittered the whole of many a life, and not content with persecuting the living, it has pursued the dead into the grave and beyond it, gloating over the horrors which its foul imagination has conjured up to appal and torture the survivors." And he professes to make "a plausible plea for a very dubious client." He makes it probable, he might safely assert that he proves, by examples "that among *certain races* and at *certain stages* of evolution *some* social institutions which we all, or *most of us*, believe to be beneficial have *partially* rested on a basis of Superstition." The words italicised here are of the essence of Dr. Frazer's argument, and he must be taken as strictly confining himself within the bounds which they define.

Dr. Frazer's second remark is: "No institution founded wholly on falsehood can be permanent. If it does not answer to some real human need, if its foundations are not laid broad and deep in the nature of things, it must perish, and the sooner the better." The four social institutions which Dr. Frazer contends have rested somewhat, somewhere, and under some conditions on Superstition are Government, Private Property, Marriage, and Respect for Human Life. Except in the pleasure of reading Dr. Frazer's treatise in its entirety, it is unnecessary to follow him through the innumerable particular instances of superstitious practice which he cites. Whatever forms Superstition as here treated of takes, they are of the nature of Taboo, regarded not as the system which the word also signifies, but as the energy proceeding from a certain quality. Taboo is especially prominent in relation to Property. The quality of which Taboo is the energy, whether it be called Mana, or nicknamed *augustitas*, or described as a sort of official persona or hypostasis, is most evident in Government. The superstitions which underlie Marriage and Respect for Human Life are founded on analogous but slightly different feelings; those concerning marriage on an idea of pollution, a material infection of sin; those concerning respect for human life more purely on fear, particularly on fear of which the ultimate cause is the most material of all causes of fear, the idea of something which cannot be tested by the tried exercise of the senses. It may be taken as granted that Dr. Frazer does prove that these four institutions do rest partially on Superstition, under the conditions which he enumerates. Since it was his object to establish the thesis that benefits may follow Superstition, not to say that it may be their contributory cause, it was the

more necessary for him, in order to make his position clear, to insist at the outset on the axiom that Superstition is an evil "unmitigated," not only "false in itself," but also "pernicious in its consequences." The fact that ultimate good comes out of it is no evidence that it is other than evil. The issue of good from evil, the forging of evil desires into virtues, is one of the ideas suggested by the precept, "Overcome evil with good." Evil is the rock in which the human will quarries jewels, the dry bough from which it carves golden fruit. Nor can Dr. Frazer be supposed to regard Superstition, though "an unmitigated evil" and "false in itself," as absolute evil, for if it were it would be a second principle equipotent with the Absolute Good. Since the nature of all things except God is conditional, Dr. Frazer must be understood to be using conditional phraseology. In that sense his treatise gives rise to the question: Is Superstition in itself evil at all?

In the first place, Superstition might be roughly described as "belief contrary to experience," in contradistinction to Faith—a subject which Dr. Frazer resolutely puts out of the question—for which the phrase "belief without experience" may serve. Excluding its effect from the question, which has been already done (since the effect of any motive measures its utility and not the quality of its nature, and Superstition, according to Dr. Frazer, would thus be partly good on account of its effects), Superstition is good or evil according to the object of its super-credence. Superstition which exaggerates the power of evil is evil; the belief that the souls of the departed are all wholly malicious is an evil superstition. Superstition which outruns experience in recognising the omnipotence of good cannot be evil. The man who trusts after seven infidelities believes contrary to experience; the man who trusts after seventy times seven is superstitious indeed. Similarly it may be an evil symptom, but is not so necessarily. It represents a tendency of the mind very often co-existing with brutality, and also, as Dr. Frazer points out, in the case of many primitive tribes, with great intelligence. It does not imply credulity; on the contrary, many conspicuously superstitious persons have been, and still are, highly sceptical as regards particular evidence, while many who regard Superstition with horror, are grossly credulous in material matters. In modern times many acute minds tend to Superstition because of the large demands made on their credulity by the constant blundering of conclusions founded solely on experience. Conversely, the opposite cast of minds hate it, because it admits a power beyond experience, and its existence raises the question whether the phenomena most subject to experience, material phenomena, constitute the only good.

Is not, indeed, Superstition also evil when it represents the dregs of false knowledge, and good if it be the forerunner of true, however far it may have out-distanced it? Who knows how often it is the forerunner? There are superstitions common to the whole human race. Who knows whether these, whether some even of those existing among the savage races described by Dr. Frazer, are not of the arcana of past or future wisdom, retrospective or prospective instincts? For have not superstitions before now been overtaken by experience? Has the progress of humanity never been kept back by the refusal to hold the mind suspended concerning the objects of Superstition, on the ground that such objects are non-existent? If Superstition is, strictly speaking, "an unmitigated evil, false in itself," it must be always evil, and everywhere. During the course of man's steady movement upwards, to which Dr. Frazer alludes, it appeared to advanced minds that the belief in eternal fire was grossly superstitious, on the grounds

that heat without combustion was contrary to experience. We are here concerned with the grounds of objection, not with the belief in the connection in which it excited controversy. Many superstitious persons refused to reject the belief on those grounds. Is it now a superstition to believe that Nature may consume without combustion? At a sufficient distance of time from Minos to admit of progress, enlightened scholars laughed at the superstitions of ages so dark as to credit such stories as his very existence. It is not superstitious to believe in his existence now.

There is one other question already alluded to, suggested incidentally by Dr. Frazer's treatise, but not unconnected with Superstition: *Does man move steadily upwards?* Is the human race more excellent in kind than at a period of its evolution corresponding to the family of Adam? Regarding it on its material side only, it is a question too vast to be discussed here, but the continual upward movement cannot be accepted as an axiom, even if Dr. Frazer intends to allude to it as such, which must not be asserted. Does not Humanity rather flow and ebb, in its subdivisions of peoples that rise and fall, in the gleaming and fading of different faculties at different periods? But such spiritual questions as Dr. Frazer taboos wisely are too pervading to be utterly excluded. Whether the human race is collectively perfectible or no, no man doubts within his own consciousness that every man can move steadily upward if he will. "A man doth not yield even unto death utterly, save only by the weakness of his feeble will." Every man can perfect himself; what thought of the human race present or to come impels him to do it? Who, untouched in his personal affections, is less happy since the destruction of Messina; and what has the human race done to prevent such occurrences?

THE SPANISH CAPITAL

Madrid. By A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

To the average Englishman with a healthy interest in foreign countries Spain is singularly untravelled ground. He will visit Switzerland or Tyrol or the famous corners of Italy year after year, but the idea of a sojourn in the sunny domains of King Alfonso never occurs to him, or, if it does, is set aside as out of the question. Yet, if he wishes to avoid the tedious journey across France, from the Thames the traveller can voyage very pleasantly to Bordeaux (as the author of this book might have mentioned), whence the railway is at his service, and the Spanish frontier comparatively near at hand, while other ports farther south offer alternative routes for those with more time at their disposal.

In this "Spanish Series" of illustrated monographs, Mr. Calvert is doing good work in familiarising English readers with the aspects of the most celebrated cities and districts, and the latest volume to appear is quite up to the standard we have been led to expect. The capital of Spain presents a curious blending of the modern and the old, the life of the Parisian and the customs of ancient days; it receives also, of course, a lustre of additional importance from its honourable position as the centre of Court affairs. The slum and the regions of squalor which form so lamentable a feature of our own chief city do not appear to flourish beneath these more brilliant skies. Why is it that London has attained so undesirable an eminence in this respect? Even the work-girls wear a rose and carry a fan when possible. Small wonder is it that the land has produced great poets and artists; we have in the book before us brief accounts of many men whose fame has extended far beyond the limits of their own language. In art, the supreme Velasquez, Berruguete, Goya; in literature, Quevedo, the immortal Cervantes.

Lope de Vega (who is said to have written plays to the astonishing number of eighteen hundred), and in our own times Galdós and Valdés; these and others have kept the roll of honour unbroken.

The chapter devoted to churches and public buildings has a lengthy and interesting description of the Escorial, from which we take a pertinent comment upon that inquisitive attribute of humanity which, unless sternly repressed, leads too often to the ruin of things that should be held as inviolable:

Twenty-six marble urns placed in niches round the chamber (of the Pantheon) contain all that was mortal of the monarchs of Spain and their consorts from Charles V. to Alfonso XII., Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. excepted. There are tombs, too, awaiting the living. . . . As one ascends to the living world from these awful chambers, the question suggests itself, what is the object of it all? The Pyramids of Nile ought to have convinced man once for all of the hopelessness of any effort to preserve his body unprofaned and solemnly housed through all the years. No matter how great the dynasty, how strong the tomb, the day must come when the jealously and reverently guarded ashes will form the prey of some ghoulish invader. With Rameses exposed to the gaze of wondering Cockneys, with Alexander's tomb an object of curiosity to tourists in the museum at Stamboul, with the tombs of the kings of Judah explored on all-fours by Cook's trippers, how can one hope for an eternal immunity from profanation for the Invalides, for Westminster, for the Escorial? Kings ought to have learnt the lesson that in the pages of history alone can they look for an earthly immortality.

These sentiments must be taken *cum grano salis*; Mr. Calvert does not consider what the world would have lost had there been no Pyramids, no Escorial, no Westminster.

Any work dealing with Madrid which allowed no space to the sport of bull-fighting would be open to a charge of serious disproportion. It forms a curious study in racial differences, the hold this spectacle has on the people of Spain, and the mixed feelings with which an Englishman views the *corrida*. "Whatever may have been the origin of these contests," says the author, "it is certain that since the days of the Moors the bull-fight has endured as the chief recreation of all classes of the population":

There is in no other country any sport that can be compared with it in importance and in the sway of its fascination upon the public. . . . The hold which this pastime has upon the Spanish imagination is so strong that it is a part of the national character, as deep-seated as the sentiments of piety and loyalty; and as powerful as the feeling of patriotism. King or peasant, man or woman, every native of Spain is a lover of the *corrida*; every child plays at bull-fighting as soon as he can walk; and every youth who would be thought manly and a true son of Spain, yearns to emulate the courage and the dexterity of the *espada*.

The sight of the Plaza de Toros on the day of a great *corrida* leaves an impression that will not quickly fade from the memory. In the *palcos de sombra* (seats in the shade) are the rank, beauty, and wealth of Madrid, while packed in the humbler seats is a vast mass of the people. The ladies wear mantillas, and carry fans, which flutter the whole time; and animation, devoid of any trace of rough behaviour, characterises the immense crowd. A tense hush falls on the throng when the first bull of the day bounds in from the dark *toril*, and confronts his gaily-attired persecutors in the big arena. During the fight the spectators grow excited almost to the verge of frenzy. There is a roar of voices, and the sound of canes struck upon the benches, an indescribable din, which reaches its height when a popular *espada* delivers a dexterous thrust of the blade into the neck of the baffled and infuriated *toro*. While the combat proceeds, there are alternating comments of "Bravo, toro," as the bull shows courage, and groans and hisses when the animal displays cowardice or apathy. Both the bull and the men must act their parts with zeal, energy, and bravery, or the crowd is disappointed, and wont to express disapprobation in an unqualified manner.

Codes of rules are drawn up and books are published about the "art" of the bull-fighter; but one writer sums up the matter thus:

Bull-fighting is very simple; you place yourself in front

of the bull, the bull comes, and you move away; you do not move away, then the bull moves you away. And there you are.

A special word of praise is due to the fine series of plates, which numbers 453, and occupies more than half the volume. The photographic reproductions are in most cases excellent, though occasionally a crowded picture inevitably suffers from the contraction of detail. The churches and architectural splendours are fully represented, while the illustrations of old armour and the score or so of photographs depicting phases of the national sport are among the best. A short chapter on the life at the various *cafés* concludes a book for which the worst that can be said is that some of the plates might have been deleted (they sometimes repeat themselves too freely), and more pages of text added touching on the modern life of the city and its commercial bearings; but as Mr. Calvert has seen fit to give a capital *résumé* of the historical and political story of Madrid, we will not press the point, which, after all, is necessarily a matter for the reader's personal taste.

"NATURAL MONOPOLY"

Natural Monopolies, in Relation to Social Democracy.

By CHARLES DARWENT SMITH. (London: A. C. Fifield, 1909.)

THIS book is the acceptance of a challenge. He must be a bold man who enters the lists against Mr. W. H. Mallock's ability, whether original or directive. Certainly Mr. C. D. Smith is lacking neither in hardihood nor assurance. In the preface he tells us that his purpose in writing was two-fold:

First, by exposing the weakness of Mr. Mallock's theory of the relation between labour and ability, to upset his criticism of Socialism which is founded upon it; and, secondly, to establish an alternative theory.

Mr. Smith admits that Mr. W. H. Mallock is "unquestionably the ablest champion who has yet taken the field against Socialism." This admission must naturally produce a certain self-conscious superiority in having (as he considers) completely routed the champion. But a careful examination of Mr. Smith's work brings us to the judgment (if we may vary the metaphor) that his own case is not proven. In the first place, Mr. Smith often speaks of his opponent as "begging the question." To us he appears to do the same himself over and over again. For example:

The function of original ability is not to produce.

Neither circulating capital nor wage-capital are capital at all.

The goods in which a merchant deals are not capital, but wealth.

Ability of itself can produce nothing.

Ability is not the efficient cause of production at all.

The whole result of increased productivity having been absorbed between the inventor and the capitalist its value to the rest of the world is nothing at all.

The special rewards paid to the monopolist of special powers are not earned, since earnings, as I showed in chapter VI., depend upon the quantity, not the kind of labour.

Some knowledge of logic might have warned Mr. Smith of the danger of universal negations. Let us examine one of them, the last, and let us suppose that Mr. Smith reeled off this book in two months, a feat which we can well believe a writer of his "special powers" could easily have accomplished; and let us further suppose that his publishers paid this "monopolist" a "special reward" of £50, a sum larger than the wage of an agricultural labourer for a whole year's hard work, ploughing, ditching, sowing, reaping: will Mr. Smith seriously allege that he has not earned that fifty pounds? Mr. Smith contends that his book "will have been produced by the labour of an infinite number of people, living and dead, and the labour of each

one of them will have been absolutely indispensable? True; but equally the labour of others reaching far back into the past was indispensable to the work of the agricultural labourer. But remembering that "ability of itself can produce nothing," we are naturally very interested to know by what mysterious force Mr. Smith produced the MS. of his book. And when his book was handed over to his army of "booksellers, printers, proof readers, bookbinders, compositors, etc., etc.," seeing that their ability of itself can produce nothing, what the digamma was the special power which produced it? And what is the efficient cause of production? To this problem we find no sufficient answer. It is a mystery too deep for Mr. Smith's ability or philosophy.

Of course, in a well-organised Socialistic State Mr. Smith would hand over his MS. to the State, who would give him two months' wages for the quantity of work produced. But that day is, fortunately for the progress of civilisation, far distant. Still it would be a cheerful and inspiring sight, as well as a glorious object-lesson in practical Socialism, to see Mr. C. D. Smith on, say, the 1st of April next with a wheel-barrow full of pennies, distributing the balance of £50, which he had not earned, to his army of booksellers, printers, etc., etc.

In considering Mr. W. H. Mallock's theory of "directive ability" Mr. Smith refers to the illustration of the shipyard, which, under an able manager, produced two ships in a year instead of one, and cites what Mr. Mallock called Mill's Great Blunder, that it is unmeaning to say of two conditions necessary for producing an effect that so much is produced by one and so much by the other. It is obvious that the effect is produced by the combination of the two effects in each case. But the varying result is produced by an added factor. Who adds that factor? Not the labourer, but the man of directive ability. Therefore he is entitled to "special reward."

If the labourers added the extra factor simply by working overtime they would be clearly entitled to the extra profit. Yet Mr. Smith is confident of Mr. Mallock's "great blunder" and his "palpable fallacies and confusions." Professor Stanley Jevons once observed that J. S. Mill had an essentially illogical mind.

Rent and interest, as one might expect, are the objects of Mr. Smith's special attack. It is instructive to notice that the real source of all Socialistic discontent can be traced to private ownership of land. Once admit this to be a valid wrong, then all private ownership follows by easy sequence, whether of a factory, a shop or a railway. So little knowledge has Mr. Smith of the growth of ownership of land that he observes it is unnecessary to speculate how ownership in land might originate. The development of primitive communities into the modern social state is for him a matter of no account. Hence his theory of rent is evolved out of his own inner consciousness, and bears but a remote relation to actual fact. Anyone who receives rent or interest of any kind is to him "a parasite whom the community is under no natural necessity of supporting." This sweeping statement would include a working man or skilled artisan, who by forty years' hard manual labour saved a thousand pounds, and invested it in a mine or a railway. But Mr. Smith's objection to interest is "that the recipient has not done any service to the community equivalent to the wealth he receives"—another of his universal negatives. As an example of his lucidity of definition we submit the following:

What are fifty thousand pounds? It is in itself neither capital nor anything else, but only a general recognition of the power of owning wealth to that value.

The possession of that sum constitutes a monopoly of power, and, therefore, the individual must be deprived of an asset which is dangerous to the State. That it

may be usefully employed does not seem to enter into Mr. Smith's calculations. In fact, he objects to all natural monopolies of power, whether brains or original gifts or artistic skill, if they bring the monopolist any maximum special reward. The Socialistic State will encourage all such individualistic gifts and work by fixing a "minimum definite reward."

Throughout this book we observe a truly wonderful self-assurance.

"As I said, Mr. Mallock has failed to establish" . . .

"Mr. Mallock's hopeless perplexities" . . . "his wandering befogged to a conclusion amazingly preposterous."

"The nature of Mr. Mallock's fallacy is obvious enough."

"This rubbishy piece of twaddle."

"If Mr. Mallock means . . . he is still talking nonsense."

"I do not know that I need discuss Mr. Mallock's objection that" . . .

Having read most of Mr. Mallock's works, we consider that his reputation will survive the publication of this book. Whether the author's will or not is a matter on which we offer no opinion.

"A DESTRUCTIVE CRITIC"

Military Needs and Military Policy. By the RIGHT HON. H. O. ARNOLD FORSTER. (Smith, Elder and Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS book was published on the 11th instant. The distinguished author died on the 12th, and thus England is the poorer by the loss of a true patriot and an ardent Imperialist, and the House of Commons has lost one of its most skilled masters of controversy. Mr. Arnold Forster was a life-long student of history, in which he graduated in the First Class at Oxford. Above all, military history absorbed him, and he probed deep into the lore of the past for all that could be applied to the needs of the Empire which he loved. But he did not limit himself to the past. He kept close in touch with the military spirit of the day. There are few soldiers who have witnessed the manoeuvres of foreign armies so often as he had, few sailors who have visited so many foreign shipping yards. Of the many books which Mr. Arnold Forster wrote, none gave greater pleasure to sailors and soldiers than "In a Conning Tower," the description of a modern sea fight. It is a masterpiece of realistic imagination. Such was the man whose last work we pass under review.

He explains its purpose: "To hasten, if maybe, the awakening of the nation from the hypnotic trance in which it has sunk during the last few years," and it contains close-searching criticisms of each section of our Army and of the military policy of the country. Lord Roberts has written an introduction in which his well-known views are tersely expressed, and in which he associates himself with the object with which Mr. Arnold Forster declares he wrote, while holding aloof from controversial issues. Above all, the Field-Marshal supports the author in his first article of belief that the Regular Army should be "strong in numbers and efficient in training." He disagrees in his scepticism as to the possibility of invasion.

We are dealing with an attack all along the line of the military defences of the country which now exist. It is, too, an indictment which includes the War Minister, the Army Council and many of our Generals, and hard hitting is used. Mr. Arnold Forster, as the last Minister for War, was once responsible for a scheme of Army reform. It was to produce, in effect, two Regular Armies—(1) A foreign service Army of 104 battalions (to deal with Infantry alone), of nine years' Colour service, three in the Reserve. But twenty-six of these battalions only were to be in England. (2) A Home Army of 71 battalions; service, two years with the Colours, six in the Reserve. The Army Council refused to pass the scheme, and

would have resigned if it had been insisted on—firstly, because they considered that recruiting would be impossible for an Army in which service would be almost entirely abroad; secondly, because the Reserve produced would have been wholly insufficient. The knowledge of this piece of administrative history is as necessary to a right understanding of the book under review as is the preface written by Mr. Arnold Forster. Now, the history of Mr. Haldane's administration, which we have here criticised, is briefly as follows:

(1) The Militia has been wiped out and a Special Reserve has been formed 15,000 less strong than the Militia.

(2) The Volunteers of all arms have been replaced by a Territorial Army 300,000 strong, a greater strength than that ever attained to by the Volunteers.

(3) The Regular Army has been organised into six Divisions ready for active service anywhere, but reduced nearly 19,000 men.

Let us begin with the Regular Army, which is, as the author considered, much the most important factor. The reduction is attacked. The Army was increased nearly 30,000 men in 1900 and the following years because it was found insufficient for the strain of war. But we must associate ourselves in deprecating the reductions before the Special Reserve and the Territorial Army were called into being.

The Special Reserve has been harshly dealt with. We are told that it was under strength (it is rapidly completing), that it is enlisted from men of lesser age and of inferior physique than the Militia, that it is not officered comparably as well as the old Constitutional Force, and that it cannot take the field under its own officers. But there is another side of the question. Militia regiments have, it is true, in most cases been found willing to go on active service. But what is required for units in the field is a supply of men to fill their ranks.

The Militia, represented in Parliament by the Duke of Bedford, claimed that they should go on service as battalions complete. A new battalion disorganises the Brigade to which it is sent. As the Militia refused to fill the gaps which occur in the Regular regiments, a force had to be created by which this can be done, and the Militia to a great extent has been merged in the Special Reserve. The author used all his powers of controversy, all his most destructive criticism, to underrate the value of this Reserve. We have full confidence that it will fulfil its functions in time of need. And the General who holds the greatest command in the Empire has expressed his delight at its creation.

It is difficult to understand Mr. Arnold Forster's hostility to the Territorial Army as a substitute for the Volunteers. We are told that it, too, was 100,000 under establishment (*i.e.*, when the book was written). It is probably to-day only 50,000 short, and has increased so rapidly that the County Associations are rather checking recruiting than pressing it forward, so as to prevent the completion of service of too great numbers simultaneously. No credit is given to the fact that what was once a series of disconnected, unprovided, unequipped Volunteer regiments is now a force distributed territorially in proportion to population, which is organised in Brigades and Divisions, and which is fast being provided with all the subsidiary services to make each unit a complete weapon of war. But we entirely agree that the weakness of the Territorial Force consists in its serious training for war only beginning when war begins.

Mr. Arnold Forster was not a believer in the possibility of invasion, and he ably deals with the question of raids, exposing fully the naval and military arguments in that relation. But he attacks very justly the removal of the mine fields round our principal naval

bases, which has been used as an excuse to reduce our most efficient and skilled Corps of Royal Engineers, in whose charge they were. He is unsparing of the policy (that of a Unionist Government in 1890) which dismantled the land defences of our naval bases, and which by this Government has been made the pretext for reducing the Garrison Artillery by over 5,000 men, a corps which will compare with any in the world for physique, intelligence and conduct. The means at our disposal for repelling raids, if made, are rather unfairly belittled, but the chapter devoted to the importance of putting into use the services of the population of our seaboard as Naval Volunteers cannot fail to appeal to any intelligent reader.

Mr. Haldane's habit of clear thinking aloud receives severe handling. The Minister for War thinks so clearly that the absolute reduction of our Regular Army by nearly 19,000 men (with a consequent reduction of Reserve) became at a political meeting at Guildford last November an increase of 90,000 men in the Expeditionary Force. Mr. Arnold Forster shows that of these 90,000, an increase of the Reserve, the result of Mr. Brodrick's three years' service enlistments, accounts for 40,000; another 30,000 are taken from the Special Reserve, and will not have been sufficiently trained to serve on equal terms with the Regular Army in separate units; and it is difficult to discover where the remaining 20,000 come from. Three other such instances of clear thinking are humorously and unsparingly laid bare.

Mr. Arnold Forster's last published word to us is that our *real need* (p. 156) is "an overwhelming Navy, an efficient system of maritime coast defence, and a Regular Army equal in quality to our best troops, such as the Royal Marines, the Guards, and the Royal Artillery—an Army capable of instant mobilisation, with a Reserve of 300,000 trained officers and men." We may not agree that "we can have these things at a cost exceedingly very slightly" our present War Budgets. We may not feel sure that there exists in the country a field of efficient voluntary recruiting to complete this need. But would that we could have them! We should feel very safe. Those who read this book will certainly be brought to think more closely of the military requirements of our country, and, whether they are convinced or not, will appreciate the skill with which the regretted author's convictions have been insisted on.

SCIENTIFIC THEOLOGY

God With Us. By W. R. BOYCE GIBSON, M.A.
(A. and C. Black.)

THE problems of spiritual laws and of theological philosophy in their relation to the conduct of life have exercised some of the richest and most commanding intellects of our time, and will never cease to supply excellent material for controversy as long as man retains his faculties of ratiocination and his desire to view fresh expanses of ethical fields from some new peak of thought. So inextricably involved are they with subsidiary and equally debatable positions of psychology—sometimes interdependent, sometimes separable, but nearly always correlated—that while the task of unravelling one or two of these abstruse arguments or of setting forth some novel aspect of the various logical points concerned, must invariably present itself in fascinating guise to a certain type of mind, yet to follow intelligently the reasoning processes of a thesis or rehabilitation of a thesis must be the portion of a few, a very few, of the outsiders into whose hands the discourse may fall. Professor Gibson has taken up his pen to expound these matters—not for the first time; and although in the nature of things his latest treatise will be limited to the appre-

ciation of those who have to some extent covered the same ground, scaled, if we may so express it, the lesser heights, yet it must be counted a work well done and worthy of the doing. It is a fine example of the art of close reasoning. The position assumed may be gathered from a paragraph which occurs towards the end of a most interesting chapter entitled "Universalism and the Problem of Evil":

Professor Knight cites the pertinent question, once put by a child of four years of age, "If God is everywhere, how can there be room for us?" The child could hardly suspect that, as Spirit, it might be God's presence that first brought with it that spiritual space which gives us our soul-room, the room to be ourselves, that we become our true selves only through the death into His life. And if it is as Love that God includes our being, then that which is most precious for us, our freedom and our selfhood, must be most inviolate in His regard. It is this conception of God as inclusive of us and our freedom, the view of God as "God with us," which we have identified with the conception of "Spirit" or "Spiritual Life."

With regard to the method and general tone of the thought expressed, the author has a very pertinent remark in the introduction. "There is undoubtedly," he says, "a strong philosophical bias against admitting the relevance of prophetic inspiration for speculative inquiry, and especially against accepting such inspiration as the very soul and support of reflective thinking. But even if we grant—nay, insist—that philosophy shall pursue her work in perfect freedom, uninspired by any muse save her own, may it not still be true that she herself would fain recapture something of the old prophetic strain?" And with a spirit of real gentleness—far removed from timidity—he proceeds to demonstrate his ideas and to oppose unflinchingly beliefs which he regards as untenable. When we say "beliefs," we mean intellectual beliefs; the author attacks no Church, sect, or organisation. The book is precisely what it professes to be—an exposition of theological philosophy. The man who reasons that because essentially "the Kingdom of God is within the soul" he can stand alone, without the aid of community of worship, is frequently found; but he is usually a poor specimen of humanity when intimately known, and we should say that nothing would tend more to draw thinking men together than a clear comprehension of the relationship of Christianity and laws of thought. In the division headed "The Passion of Love," Professor Gibson argues forcibly, and draws excellent analogies between the love of animals, the human emotions, and the innate necessity of love for a Supreme Being, passing on to observe:

Conscience itself is just the reverence of our whole being for that which is most intrinsically lovable. It is our love's reverence for God. All disinterested love is love that reveres its object. The artist who worships beauty in the flower is a truer, more disinterested flower-lover than the child who gathers for the pleasure of picking, smelling, and carrying the booty home. The naturalist who studies the life of animals and birds in their native haunts is a better lover of Nature than the sportsman who kills the same for sport. The same law obtains in human relationships. Human love rings true in proportion as the personality of the person loved is respected by the lover. The sentimental lover who considers his own feelings rather than the dignity of the person for whom he languishes is less a lover than a sentimentalist. On the other hand, the lover who considers his own dignity rather than the feelings of the one he professes to love knows less of love than pride.

The elusive nature of the problem of spiritual faith (as regarded solely by the intellect) is cogently suggested:

"The Eternal" is at once datum and problem, fact and task. As fact, it can subsist for us only through a sustained decision, which is the supreme test of our spiritual faith. And the fact which we thus sustain is nothing completed which we can hold before us, as we can a rose or an orange. It is a spiritual world built to the music of our own activity, and such music is still far from being a finished symphony. We, the builders, remain a problem to ourselves, and the world in which we

seek to realise our universal nature is similarly a problem, the supreme life-problem both of man and of humanity.

It is unsatisfactory to quote detached passages from a book such as this, for one of its claims to importance is naturally the continuity of argument; but we must assure our readers who are interested in the subtleties of logic as applied to theology that they will find on every page sentences which are fruitful incentives to thought. It does not follow that they will always agree with the writer. Not everyone, for example, will subscribe to this statement:

When evil is fighting against good, there is still honour among the thieves. . . . But once the thieves are enthroned, honour among thieves would mean the realisation of the common good, and this would be inconsistent with evil's supremacy. . . . Hence, with the complete disappearance of the good goes the evil that opposes it, and we are left with the paradox that evil finally triumphant is non-existent.

This seems rather an argument *ad extremum*, and, tracked rationally to its conclusion, to lead to bewilderment. It is well, however, that men of erudition and of kindly, optimistic predilections such as Professor Gibson should be found willing to undertake the elucidation of these great and prolific subjects, and did we disagree with him *in toto*, we could not but value his sanity of outlook and his fine handling of a difficult theme. As it is, students in many contiguous fields of thought will, with ourselves, find pleasure in nominating this book a notable contribution to a class of literature which we fear is profitable only in the riches of the mind.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Terror of the Macdughotts. By C. E. PLAYNE. (Unwin, 6s.)

We have not often chanced upon a story so completely lacking in characterisation as this one. It is full of incident and possesses quite a stirring plot, but not once is a trace of interest possible in the actors as human beings—any attention the reader can find it in him to bestow goes to what they do, never to why they do it or what they are. The Macdughotts are a family who own a certain island property off the coast of Scotland, and their "terror" is apparently Sir Hermann Mordan, a quite impossible person who contests their rights and maintains a perpetual state of feud between the two houses. He has scientists, electricians, and engineers at his service, and by a row of push-buttons in his sanctum can summon, if necessary, anything in the shape of the machinery of hostilities from a torpedo to a fire-engine; yet he prides himself on being a "man of peace" and merely takes all this trouble for the sake of feeling prepared, in case anything happens. We will not weary our readers with the details of the plot and the ineffective love-story; suffice it to say that the primary note of the book is excessively artificial, and the inexperienced novelist may possibly be able to discover within it some mild pleasure that would suffice to lessen the monotony of a journey by train.

Pomp and Circumstance. By DOROTHEA GERARD. (Long, 6s.)

THE author of "Pomp and Circumstance" will certainly, by her latest novel, increase her reputation for always telling a good story; the plot is excellent, and her manner of imparting it simple, straightforward and nearly always good English. Irma Harding, the heroine, whose father has to leave Vienna, ruined through a wife's extravagance, is a fine, beautiful character. She refuses to discard the dishonoured man—he has taken money that belonged to others in a weak moment—and comes to England with him; in London the two manage to eke out a living by teach-

ing languages. Irma is engaged as tutor in Hungarian to a rising young diplomatist, Vincent Denholm; he falls in love with her—*çela va sans dire*—but although this sounds rather a hackneyed line of proceeding the cleverness of the author's characterisation and the humour of her digressions make the whole affair most interesting. Needless to say, the course of true love ran anything but smoothly for some considerable time; there were complications with a wealthy motor-manufacturer and hindrances due to Irma's consciousness of the stain on the family honour by her father's misdemeanour. All comes right, however, at the last, and the solution is related with much skill and restraint. The verdict of most readers will be to the effect that the romance is wholly charming, if not altogether probable.

The Merry Heart. By FRANK A. SWINNERTON. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)

MR. SWINNERTON has come near to writing an original novel, and were it not that he has marred his scheme by introducing into the narrative some alien elements of plot, the performance would be entirely praiseworthy. The whole story about the disguised nobleman rings false. A man can't go on deceiving his wife and family for years in that fashion. They will become restive after a time. Mr. Swinnerton anticipates criticism to some extent by dubbing this story a melodrama, which, on the whole, it is not. But we are forced to the conclusion that his *forte* does not lie in the construction of probable plots. His sense of character, on the other hand, is admirable, though there is, perhaps, the smallest suggestion of precocity about the clever young men and women of these pages. Locritus takes us from the first. His gentle, whimsical philosophy is a perpetual delight. Fanny we cannot admire as we should, seeing her too much through her brother's eyes. The other two girls are each triumphs, particularly Kitty. (And here let it be observed parenthetically that Mr. Swinnerton has reproduced, with an accuracy little less than amazing, the manners and habits of speech of lower middle-class society). Then there are a crowd of lesser notables, each true to type, with the possible exception of the villain, whose like we have not yet encountered. His presence in the book is an indication of Mr. Swinnerton's intention. But it says much for his method that, with all the cumbrous apparatus of melodrama at his disposal, he has succeeded in writing a very charming comedy of manners. Next time we hope he will have the courage to dispense with plot altogether. We hope, too, that we may meet with Locritus again. He is too fine a fellow to disappear.

The New June. By HENRY NEWBOLT. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THE reader who would thoroughly enjoy this book should possess what we might term the "historical sense"—the strong interest in persons and events of the past, in battles and journeyings of long ago, the knowledge of which first came to him from the history-books of school. Should he not, however, have this desirable faculty he will be fortunate in that Mr. Newbolt has it in an eminent degree and can reproduce for him the brave days of old, make the valley of dry bones busy with life, and sound again the trumpet-call to arms. The story, the plot of which it would be impossible to enlarge upon in a review necessarily brief, is told with his usual quiet distinction of style, and contains several thrilling scenes of warfare and intrigue in the last years of the fourteenth century; the account of the voyage of the young knights with their brilliant retinue to the Holy Land, and their adventures within Italian borders, forms a lengthy and fascinating portion of the book. But we must say that

we like the author best in his gentle musings and his short interludes of description; a little tranquil passage such as the following, for example, takes the ear almost as a soft chord of music:

Time is no comforter: he can but build a culvert over the stream. Below it, for him who stands to listen, the full waters of memory are still rolling, but above it the traffic of the world can now run secure and uninterrupted. By the aid of Time, therefore, one man will achieve forgetfulness, and call it comfort; another will learn only that his life must be henceforth divided—part shared cheerfully with all, part deeply hidden—in the brief passage from what has been to what shall be.

Or, as another instance, there is a charming suggestion of a scene at Arncliffe, Yorkshire, when John Marland, the squire whose doings form a large part of the story, leans from his window, unable to sleep:

He looked out into the cool night: the great silver disc hung like a lantern just above the topmost ridge of the wood: the steep hillside was like a monstrous black wave silvered on all its feathery edges, never breaking, but always about to break and bury the whole world in fathomless darkness. Under it lay the smooth shallows of the bare little garden, a lawn grey-green and a path all white, along which ran a low wall whiter and colder still.

There might well have been a stronger insistence upon the love-story which is subordinate throughout, and we could have wished that Mr. Newbolt had more often made use of the humour of which he is content to give us mere hints at long intervals. But not many writers could invest past years with so lifelike and moving a quality, and in these days of careless workmanship it would be out of place to cavil at minor drawbacks. The really fine account of the jousting at St. Ingelbert in the early chapters of this romance is worth half a dozen "popular" novels put together, and the reader whom the book, taken as a whole, fails to please will be, we fancy, difficult to find.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the meeting of this society on Wednesday evening, the 17th instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair, a lecture was given by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, F.R.G.S., on "Wind-Waves in Water, Sand, and Snow."

Dealing first with waves of the sea, Dr. Cornish described the gradual evolution of large sea-waves during the passage of a cyclone or other depression across the Atlantic. The great sea-waves are produced at that portion of the cyclone where the direction of the wind coincides with the direction of advance of the depression. Along this line of advance the waves in their gravitational progress are accompanied by a strong wind blowing across their ridges, as long as the atmospheric depression maintains itself. Thus the waves are developed until they attain a considerable steepness. The average height attained by these waves (in feet) is about half the velocity of the wind (in miles per hour). Thus a wind of fifty-two miles per hour gives waves of an average height of about 26 feet, although individuals will then attain a height of 40 feet. In the circumpolar southern ocean the height of North Atlantic waves is somewhat exceeded, but the outstanding feature of the waves of high southern latitudes is their greater length from crest to crest. South of the Cape of Good Hope and of Cape Horn there is neither windward nor leeward shore and the prevailing wind in all longitudes is westerly. Thus, wherever a westerly wind springs up it finds a long westerly swell, the effect of a previous wind, still running and the principal effect of the newly-born wind is to increase

the steepness of the already-running long swell so as to form majestic storm-waves, which sometimes attain a length of 1,200 feet from crest to crest. The longest swells due to wind are almost invisible during storms, for they are masked by the shorter and steeper waves. They emerge into view, however, after, or beyond the storm, and Dr. Cornish has found their speed to be approximately equal to that of the wind by which they are created, sometimes attaining, even in the North Atlantic, a velocity of more than sixty miles per hour.

The action of the wind to drift dry sand in a procession of regular waves was studied by the lecturer in the Egyptian deserts. As the sand-waves are unable to travel by gravitation, as do the waves of the sea, their movements are entirely directed and controlled by the wind, and are, therefore, much simpler and more regular in form and movement than ocean waves. When they grow to great size, as in the desert sand-dunes, which attain a height of several hundred feet, the forms become more complicated owing to the partial consolidation of the lower layers of sand by pressure. Nevertheless, the characteristic wave-form can still be distinguished.

Mackerel-sky (a rippled form of cloud) is produced by the formation of an undulating surface where a lighter layer of air flows over a heavier one. The positive and negative of a rippled-cloud photograph were shown, and it was explained that the negative (showing the pattern not of the clouds themselves but of the unclouded sky between) was the true aerial "ripple-mark," corresponding to sand-waves.

For the purpose of studying snow-waves the lecturer traversed Canada twice during winter, and found the phenomenon best developed on the prairies near Winnipeg, when the temperature was below zero, and the snow had quite lost the adhesive character which it retains in warmer weather. Freshly-fallen, dry snow is drifted by wind in a procession of regular waves, progressing with a visible and ghost-like motion. They are similar to desert sand-waves, but less than half as steep, the wave length being fifty times as great as the height. The flatness of the wind-formed snow-waves affords a valuable indication of the great distance to which hills give effective shelter from wind, and helps to explain the climatic advantages of certain localities. The forms of snow-drifts produced in the neighbourhood of obstructions were also studied by the lecturer. Multitudinous shapes are assumed while the eddy-space formed by the obstacle is being filled up with snow, but when sufficient snow has fallen and been drifted in, so that the space is filled, the vertical section drift is Ichthyomorphic (fish-shaped) with a blunt head and tapering tail, which is the form of least eddy-making resistance. In fact, the forms of completed snow-drifts, illustrated in the lecture, convey valuable hints for the design of torpedoes or other immersed bodies intended to move through water or air.

The lecture was illustrated by numerous photographs taken by Dr. Cornish in his travels.

CORRESPONDENCE

LINE-LENGTHS IN VERSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Andersen's recent letter contains much suggestive matter with many apposite quotations, and clearly illustrates the fundamental uniformity which underlies varying forms of ballad-metre. That in such verse shorter lines are formed from longer by omitting syllables and substituting silent intervals may be taken as beyond question. No one, I imagine, doubts that this is so in metres like that of Macaulay's "Horatius," where the odd lines sometimes do and sometimes do not drop a final syllable (also occasionally an initial one), and where the resulting forms are interchanged with entire freedom, showing that the poet feels them to be metrically equivalent. It makes

no difference when two lines are printed as one in his "Capys" and "Ivry":

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

Obviously the poet might have written "Hurrah, the foes are moving now." Nor is it difficult to believe that had he chanced to write:

Hurrah, the hunt is up! Hark to . . . , etc.,

the cæsural pause would have covered a space equal to that of two omitted syllables. Such alternation of sound and silence occurs fairly often in our lyric verse. We recognise it in Tennyson's song ("Queen Mary," v. 2):

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing,

or Browning's Epilogue to "Ferishtah's Fancies":

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's under,
Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife and strife's success.

Wherever, as here, a poet uses sometimes one form and sometimes another, interchangeably, measurement is practically certain; we can test it for ourselves by inserting imaginary syllables *pro tempore*. I do not doubt, therefore, that in all such cases the difference is not in actual length of lines, but merely in the degree to which their time-spaces are occupied by syllables.

Can we, in addition, recognise a silent foot at the end of each double line? Arranging the above-suggested words in what our hymnbooks call "Short Metre" form, we should get:

Hurrah, the hunt is up!
Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum,
And roaring culverin.

We have acknowledged the existence of a vacant space after the first of these lines; does not a similar one manifestly follow the second and fourth? In a former letter I expressed doubt as to the possibility of measuring these latter intervals, and I note that, speaking of them, Mr. Andersen now says that "the length of the pause cannot be determined with certainty," since "a pause tends to shorten, to collapse on itself as it were." We have not here such direct evidence as in the other cases; we do not find poets habitually passing from "eights and sixes" to "eights and eights," and *vice versa*, with perfect freedom and apparent unconsciousness of difference. Yet I am now disposed to think that the presumption of equality is too strong to be resisted, when the second and fourth lines are compared with the first. That a pause of some kind follows them is indubitable. No one with any feeling for rhythm can disregard it, can read as one continuous phrase "the mingled din of fife and trump." The sole question is whether the pauses are measurable, and in ballad-metre I incline to think they are. While it is significant that Mr. Andersen professes to have found only one instance of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen syllables used alternatively—in a poem of Shelley's, of which more hereafter—and while in modern ballads at any rate the tendency is to separate rather than to intermix the three principal forms, I am willing to believe not only that the three forms were originally one, but that they remain identical so far as temporal structure is concerned.

Though ready to go thus far with Mr. Andersen, and in one respect seemingly further than he now goes, I am still sceptical of his right to claim unity for a line of sixteen syllables, or, as he more properly phrases it, of eight beats. He finds that the end of such a "phrase" is the point at which people naturally draw breath; I should say that they usually do it much sooner. Is it natural to read in one breath the whole of these two lines:

Ye banks and braes of bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?

or these others where the beats are the same, though the feet are trisyllabic:

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove?

Are we not conscious of a break after each line? It seems to me that a good case could be made out for regarding *four beats* as the rhythmical unit in all such metres as these. For the four-beat line is not always doubled. We have it in stanzas of three lines, as in Tennyson's "Two Voices":

A still small voice spake unto me,
"Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

We have it in stanzas of five lines, like this of Poe's—assuming, as Mr. Andersen will readily do, that the last line is one of four beats like the others:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nieëan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

In my previous letter I cited several poems whose stanzas must, on Mr. Andersen's hypothesis, consist of one and a half, or two and a half, rhythmical phrases. Even in ballads, occasional duplication of a four-beat line seems to show that it is complete in itself. Thus in the very first stanza of "Horatius" we find:

And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

Similar duplication, it may be noticed, occurs in the stanza about "Mulga Town," quoted by Mr. Andersen, the lift of which recalls an old song:

He turned him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore,
Said, "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
Adieu for evermore."

Here, if "My love!" be added to the previous line, metre becomes regular, while in "Mulga Town" it becomes irregular; but in both cases the four-beat phrase seems to be taken as complete.

It must be remembered that a single line of verse is not easily recognised as such; only when a second follows can we usually feel sure of metre. It is therefore quite natural that a *pair* of four-beat lines should form the commonest combination in this metre, but the rule has many exceptions. The four-beat line occurs with every possible variation. We have it coupled with syllabically shorter lines, or in stanzas by itself. We have it with alternate rhymes, as in "Ye banks and braes"; with consecutive rhymes, as in:

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done;

and with inverted rhymes, as in Tennyson's "In Memoriam." We have it in long unbroken passages, poems of considerable extent, where I do not feel that we have to *gasp* after every second line. I cannot think that in all these cases we are entitled to regard it as half a whole. Two four-beat lines are indeed often printed as one; Elizabethan "poulter's measure" is merely our "short metre" printed in two lines instead of four. But I suspect that even there we have a pair of four-beat lines rather than an eight-beat unity, and that we are always conscious of a break after the fourth beat. Similarly, the peculiar stanza quoted from Shelley I should treat as containing three pairs of four-beat lines, rather than three long phrases of eight bars apiece.

Besides, the four-beat line is, after all, only one of our metres. We have also the five-beat line, which Mr. Andersen admits to be wholly different, and tries to approximate to the duration of his eight-beat phrase by claiming that it is more slowly uttered. Most people think that its line is longer than that of ballad-metre, and surely they are right. I quite agree that it is an artificial growth, that ballad-metre is the more natural and spontaneous measure, especially to Northern nations, from whose literature most of Mr. Andersen's examples are taken. The vigour and vivacity of ballad-metre, the quick

return of its shorter lines, sufficiently explain its popularity with us. But I cannot see why we should consider it the ideal form, the form from which others sprang or toward which they tend. Each length of line seems to have its own value, its own prosodic effect. From whatever sources ballad-metre and heroic verse came to us they have both long since been naturalised, and form part of our prosodic heritage; they, and other lengths of line too, have become familiar and welcome.

The point about Greek hexameter need not be pressed, though its very name implies that it contained six parts, and though we have no reason to suppose it was divided by any such silent space as occurred in its companion pentameter. But its conditions, like those of Oriental metres, are too foreign to make comparison profitable; it is better to keep to our own verse and that of kindred nations. With us, even when extra syllables do occur, are they always felt to be within the metre? Browning's "Fifine" is one of the few English poems of any length written in Alexandrines:

O, trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me!

Sure enough, the poet sometimes inserts an extra syllable, e.g. (end of § 14):

Why is the wife in trouble? This way, this way, Fifine!

And now and then he even inserts two, e.g. (end of § 57):

Recalled the same to live within his soul for evermore.

To me the effect of these additions is disagreeable; they seem to alter the metre without manifest reason.* Of the ordinary lines some seem to have a break in the middle, others do not. Mr. Andersen allows that the central pause may become "atrophied"; does it not then cease to exist? Even if this form of verse originally demanded eight beats—or a pair of four beats—has it not ceased to do so? I referred to "Abt. Vogler" as not showing any necessary midway break:

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

I might have cited also the so-called English hexameter. Long lines have naturally a tendency to break into two halves; I grant that such a tendency is perceptible here, but I do not find a silent foot. Whatever the origin of such lines, I think they are now felt by us to be simply lines of six beats.

A sound deduction is made when Mr. Andersen points out the peculiar effect of a longer (printed) line following a shorter, as in this of Burns:

Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue.

Read "Sae flaxen were her ringlets fair," and the rhythm becomes obvious. But what does this show? If the two lines formed one rhythmical phrase why should it matter where the pause comes? Is it not just because these form a pair of four-beat lines, and the gap occurring before the first is finished leaves us uncertain of what is intended, that we feel difficulty? The same holds good of the lines quoted from Chapman, where the sentence-break comes unexpectedly, e.g.:

Persuade me to my wrong. Wouldst thou maintain in
sure abode.

Here there is no silent space metrically, but the grammatical pause coming so early jars. Not all lines are equal, of course; pleasant effects can be got through disregarding equality. But the desire for lines of equal length is primary and instinctive, and our tendency always is to make them correspond.

Mr. Andersen is to be congratulated on writing a letter which raises such interesting questions, and embodies so much careful study. He does good service by calling attention to inter-relations of silence and sound, overlooked by those who confine their attention to syllables. Even if absolute certainty be unattainable regarding these matters they well deserve consideration.

T. S. OMOND.

* I feel the same about the extra long line in Nibelungen metre, as quoted in Mr. Andersen's letter.

THE REVERSED FOOT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Though the heat of the battle concerning the reversed foot has probably abated even now as I write, I should like to say a little on the subject. The position in which the foot is most frequently found is at the opening of a blank verse line; but as the opening is not the best position for the study of the nature of a foot, a few examples may be given where it occurs within the line:

1. A mind *not to be chang'd* by place or time.
2. Anon *out of the earth* a fabric huge
3. For one restraint, *lord of the world* besides?
4. And what is else *not to be overcome*;
5. Abject and lost lay these, *covering the flood*,
6. Illumin, what is low *raise and support*;

Here the reversed foot consists of the first two in each of the four (in one instance five) syllables in italics: the combination of four is so common that it has received a special name, the choriamb. The first half of the choriamb is a trochee, the second half an iamb—that is, presuming the first half to be really a reversed foot. Furthermore, the choriamb should have the value of two feet in the line it occupies. In reading, however, it cannot but be noticed that a distinct pause precedes each choriamb above quoted; to which foot does this pause belong? Few will maintain that it forms no part of the rhythm, though in the view that the choriamb equals two feet, it seems extraneous. Compare, however, the following six lines in their order with the six above:

1. Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
2. In billows leave in the midst a horrid vale.
3. For those the race of Israel oft forsook.
4. To set himself in glory above his peers,
5. In worst extremes and on the perilous edge
6. A multitude like which the populous north.

Dividing the first of each set for comparison we have:

A mind / *not to be chang'd* by place / or time /
Pour forth / their pop- / ulous youth / abòt / the hive /

This division is the one naturally following a reading aloud of the two lines: the corresponding feet in each line agree in time value, and the only foot in which any difference is detected by ear or eye is the second; the first contains a pause and a syllable, the second two syllables. It will not be gainsaid that each line of the second six quoted contains one three-syllabled foot—why should it be gainsaid in the first six? The pause and the first member of the choriamb are undeniably equal to a foot, and the three syllables following are no more than equal. The conclusions would appear to be, first, that a foot is not reversed, but that two feet are changed; second, that the name choriamb is erroneous so far as regards English verse, since it takes no note of the pause preceding it.

Take as a further example a stanza from Macaulay's "Mahogany Tree":

Christmas is here:
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Here every line has the "reversed foot," a trochee preceding an iamb; but what of the pause dividing the lines? No pause divides the seventh and eighth—its place is taken by the two syllables opening the eighth line; in fact, the lines are anapests: the feet are triple feet. Many lines may be found in blank verse with an opening similar to Macaulay's stanza:

1. Moors by his side under the lee, while night
2. Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,
3. Frequent and full. After short silence then,

Lines like these show that a pause precedes the first "reversed foot," as one precedes the similar foot later in the line; they seem, too, to show conclusively that the name "reversed foot" is a misnomer; that the first and stressed syllable of the foot really forms the last and stressed member of a foot containing a pause, and the second and unstressed syllable forms the first member of a triple foot.

Nor is the case different when, as frequently happens, the apparent trochaic effect is continued for two or more feet, as in the following lines quoted by Mr. Omond:

*Harmonising with solitude, and sent
Harmonising silence without a sound—*

or as in this yet longer-drawn instance (a solitary one) in Milton:

As a despite done against the Most High.

Even Keats's line:

Thèa! Thèa! Thèa! where is Sàturn?

is only an example longer by a foot than Milton's. Examine the following:

Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim,

Who can say where the trochaic effect begins? Only the slightest pause separates "exposes" and "foremost"—a longer pause is often found within a line—and leaving out the "will" the line is identical with Keats's. Note, too, that the "es" of "exposes" almost fills the pause which, it is held, exists before constructions like "Foremost to stand."

"Wrenched accent" is, as suggested by your correspondents, generally the result of sing-song scansion or reading. It may often be obviated by means of the construction that has hitherto been under discussion. The "palpitating" in the line quoted by Mr. Omond should, of course, not be read "palpitating." With a pause preceding the word, as:

With brèasts palpitating, and wings refurled,

the natural stress is retained and a beautiful line results; the consonantal ending of "breasts" bridges the pause well—a pause which is not, of course, a cessation of sound, but a sustaining of the voice.

In other examples quoted by Mr. Omond an altogether different rhythmic construction enters. Take his lines:

1. Its stony jaws, the abrupt mountain breaks.
2. I have obeyed my uncle until now.
3. Scarce visible from extreme loveliness.

These are instances where the grammatical and rhythmical stresses do not coincide, thereby departing from the common wont of verse. But it does not follow, therefore, that the words are to be pronounced with their accent on the first syllable and none on the second. Take other, and slightly different, examples:

1. Up then crew the red red cock,
2. He has ta'en her by the milk-white hand
3. So stretch'd out, huge in length, the Arch-Fiend lay,
4. Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop,
5. But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man.

In these examples the places of usually unstressed syllables have been taken by syllables which require a grammatical stress, so that three, and in one instance four, stresses come together. The interloping stress is, however, usually somewhat less heavy than the preceding or following. The point to be noted is that a grammatical stress may fall even in a place where there is no rhythmical stress, and in Mr. Omond's examples the words "abrupt," "until" and "extreme" are pronounced with two accents or stresses, the second not necessarily as heavy as the first, but preferably less heavy, but not so subdued that the accent of the word appears "wrenched." I do not suppose the poet wishes to disregard or "get behind" the ordinary word accent, but wishes to vary it in the same way as that varies the rhythm. Though the foot usually contains two syllables, one stressed and one unstressed, it may have both syllables stressed, or neither stressed—the following line containing all three feet:

And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored.

It may, of course, contain three syllables or more, of which one or two may bear stresses. So of a word, though it normally bear but one stress, the poet may, to vary his numbers, give it two stresses by placing it in such a position that the rhythm imposes an additional stress, as in the following:

Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue.

In this instance the normal word follows the abnormal; where this order is reversed, as in Mr. Omond's examples, additional emphasis appears to be given. Instances of stress being suppressed in words normally stressed are so numerous as hardly to need examples:

Over earth and ocean with gentle motion,

with which contrast the following:

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills.

Instead of giving these double-stressed words two stresses they may, of course, be given the normal stress by scanning the line in a different way; in the following line:

Its stony jaws, *the abrupt* mountain breaks,

the words "the abrupt" may be made a trisyllable followed by a pause. This would give force in the present instance, but I think such a scansion would not often be indulged in. This construction is occasionally met with:

Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;

In the light of the double stress Shelley's line:

I love all that thou lovest,

offers no difficulty; the two words "thou lovest" bear three stresses—not necessarily all equally heavy, but all evident—three similar stresses being also juxtaposed in the line to which it rhymes:

I love all that *thou lovest*,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in *new leaves drest*,
And the starry night.

In conclusion I should like to make a suggestion which, I apprehend, may raise a hornets' nest about me. Do not the foregoing considerations, and many others which could be adduced, seem to point to the fact that the iambic foot is a potential anapaest? The very fact that iambic metre has been supposed to contain quantity in the classic sense is confirmative of this idea. Notably in mixed duple and triple metre stressed syllables in the duple feet appear to be dwelt on, as if, deep down, there lurked a nascent third syllable. The following line from Gower:

And ever his cheer is sober and soft,
can be paralleled in avowedly triple metre:

The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
and note how the duple swells to triple:

And the whispering green of the cool colonnade.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—“The Authors” have intimated their withdrawal from “the combat” in a letter written in their best style, and bristling with the weapons of sarcasm. I would suggest that they should preserve a copy to serve as a model of point and lustre, in a chapter on sarcasm, in their next edition of “The King’s English.” The observer, however, must have noticed a marked improvement in their composition since their letter appeared on January 30th, and I have no doubt, despite their sarcasm, that they have profited by the criticism. Curiosity has at last impelled me to peep into their book, and in full justice to “The Authors” I say frankly that I find it a good book, an informing, attractive manual, and such a book as one might peruse with profit in an idle half-hour at any time. Although there is much interesting matter in the book of an educative kind, presented in an ingenious and unconventional way, yet there is also much in it that lends itself open to fair criticism. “The Authors” undoubtedly have scholarship fitted for their task, but it does not follow that their judgment may not occasionally be at fault. In order to write well, the reader is enjoined to be “direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid”—a very good and a very common rule of action, and one which indeed might with advantage be put into more general practice by “The Authors” themselves. Where, for instance, in the following

passage, at page 54, do we find the “simple” and the “lucid”?—

An *individual* is not a person; it is a person as a single, separate, or private person, a person as opposed to a combination of persons; this qualification, this opposition, must be effectively present to the mind, or the word is not in place.

That paragraph is what an American would call a “sock-dologer.” I shall refrain from re-casting it, knowing that “The Authors” are “in trembling anticipation of possible future achievements in the way of synonym” from me. And have not “The Authors” said at another page that “to correct a bad sentence satisfactorily is not always possible? It should never have existed.” I am entirely in accord with this dictum, and I hope, for their own credit, that in the next edition of their book “The Authors” will totally expunge the above quoted illogical and mystifying jumble, and clothe their precious thoughts in garments of decent syntax.

At page 53 occurs the following paragraph:—

To use *individual* wrongly in the twentieth century stamps a writer, more definitely than almost any other single solecism, not as being generally ignorant or foolish, but as being without the literary sense.

This is a terrible indictment. On page 55 the victims are trotted out. The culprits are: Carlyle, Scott, Corelli, Borrow, Beaconsfield, A. J. Balfour, C. Brontë, and Trollope. Examples are given from these writers, and “corrections” are made. I will not affirm that “correctness” is achieved in all the amendments by “The Authors.” In any case, those of the writers in the above list who passed over to the great majority in the nineteenth century should on logical grounds escape hanging.

“*Anent*,” that good old once popular word with an Anglo-Saxon root, signifying “in regard to,” “concerning,” and having the merit of brevity—a “direct, simple, brief, vigorous, and lucid” word, surely satisfying the canons of “The Authors” up to the hilt—is described by them in their book as “Wardour Street English, antiquarian rubbish.” “The Authors” have laudably endeavoured to produce an up-to-date book. They seem to have an antipathy to the archaic, but they perhaps err in the opposite direction. At pages 118-119 one smells the brass foundry. Here “The Authors” introduce the words “Fused-participle theory” and “unfused-participle.” The participle has long been a tangled thread to grammarians, and the tangle would here appear to be getting more and more involved. At page 188 the student is still on the high level, and is taught to differentiate between the “paratactic” and the “syntactic.” These delightful distinctions were not in the text books when I was at school, but they are interesting as showing the modern trend. At page 154 “The Authors” overreach themselves when dealing with the perfect infinitive. They say:—

This has its right and its wrong uses. The right are obvious, and can be left alone. Even of the wrong some are serviceable, if not strictly logical. *I hoped to have succeeded*, for instance, means *I hoped to succeed*, but *I did not succeed*, and has the advantage of it in brevity; it is an idiom that it would be a pity to sacrifice on the altar of Reason.

The plain English of the matter is that one of two things has to be sacrificed, bad grammar or reason. “The Authors” lean to the sacrifice of reason. If, as “The Authors” erroneously say, *I hoped to have succeeded* is an idiom, it follows that many examples of bad grammar may be defended as being “idioms.” But, *I hoped to have succeeded* is not an idiom; because it is not a mode of expression peculiar to a language, but peculiar only to those people who stand in need of being taught to write grammatically. What is both logically, and chronologically, wrong must be black-balled when it seeks admission into literature as an idiom. Those who aim, like “The Authors,” at setting up a high standard of English ought really to be consistent. Any wrong expression in common use, against which “The Authors” have warned their readers, is, by the same logic, quite as much entitled to be exceptionally treated as “*I hoped to have succeeded*,” and even more so, for it is a most heinous offence to muddle up tenses. Such expressions as “*I hoped to have succeeded*,” “*I found him better than I expected to have found him*,” “*It is long since I commanded him to have done it*,” are, each and all of them, examples of atrocious English. They are not idioms, not even the first example which “The Authors” tearfully say “it would be a pity to sacrifice on the altar of Reason.”

Moreover, "The Authors" are entirely wrong in dogmatically asserting that the meaning of the words: "*I hoped to have succeeded*," is "*I hoped to succeed, but I did not succeed*." Nothing at all is affirmed as to success or non-success. The meaning is as likely to be: *I hoped to have succeeded, and you see that success has attended my hope.*

W. McC.

Glasgow,
15th March, 1909.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE Balkan crisis has this week advanced to its most acute stage. Sir Edward Grey's proposals for a formula of approach of Austria by Serbia have not found acceptance in Vienna. We are told that on Monday or Tuesday next the Austro-Hungarian representative at Belgrade will present to King Peter's Government "not an ultimatum, but a brief, courteous, decisive note," and if the Serbian reply does not please their great neighbours, presumably the guns will fire. Several months ago it was sagely remarked that the greatest security for the peace of Europe was the snow on the Balkans. The snows are beginning to melt. A very large Austrian Army has been mobilised in the cold on the Servian frontiers and in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Servian Army has been also on what was almost equivalent to a war footing. We now hear of fresh Austrian mobilisation, and there is an impression that many Army Corps are converging on the southern frontiers of the Dual Monarchy. Europe has all along wondered exactly what Austria wanted. The proportion of force between her and Serbia, even with the gallant little hill State of Montenegro as her ally, is overwhelming. But small States can be very troublesome. The occupation and pacification of Bosnia and Herzegovina was nearly as tedious as was the Boer War. Serbia wants certain commercial concessions, and others connected with communications. May it not have seemed to Austrians essential that she should take them only from her—hat in hand? With a large Slav population Austria has always dreamt of ultimately acquiring Slav supremacy in the Balkans. She is swayed by this "Drang Nach Osten." Her ultimate ambitions do not end till Salonica is reached. An independent Serbia, and in future a Serbia which will most certainly be hostile, on her left flank, as the pressure towards the East develops would be a great danger, or a grave inconvenience. The cost of keeping this large army mobilised for war all the winter has been very great. Is it to be for nothing? Would not Austria's interests in the south be safer with a king at Belgrade who owed his crown to Austria? The house of Kara-georgewich has not earned the respect of civilisation—King Peter has not yet been formally recognised by

all the Courts of Europe. And there is another factor. Russian statesmen have just declared in no uncertain voice that Russia is not prepared for war. What better chance of insisting on Austria's fitness and on her claims to predominate on the road towards the Ægean Sea? The Austrian Army, it is true, occupied Bosnia and Herzegovina. Their last war resulted in their signal defeat by Prussia in 1866. A great army justly proud of itself will some day wipe from their swords the stain of defeat. It must be very gratifying to the aged Emperor to see how a national threat has brought to his support all parties of the Hungarian Parliament. A war is a wonderful riveter of national interests.

A number of the Suffragists, including Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Knightley of Fawsley, Lady Frances Balfour, Lady McLaren, Lady Grove and Mrs. Philip Snowden, have issued a circular in which they give the names of about three hundred "distinguished men" who are in favour of the franchise for women. This circular is intended to be a counterblast to the proceedings of the men's league for opposing women's suffrage; and it is intended, of course, to show that the opinions on this subject are not all on one side. Unfortunately for these well-meaning ladies their list of "distinguished" men turns out to be a very poor sort of affair. At least half of the names on the list are those of people who have no particular claim to be called distinguished, while in the case of others such claims rest on grounds which are not altogether flattering to the persons concerned. Only two peers of the realm figure in the list—Lord Courtney of Penwith and Lord Warwick. Lord Courtney, of course, can justly claim to be a distinguished man, but really in the case of Lord Warwick, except that he is the husband of that eccentric lady, Lady Warwick, we fail to see that he has any claim whatever, apart from his rank and wealth, to be considered a distinguished man. At any rate, if the mere possession of a peerage and large landed property is considered by the Suffragists sufficient to entitle a man to the epithet "distinguished," they must accept the logical conclusion of the situation, which will lead them to the uncomfortable conclusion that the House of Lords is against Women's Suffrage in the proportion of about twenty-five to one. As a matter of fact, the Suffragists can claim some supporters in the House of Lords, whom they have not mentioned. For instance, there is Lord Lytton, whose chief claim to distinction lies in the fact that his sister has just come out of prison; and Lord Russell, who is distinguished by the fact that he has been the hero of two sensational public trials, the second of which resulted in his condemnation and committal to prison for the offence of bigamy.

Under the heading of "Literature" the following names are included in the Suffragist list:

J. M. Barrie, Arthur C. Benson, Sir Percy W. Bunting, Edward Carpenter, F. J. Furnivall, J. E. Garnett, Thomas Hardy, Laurence Housman, John Masefield, Justin McCarthy, George Meredith, O.M., William de Morgan, Sir Henry Norman, R. Barry O'Brien, Rev. James Hannay ("George Birmingham"), W. Pett Ridge, William Rossetti, Alfred Sidgwick, Harold Spender, Herbert Trench, H. G. Wells, Richard Whiteing.

Nobody will deny the claims of Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy to be considered distinguished men, but what can be said of the rest of them, including such amiable nonentities as Mr. Edward Carpenter, Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Pett Ridge and such exceedingly minor poets as Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. John Masefield? The poor Suffragists are really very un-

fortunate. Their most determined efforts to advance their cause invariably tell heavily against them, for it is in their nature radically to misunderstand the attitude of the vast majority of their countrymen towards them. The mere fact that they like it to be known that they have the support and approval of the persons whose names we have mentioned under the head of "Literature," and various other people included in the list, such as the Bishop of Hereford, the "Rev." R. J. Campbell, "Dr." Clifford, and others too numerous to mention, proves the hopelessness of the state of mind in which they welter. The name of any one of the last three whom we have mentioned attached to any cause would cause the average man to regard it with great suspicion. The lady Suffragists must try again.

While we are on this subject we may as well refer to Mr. Geoffrey Howard's Franchise Bill, the details of which had not been made public when we went to press last week. It turns out to be a Bill which might easily have been conceived in Colney Hatch, and the fact that it passed a second reading by the comparatively small majority of thirty-five indicates the utter defeat which is overtaking the Suffragist movement. It is not likely that in the next hundred years a House of Commons will exist containing even a quarter of the extraordinary cranks and wild visionary enthusiasts for absurd measures of so-called reform who now adorn it. So that if ever there was a time when such an insane Bill as Mr. Howard's had a chance of becoming law it was last Friday. But even the small majority who voted for the Bill did so in the absolute certainty that their votes could have no practical effect whatsoever. In any ordinary normal House of Commons, such as has existed during the past fifty years and such as will exist again when the nightmare of the present Government is over, there will always be an overwhelming majority against Woman's Suffrage.

We have received the following letter from a gentleman connected with the Humanitarian League in reference to our remarks about pheasant shooting in last week's ACADEMY:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As you have referred to the members of the Humanitarian League as "cranks," in your reference to Canon Lyttelton's remarks upon pheasant shooting, I am sure you will in fairness allow me to quote a few words from a pamphlet on "The Horrors of Sport," written by the late Lady Florence Dixie, who spoke from a very large personal and practical experience of the subject.

"I do not think," she said, "there is any form of sport quite so contemptible as covert shooting. There is something so intensely mean about it all. The animals slaughtered are beautiful, gentle, gaily plumed birds, who up to that day of battue have run like fowls to greet the keepers who fed them, but who now drive them to their death."

Canon Lyttelton was quite mistaken in supposing that the Humanitarian League, in its anxiety to attack the Eton Beagles, had overlooked the question of the battue; on the contrary, we have made frequent protests against the practices to which he refers.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY S. SALT.

Humanitarian League,
53, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Mr. Salt, it will be observed, quotes Lady Florence Dixie, who, as he justly says, spoke from a very large personal and practical experience on the subject. The mention of Lady Florence Dixie in this connection is an amusing confirmation of the remarks which we made some weeks ago on the state of mind of those people who inveigh against field sports. Our exact words were as follows:

Our experience, however, inclines us to believe that ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who fulminate against field sports are people who are either incapable of indulging in them, or who, having lost the power to enjoy them, proceed to make a virtue of necessity.

Lady Florence Dixie was an exceedingly amiable, if somewhat eccentric lady. She happens, moreover, to have been the aunt of the editor of this paper, and he therefore will be acquitted of any desire to reflect upon her memory when he recalls the fact that for at least twenty years of her life Lady Florence Dixie was an ardent devotee of every form of field sport. In addition to being one of the finest horsewomen and cross-country riders, male or female, who ever got into the saddle, she was a fine shot, and in her life she must have been responsible for the death of a great many thousand pheasants. At a certain period in her life, however, she unfortunately became crippled from rheumatism, and it was from this date that her sudden conversion to the views of the Humanitarian League about pheasant shooting is to be reckoned.

We have several times commented on the inordinate affection displayed by Mr. Frank Harris for the amiable gentlemen who emphasise their political opinions by the use of bombs. Mr. Harris is simply unable to keep off the subject of anarchy and anarchists. In this week's *Vanity Fair* there appears an article signed "E. C. Froom" entitled "Russian Police Methods. How a Colonel was degraded. Tracked to London and back to St. Petersburg." In this article Mr. Froom relates how a certain Colonel Paul Vitozhnikov, who "was a gentleman in every sense of the word, and a good soldier too," was degraded from his rank and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Siberia for certain actions which Mr. Froom appears to consider were quite innocuous and perfectly honourable. It appears that the innocent and gentlemanly Colonel while in London "came across a number of Russian refugees—men wanted by the Tsar's police for sedition and political offences of various degrees." These engaging persons brought to the notice of the Colonel a revolutionary publication, printed in London, called "Kolokol," and they persuaded him to agree to take several copies of this publication as well as several letters addressed to Socialist friends in Russia. With a view, no doubt, to greater security the Colonel concealed these documents in his boots, and having been watched all the time, unknown to himself, by Russian detectives, he was arrested on his return to Russia. "In his top-boots," says Mr. Froom, "the police found copies of the prohibited 'Kolokol,' while from his pockets they extracted the letters addressed to various prominent Socialists and Anarchists."

The Colonel, easy-going man that he was, and with no sympathy for those who desired the overthrow of the Russian Government, was astounded. True, he knew that the men in London whose acquaintance he had made were refugees, but he had quite understood that they were innocent of any crime beyond that of being slightly in advance of the age, as all reformers are.

Unfortunately for the Colonel, the Russian police were unable to take this benign view of the intentions of the benevolent "reformers." They probably thought, as simple-minded people might be apt to think, that persons who were in the habit of conducting political propaganda by means of cowardly and wholesale murder, were rather too much in advance of the age to be treated with leniency. Accordingly, to the sorrow and breast-beating indignation of Mr. Frank Harris and Mr. Froom, the gallant Colonel was subjected to the punishment to which we have referred. Most people who are not quite so much "in advance of their age" as Mr. Harris and Mr. Froom will come

to the conclusion that on the whole the Colonel got off very lightly considering the nature of his offence. That he was not then and there led out and shot may be taken as a direct refutation of the malignant charges of cruelty and injustice which it is the habit for "advanced" newspapers to bring against the Tsar and his Government.

We have received the following touching communication from Mr. Bottomley:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith I have pleasure in handing you a very early copy of my book (popular edition), which will be published on Saturday next—by which time all printer's errors and other "literals" will have been attended to.

I venture to express the hope that—especially at this juncture—you will find its contents of sufficient general interest to warrant a special notice—the honour of which I shall greatly appreciate.

Yours faithfully,
THE EDITOR.

John Bull Editorial Offices,
67, Long Acre, London, W.C.,
23rd March, 1909.

Accompanying this appeal Mr. Bottomley has been kind enough to send us a copy of his great work, "Bottomley's Book." We quite agree with Mr. Bottomley that his book is of sufficient public interest, "especially at this juncture . . . to warrant a special notice." All our notices of Mr. Bottomley have been special notices. We hope that we shall never notice Mr. Bottomley otherwise than in a special manner. Our mature criticism of his masterpiece must, however, be deferred to a later issue, as it has only reached us just as we are going to press. At present we will merely state that we have been surprised and pained to notice that the promised "character-sketch by Herbert Vivian" is not forthcoming. We have noticed with ever-increasing regret the absence of Mr. Vivian's name and pseudonym from the columns of Mr. Bottomley's paper ever since the fatal day when we had occasion to draw attention to the vile and slanderous attack which he made in that journal upon Lord Roberts. Can it be that in future we shall have to describe the rejected of Deptford and Constantinople as the rejected of Bottomley also? In other words, can it be that, while Mr. Bottomley is unable to summon up sufficient grace and sense of honour to apologise to Lord Roberts for the gross violation of good manners and good taste which he has permitted in his paper, he is yet sufficiently ashamed of his lapse to have decided to dispense with the services of his gallant lieutenant. We should be sorry if it were so, for, while we cannot pretend to any admiration for the views or the principles or the writings of Mr. Herbert Vivian, we feel that it would be most unsportsmanlike of Mr. Bottomley to throw him overboard at the present juncture. Mr. Bottomley's responsibility for the appearance of the outrageous attack on Lord Roberts is quite as great as Mr. Vivian's. It is quite certain that it could not have appeared in *John Bull* without the approbation and consent of Mr. Bottomley; or, for the matter of that, without the approbation and consent of Messrs. Odhams, the printers of *John Bull*. At any rate, the appearance of the article on Lord Roberts was discreditable to Mr. Bottomley and discreditable to Messrs. Odhams, and if Mr. Bottomley imagines that he can avoid his responsibility by suppressing Mr. Vivian and saying nothing more about the matter he is vastly mistaken. An apology and a withdrawal are needed, and until they are forthcoming THE ACADEMY will continue from time to time to take "special notice" of Mr. Bottomley.

DAFFODIL DAWN

WHILE I slept, and dreamed of you,
Morning, like a princess, came,
All in robe of palest blue:
Stooped, and gathered in that hour
From the east a magic flower,
Pearl and amber flower of flame . . .
Then she hastened on her way
Singing over plain and hill—
While I slept and dreamed of you
Dreams that never can come true . . .
Morning at the gates of Day,
Gathered Dawn, the daffodil!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

ANGELS

WHEN life is difficult, I dream
Of how the angels dance in heaven!
Of how the angels dance and sing
In gardens of eternal spring,
Because their sins have been forgiven . . .
And never more for them shall be
The terrors of mortality!
When life is difficult, I dream
Of how the angels dance in heaven . . .

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

"THE ACADEMY" AND THE "EVENING STANDARD"

THE editors of evening papers are generally supposed to be busy men; and we have no reason for supposing that any exception would have to be made in the case of the editor of the *Evening Standard*. We have no knowledge as to the identity of this gentleman, and he is unknown to us either by name or by reputation. It appears, however, that his multifarious occupations do not debar him from a careful perusal of other journals. We are enabled to arrive at this conclusion by observation of his paper, where, from time to time, he prints a column headed "The Pith of the Papers," containing short extracts from his various contemporaries, daily and weekly. For several months past, at any rate, on Saturdays, he has been in the habit of including among these selections a paragraph taken from THE ACADEMY. We do not complain in the least. On the contrary, we rejoice to think that his apparently voracious appetite for the *Daily Mail* and the other hapenny papers, and the more "advanced" Radical and Socialistic weeklies does not prevent him from an occasional glance at the interior of some more reputable journals. For a common commercial, and on the whole illiterate, evening paper to quote paragraphs from THE ACADEMY would, on the face of it, appear to be a sign of grace; but there is a form of quotation which is a less satisfactory indication of the mind of the person who quotes. And of this form of quotation in the *Evening Standard* from the pages of THE ACADEMY we will give three examples. The first is taken from the *Evening Standard* of January 23rd, and consists of the following sentences:

The Sounder Attribute.

We are well aware that in the twentieth century honesty is no virtue, but a sort of old-fashioned vice. Cleverness is a much sounder attribute.

Here we have a case of an obviously ironical remark. Anybody who is acquainted with the views on honesty and virtue of THE ACADEMY must be well aware that THE ACADEMY does not think that cleverness is a much sounder attribute than honesty and virtue. The editor of the *Evening Standard*, by taking an isolated passage out of its context has succeeded in conveying to his readers the impression that THE ACADEMY thinks more highly of "cleverness" than of virtue and honesty. As we have said before, the editor of the *Evening Standard* is probably a very busy man. It is therefore curious, to say the least of it, that he can spare the time to search diligently through the columns of a contemporary to find a sentence which, by being removed from its context, is capable of giving an entirely false impression of the views of that contemporary. If this were an isolated instance it might well have been put down to carelessness or stupidity. But on January 31st, exactly a week later, we have the *Evening Standard* coming out with the following extract from THE ACADEMY:

Meredith—An Acquired Taste?

It has been said repeatedly that the appreciation of Mr. Meredith's work is an acquired taste; and there is some truth in the remark. We can well imagine a neophyte who had departed from some library with a copy of "The Egoist" under his arm settling down for a lazy hour by the fire, becoming alarmed at that extraordinary opening chapter, and, after giving up in despair, informing his friends that he "couldn't get on with Meredith."

Here the misrepresentation of the views of THE ACADEMY is again insidiously brought about by the use of the query which the editor of the *Evening Standard* has fixed to his own question. It is as much as to say, "Is Mr. Meredith an acquired taste? Surely not to anyone who professes to be a judge of literature." Between the word "remark," which ends the first sentence quoted and the sentence beginning "We can well imagine a neophyte," there are six lines, which the editor of the *Evening Standard* has deliberately omitted from his quotation. He has carefully suppressed any indication of this omission, and the quotation reads exactly as if it were taken as it stands out of the columns of THE ACADEMY; the result being, of course, as the editor of the *Evening Standard* intended it to be, completely to garble the sense of THE ACADEMY's observations. The third instance (and in quoting these three instances we do not wish to say that they are the only ones we could mention) occurred on February 20th, when the editor of the *Evening Standard* quoted the following passage from THE ACADEMY:

Shakespeare and Milton Forgotten!

If it were possible to make English ears require fixed and definite syllable-quantities, all our past minstrelsy would suffer. We cannot have it both ways, cannot appreciate quantity in one form of verse and not miss it in another. If racial habits count for anything, quantitative metre will be enjoyed when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten—and not till then.

In this case he neither dovetailed portions of the text nor omitted the necessary context. He simply put the headline, which appears in black type with an exclamation mark at the end of it; his object being, of course, to convey to his readers the impression that THE ACADEMY was hopefully looking forward to the time when Shakespeare and Milton would have been forgotten. The sentence, of course, bears precisely the opposite sense. When THE ACADEMY said, "If racial

habits count for anything, quantitative metre will be enjoyed when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten—and not till then," it meant, of course, that quantitative metre would only be enjoyed when people had ceased to have appreciation for the masterpieces of English literature—that is to say, humanly speaking, never. It is just barely conceivable that an extremely stupid schoolboy might honestly have misunderstood THE ACADEMY's meaning, and, of course, if the editor of the *Evening Standard* is ready to plead guilty to wooden-headed stupidity he has a perfect answer to the charges we have brought against him, and we will gladly apologise to him for affirming that he has been guilty of spiteful manipulation for his own ends, of the written words of a contemporary.

THE NAVAL CRISIS

THE question of Naval Supremacy remains practically where it was last week. The Government seem determined to adhere to Mr. McKenna's statement of their intentions and to lay down only four *Dreadnoughts* this year; and they pledge themselves to make provision for the immediate construction of four more on April 1st, 1910—but only to make such provision if, in their judgment, the building programme of Germany makes it necessary. It seems, therefore, that the Government will face the Vote of Censure to be proposed by Mr. Balfour on the day which the Prime Minister has fixed—Monday next. It seems to us exceedingly regrettable that this Vote of Censure on the Naval policy of the country should become necessary. The Navy has hitherto stood above party politics. It has been the one article of faith to which all parties adhered that the British Navy should be supreme, and it was only a few months ago that Mr. Asquith gave the most solemn assurances that the Navy should be kept at the two-Power standard with a margin of 10 per cent. in our favour. But on his own showing, following the statement of the First Lord, that standard cannot possibly be maintained two years longer on the building programme now proposed and now being carried out. Not only cannot a two-Power standard be maintained, but we are steering very close to bare rivalry with Germany in what we now are taught to regard as Standard ships. It is without doubt unreasonable to rule out of consideration our forty battleships of pre-*Dreadnought* days. Such ships as the *Lord Nelson*, *King Edward* and *Formidable* will have to be reckoned with by any enemy's fleet—though it be a fleet of *Dreadnoughts*—which may attack us. But Mr. McKenna acknowledges that the lives of our earlier ironclads are shortening, and we do not wish our sailors to fight for us except on the most perfect engines of war. The year 1912 seems to be the danger-point. Admiral Tirpitz, in the Reichsrath, declares that Germany will have only thirteen *Dreadnoughts* ready then. Mr. McKenna had asserted, on the 16th instant, that she might have seventeen, and on the present programme might be ahead of us. Against this possibility powers are to be taken for the preparation to begin four more *Dreadnoughts* on April 1st, 1910. Now England must be supreme in other seas besides the North Sea. She must be able to hold her own in the Mediterranean, where Austria (Germany's close ally) will soon have afloat six *Dreadnoughts*; in the Atlantic, where the American fleet is fast attaining great strength; in the China Sea and Pacific, where our ally, Japan's Navy, is growing steadily in power and efficiency. Mr. Asquith's pledge was to maintain our standard against any two Powers, however friendly, however strong. The feeling of the Empire that the proposed building

programme is insufficient is finding very strong expression wherever the flag flies, and has reached its culminating point in the splendid offer of New Zealand to "bear the cost of the *immediate* building and arming by the British Government of one first-class battleship of the latest type, and if subsequent events show it to be necessary to bear the cost of a second warship of the same type." The Government have replied not ungraciously, but decline in effect the whole gist of the offer, which is to provide for the *immediate* building of New Zealand's gift ship. Lord Crewe has replied that "provision and powers for which sanction has been asked in the Naval Estimates now before Parliament afford ample security," and then he accepts the offer conditionally: "In view of the uncertainty that exists as to the character and extent of the demands which may be made on the National resources." Under these circumstances we must support Mr. Balfour in his determination to dissociate himself and the Unionist party from the responsibility which the Government are taking in imperilling the Naval position of the country—even at the cost of a Vote of Censure. There is another question which will probably also be pressed home against the Government—the insufficiency of the *personnel* of the Navy. New ships of all kinds are being commissioned and laid down, but no increase is being made to the numbers of our seamen. A sailor begins his education, happily, in our Navy very young and it takes from three to five years to make an able-bodied seaman. An increase of ships should mean a certain increase of Warrant Officers and men—not proportional, of course, because some of the older vessels will go to the scrap-heap. And we fear we must shift the chief responsibility for this neglect to other shoulders than those of the Minister responsible to Parliament. The Sea Lords are the expert advisers of the First Lord, but we can bring the charge still closer home. Since 1905 the First Sea Lord is himself charged with practically every detail which ensures the efficiency of our fleets. Sir John Fisher is said to have initiated the placing of these vast responsibilities on the First Sea Lord's shoulders, and he alone has yet borne them. We cannot congratulate the country on the experiment. During Sir John Fisher's tenure of office there has happened a very wild relegation to the scrap-heap of many ships that were still of use; (2) the system of nucleus crews; (3) shortening the service of our seamen with a view to creating a small reserve; and (4) the vast reductions of our unrivalled corps of Royal Marines. The envy of all nations has been our long service Navy—and a Navy chiefly recruited from our coast population. But to maintain the numbers we require we must look far ahead of present needs, and that should be the First Sea Lord's special pre-occupation. The French have their "*inscription Maritime*" and have a vast reserve of seamen on their coasts. The Germans, with universal service, draw their seamen from all over the empire, but, as in the case with France, the evil of short service produces compensation in a large reserve. Our reserve is very small, and Mr. Arnold-Forster, in the book that was published the day before he died, rightly deplored the neglect of any organisation to use our fishermen and merchant sailors for the defence of our coasts.

Was Sir John Fisher wise to close his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet, sixteen months ago, with these words:

"I turn to all of you and I turn to my countrymen, and I say: sleep quiet in your beds and do not be disturbed by these bogies of invasion and otherwise which are being periodically resuscitated by all sorts of Leagues?"

Has he helped enough to make them true?

REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK—II.

IN our former article we considered the addition proposed to be made to the Preface of the Book of Common Prayer as a serious danger to the peace of the Church, and a manifest infringement of the liberty of Churchmen.

We shall now examine three great changes of far-reaching importance which are manifestly not "loyal to that ancient order" of which the Archbishop of Canterbury professed himself to be so conservative. They are these:

1. Alteration of the Rubric before the Athanasian Creed.
2. The alternative Form of Absolution in the office for the Visitation of the Sick.
3. The omission of one of the questions to candidates for Deacon's orders.

It is proposed that the reading of the Athanasian Creed is to be optional at the discretion of the minister, the new Rubric reading "*may*" instead of "*shall* be sung or said instead of the Apostles' Creed, the Confession of our Faith." We desire to avoid as far as possible the strictly theological aspect of the Creed, as being outside our present scope.

The danger lies first in the repudiation by the English Branch of the Church Catholic of the ancient authoritative declaration of Faith, and, secondly (as a minority of the committee point out), in leaving to the discretion of the minister "the decision" in "so grave a matter," instead of allowing it to "rest on the authority of the Church."

The American Church omitted the Athanasian Creed in 1786. What is known as the great outbreak of Unitarianism occurred in 1815. The Church of Ireland, in 1877, discarded the Rubric before the Athanasian Creed, and seriously weakened her natural union with the sister Church of England. It is laid down in the 34th Article that "every particular or national Church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish, ceremonies or rites of the Church ordained only by man's authority," but such authority clearly does not extend to tampering with the Catholic Creeds or Doctrines of the Church. Such interference or rejection of Catholic authority is the source of all dissent, and the breaking up of Catholic Unity. That so far-reaching a change should be in the hands of a small close committee, or even proposed by them, is a menace to the Catholic position of the Church of England. It would be just as intelligible to place an optional Rubric before the Nicene Creed. Yet that would mean an absolute and final break with the rest of Catholic Christendom. Dr. Rashdall, in "*Anglican Modernism*," in effect wishes that that should be done. With modernists the Nicene creed is, equally with the Athanasian, "a discredited formulæ," as Dean Stanley contemptuously said. To discredit such formulæ is the way to lasting schism, as is shown by the history of the Church. We are not here specially concerned with the so-called minatory clauses, which are often all simply charitable warnings against the dangers of unbelief. Though we are fain to observe that, if you grant the existence of God, it is illogical to suppose that beings who wilfully reject Him could continue to possess God, which is what we understand by heaven and salvation.

The fact is that a Pro-British Heaven has too long been regarded as the *exclusive* possession of Englishmen, but the growth of Imperialism makes it all the more important that the Church of England must emphasise, not disagreement, but substantial and visible agreement with both Eastern and Western Catholicism, and thus maintain "loyalty to ancient order."

Before leaving the matter we should point out that this optional use of the Athanasian Creed would be certain to lead to that friction between bishop, priest, and people of which we spoke in our former article; especially in cases where one or two influential laymen protested vigorously against the public recitation.

The provision of an alternative form of Absolution in the Visitation of the Sick might seem to some a light matter. But what is its real significance? In the first place, it should be remembered that our Prayer Book is the Prayer Book of 1661, when the Anglican Church deliberately repudiated the Protestantism of the Puritan Revolution, and took its stand in loyalty to ancient Catholic order. And if we go back to 1552, when foreign sectaries from Geneva were doing all they could to destroy every vestige of our Catholic heritage, the Church deliberately retained in our Prayer Book her witness to the Priest's authority in words which admit of no compromising misinterpretation:

"I absolve thee from all thy sins."

But to-day, in this alternative form, a way out is to be found for weak-minded bishops and priests, together with all who reject the ancient faith of the Church, that our Lord did leave power to His Church. If this alternative were adopted future generations would be able to point to the beginning of the twentieth century as the time when the Church of England began to disbelieve in Christ's authority as committed to His Church, and began to be openly disloyal to ancient Catholic usage, custom, and order.

In the face of this suggested alternative it must be supposed that certain bishops do disbelieve, though it might seem incredible that any man could accept the office of a bishop, and then be guilty of the cynical profanity of ordaining priests, to whom he with the utmost solemnity commits the power to absolve, in express words, at the very moment calling it the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Church of Ireland, in its revised Prayer Book, made no change in the Form and Manner of Ordering of Priests, we believe for the practical (if not worldly) reason that any alteration in the Ordinal would have at once created difficulties and placed obstacles in the way of priests in Irish orders obtaining preferment in the Church of England. But it is on record in the Preface that such change was desired by some, and also that the Absolution in the office for the Visitation of the Sick has been a cause of offence to many. Very probably. All that is sacramental in our Prayer Book is a cause of offence to many—viz., to the whole body of Dissent in England. That appears to us the strongest of reason for not altering any, even the smallest, portion, let alone matters that are vital.

What business of Dissenters is the teaching of our Prayer Book? We hold the Catholic Faith, and do not desire either ratepayers' or Parliamentary religion.

The third main alteration is the alteration of the question to candidates for the Diaconate:

"Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" for which is substituted:

"Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrine required of necessity for eternal salvation through faith in Jesus Christ?"

This change might appear harmless, and perhaps not unreasonable.

But read in the light of the views of certain modernists it assumes a most serious aspect. We have been told in a recent volume of essays by a certain school of Anglican modernist clergy that there are many who regard such doctrines as the Virgin Birth of our Lord and His bodily Resurrection as not essential to Christianity. The same men issued a circular for signature stating their conviction that "it is not without

grave responsibility and peril that any of us should build the faith of souls primarily upon *details* of New Testament narrative."

In short, their manifest aim is to find a way into Holy Orders for men who are simply Deists or Unitarians.

This alteration makes that way much simpler, and must, therefore, be regarded as a grave departure from the ancient Catholic Faith of the Church.

It is not a question, as might be supposed, of belief in the literal, verbal interpretation of the Scriptures, but of faith in the cardinal doctrines of Christianity.

Such vital alterations as these we consider would impair the Catholic position of the Anglican Branch of the Church in Christendom. They are, moreover, distinctly contrary to the position of the Reformation Settlement.

REVIEWS

QUILTERISMS

Opinions on Men, Women and Things. By HARRY QUILTER. (Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

THE publication of a controversial work after the demise of its author leaves the reviewer at something of a disadvantage. It assures him of an easy and, indeed, contemptible triumph. He is free to write what he will, and his assertions will never be challenged. In such a case silence were perhaps the better policy. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an excellent motto. As, however, it was persistently disregarded by the author of this volume, one may be permitted to criticise without incurring the charge of having violated the canons of either good taste or literary etiquette.

The stray papers collected within the covers of this volume have for the most part a merely retrospective interest. The late Mr. Quilter was a man who, in his day and generation, made no little stir. The echoes of that controversy are now silent, however, and posterity, intent on other matters, has passed him by. One excellent quality he must be admitted to have possessed. Like Browning—though here, indeed, the likeness ends—he was "ever a fighter," nor should the fact that he invariably espoused the wrong cause blind us to the recognition of his splendid and spirited pugnacity. To this must be added a certain, though not considerable, talent for English composition. He had sat for some years at the feet of Ruskin, from whom he may possibly have learned the art of sentence-weaving, but from whom he most assuredly did not learn that vice of the split infinitive to which he was incurably addicted. As the result of much sedulous study and patient practice—his industry has never been called in question—Mr. Quilter contrived to master the chief secret of success in journalism, which is the concealment of the commonplace. His truisms have almost the air of epigrams, and though the platitude lurks behind all these ponderous aphorisms, it is not always immediately apparent. As an art critic he was frequently in hot water, and though few took him seriously, still fewer could resist the pleasure of crossing swords with him. Among his antagonists was Whistler, who forms the subject of one of the most piquant papers in this volume. The two men were naturally antipathetic, Whistler—with all his defects and limitations—being undeniably dowered with genius. They met on two occasions only, on the second of which Quilter contrived to score off his opponent. But to score off Whistler was a dangerous thing to do, and when a little later Mr. Quilter pur-

chased the house in Tite Street which Whistler had built for himself and failed to maintain, when, too, he proceeded to make certain structural alterations—as, e.g., the addition of a bath-room—the artist may be excused if he experienced a vague feeling of annoyance. In a letter to the *World*, which, despite its length, we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting *in extenso*, he let himself go:

O Atlas! What of the "Society for the Preservation of Beautiful Buildings"?

Where is Ruskin? and what do Morris and Sir William Drake?

For behold! beside the Thames the work of desecration continues, and the "White House" swarms with the mason of contract.

The architectural *gable* that was the joy of the few and the bezadement of "the Board" crumbles beneath the pick (as did the north side of St. Mark's), and History is wiped from the face of Chelsea.

Shall no one interfere? Shall the interloper, even after his death, prevail?

Shall 'Arry, whom I have hewn down, still live among us by outrage of this kind, and impose his memory upon our pavement by the public perpetration of his posthumous Philistinism?

Shall the birthplace of Art become the tomb of its parasite in Tite Street?

See to it, Atlas! lest, when Time, the healer of all the wounds I have inflicted, shall for me have exacted those honours the prophet may not expect while alive, and the inevitable blue disc embedded in the walls shall proclaim that "Here once dwelt" the gentle master of all that is flippant and fine in Art, some anxious student, reading, fall out with Providence in his vain effort to reconcile such joyous reputation with the dank and hopeless appearance of this "model lodging" bequeathed to the people by the arrogance of " 'Arry."

J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

It says something for " 'Arry's " appreciation of the caustic in controversy that he was willing to preserve this epistolatory gem.

Mr. Quilter's incursions into the region of literary criticism were even more unfortunate than his lucubrations on art in the pages of the *Spectator*. The fatuous absurdity of such a paper as that entitled "The Gospel of Intensity" is surely without a parallel. Such a tilting at windmills has never been seen since the days of Don Quixote. Mr. Quilter sets out valiantly to destroy the "decadents," those authors and artists, that is, who believe that a due regard for technique is an indispensable requirement in the production of a work of beauty. Will it be believed that he groups together, as exponents of the same movement, such names as George Egerton, Oscar Wilde, Arthur Machen, Arthur Morrison, Grant Allen, Aubrey Beardsley, Phil May, Dudley Hardy, and the irreproachable Mr. Townsend, of *Punch*? Stupidity has here reached its limit. After this no one need feel surprised at learning that Mr. Quilter regarded the late Sir Lewis Morris (of Caermarthen) as a great poet.

In the concluding paper of this volume Mr. Quilter tells the story of the *Universal Review*, an ill-fated venture which he embarked upon about twenty years ago. Mr. Quilter assigns a variety of reasons for the non-success of this periodical, but the real one we suspect to be this, that the *Universal Review* was not a paper of universal interest. A glance at the contents page of the first number fortifies us in this impression. It was scarcely possible—nor was it, perhaps, desirable—that a review which opens with a "proem" by Sir Lewis Morris should inspire much confidence in the world of letters. At all events, fail the *Universal Review* did, despite the pontifical benediction of Mr. Edmund Yates.

The paper, however, is not without interest as revealing Mr. Quilter's opinion of advertising as a profession. The writer of this review is not in a position

either to endorse or confute Mr. Quilter's statements, having never been brought into personal contact with an advertising agent. But the following passage may be quoted for the benefit of any such, should he in a moment of idleness be tempted to glance at these pages:

Advertising is nothing more nor less than a gigantic game of brag, in which the most fluent and most unblushing liar has the best chance. The whole foundation of the business is falsehood, and so entirely is this the case that it is, as I was told, and quickly learned, impossible to make anyone connected with advertising, either agent or principal, believe a simple statement of fact. As various commissions are deducted from each order according to the manner in which it is obtained, length it has to run, and the agent who supplies it, so every advertiser discounts the representations made to him on behalf of this or that advertising medium. If you want to be believed as having, say, a circulation of 10,000, you must state that you have one of 20,000, or you will be thought to have one of 5,000, and so on throughout. . . .

One rises from the perusal of this volume with a sense of amazing futility. Gifted with no mean mental endowments, Mr. Quilter failed to fulfil the promise of his early manhood. He might have been a writer of distinction and charm—there are indications of such a destiny in the paper called "Cœlebs Abroad," which is certainly the most readable contribution to the volume. He preferred, however, to devote his life to the placid pursuit of the obvious, to a series of futile controversies, and to misunderstanding his contemporaries. The word "Philistine" was frequently on his lips, always to the accompaniment of a well-bred sneer. But, indeed, he himself was among those who dwell in Meshech without constraint, and whose habitations are to be found in Gath and in the streets of Askelon.

THE PANAMA CANAL

The Panama Canal and its Makers. By VAUGHAN CORNISH, D.Sc., F.R.G.S., F.G.S. (Unwin, 5s.)

ALMOST every reasonable being must have contemplated, at one time or another, the tremendous outline of the two Americas spreading their lazy, curious length across the map, and wondered at the sheer geographical and geological ill-luck which permitted three thousand miles of width to dwindle tantalisingly to a neck of land thirty-six miles in span and then to spread again into another continent, without the narrowest sea-passage between. It is so insignificant a distance, apparently; a mere day's tramp—presuming the existence of a moderately good path; a morning's bicycle ride; a run of three-quarters of an hour, given any tolerable railway facilities; yet sufficient to baffle the ocean-traffic of the world and send it thrashing down the Atlantic on its interminable way through the Magellan Straits, and up the great Pacific, before Occident and Orient can meet. Nature seemed to have concentrated her adverse forces at this one spot for the express purpose of denying man his urgent desire of uniting the two seas; to the difficult contour of her lands she added the dread yellow fever and the insidious malaria, until it was small wonder that the solution of the problem was delayed and almost abandoned. But of the magnificent struggle and ultimate victory over her unkindly moods Dr. Cornish tells in this fascinating book, and when in the year 1915—the date anticipated for the opening of the Panama Canal—the first vessel has floated securely across that extraordinary Isthmus, the project and the event will take a place in history due as much to those who battled with fever and death as to the skill of those who actually cut through the hills and left their more enduring record on the face of the earth itself.

Of the story of the great Canal most persons have a vague idea. From south to north the early explorers sought for a channel which should pierce the continent and give them the key to the East Indies: sought even as far north as the Gulf of the St. Lawrence River, which, not unnaturally, they imagined to be the end of their quest. In 1520, however, it became certain that the Magellan Straits were the only means of access by ship from sea to sea, and in the seventeenth century the idea of an isthmian artificial channel was considered feasible. Not before the middle of the nineteenth century, though, did that idea begin to assume a practical shape, and then the Nicaraguan route was supposed to be the better. The completion of the railway, however, from Panama to Colon, to cope with the rush of gold-seekers to California, determined De Lesseps, flushed with his triumph at Suez, to sever the barrier between these two ports, and the congress at Paris, in the year 1879, resulted in the formation of the "Compagnie Universelle du Canal Inter-oceanique de Panama." The later career of that unfortunate and extravagant company will be within the memory of many readers. Following upon its liquidation in 1889 came various negotiations and agreements, international and local, and the works were at last taken over by the United States in 1904. After much discussion as to the advisability of a tide-level cutting or a high-level canal with locks, the scheme of the latter was adopted, and the undertaking is now in full progress. The details, reasons, etc., which led to notable decisions are clearly set forth by the author in his preliminary chapters.

To most readers, however, the chief interest of the book will lie in the account of the actual work, the description of the men of different nationalities who are employed thereon, and the tale of the fight with disease. The whole affair is a fine romance of science and engineering. Dr. Cornish is an enthusiast, as the following sentences will show; referring to the Culebra Cut—the one piece of rock-obstacle with which the labourers have to deal—he says:

The sight never palls, and is one of the wonders of the world. The Pyramids are another wonder of the world which in common with many thousands in all ages I have thought it worth going to see, but to go to Culebra is as if one were privileged to watch the building of the Pyramids. Yet how few go to the Isthmus on purpose to see these things, and, *mirabile dictu*, how few Americans! How is it that this people, so enthusiastic in all that relates to national achievement and addicted to foreign travel, does not include the Isthmus among its many recognised places of pilgrimage? Of the many Americans whom I met on the Zone there was scarcely one who had come voluntarily for pleasure. The hotel accommodation, it is true, is limited, but it is more than sufficient for present needs, and is good, as hotels in the tropics are reckoned. Moreover, Panama is now one of the healthiest places in the Equatorial Zone. English tourists going out to the West Indies by the Royal Mail are generally able to cross the Isthmus and see something of the work while their ship is unloading at Colon; but I would venture to suggest, to such of these who care to follow the world's progress, that they should make arrangements beforehand to step off at Colon, cross to Panama, put up there, visit thence the canal works at various points, and proceed by their next ship. The West Indian tourist season coincides with the dry season on the Isthmus. At Panama the mosquito is almost an extinct animal, and though the heat there is sometimes trying, a run up to Culebra brings one to a dry and bracing atmosphere where a fresh breeze is almost always blowing.

The total number of men actually on the roll of the Isthmus is over 30,000, of which about 5,000 are Europeans; these figures include the railway, which is being re-located. At various times troubles have arisen with regard to labour, as is only natural when the problem of dealing with such a mixed quantity was complicated by fear of fever: the wheels now run smoothly, however, and the deadly "yellow jack" is practically

exterminated, thanks to the indefatigable and scientific attacks of the two thousand members of the sanitary staff on the mosquito pests which conveyed the infection. The kindred but less fatal scourge of malaria has also been effectively hindered. Buildings screened by fine wire mesh accomplished much in protecting the men while the destruction of larvæ and the draining of swampy ground were proceeded with; in fact, the Commission found that without these precautionary measures the Canal would never be finished, so greatly was the *morale* of the force endangered by fear.

A most interesting chapter summarises the general shortening of sea-routes which will come into operation when the Canal is open. From it we may select a few paragraphs which will indicate the far-reaching results to be anticipated:

Taking New York as our port of reckoning on the Atlantic, the distance thence to Panama and all ports north thereof on the Pacific seaboard of Central and North America will be reduced by 8,415 miles.

The actual shortening to Iquique, the nitrate port in Chile, is 5,200 miles. We shall not be far out in saying briefly that the distance between New York and South American Pacific ports will be shortened by an average of 5,000 miles.

The Canal shortens the distance between the Pacific coast of the Americas and the ports of Europe also, though in a lesser degree. Thus, taking Liverpool as our example (and the reductions are much the same for London, Antwerp, or Hamburg), the Canal will shorten the distance to Panama and all ports on the coast to the north by a constant quantity, viz., 6,046 miles.

The opening of the Panama route leaves unchanged the relative distances to the Atlantic coast of South America, to Africa, and to Asiatic ports south of Shanghai, but it is New York and not Liverpool which is now the nearer port to Yokohama, Sydney and Melbourne, and Wellington, New Zealand, formerly nearly equi-distant, is placed 2,739 miles nearer to New York than to Liverpool. With reference to Northern China, however, it is to be noted that although the Panama route shortens the distance between New York and Shanghai by 1,629 miles, Liverpool will still be the nearer to Shanghai by 295 miles, assuming the New York vessel to call at San Francisco.

What the total cost of the Canal will be is not precisely known yet, but it was stated in evidence given in January, 1908, that probably a sum of 250,000,000 dollars might cover it, while it was possible that 500,000,000 would have to be expended; even the former figure exceeds by 45,000,000 dollars the combined cost of the Suez, Manchester, and Kiel canals, so it will form no inconsiderable item in national accounts.

We have nothing but praise for Dr. Cornish's remarkably interesting and impartial book, and the excellent large-scale map at the end of the volume greatly increases its value; indeed, without it the first few chapters would convey little meaning. Photographs are freely interspersed, and the author is to be congratulated heartily on his style and on the clarity with which he has treated a subject that in the hands of a less able man might conceivably have been a mere uninspiring collection of facts and figures.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Canon's Dilemma. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. (Unwin, 6s.)

For the short story *par excellence* we do not turn to the magazines, as a rule, unless we are so unfortunate as to find ourselves immured *pro tem.* in a railway carriage, with our particular pocket edition far away. The set of sketchy stories collected and published in this book is of the usual light and "entertaining" type calculated to please the editors—no, we will be charitable and say the readers—of the various monthly

marvels, the covers of which produce such a chaos of colour at innumerable bookstalls. There is nothing to be said against those here noticed; they are all harmless, most of them bring at least a smile, and two or three of them are really good. "The Sale of the *Morning Star*" we are inclined to select as the best of the bunch; it relates in capital style how an old tramp-steamer was advertised for disposal by auction, the sale to take place on board, and how the captain and owner, having his victims, auctioneer and prospective bidders, safely in his clutches, started the *Morning Star* ostensibly on a trip round the harbour to show off her paces, and headed her in reality for the open channel, where the auction was conducted amid serious digestive disturbances on the part of the "passengers." None of the other stories approaches this one for humour, but each is clever and bright, which is more than can be said about many collections of this description.

Teresa. By EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

"TERESA must have her visions." These words, spoken by one of the characters, supply the motive of this remarkable novel, which should add materially to Mrs. Zangwill's reputation as a writer of fiction. "Teresa," though in one sense it may be described as a love-story, does not move along conventional lines. It is a study in the conflict between two temperaments. The heroine, a young and ardent girl, but just escaped from the bondage of school life, meets a man many years her senior. The man, who has had many "experiences," is attracted by the freshness and innocence of the girl. It has at least the charm of novelty. He proposes marriage. Teresa, who has never acted on her own initiative, consults her mother, with the result that she consents to an engagement. Of the real nature of marriage she knows nothing. She finds, however, the prospect entirely "satisfactory"—to use a word of which she is inordinately fond. The result might have been foreseen. Disillusion is quick to follow, and with it comes a certain loosening of the heroine's hold on life, an adjustment of her theories, a revolt against reality. Her husband, to whom the charm of innocence makes but a temporary appeal, quickly seeks, and discovers, satisfaction elsewhere. In the meanwhile Teresa has been accumulating experience, and an event happens which is destined to transform her whole life. Ultimately, though by what means we refrain from revealing, harmony is evolved out of discord, and the birth of a baby to Teresa forges a link between the husband and wife. The story is powerfully and convincingly told, and the author has indicated, in a subtle manner, the shattering force of moral purity.

Counsels and Precepts. From the French of MGR. CHARLES GAY, with a Preface by the REV. GEORGE BODY, D.D. (Mowbray, 3s. 6d.)

THE translator's note appended to this volume informs the reader that the book consists entirely of extracts from a well-known work, "De la Vie et Des Vertus Chrétiennes, Considérées dans L'état Religieux." The title explains to some extent its import, but the series of essays is addressed more particularly to those who have dedicated their lives exclusively to a religious order than to those who are engaged in daily conflict with the world of men and its thousand trials. At the same time, the student of matters pertaining to faith and the higher aspects of religious experience will find much to interest him and help him, especially, perhaps, in the sections devoted to "Temptation," "Obedience," and "Humility."

The great danger to which all discursive theological works is liable is that of platitude. So much has

been written and spoken on these important and significant matters that it is difficult for any person unequipped with special sympathy and intense human insight to utter anything fresh or attractive in the guise of advice as to conduct, or towards the elucidation of the many problems of thought which arise from time to time in the introspective brain. We fear that we cannot altogether exonerate the volume before us from the charge of repetitious and unimpressive question and statement. Throughout an exhortation which extends to 400 pages it is hardly possible, we imagine, considering the immense number of works that have been published of late years bearing upon the spiritual life, to proceed without a certain effect of dilution, and the translator would have been well advised had he asserted his privilege of concentration and given us a book half or a third the size of this; its cogency would have been enhanced, its beauties would have become more evident. The devotional tone, however, is exquisitely pure and pleasing from beginning to end, and it cannot but prove helpful to many for whom the mysteries of suffering and sorrow are hard and inexplicable. The original work being out of print, it is impossible to say anything as to the quality of the translation, but the English is simple and free from any objectionable intrusion of idiom. For those in whose cause the book was primarily written it may well become a consolatory and almost indispensable handbook to their devotional exercises, and for others who are not able to reach the highest levels of spiritual communion many an inspiring thought may be gathered from its pages.

Banzai! By PARABELLUM. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

No fewer than 300,000 copies of this novel have been sold in Germany, and we should be by no means surprised if a similar success awaited the book in this country. Its popularity will not depend on its intrinsic merits as a work of literature, for these are entirely negligible. But "Banzai" has the one and, in these days, all sufficing merit of being topical. It is an invasion story. And, at the present moment, invasion is in the air. You cannot escape from it. It is flooding the columns of our hapenny press. Its possibilities are being eagerly, and somewhat fearfully, discussed alike in the club, the saloon bar, and the working-man's lecture-hall. It has infected even the pulpit. And now fiction claims it as its own.

But the invasion which "Parabellum"—who is reputed to be "a German official of high rank"—invites us to consider is not an invasion of England, nor is it even remotely concerned with the present Naval Estimates. It is nothing less startling, indeed, than a raid by the Japanese upon the United States. For years, you are given to understand, the thing has been in preparation. The Japanese secret service has been busy. Its agents have wormed their way into the American Navy. They have disseminated a spirit of active revolt among the Filipinos. At length the propitious moment arrives. America is surprised, taken unaware, and unprepared. War is declared, and, for a time, the invading force proves victorious. England, while officially maintaining a friendly neutrality, secretly favours its Eastern ally. At length, however, the American people pulls itself together for a supreme rally. The Japanese are finally routed. The yellow peril is averted.

There is a certain breathlessness about all this. And, if our author has spared us some of the sickening details of modern warfare, of which there is so plentiful a supply in such a book (for instance) as Zola's "La Débâcle," he has provided us with a by no means uninteresting study of military tactics. He knows all about armoured trains, aeroplanes, and naval man-

œuvres. For our own part, however, though we confess to a mild interest in the matter, we remain unthrilled. And, as regards the possibility of such a marauding expedition, we can only say that if the invasion of America by any Power, savage or civilised, would induce that nation to mend its manners, or would tend in any way to the salvation of its soul, we should welcome it as an interposition of Providence. We fear, however, that the day of regeneration has passed by.

THE FIELD

In the Springtime the field lay calm and green after the rains and river-mists, swept by fresh winds, glistening in the light as noon by noon the sun climbed higher in the sky. Among the grass grew tufts of thick leaves that soon would disclose little stars of daisies, or buttercups, which, like advancing armies, would flaunt their golden accoutrements in the bountiful air. From one sheltered corner shone the pale rays of a group of daffodils, from another pushed a tangle of thorny dog-rose stems, bearing the first tight leaf-buds of promise. The white band of frost retreated towards the hedges with the travelling shadow, and morning by morning it became less distinct, just as morning by morning the stark outlines of branches and twigs became blurred in a fine, frail vesture of daintiest green.

Summer found the field deep and fragrant with pink clover and tall, seedling grasses, here and there on its borders a copse of broad dock-leaves and spiry nettles; in July the yellow trumpets of the woodbine burst open and trailed over the top of each hedge. Birds that had sung themselves weary at the mating season were quiet, chirping intermittently in the shade of outspread branches; but the cuckoo's impudent note belled forth now and then from some secret place of his own. The grateful earth gave back the sun's heat in a thousand forms of life; it seemed as though the year was at poise, brooding and peaceful. At the edge scarlet poppies, like sentinels with flaming banners, kept guard over the more humble company within. Then came the reaping-time, when the laughter of the field vanished, and only the heavy scent and a few loose, long swaths of withered clover were left to tell of the braveries gone.

By the Autumn the bitterness of that despoliation had passed. Torn red leaves raced across the cut, freshening stubble; every night a net of gossamer web was let down as if by fairies, light as a dream, to shimmer and quiver in the morning sun as though each thread were a spun filament of glass. Some birds flew off to warmer countries; strange ones took their places; the robin became bold as the first frosts bound the earthy pools. And in the winter the field slept, regardless of snow or rain or sleet, waiting for the wakening rapture of Spring. So, year after year, the seasons spent their circle over the little field.

Then, one Summer day, came man; not in the garb of country reapers or as the labourers with straw in mouth who used to lean over the gate on warm evenings and meditate, but men with curious instruments and notebooks from the city not far away, who looked at the field and did not see its waves of flowers breaking where the wind ruffled it. They went away, and for one more summer the children on their road to school gathered loose handfuls of blossoms for the mistress they loved—those small offerings that hold more than a hint of propitiation for faults as yet uncommitted.

One morning, late in the next Spring, came a company of men with picks and shovels, heavy-handed,

gruff of speech, and the first cruel stab into the heart of the field exposed the rich, tawny earth like an open wound. Day after day they laboured. Some worked with their shovels straightly, following guiding lines of string that were pegged down in calculated directions; others tossed the beautiful thick mould into carts, and when a shower came the horses trod their brown path into mud that dried and caked in the next hour of sunshine. Loads of rubbish and stone were wheeled up and pitched contemptuously here and there until the field was unrecognisable, a mere shapeless, disfigured piece of ground. The bees that boomed contentedly along, seeking their old friends among the flowers, went off to find other fields, other blooms; from the lane at the bottom the children looked on, open-eyed and wondering, watching the big, hairy arms at their work, the bearded, burnt faces, watching each wall as it rose into view, speculating among themselves as to what manner of building it would finally be, and how high. For by now the trenches were full, and squared brick and glazed tile began to take the place of rough, common stone. So the summer passed, the last posies were plucked, and the winter came to find the busy crowd still building.

Strange sounds, in the Springtime, after this, haunted the place where so short a while ago dwelt the undisturbed harmonies of Nature. Instead of the hum of many bees came the droning of many wheels; instead of the irregular song of birds came the rhythmic thrust, thrust, thrust of that tireless engine, hidden away in some dark, stony cavern. From the great double doorways at the mid-day whistle poured a stream of men and boys, some to loiter in the sunlight and untie large red 'kerchiefs, disclosing dinner, others to walk off in search of it elsewhere; all to regather as separate rays at their focus as the time for that second imperative siren-scream drew near. Down by the river a bank of purple cinders rose higher and higher, crunched by the feet of men who spent their lives in feeding the insatiable furnace-maw of immense boilers; on one side, up from the blackened rushes at the river-edge, stretched a huge long pile of coal to the wall of the factory, continually lessened, ceaselessly replenished.

One tiny bit of the field remained—a poor, faint spot of dirty grass hardly three feet square, cindery, stony, the thin blades bent and crumpled and ill-nourished, barely visible a few yards away. In the second March after the whirr of machinery had started one solitary daisy peeped up from this dingy plot, as bright and fresh and smiling as though it were one of the innumerable company in some laughing meadow miles away. Towards evening, a man who passed set his heel heavily upon it, and burst the little flower into a shapeless, pitiful thing, and a cartload of clinkers was tipped, jagged and rattling and rolling, upon the patch of dull green. The field was gone.

Many years will pass by, maybe hundreds, maybe a thousand. The sound of wheels will be stilled; the engine will thud and thrust no longer; the dark doorways will be deserted. Each wall will crack and crumble and decay; each iron stanchion will rust and bend and fall; storms work their will, and sunlight pour down to illumine only the blight of impermanence and death. But soon, here and there, thin green blades will peer from among the uneven mounds of wreckage and rubbish. Years will roll on, and a flush will come with the Spring, a confusion of wild flowers with Summer, a tangle of brambles with blackberries for other children at Autumn. Once more the air will be fragrant with sweet odours, musical with songs of birds, clear and fine and smokeless. And at last, with a merciful oblivion for those ruined walls, those rusted iron girders, those memories of human fragility, the field shall again come into its own.

SCAR

SINCE Skinner, this word, in the sense of "mark left by a wound," has been derived from F. *escare*. Minshew, with a better semantic instinct but a fine disregard for phonology, suggested L. *scissura*. F. *escare* represents Latinized Greek *escara*; it is a mediæval surgeon's term which has passed into F., It., Sp., and E., but has never meant "scar" in the above sense, although, being connected with wounds, it may have been confused with it. Gk. *ἐσχάρα* means "fire" (*focus*), and metaphorically "cauterization," "scab," "the crust that is brought upon wounds" (Holyoak), "crusta, sive durities illa, quæ vulneribus per cauteria quædam induci solet, quum sanguis aliter sisti non potest" (Gesner). Its modern meanings are: F. "*eschare*, croûte noirâtre que forme la désorganisation des tissus dans une partie attaquée par la gangrène ou par l'action d'un caustique" (D.G.); It. "*escara*, croûte qui se forme sur les plaies" (Morlino); Sp. "*escara*, the scurf or scab of a sore" (Velasquez). The identification of this word with our "scar" appears to begin with Cotgrave, who gives "*escarre*, a skarre, or hard scab upon a wound," and "*eschare*, a skarre, or hard scab upon a sore, hurt, wound; also the crust, which ariseth upon an actual or potentiall cautery." The gloss "*skarre*" is here partly suggested by the form of the F. word, and is partly due to the fact that E. *esc(h)ar*, *scar*, was actually used in this sense in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but, in that case, it is a different word from "scar" (*cicatrix*). Sherwood has only "*scarre*, cicatrice." For O.F. *escare* Godefroy (Comp.) gives only "croûte qui se forme sur la peau" (cf. the adj. *escarotique*, caustic). Florio has "*escara*, a core or lump of mortified flesh corroded and fetched out of any sore or fistula." Oudin has "*escara*, *escarre*," and "*escarre*, crosta, *escara*." Delpino (1753) has "*escara*, a scab of a sore" and "*scar*, *cicatrix*." Now, a "scar" is not a scab or crust, but a "mark, seam, cleft, incision," etc., and we find accordingly that it is by words of such meaning that the other European languages express it. L. *cicatrix*, "a token or *scarre* of a wound" (Cooper), which has supplied the Romance languages with their names for "scar," means also "seam" (Lewis); cf. Sp. "*trepa*, fold of a dress, embroidery, *scar*" (Oudin, Delpino), and Sp. "*costuron*, a great coarse *seam*; also a great *scar* of a wound" (Delpino). It is curious that Cotgrave does not use "scar" in explaining "*balafre*, a slash over the face, a King Harry cut; a gash, or wipe, over the snout." G. *Narbe*, *scar*, is connected by Kluge with *narrow*; in older G. we find *Wundzeichen*, *Wundmal*—i.e., "wound-token, wound-mark," and in Du. *wondt-teecken* (Hexham), *litteeken*, older "*lidtteeken*, *cicatrix*, vel indicia alicujus rei, *cicatrix* ou enseignes" (Dict. Trium Linguarum, 1587), identical with O.H.G. "*lihzeihhan*, body-token" (Franck); cf. It. "*segno*, any kind of signal, sign, mark, token, brand or *scarre*" (Torriano); Sp. "*señal*, signe, marque, vestige, trace; *señal* de herida, *cicatrice*, marque d'une playe" (Oudin). Our word "scar," in its present sense, dates from the end of the fourteenth century. It is used by Wiclif to render *cicatrix* (Stratmann and Bradley). It is not in Wright and Wülcker's vocabularies. Palsgrave has "*scarre* of a wounde, cousture, trasse, *cicatrice*." It seems to be rare in M.E. in its modern sense, but more common in that of "cleft." The Prompt. Parv. has "*scarre*, rima." Gower (Prol. to Con. Am. 507) uses it for a fissure in the bank of a river,† while *score*,

used in the Romaunt of the Rose for a chink (*fen-dēure*) in a door, is perhaps the same word corrupted. It does not appear to be in Chaucer or Piers Plowman. It seems clear to me that our word "scar," the furrow left by a healed wound, is identical with this M.E. word meaning "cleft" (cf. the botanical and zoological uses of "scar"), and is thus ultimately the same as "*scar* (*scaur*), an old word, signifying a steep rock" (Phillips), which is connected with "shear" (Skeat), as "cliff" with "clip" (Franck, s.v. *klip*). This word occurs also in F. The D.G. gives the meaning "brèche (dans un mur, une troupe, etc.)" as an archaic application of the medical "*eschare*, scab." Littré, more correctly, has two separate entries, and identifies the meaning *brèche* with E. "scar." It occurs in modern Walloon, "*skar*, *escar*, *écard*, brèche" (Sigart, Dict. du Wallon de Mons). Whether the M.E. "*scarre*, rima" came into E. via F. or represents an Icelandic form (see Skeat, Concise Dict. *scar*. 2.) is hard to say. In any case, it might easily be confused with F. "*escharre*, crosta di piaga, die Rinde einer Wunden, vulneris crusta" (Veneroni and Castelli), with which it is etymologically unconnected. This word has given E. *esc(h)ar*, a crust, shell or scab, brought over an ulcer and raised with a searing iron" (Bailey, 1736), and this is identified with "scar" by some early dictionaries—e.g., "*escar*, *cicatrix*" (Ainsworth, 1736), "a hard crust or *scar* made by hot applications" (Johnson, 1765), the identification being probably helped by the verb *sear* being occasionally misprinted *scar*. When Arbutnot writes: "In a hemorrhage from the lungs stypticks are often insignificant; and if they could operate upon the affected part, so far as to make a *scar*, when that fell off, the disease would return," he is using a medical term derived from L. "*eschara*, scab." It is hard to believe that this is the same word as that used by Burnet, "This earth had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, and not a wrinkle, *scar*, or fracture on all its body," or by Shakespeare, "Yet I'll not shed her blood, Nor *scar* that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monumental alabaster," or by Arbutnot himself, "I was fond of back-sword or cudgel play, and I now bear in my body many a black and blue *gash* and *scar*."

E. W.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BENGAL.

PRÆCIS of communications made at the Monthly General Meeting of 3rd March, 1909.

1. Studies in the Experimental Breeding of Indian Cottons; an introductory note, part II.:—on buds and branching. By H. Martin Leake, M.A.

Every axil on a cotton plant contains two buds, the second being lateral as regards the first. On any axis the position of the second to the first—whether on its right side or on its left side—is almost invariably constant; but the branches of any given plant differ among themselves and the character is apparently not inherited—a plant with secondary buds to the right, not necessarily producing offspring with the buds to the right.

The branches arising from these buds may become sympodia or monopodia: and it is in respect to the behaviour of the secondary buds that a great difference occurs between the different Indian Cottons. Thus in "Nurma" and "Broach," the main secondary buds develop into monopodial branches, while in the Bengals they develop into sympodial branches. It is the main tertiary buds in "Nurma" and "Broach" which are sympodial. Flowering, the chief duty of

*I mean in the sense in which Coriolanus (II., 1) speaks of his "scars." In the same act they are called "cicatrices," "wounds," "marks of merit," "gashes."

†In some parts of the north it (*scar*) is a broken place in the high bank of a river, which is a very old expression (Encycl. Lond., 1827).

the sympodial branches, is thus delayed in "Nurma," "Broach," etc.

The author has in hand observations on the effect of making crosses between types with the secondary branches sympodial and types with monopodial—observations of considerable importance because early flowering races are wanted for profitable cultivation in the neighbourhood of Cawnpur, and if the delaying of flowering, i.e., of forming main Sympodial buds, should be dominant in crosses over the other condition, any other improvements brought in by the crossing would be rendered locally valueless. However, it was found that on crossing a monopodial by a sympodial, the offspring differed very slightly from the sympodial parent, though there might be some increase in number of secondary branches; and in the second (F₂) generation (the flower of the first generation being self-fertilised) the full sympodial type was dominant; but every proportion of sympodial and monopodial branches occurring on a single stem was found.

Sympodial branches are usual pendent, specially when weighed down by fruit, and were a race of cotton to be bred too marked by them the lint from the lowest branches would always get earth-stained. We therefore want a type with the lowest branches monopodial and the upper sympodial. Such types already exist; but their tint is very poor. We need to breed new types with that habit, but better tint; and it is quite evident that to do so the behaviour of the characters touched on in this paper should be worked out in detail.

2. *Mahārāja-Kanida-lekha*.—A letter to King Kaniska recovered from Tibet. By Mahamahopadhyaya Satis Chandra Vidyabhusana, M.A., Ph.D.

This is the Tibetan version of a Sanskrit letter, which was written by the famous Buddhist monk Mati-citra better known as Asva-ghosa to Kaniska, King of Delhi and Palhava, in response to an invitation which the monk, owing to his age and infirmity, could not accept. The letter, which contains many salutary advices and throws a good deal of light on the growth of Mahāyāna Buddhism in the early centuries of Christ, was translated into Tibetan by the Indian Pandit Virya-prabha and the Tibetan Lama Rin-chen-chog, and edited by Professor Pal-tseg, of Tibet. A copy of this letter was brought from the monastery of Pamiangchi in Sikkim.

3. Notes on the Theory of Souls among the Malays of the Malay Peninsula. By N. Annandale, D.Sc.

This paper is mainly a summary and revision of the author's views, as expressed in an account of the animistic beliefs of the Patini Malays in Fosciculi Malayenses.

4. A new MS. of Buddha Carita. By Mahamahopadhyaya Haraprasad Shastri.

Beal made a translation of the Chinese version of the Buddha Carita, a poem in Sanskrit by Asva-ghosa. This drew the attention of the learned world to that poem in Sanskrit. Two copies of nearly half of the work were in Europe, and Professor E. B. Cowell edited and translated that portion of the work extant in these copies. The copies were made for Bryan Hodgson by Amritananda, the First Residency Pandit of Nepal. The copyist found his original incomplete, and filled it up with verses composed by himself. In the ninth canto there was, however, a long lacuna. Last year an old MS. in palm-leaf was found in the Durbar Library, Nepal, a gift of one Divyadeva to the library, from which the long lacuna has been recovered. There are eleven and one-third verses in the lacuna, which, however, have been translated in sixteen verses in Beal, showing that the Chinese version is not a faithful translation of the original.

5. Tamarisk Manna. By D. Hooper.

Historical references to Gazangabin or Tamarisk Manna in Persia and Arabia. Names and distribution of Manna-yielding species of Tamarix, in Asia. Shiva-i-zamin (sugar of the soil), found in Seistan, traced to the sweet gum of *Tamarix Pallasii*. Chemical composition and properties of the Manna.

CORRESPONDENCE

"POE AND BALTIMORE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Referring to the issue of THE ACADEMY of January 30th, I request your kindly correction of statement made in the article entitled "Poe and Baltimore." I do not hesitate to ask this, nor do I doubt your according full recognition to the subject of this letter.

The opening sentence of the article, "There will be no celebration of the Poe Centenary in Baltimore, Maryland," is erroneous.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe was celebrated in Baltimore with appropriate and interesting ceremonies, the principal demonstration taking place on the evening of the day, January 19th, 1909, the Johns-Hopkins University and "The Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Association" uniting in this tribute.

The Memorial Association was incorporated and organised on April 19th, 1907, by the members of "The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore," who had long desired proper recognition of the genius of the poet from their City and State.

With this in view the board of management formed a distinct and separately incorporated organization from the club, thus offering a centre for the accumulation of a fund to erect a monument to Poe in Baltimore.

Plans for a proper commemoration of the centenary had been long in contemplation by the Johns-Hopkins University and "The Edgar Allan Poe Memorial Association," and on December 12th, 1908, Dr. Ira Remsen, the President of the Johns-Hopkins University, in a letter to the President of the Memorial Association, invited its co-operation in the exercises, offering the use of McCoy Hall (the auditorium of the University) for the meeting.

The offer being accepted, the programmes contemplated were merged, and cards were sent out in the names of the University and of the Memorial Association.

The executive board, desiring to reach the students of all colleges and high schools by appropriate exercises, the Hon. Austin L. Crothers, Governor of Maryland, was approached, who in response to the request expressed his approval and endorsement through the Press.

The large number of letters received by the President of the Association from residents throughout Maryland evidenced the general feeling that the day should be honored, and the culmination of the efforts of the executive board was highly satisfactory.

The severe weather, with heavy snow and low temperature, made outdoor features of the celebration impossible, but the early morning light found the Poe Monument in Westminster Churchyard decorated with beautiful flowers and evergreens, roses and carnations, ivy and palms, tributes from individuals, societies, and educational institutions; amongst them was a wreath of laurel from "The Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore," which since 1898 has never failed to place this yearly offering upon the grave of Poe.

Applications for cards of admission to the celebration continued to the hour of the meeting, when a great concourse of the leading citizens of the City responded to the call. The capacity of the hall, which admits of seating 1,200 people, was heavily taxed, the enthusiasm manifested in many ways proving that Baltimore recognised the glory of Poe's genius.

Dr. Ira Remsen presided, and the Rev. Oliver Huckel, D.D., and John Prentiss Poe, Esq., a relative of the poet, and a distinguished member of the Maryland Bar, were the speakers invited by the Memorial Association; Dr. William Peterfield Trent, of Columbia University, New York, represented the Johns-Hopkins University. These three addresses and an original poem read by Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, of "The Woman's Literary Club," forming a programme of equal dignity and beauty.

I enclose clippings from the Baltimore papers, giving accounts of the founding of the Memorial Association, and further facts connected with the celebration of the centenary.

LETITIA H. YONGE WRENSHALL

(President of the Edgar Allen Poe Memorial Association. President of the "Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore").

1,037 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.
March 3rd, 1909.

WHAT MR. GRANVILLE BARKER CAN STUDY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you permit me to inform Mr. Granville Barker, whose graceful "courtesy" to those who disagree with him on the subject of "Woman's Suffrage" I shall not imitate, that he had better read an excellent and most able little book called "Mixed Herbs" * if he wants to understand the strong position—strong on every ground of tradition of feeling and of sense—of those who oppose "Woman's Suffrage." It is not a very happy title, but the book itself, by G.M.S. (a working woman), recalls the finer and more delicate methods by which women have ever influenced others in the direction of good sense, humanity, lofty feeling. Let Mr. Granville Barker read this and the leaflet "Back to the Home," and then let him try and invoke his manliest equipment of fairness and good sense, and compare the tone and attitude of the ladies responsible for them with the performances, the most painful mixture of conceit, insolence, and hysteria, going on every Monday at the Queen's Hall. You, sir, may see the point of this little anecdote, for the absolute truth of which I vouch. An old servant of ours, an elderly country woman, much wished to hear the Suffragette leaders. An enthusiast in the "Cause," but one luckily with a sense of fun, took the shrewd old lady a week or two back to Queen's Hall. There, it seems, Miss Christabel, after rebuking Mr. Asquith, and expressing her intention of ruling the British Empire, continued to perorate about "what the women will do" and so forth. The old dame listened attentively, and said not a word, though several times a peculiar expression came into her good old face as she heard the young women from shops and factories calling out "Shime!" When the entertainment was over Miss Pankhurst's apostle said with great fervour:

"Well, now you've seen Miss Christabel. Isn't she splendid?" etc., etc.

Here is the reply, perfectly respectful: "Well, ma'am, who'd have thought a young gel would have so much sarce?" (otherwise sauce), and from this verdict the old lady never budged. Sir, in connection with this singular movement I have long wished to know one thing. Are the accounts thoroughly audited? Also, have the Pankhurst family large means? I conclude so, otherwise how could they afford the gorgeous dresses on the night of the presentation to Mrs. Pankhurst, which a dressmaker friend tells me *must have cost* in the case of Mrs. Pankhurst at least £12 or £14, and the satin dress of her daughter at least £6 or £8. Miss Annie Henry, the sweet, simple ex-factory girl, also wears silk embroidered gowns. How does she get them? If magnificent satin frocks are part of the "Suffragette" entertainment, I for one shall be thinking of joining in the fun and the fray.

C. P.

MR. McKENNA'S QUALIFICATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In suggesting that Mr. McKenna's only claim to the headship of the Admiralty Board is that he once rowed bow in the Cambridge eight you do him a grievous injustice, as, like Churchill, Gladstone, Birrell, Runciman, Seely, Trevelyan, and the other principal failures of our Government of carpet-baggers, he took a prominent part in "obbossing dot wicket" Aliens Act.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

"THE REVERSED FOOT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The letter from your New Zealand correspondent in last week's issue is probably not to be taken as reviving a discussion closed some time ago, its writer's distance from the scene of action justifying exceptional treatment. Perhaps I may be allowed, without re-entering on the general argument, briefly to take note of some points raised by his letter.

*Published by Sampson Low, 2s.

1. The question which prosody must answer I take to be:—"How are the irregular units of prose speech made to produce that impression of regular recurrence which we all feel to be characteristic of verse?" Merely to divide lines into their natural prose units does not answer this question. Can it be said that Mr. Andersen's scansions do more than this, or that they throw light on what constitutes the difference between a prose sentence and a line of verse?

A division-mark has evidently dropped out after "against" in his first example of scansion. "The Mahogany Tree" is by Thackeray, not Macaulay. In the line from Milton quoted near the top of p. 905 should not "despite" be accented on the second syllable?

2. His "altogether different rhythmic construction" of words like *abrupt* and *extreme* takes substantially the view which I advocated, and involves "disregarding" the prose stress. That, in these words, falls on the second syllable; alter that in any way, and you are disregarding it. I never suggested *reversing* it. On the contrary, I expressed doubt whether in such cases there need always be physical disturbance of the prose stress; where that is slight we may simply ignore it.

3. I abstain from stirring the hornets' nest referred to in his closing sentences further than by remarking that admixture of dissyllabic and trisyllabic units in our verse does not necessarily imply admixture of duple and triple rhythms. Lanier says that "no more fruitful source of error has vitiated the theories of verse" than confusion between these two quite distinct issues.

T. S. OMOND.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. Von Helene Simon. C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung Oscar Beck, München.

Memoir of Robert Herbert Story, D.D., LL.D. By his Daughters. Maclehose, 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Love and Battles. Frank Sidgwick. Melrose, 6s.

The Flame Dancer. Frances Aymar Mathews. Stanley Paul, 6s.

An Adventure in Exile. Richard Duffy. Stanley Paul, 6s.

A Forsaken Garden. Jessie Ainsworth Davis. Long, 6s.

Who Shall Have Her? John Cave. Long, 6s.

Little Devil Doubt. Oliver Onions. Murray, 6s.

Kingsmead. Baroness Von Hutten. Hutchinson, 6s.

Our Adversary. M. E. Braddon. Hutchinson, 6s.

POETRY

Nora and the Shepherd, and other Poems. R. G. D. Frampton. Dent & Co., 3s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY

Introduction to the Hebrew Bible. A. S. Geden, M.A., D.D. T. & S. Clark, 8s. 6d. net.

The Pauline Epistles. Robert Scott, M.A., D.D. T. & S. Clark, 6s. net.

Natural Religion. F. J. B. Pioneer Press, 2s.

The New Testament in the Light of Historical Research. Rev. Canon R. B. Girdlestone, M.A. Religious Tract Society.

Side-Lights on New Testament Research. J. Rendel Harris. Kingsgate Press, 6s.

MISCELLANEOUS

From One to Twenty-One. Walter C. Murray, M.A., LL.D. Sunday School Union, 1s. net.

Early Christian Hymns. Daniel Joseph Donahoe. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

New Hampshire as a Royal Province, No. 2. By William Henry Fry, Ph.D. P. S. King & Son, 12s.

The Province of New Jersey, 1664-1738. Edwin P. Tanner, Ph.D. P. S. King & Son, 16s.

The Enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers, 1340-1359. Bertha Haven Putnam, Ph.D. P. S. King & Son, 16s.

Essays on Literature. Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L. James Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow.

Life and Matter. Sir Oliver Lodge. Williams & Norgate, 6d. net.

The Ideas of a Plain Country-Woman. "The Country Contributor." Constable, 3s. net.

The Manufacture of Paper. R. W. Lindall, F.C.S. Constable, 6s. net.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MARCH, 1909.

GEORGE ALLEN & SON.

Daphne in Fitzroy Street, by E. NESBIT; 6s. **These Little Ones**: Studies of Child Life, by E. NESBIT; 3s. 6d. net. **Wax**, by G. SOMES LAYARD; 6s. Pocket Edition of Works by MAURICE MAETERLINCK.—Volumes of Essays: **The Life of the Bee**, **The Treasure of the Humble**, and **Wisdom and Destiny**; Plays: **Aglaïvaine and Selysette** and **Beatrice and Ardians**; cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s. 6d. net per vol. **The "Lewis Bequest" at the National Gallery**, by MAURICE BROCKWELL; 2s. 6d. net. **Irish People in Irish Places**, by JANE BARLOW. **Twenty Sporting Designs for Lovers of Horse and Hound**, by GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL; by subscription, 21s. per copy net. The "Lilliput Library" for Children: **The Love Family**, by Mrs. M. H. SPIELMANN; 1s. net. **The Ruskin Guide Book to Scenes, Buildings, and Pictures at Home and Abroad**. 2 vols. **The Life, Letters, and Works of Ruskin**, in 38 vols., edited, with additions, from the Original Manuscripts, by E. T. COOK and ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN.—Vol. I.: "Early Prose Writings, 1834 to 1843." Vol. II.: "Poems." Vol. III.: "Modern Painters," vol. i., 1843. Vol. IV.: "Modern Painters," vol. ii., 1846. Vol. V.: "Modern Painters," vol. iii., 1856. Vol. VI.: "Modern Painters," vol. iv., 1856. Vol. VII.: "Modern Painters," vol. v., 1860. Vol. VIII.: "The Seven Lamps of Architecture, 1849. Vol. IX.: "The Stones of Venice," vol. i., 1851. Vol. X.: "The Stones of Venice," vol. ii., 1853. Vol. XI.: "The Stones of Venice," vol. iii., 1853. Vol. XII.: "Letters on Architecture and Painting," with other papers, 1844-1854, including the following: Notes on the Louvre, Letters on Glass Painting, Essay on Baptism, Principles of Taxation and Fiscal Policy. Vol. XIII.: "The Works of Turner," 1856-1878, including The Harbours of England and all the Turner Catalogues. Vol. XIV.: "Academy Notes," Notes on Prout and Hunt, and other Art Criticisms, 1855-1888. Vol. XV.: "The Elements of Drawing and Perspective, and the Laws of Fesole," 1856-1879. Vol. XVI.: "A Joy for Ever, and the Two Paths," with Letters on the Oxford Museum and various addresses, 1856-1860. Vol. XVII.: "Unto this Last, Time and Tide, Munera Pulveris, and the Unpublished Dialogue on Gold," with other writings on Political Economy, 1860-1873. Vol. XVIII.: "Sesame and Lilies, the Ethics of the Dust, and the Crown of Wild Olive." Vol. XIX.: "The Queen of the Air," the Cestus of Aglaia, and other Lectures, 1860-1870. Vol. XX.: "Lectures on Art and Atrata Pentelici," with other lectures, 1870. Vol. XXI.: "The Ruskin Art Collection at Oxford," 1870-1878, Catalogues and Notes, with much new matter. Vol. XXII.: "Lectures on Landscape, The Eagle's Nest, Ariadne Florentina, and Michael Angelo and Tintoret. Vol. XXIII.: "Florence," including Val D'Arno, Mornings in Florence, and the Schools of Art in Florence. Vol. XXIV.: "Venice and Padua," including St. Mark's Rest, Pictures at Academy of Venice, Giotto and His Works. Vol. XXV.: "Birds and Flowers," containing Proserpina, and Love's Meinie. Vol. XXVI.: "Rocks and Stones: Deucalion," including Alps of Savoy, 1863; Banded and Brecciated Concretions, 1867-1870; Distinctions of Form in Silica; Glaciers of Savoy, 1874; and Various Geological Catalogues. Vol. XXVII.: "Fors Clavigera," 1871-2-3, Letters 1 to 36. Vol. XXVIII.: "Fors Clavigera," 1874-1876, Letters 37 to 72. Vol. XXIX.: "Fors Clavigera," 1877-1884, Letters 73 to 96. Vol. XXX.: "The Guild and Museum of St. George." Vol. XXXI.: "Bibliotheca Pastorum," the Economist of Xenophon: Rock Honeycomb and Elements of Prosody (with additional MSS.); A Knight's Faith. Vol. XXXII.: "Studies of Peasant Life," Roadside Songs of Tuscany, The Story of Ida, Christ's Folk in the Apennine, Ulric the Farm Servant. Vol. XXXIII.: "Our Fathers have Told Us," the Bible of Amiens, Ara Coeli, Candida Casa, Valle Crucis, and Cistercian Architecture, the Art of England, the Pleasures of England, "Birds" and "Landscape" (Ruskin's last Lectures at Oxford). Vol. XXXIV.: "Storm-Cloud; Arrows of the Chase; on the Old Road; Ruskiniana." Vol. XXXV.: "Præterita and Dilecta." Vols. XXXVI. and XXXVII.: "The Letters of Ruskin." Vol. XXXVIII.: "Complete Index to all the Works," with about 100,000 References, Catalogue of Ruskin's Drawings, Bibliography.

H. R. ALLENSON, LTD.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

In last week's issue of the *Sketch* there appears on page three hundred and forty-nine a full-length photographic portrait of a German Jewish gentleman, Herr Meyer. Herr Meyer is attired in royal robes and has a crown on his head, and underneath the picture we read the following words:

The German King Edward VII.: The King's Double.

That the photograph in question bears a superficial resemblance to the King, and that it might conceivably be mistaken for a photograph of His Majesty we shall not deny. But we consider that for the *Sketch* to make use of the coincidence of an accidental likeness to suggest that His Majesty resembles a German Jew is altogether unpardonable, and is calculated to create a most unfortunate impression.

Mr. William Archer has not yet favoured us with the name of some play which has been accepted and staged as the direct or indirect result of his professional attendance upon it in the capacity of play doctor. Surely there must be one instance on record; and surely out of the large number of persons who have parted with sums varying from thirty shillings to three pounds ten in the way of fees to Mr. Archer there must be at least one person who is willing to come forward and say that he got his money's worth in the commercial as well as in the literary sense. Mr. Archer dodged our enquiry as to his actual cures when he wrote to us, and apparently he is still disposed to dodge it. We should have a feeling of great respect for him if he were to inform us that unhappily none of the would-be playwrights who have paid him fees has as yet achieved financial success. In point of fact, it seems to us more than likely that none of them has, and it is a pity that Mr. Archer lacks the pluck to own up. On the other hand, we may be entirely mistaken, and if we are mistaken, we think that out of common

charity and a reasonable respect for the literary business, Mr. Archer might safely indulge us with just one instance.

Meanwhile, we have received from Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie the following opportune letter:

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your interesting articles on our arrangement with Mr. William Archer for reading and criticising plays seem to be based on the supposition that it is somehow profitable to us to induce hopelessly amateur playwrights to send us their plays, and that Mr. Archer is lending his distinguished name to such a catchpenny device. Nothing could be further from the facts. We have many immediate openings for effective, workmanlike plays, and have no difficulty in getting immediate consideration of such plays from the managers without making use of Mr. Archer's admirable criticisms, simply because most managers know by this time that we refuse to offer plays that are not at least worth serious consideration. It was never Mr. Archer's intention, or ours, to make his criticisms help in the placing of plays in any other way than by helping to make those plays better worth managers' consideration. They are, besides, mostly too searching to serve as an enticing exhibit to managers, unless portions of them were selected, a proceeding to which Mr. Archer very properly objected.

Yours faithfully,

CURTIS BROWN AND MASSIE.

Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are ingenious people. They perceive that advertisement is a useful thing, and they have written this letter in the pure spirit of the enterprising advertiser. We make no objection, particularly as they go out of their way to speak of Mr. Archer's "distinguished name." We have every respect for Mr. Archer's attainments, such as they are, and we have already made proper acknowledgment of his position among the dramatic critics. But "distinguished" is Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's epithet, and not ours. Furthermore, we have never suggested that it is profitable to us to induce hopelessly amateur playwrights to patronise their agency. At the same time, it would be interesting to know upon what terms the firm undertake the agency work of dramatic authors—that is to say, whether they handle plays at commission rates or whether they charge a fee. And in the latter event do they decline to act and decline to accept the fees of hopelessly amateur authors? As we conceive the literary agency business, it amounts simply to the taking of fees or commissions for the sale of authors' work. We believe that it is not the business of the literary agent to advise an author as to his hopelessness or otherwise. The author sends in manuscripts and fees, and it is the business of the literary agent to keep the money and circulate the manuscripts. If the most hopeless playwright in the world sent Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie the most hopeless play that was ever written, together with a cheque for fifty guineas and a request that the play be submitted to every manager in London, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie would not send back the cheque, and there would be no dishonour or discredit about the transaction. But when Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie, or any other firm of dramatic agents, put up "the distinguished name" of Mr. Archer or any other dramatic critic in their advertisements, they must have some purpose in so doing.

And what is their purpose? We do not profess to have an inside knowledge of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's professional mind. But do they ask us to believe that Mr. Archer is set forward as an inducement to authors who can be described as other than amateur and hopelessly unsuccessful? Because if they do we shall not

believe them. If Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are not prepared to take the fee of the hopeless amateur, they have no need for advertising of the kind which they set forward in the *Author*. If they do not take the hopeless amateur's fees they should say so in their advertisements. They should say: "This agency is intended for the service of dramatic authors who desire to be relieved of business details. Authors who have not had acceptance, or whose plays turn out to be hopeless on perusal, will have their manuscripts and their fees returned." This would be the fair, square, and above board method of doing business. As Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's advertisement now stands, the next ambitious shop-boy or servant-girl or country curate who peruses it is open to draw from it what we conceive to be the mistaken conclusion that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie, partly by virtue of their connection with Mr. Archer and partly through the fact that "they have many openings for good plays," are in a position in some way to help and assist the struggling author. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie have no more openings for good plays than the usual openings, which openings are just as much in the hands of the Postmaster-General as they are in the hands of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie. The Postmaster-General might conceivably take from an author a pound in postage stamps for lugging his cherished MSS. round London. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie may be able to do it for less money, or they may not. Our advice to all amateur authors is that they should put their trust in the Postmaster-General, who, despite his lack of association with Mr. William Archer, is the best dramatic agent, even as he is the best literary agent in England. It is only your bloated successful author or playwright who can employ an agent with any real advantage other than the saving of trouble in parcel wrapping and stamp licking.

We are glad to find that the April number of the *Cornhill Magazine* contains a short poem of some quality. We quote the first and last stanzas:

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

And some day hence, toward Paradise
And all its blest—if such should be—
I will cast glad, afar-off eyes,
Though it contain no place for me.

The author is Mr. Thomas Hardy. We will give Mr. Shorter a new fountain pen and a copy of the "Golden Treasury" if he will tell us why Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem is a good poem and why Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's effort in the March *Cornhill* was a bad one.

The times are out of joint. In the first number of *Nash's Magazine* there is a story called "Little Foxes," by a Mr. Rudyard Kipling. We understand that this rising young author has been paid nine hundred pounds for "Little Foxes," which works out at half-a-crown a word, or some similarly idiotic rate. We have struggled with the first two pages of "Little Foxes," and we would much rather have the nine hundred pounds. Mr. Nash could have done better with his money. Mr. Kipling, it is true, has written worse stories, but we have to thank our lucky stars that he has also written inestimably better. When *Nash's Magazine* gets its sea legs, so to speak, it will no doubt be a considerable magazine; for the publisher is evidently determined to spare no expense in the matter of securing talent. We confess with pain, however, that so far as number one is concerned the talent has failed Mr. Nash utterly. And we should like to

know upon what pretext the editor of *Nash's Magazine* ventures to serve up to us over the name of "The Whisker King" that old, old hirsute story about the Russian Admiral and Monte Carlo. If we remember rightly, this artless tale is to be found in Mr. Victor Bethel's admirable little book about Monte Carlo, where it is told with all the skill and point which it is worth. Mr. Richardson retells it for us in No. 1 of *Nash's Magazine* in an altogether clumsy and unconvincing manner. Old stories are good when they are not spoilt.

Here is another chance for Mr. Shorter. The April *English Review* contains two new poems by Mr. Thomas Hardy. We should advise Mr. Shorter to apply to one of his numerous friends for an opinion on the following stanza:

Who now recalls those crowded rooms
Of old yclept, "The Argyle,"
Where to the deep Drum-polka's booms,
We hopped in boisterous style?
Whither have danced those damsels now?
Is Death the partner who doth moue
Their wormy chaps and bare?
Do their spectres spin like sparks within
The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin
To a thunderous Jullien air?

We will pass no opinion upon these lines until the great Shorter has said his particular say. "Gentlemen, pray silence for the pricker of the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'!" For the rest of the contents of the *English Review*, they would appear to have been lifted holus-bolus from the pellucid penny columns of the *New Age*—Arnold Bennett, Edward Garnett, Edward Thomas, and Edgar Jepson, bleaters of 'isms to a man and "intellectuals" from the hospitable Soho board of the delightful Mr. Orage. Apparently, however, Mr. Hueffer sets no great store by his *New Age* recruits, for on the cover of his magazine he stars an article entitled "Blue Water and the Thin Red Line," presumably by himself. Here is a sample passage from this wonderful article, or, rather, series of paragraphs:

The *English Review* stands for peace, for, as a writer on another page remarks, to peace Phidias belongs. It is only in times of peace that the arts flourish; therefore our motives will hardly be doubted if we insist that this country must have the consciousness of invulnerability. At the same time, or, at any rate, at first glance, nothing ought to be more captivating to the intellect or more easy to arrange than an agreement between this country and the German Empire for the restriction of armaments.

Mr. Belloc would doubtless call the latter part of this paragraph a lie. We shall merely content ourselves with saying that it is not true, and that we are grieved to see a journal which has appropriated a respectable title indulging such flagrantly disingenuous statements. We say disingenuous advisedly, because we cannot believe that a gentleman of Mr. Hueffer's all-British name is so grossly uninformed as to be unaware of the fact that Germany has flatly declined on at least two distinct occasions to discuss or to entertain any question of agreement. On the whole, the *English Review* has served up to now a certain good purpose, inasmuch as it has proved beyond a doubt that the Socialists are as rotten intellectually as they are politically. As soon as Mr. Hueffer's money is done the *English Review* closes its doors, and we will wager a new hat against a bottle of bad Medoc that it will not run into as many numbers as the ill-fated journal from which it copied its name.

The memory of Edward FitzGerald will probably never be allowed to droop and fade. There is the Omar Club to keep it alive in the newspapers, and, what is a good deal more important, there is Fitz-

Gerald's monstrous fine "rendering" of Omar. We observe, however, with some alarm, that the Omarians, as they prettily dub themselves, would appear to be a trifle overcharged with what we may term centenary zeal. For at the present moment they seem incapable of opening their mouths or unsheathing their fountain pens without setting up FitzGerald for a god and the Rubaiyat for a religion. In point of fact, and despite the idiotic anecdotes about him which have lately been trotted out by Mr. Lucas and that humble chronicler of small beer, W. P. James, FitzGerald had little of the god in him, and, as we all know, his quatrains are not in the least to be recommended, unless one takes them as sheer poetry. Apart from grave matters, here is a paragraph which should interest not only good Omarians but lovers of poetry in general:

At Woodbridge and Ipswich on Saturday admirers of Edward FitzGerald assembled to celebrate the centenary of his birth. Among the pilgrims to visit the district where FitzGerald was born and spent most of his life were Mr. Birrell, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. In the evening a commemorative dinner was held at Ipswich. "The Immortal Memory of Edward FitzGerald" was proposed by Mr. Shorter. Responding to the toast of "Literature," proposed by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Birrell said they were there to do honour to FitzGerald's genius, and to express delight and unfeigned enjoyment in his works. Mr. Birrell said he would urge parents to give children an early opportunity of forming a taste for literature, which would afford them enormous happiness.

Mr. Birrell, Mr. Max Pemberton, Mr. Clement Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll! Poor old Fitz! And Nicoll responding to the toast of "Literature" at a FitzGerald dinner, as Shorter once did at a centenary dinner at Madam Tussaud's Exhibition! And Max Pemberton, who "when travelling abroad always carries a revolver," turning up to do honour to the immortal memory of a poet like FitzGerald! And Mr. Birrell, the good, kind, tuppenny-hapenny Nonconformist Secretary for Ireland, urging parents to give children an early opportunity of forming a taste for literature, which, mark you, "would afford them enormous happiness!" It is lucky for this precious quartette—that is to say, Birrell, Pemberton, Shorter and Nicoll—that FitzGerald is in his grave. His views as to the pious Birrell and the much more pious Nicoll, not to mention his views as to Max Pemberton and Clement Shorter, would have been forcible hearing. Even the Garrick Club must have stared to read of Max Pemberton, once we believe "Mr. Answers," spreading himself in the interests of literature at a FitzGerald dinner.

In *John Bull* for Saturday, April 3rd, Mr. Bottomley informs all and sundry that henceforth he "will not submit to any further exactions at the hands of disappointed speculators." *John Bull* of April 3rd was published on Thursday morning. On Thursday afternoon an English jury found that on "February 21st Mr. Bottomley made *intentional* misrepresentations" to a purchaser of shares in the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency. Bottomley's next book will, no doubt, be dedicated to this jury, just as the impertinent shillingsworth he is now circulating is dedicated to Sir Henry George Smallman, *Knight*, and Sir James Thomson Ritchie, *Baronet*. We are not disappointed speculators, inasmuch as we have never put up a penny-piece with Mr. Bottomley in our lives. But we should strongly advise all persons who have placed money with Mr. Bottomley or his Company in respect of the John Bull Trust and Agency to sue for its return. Mr. Bottomley's determinations are of no consequence in the least in the face of the law of England.

"THE DAYS OF THE HALCYONS"

It is the halcyon's season. No gust heaves
On the cold hill-side, in the wrinkled leaves,
Fluttering with variable light the crust
Of jasper and pale selenite, and dust
Of sea-cold beryl on the pasturage;
The grey fly floats above the barren hedge,
Unmurmuring. Then, unintermitted, broke
A glory on the red leaf on the oak,
And on the shallow river-pools that keep
Rich stain of leaf; the gulls above the deep
Shine, and are changed, and melt upon the air.
High up in open silence, bright and bare,
The sun unfolds upon the ocean. There
The hueless steady waters, like a cloud
Moved not, nor shook at all, only the loud
And sleepless impulses of its pale breast
Burst on the shallows, and die in wide unrest
Upon the wave-worn horns and cloven bays;
For Æolus, who lifts the deep, and lays,
Restrains; while in some trembling glaze of light
Below a shaft of sunny mist, the bright
And blue-plumed Halcyon, Thetis' sacred bird,
Broods on its moist and floating nest, unstirred.

M. JOURDAIN.

DREADNOUGHTS

THE people of England are beginning to learn a lesson. Some years back, on the strength of various specious cries, they returned a Liberal Government to power. The people of England were assured by an army of frothy Liberal carpet-baggers that the turn of the democracy had arrived and that for the future the country was to be wisely governed by the "intellectual" and the working man. As types of the "intellectual" they put up Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Belloc, and in order to befool the working man to the top of his bent they made a Cabinet Minister out of that grubby little proser and washing-carrier, John Burns; and in the sweet name of Nonconformity they also made a Cabinet Minister of Mr. Lloyd George, a Welsh attorney and a member of the firm of Lloyd George, Roberts and Company. And, to crown all, they took for a Prime Minister Mr. H. H. Asquith, a barrister-at-law, who is said, to his credit, formerly to have resided over a grocer's shop. We are going to assume that these gentlemen are personally the nicest men in the world and the most honourable. We are going to assume that as sturdy Liberals they indulge a stern contempt for power and emolument,

and that they regard their salaries and patronage as the sheerly irksome and regrettable burdens of greatness. We shall go further and forgive them innumerable indiscretions of speech and many foolish and dangerous acts. We shall forgive them their babble about the blood of the House of Lords. We shall set down their talk as to robbing hen-roosts for the mere persiflage of honest men. We shall consider their Licensing Bill in the light of a charming Parliamentary joke, which amused the country and which might, on the whole, have cost us a great deal more than it did; and we shall consider their coquetries with Socialism and Suffragitism and Militarism and the general body of cheap isms as the natural ebullition and overflow of the cheerful, hearty, brisk, bright and breezy, brotherly Liberal spirit. There they sit in a House of Commons specially made and provided for them, honest, sincere and unaffected patriots to a man, without spot, blemish, tarnish, flaw or fault, a happy and distinguished family, typical of English statesmanship at its highest, of English character at its noblest, and of the English genius for honesty at its ripest. The people of England, whose enthusiasm and sympathy for the persons they put into power is unbounded, will agree with us that the foregoing admissions and encomiums are nothing more than the great teetotal Government's due. But the people of England, poor souls, will not go further than that; for, as we have said, they are beginning to learn a lesson, which lesson is that if you set a Liberal on horseback his very honesty and nobility of mind compel him to ride vigorously to the Devil, dragging you after him. Messrs. Asquith, Winston Churchill, Lloyd George and John Burns are born riders of circus buck-jumpers. They simply insist upon keeping their seats, and as masters of the art of sitting tight and whooping loudly over their wonderful ability they have probably never been equalled. So long as the circus is solvent they will shout and continue to throw the lariat and corral-up the Indians and draw their pay, and small blame to them. They have had some years of it, and if the truth must be told their immoral spotted horses, not to mention themselves, would appear to be as fresh as ever. On the other hand, the public delight is not by any means what it was. There are dangers toward, which are not pleasant to the public contemplation. We shall not harrow up the feelings of our fellow creatures by rehearsing here the names of those dangers. We will merely content ourselves with pointing out that in the House of Commons the other night Sir Edward Grey set forward those dangers in the most complete and unreserved way, and there can now no longer be the slightest question as to their existence. Sir Edward Grey is a member of Mr. Asquith's cowboy troupe, and he is absolutely the only sane member of it. The fancy horsemanship and the whooping and the lariat casting are not for him. He is there to deal for England with the real world outside the circus, and, luckily for England, he is a plain man with a natural instinct for straightforwardness and a proper appreciation for the fact that his peculiar office renders him superior to the calls of party. Sir Edward Grey is the one minister in His Majesty's Government to whom Mr. Asquith cannot dictate. If Mr. Asquith and his cowboys could have had their way Sir Edward Grey's speech on the Navy the other evening would never have been made in the terms in which it was made. As a matter of fact, it was a speech for the country and not at all for the Liberal Government. It was virtually a speech in the gravest and clearest support of the Vote of Censure. And, coming from such a quarter, it was a deadly and unanswerable condemnation of the Government. Mr. Asquith and his cowboys must have writhed in their

seats during its delivery. In effect Sir Edward Grey told the House of Commons, and told the country, that at least eight *Dreadnoughts* ought to be laid down at once. He attempted no concealment, and as is his wont he put the issue in the baldest and simplest language. No reasonable person can have misunderstood him. Even Mr. Asquith and the cowboys must have understood him, and the Liberal rank and file must have understood him to a man. Yet, what happened? Well, Mr. Asquith got up and gave us the usual forensic display. Virtually and by implication he told the House to take no notice of what Sir Edward Grey had said. "We have a majority, and we shall do as we like. And as for the country which sent us here it may be damned till it can get rid of us. We sincerely believe, in spite of what our own Foreign Minister tells us and in spite of the obvious facts, that the naval supremacy of England is in no danger, and that if it is in danger there is no need for us to build *Dreadnoughts*." Mr. Asquith is a lawyer, which is really the horrible fact about him. He has been accustomed to draft defences which run: "The defendant denies that he made use of the words complained of, and if he did use them they are true in substance and in fact." To the plain man such quibbles look like dishonesty; but all the judges at King's Bench will assure you that this is the legal way of putting things, and that it is perfectly proper and necessary. Mr. Asquith naturally brings his legal mind to bear upon the affairs of his party—we will not say of his country. Sir Edward Grey says "We want eight *Dreadnoughts*." Mr. Asquith says "We want eight *Dreadnoughts*, but at the same time we don't want eight *Dreadnoughts*, and if we do want eight *Dreadnoughts* we don't want eight *Dreadnoughts*." And in any case Mr. Asquith is not going to be a party to the provision of them. "Dr." Clifford might object, and, in point of fact, "Dr." Clifford would object. And Mr. Lloyd George would object. We have had enough of this Scotch and Welsh lawyering. We have been told that the people who insist upon an English navy which, on paper at any rate, could be guaranteed to encounter the German navy with a few ships left over after the encounter, are scaremongers. We have been told even that His Majesty the King is displeased with the scaremongers. For our own part, we care nothing who is displeased. Sir Edward Grey has told us that eight *Dreadnoughts* are wanted and eight *Dreadnoughts* we must have. The House of Lords, upon whom the people of this country always ultimately depend, will see to it that these eight *Dreadnoughts* are laid down forthwith. It is the House of Lords that represents the settled opinion of England. Majorities in the Commons are a fortuitous and ephemeral expression. At the present moment every Englishman bar "Dr." Clifford and Mr. Lloyd George wants *Dreadnoughts*. Even Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Burns want them—as private Englishmen; otherwise they are bigger fools than we take them for. The Lords will provide these *Dreadnoughts* and they will provide them by throwing out Mr. Lloyd George's Budget and forcing Mr. Asquith to go to the country. The result is a foregone conclusion, and, even if it were not, the necessity is there and the House of Lords will not flinch from its plain duty. It is high time that this graceless combination of persons, who call themselves the Liberal Government and have no more capacity for rule than the next cabman, should be pulled up short on a trifle of stern statesmanship. Is there a man amongst us who would trust Mr. Asquith or Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. John Burns with the management of an ordinary-sized drapery business? Why should we, therefore, leave them to play at their own sweet will with the vital necessities of the nation? Pensions or no pensions, they must come out.

THE PIERCING CRIES OF MR. PEARSON

WHEN a man rises from a job obtained in a *Tit-Bits* prize competition to be owner—or, at any rate, part owner—and ober-editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, not to say Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League, it is obvious that one should speak of him with bated breath and whispered humbleness. So that we here and now say "C. Arthur Pearson" in bland and dulcet tones. We shall venture to note, however, before quite dismissing our friend's shining appellation that it is prominently and indelibly associated with an ugly penny weekly paper called *Pearson's Weekly*, the which ugly penny weekly paper was, we believe, the only begetter of the missing word competition, and is still inviting its millions of readers to send it sixpence on the off-chance of "securing" "a record changelets prize." This Mr. Pearson, too, is the close bosom friend of that Mr. Peter Keary, J.P., who wrote a book called "Get On or Get Out," wherein the youth of the country is advised not to "slop over" and not to be a lobster. Everybody will admit that, despite the well-known dulness and illiteracy of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, the fact of Mr. Pearson's control of its "destinies" indicates on the whole that he has risen in life; and for our part we make no difficulty about felicitating him on his advancement. But when a man acquires by purchase or otherwise a great position he might conceivably be expected to live up to it. From the governing power of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, for example, you would not expect altogether the same methods of business or thought that you would expect from the governing power of, say, *Pearson's Weekly*. It is true that in an issue of *Pearson's Weekly* which lies before us we are informed that "A squealing in the tunnel is not always in the brakes" may be considered a "funny" "changelet rendering" of "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and that in the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* we are implored to solve the following English parallel:

In peace and safety day by day
See me my charge contain;
Cut off my head, and to the fray
I charge with might and main.

But in the main the two journals have nothing in common, and, as we have said, one does not expect to find them soaring in similar intellectual or commercial planes. All of which we hope will serve properly to clear the ground. Last week we called attention to certain acts and deeds on the part of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*. We asserted that our contemporary had been guilty of taking from their context certain remarks which had appeared in THE ACADEMY, and that by printing them without their context and under misleading sub-titles had made THE ACADEMY appear to say the direct contrary of what it actually said. Prior to making public reference to the facts we had taken the trouble to write to certain persons in authority on the *Standard* newspaper and we have in writing the assurance of the editor of the morning *Standard* that he had shown our letter to the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*. This would be an unimportant circumstance were it not that the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, egged on evidently by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, with whom we have also communicated on the subject, has disclaimed in his own paper that he is in any way responsible. In the issue of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* of Saturday last Mr. Pearson's noble editor says flatly that, while

it is not his wish to concern himself with THE ACADEMY's "distressing accusation," it is astonishing that "even those who are engaged in another branch of the same trade as our own are capable of the bland assumption that the editor of an evening paper himself puts scissors or pen to paper over every paragraph that appears under his control." This gentleman's airy dismissal of distressing accusations which he is not prepared to discuss, for the very simple reason that he cannot discuss them with any show of credit to his paper, bears its condemnation on the face of it; and when he tries to shuffle out by making foolish assertions as to our want of knowledge of his "trade" and the illusions under which we labour he succeeds simply in rendering himself ridiculous. We have never suggested that the editor of a paper must write or paste out every paragraph that appears in that paper's columns; nor have we ever supposed that the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* did the paste and scissors work of his office. But we do say and maintain that, while that paste and scissors work may not be done by the editor himself, he is just as responsible for it—that is to say, if he be editor at all—as he is responsible for any other matter which may appear in the paper. And if the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, whoever he may be, is not responsible for the misleading extracts which he has quoted from THE ACADEMY and the misleading titles which have been put over those extracts we should like to know who is responsible. For our own part—and we base this assumption upon the general tenor of Mr. Pearson's editor's article on the subject—we are disposed to conclude that the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* must be one of those editors who are really sub-editors, and who possess no large or real control of the papers over which they are supposed to preside. For Mr. Pearson's editor informs us in bitter tones and by innuendo that the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* is neither "omniscient nor in his own sphere omnipotent"; neither is he "possessed of incredible calm, dignity, responsibility and power." He does not "plan with majestic deliberation the course of the day's operations." "Men do not fly hither and thither at his nod." He is silly enough to soil his "delicate fingers with the grime of the composing room." He "allows the even tenor of his high thoughts to be disturbed by a too active participation in desperate rushes to get formes locked up and sent down to the machine room by a particular second of time." His subordinates do not quake "at the fear of his impartial censure." He is "harassed with news services; plagued with sporting results and badgered with mechanical difficulties connected with paper, ink and presses." He never consults with his leader-writers or reviewers; he does not lunch with princes or premiers, and, in short, he is just a common over-pushed, perspiring sub-editor, and not an editor at all. The editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* says all this of himself by implication; the phrases we have quoted are his own phrases, and phrases which he assures us together express the public illusion as to the functions of the editor of a paper like the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*. But he asserts roundly that the public are wrong in their view, and he suggests that if he chose to reveal "the secrets of the prison house" the public would probably be surprised. Consequently we are compelled to assume that the editor of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* is not his own master and that the people who do his scissoring for him are not under his control; and as he declines to be responsible for their lapses from journalistic grace, we can assume only that the responsible person is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson himself. In any case, we shall take this opportunity of advising the Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League and the ex-manager of *Tit-Bits*,

as well as the founder of *Pearson's Weekly* and the part owner of the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette*, that for convenience's sake and in the face of the repudiation of his editor, we shall for the future hold him personally responsible for any further misleading quotations from THE ACADEMY, or disingenuous headlines, which the *Evening Standard* and *St. James's Gazette* may desire to publish. On one other point we must have a word with Mr. Pearson. His editor says that THE ACADEMY "seems to appear once a week." This is clumsy impertinence, but it is, nevertheless, impertinence, and Mr. Pearson may be interested to know that THE ACADEMY was appearing once a week when Sir George Newnes was in the drapery trade and Mr. Pearson was having his ears boxed at school. THE ACADEMY has been seeming to appear for the last forty years, and the illusion is not likely to be destroyed.

REVIEWS

THE THEOLOGY OF THE SYNAGOGUE

Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology. By S. SCHECHTER, M.A., Litt.D. (Cantab.) (A. and C. Black.)

MR. SCHECHTER remarks incidentally "Judaism means to convert the world, not to convert itself . . . it has confidence in the world; it hopes, it prays and waits patiently for the great day when the world will be ripe for its acceptance." These words may be taken to mark his own position as an orthodox Jew of the modern school, and perhaps the original motive of his book—namely, to clear the way for the day which he desires. His book, however, is by no means controversial; its title announces its contents precisely. He has read a great quantity of Rabbinic theology and modern comments upon it, and he has collected with much labour many sayings of Rabbis on certain points of doctrine, mainly such conceptions as God, Revelation, Election, Sin, Retribution, Holiness. He offers "no philosophic exposition of the body of doctrine of the Synagogue, nor does he offer a description of its system of ethics." It would be impossible at present for any writer to do either; the Rabbinic theology is a vast and confused subject, and the enthusiastic studies of modern Jews have yet carried them but a short way into it, but so far as they, and some Gentiles also, have gone, there does not appear to be any system at all. Nevertheless, sufficient has been published on the subject in recent times to show that the contempt into which it fell among Gentiles was wholly misplaced. Though the Rabbinical writings do contain, as Mr. Schechter is at no pains to conceal, much that is puerile, they also deal with primary ideas common to all forms of religion, in an immense variety of aspects, with a sublimity of view and expression which has been seldom surpassed. The devout Christian, for example, may find much of suggestive value in the quotations collected by Mr. Schechter on the subjects already named.

The Unity of God, His election of the Jews, His revelation of Himself to them, and the Forgiveness of Sins, with certain ideas directly emanating from these, may be regarded as the only dogmas appearing clearly without contradiction in the Rabbinic writings. As has often been said before, these writers carry the method of expression by contradiction to such a pitch that there is scarcely another element of the Jewish faith which is not controverted, and even these, with the exception of the Unity of God, are modified in a hundred contradictory ways. Compared with the

Judaism of the Old Testament, the Rabbis emphasise much more strongly the mercy of God, and extend it more definitely to all mankind. They assume very distinctly the immortality of the soul, and even the more practical tend to mysticism. Even before the destruction of the Temple of necessity abolished the ritual sacrifices, there was a tendency to teach that good works, though not a substitute, had equal effect in reconciling the individual soul to God. But their language about God the Holy Unity is very little less anthropomorphic than that of the Old Testament; their national feeling, though generally freed from its former cruelty, is no less intense; and the immense importance has wisely continued to be attached, even down to the present time, to such points of ritual, and especially of domestic ritual, as it has been possible to observe. The early captivities had rendered Judaism more spiritual, the influence of the Greeks rendered it more philosophical, the advent of Christianity forced it, lest the Holy Unity should appear by contrast unmindful of mankind, to manifest It in the more winning attributes of human nature. The immense foreign influences over the Rabbinic writings are indeed one of their most evident characteristics. A large number of the questions discussed can be shown to have direct reference to the doctrines of the early heresies of the Christian era, partly Greek, partly Christian and partly Judaic. But there were two elements never adopted into Judaism: systematisation and logical expression.

The body of Rabbinic doctrine is like a rock of crystal, of which each Rabbi has polished a facet; or a lump of iron in a forge, on which each has struck his blow. It is as enduring as the iron and as luminous as the crystal, but shapeless. Each facet emits a spark of light, but there is no united glow. Each individual Rabbi responds to the universal enlightenment of God with his own refracted revelation. Each is entirely occupied with the particular point he is expounding. In order to make it clear in the aspect in which he is regarding it, he exaggerates to such a degree that, in order to make his statement true, and often even, compatible with his own doctrine, it must be balanced by the statement of another Rabbi on the same subject made from another point of view. Apparently the Hebrew mind attains to a general grasp of truth best by this system of contradictions. At any rate, such contradictions are very common in the Old Testament and are not rare in the New Testament. Many of the conclusions formed by Gentile writers concerning Rabbinic doctrine, therefore, show extraordinarily little insight into the Jewish mind. In particular, Mr. Schechter is justly indignant with the common Gentile notion, which he attributes primarily to Weber misled by such exaggerations as have been just noticed, concerning "the transcendentalism of the Rabbinic God, and His remoteness from man." It is difficult to understand how such an error could ever have arisen; the quotations on other subjects, made incidentally in Mr. Schechter's book alone, are sufficient to prove its entire lack of foundation.

Since the subject of this book is purely theological, a more detailed notice would be out of place here. It will be sufficient to quote one or two remarkable statements, which Mr. Schechter gathers from the Rabbinical writers or quotes verbatim. In reference to the intimate relations of God with Israel, it is stated: "He acts as best man at the wedding of Adam and Eve; He 'Himself in His glory' is occupied in doing the last honours to Moses, who would otherwise have remained unburied, as no man knew his grave; He teaches Torah to Israel, and to this very day He keeps school in heaven for those who died in infancy; He prays Himself [an amazing dictum] and teaches Israel how to pray." Again, in the same sense: "He needs us as we need Him." A Rabbi, asked to reconcile the

statement that the glory of God filled the tabernacle with the text, "The heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee," replied with one of those unapproachable parables distinctive of the Hebrew scriptures: "There was once a cave by the seashore, and the waves of the sea rose and filled the cave, yet were their waters not diminished. As an example of the Jews' "Joy in the Law," we are reminded of the beautiful Mosaic "Law of Forgetfulness," which orders that a sheaf of corn forgotten in the fields shall be left for the poor, and we are told of the great joy, celebrated with feasting and thank-offerings, of a certain man to whom the opportunity of obeying this law befell. It was obviously a law impossible to fulfil as long as it was in the mind. On the subject of individual responsibility and inefficacy the celebrated Hillel says: "If I am not for myself who is for me, and being for myself, what am I?" Illustrating the mercy of God, a Rabbi describes the entrances to the ways of good and evil. Before the good entrance stands the prophet Elias, inviting all to enter. The evil way has four doors in succession, guarded each by seven Angels, four within and three without. Before a man enters any of the doors, even the innermost, the three Angels entreat him long and tenderly to go back. In justifying the ceremonial law of purification, another Rabbi makes the remarkable and suggestive statement that the soul itself is polluted by anything likely to cause disgust. There are also statements curiously modern; that under the head of the Three Cardinal Sins falls "the cornering of wheat"; and that sins against chastity are caused by demoniacal possession—a more comfortable doctrine, but not universally taught. A remarkable psychological fact, the Jews' extraordinary love of idolatry, is noticed by the Rabbis, who account it a passion equally with lust, and ascribe the equally remarkable revulsion of the Jews from it since the Captivity, to the power of the earnest prayers of the Great Assembly. Two unattractive characteristics must be noticed. Many of the Rabbis fell into anthropomorphic expressions as distasteful and even ridiculous to Gentiles of the present time as Milton did. They detail long arguments between God and Moses or the Angels, in order to enhance the idea of His mercy. So severe are the Angels that God has to dig a way under His throne surreptitiously where the Angels will not see it, in order to receive the repentance of so notorious a sinner as Manasseh, King of Judah. Again, many of the Rabbis, always totally illogical, show extraordinary effrontery in their arguments. One of their favourite methods is to clench a fairly sound argument with a statement of fact invented on the spot, such as that the children of Achan were not really burnt with their father, according to the statement of that revolting incident in the book of Joshua, but merely taken to look on, for the sake of deterrent effect—an almost more revolting idea. Probably, however, the Rabbis' disquisitions were in many cases partially rhetorical lessons; at any rate, the statement of a single Rabbi was binding on no one, and their exaggerated emphasis was understood by their hearers much better than it is now. Notwithstanding its deficiencies, the body of Rabbinic theology remains of equal authority among the Jews with the Scriptures, and in many respects softens and humanises the Law of Moses.

THE NORTHERN HILLS

Motor Tours in Yorkshire. By MRS. RODOLPH STAWELL. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net.)

It is pleasant, having regard to the outcry which has been raised of late years against motorists and their inconsiderate ways, to find that a few possessors of cars are doing their best to prove to what good effect the advantages of speed can be used. Travel-books

are appearing in large numbers nowadays, a fair proportion of them coming from ladies who are almost as competent with the pen as they are at the steering-wheel, and, as far as they are not mere gossip results of that fierce desire to rush into irresponsible print, which seems likely to be a most amazing and regrettable characteristic of the present period, they may be encouraged. We do not remember seeing anything better in its way than Mrs. Stawell's volume dealing with Yorkshire—a county as rich in history as it is in natural beauties.

The book is divided into four portions: "The Dales," "The Coast," "Chiefly Old Churches," "York and the South," and each is written with a care which betrays a love of the district far surpassing that of the fugitive tourist. If at times there is a flavour of the guide-book style about an occasional paragraph—"turning to the left we find the castle looking down upon us gloomily," and so on—we freely admit that such a fault is very difficult to avoid when describing a particular part of the country, and the author fully atones for a few slight lapses by her copious and illuminating remarks on the history of each place of note. This, indeed, is the strong attribute of her book—the scenery takes a secondary position, and the motor is hardly intruded at all. Mrs. Stawell tells of Lord Clifford, "surnamed the Butcher," and Margaret of Anjou; of Oliver Cromwell at Knaresborough; of King Alfred, who made Ripon a royal borough, and instituted a custom which prevails even to-day:

He it was who ordained that every night a horn should be blown by the wakeman, and that anyone who was robbed between the blowing of the horn and the hour of sunrise should be repaid by the townsfolk. From his day to ours each night at nine o'clock the men of Ripon have heard the horn—three long, penetrating blasts before the town hall and three before the wakeman's house. Several centuries ago the wakeman became the mayor, and now he blows the horn by deputy.

Of Mary Queen of Scots and Bolton Castle; of Whitby Abbey and its story; Piers Gaveston and Scarborough Castle; of Fountains Abbey, Rievaulx, Beverley Minster, and York, with their legends, we have glimpses in these pages. The chapter on the York of the present day is extremely interesting and full of acute appreciation:

No man knows the spell of York till he has approached it by road in the evening. Of all the fresh experiences that the motor-car has brought to us there are few from which the imagination gains so much as from this way of entering old and beautiful towns. We have too long accepted the roof of a railway station as our first view of such places. It is not an inspiring view. But to see York Minster from afar, shining under the evening sky and lifted high above the city; to watch it growing larger and larger, rising higher and higher, increasing in beauty every moment, until at last one drives slowly into its huge shadow; to pass under one of the great gates that have survived so many centuries, so many wars, so many pageants, that have welcomed so many kings, and dripped with the blood of so many warriors; to see the ancient streets for the first time idealised by the dusk of twilight will help us, if anything will, to recall and realise something of what York has been during the eighteen hundred years of her history.

Although the scenic beauties of the county are not the main feature of these "tours," the author has an eye for them. Hastening from Whitby to Scarborough, she says:

The road lies visible in front of us for miles; at times so straight that the telegraph wires are foreshortened till the posts are hardly distinguishable one from another; at other times winding in serpentine curves into the far distance. On each side of us, from the wheels of the hurrying car to the horizon, stretches the heather. Here and there is a patch of bracken, now and then a strip of yellow grass; but it is heather that makes the landscape, that flings its imperial robes over the hills and nestles under the wayside stones, that satisfies the eye and rests the heart with its astonishing beauty. Miles of

road fly under us; we glide up and we dart down; now we dip into a ferny dell and climb out of it again, now we cross a stony beck, now we pass a plantation of firs; but still the setting is heather, deep bell-heather and pale ling, purple and crimson and mauve, sweeping away till the colours are merged in blue. Bluest of all is the sea, which appears now and then in a triangle of sapphire at the end of a glen.

A neat contrast is drawn between Tintern Abbey and Rievaulx:

At Tintern the feeling of Cistercian seclusion can only be acquired through the imagination; a high road is close at hand; a brisk trade in picture postcards and Goss china is carried on at the abbey door; to be alone is almost impossible. But here at Rievaulx we may chance to stand in perfect solitude, perfect stillness, under the mighty archway that soars in dignified simplicity so far above our heads, and separates us as though by invisible gates from the world. . . . There is something here that is more than beauty; the very air seems charged with the prayers of holy men long dead.

The section devoted to the coast is perhaps the best, and we are inclined to place that treating of York next in honour; each reader, however, forming his own opinion will arrive at the same ultimate verdict: that the whole volume, with its numerous excellent photographs, forms a welcome and valuable addition to the literature of the English counties.

LAUSANNE

Lausanne. Painted by J. HARDWICKE LEWIS and MAY HARDWICKE LEWIS; described by FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Black, 7s. 6d.)

THERE seems to be of late years an inclination to return to the "picture book" stage of literature, and on the question as to whether it is altogether a good sign of the times or not we do not feel quite certain. The untravelled like to see by painting and photography the places they have never visited and probably never can visit; the more fortunate wish to possess pretty reminders of pleasant sojourns abroad; and from this point of view there can be no objection to the "colour" books which form so definite a feature of present-day publishing. But from the higher standpoint of art we imagine that their popularity is not wholly beneficial. The stage has not yet been reached when the processes of reproduction in colour can satisfy the critical eye, and unless the appreciation is considerably weighted by a pleasant accompaniment of literary performance the average book of this description does not stand very high in a level-headed judgment of its worth.

Fortunately the one before us takes its place among the best examples, being strongly fortified by Mr. Gribble's interesting monograph on the town of Lausanne and its associations. Gibbon, of course, is the first name that occurs to the mind when Lausanne is mentioned, and of his curious career, his work, his extraordinary love-story with Madame Necker, both before and after her marriage, we have a capital summary; Mr. Gribble might naturally be expected not to miss this opportunity, being such a specialist in the amorous adventures of literary celebrities. His accomplishments and shortcomings as a critic we noted in reviewing his book on Rousseau a few months ago; he is perhaps at his best in a work of this character, where a light, facile touch is desirable rather than any specially eminent critical equipment. Of Benjamin Constant and his entanglements with Madame de Staël and other notorious ladies—these being all slightly relative to the vicinity of Lausanne—there is also a pleasing account; and many other well-known names appear. Mr. Gribble would have done better, however, to devote more space to the town as it is to-day; such modern matter and comment as he does give is excellent, and a few additional pages would have been

an advantage. The arrangement of the chapters might have been revised with advantage—the last three dealing with history, should have taken their place symmetrically in the earlier portion of the book; as it is, the modern part is sandwiched between two literary and historical sections somewhat incongruously. As to the illustrations, they are quite up to the usual standard of Messrs. Black's celebrated series, and not much more need be said about them. Some are a trifle crude and hard—evidently exigencies of reproduction are to blame for this; others are very successful; "Lausanne from the Signal" and "Lutry" are exceptionally good. Two or three the artists must have been sorry to see perpetuated; but, as we have suggested, the deficiency makes no aspersions on their skill and sense of beauty. As a gift-book, "Lausanne" ranks highly both in this way and by reason of its literary credentials.

TWO PRETENDERS

Dromina. By JOHN AYS COUGH. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol, 6s.)

THE reader whose first experience of Mr. John Ayscough's skill as a novelist was gained by a perusal of "Mr. Beke of the Blacks" might easily have doubts as to whether "Dromina" was written by the same hand. The charm of humour and of sure delineation of character is here, as in the previous book, but the effective simplicity of "Mr. Beke" is forsaken for a plot with so many people in it and so many relationships that some little confusion is caused in the reader's mind—a confusion which is not lessened by the author's occasional artifice of taking a rearward survey *en passant* of events in the lives of his actors which have become past history. Steadfast attention, therefore, is demanded if the story is to be rightly understood; presuming this, those who have admired Mr. Ayscough's distinction and facility in the two different styles of "Marotz" and its successor will find that his hand loses not a whit of its cunning in the present volume.

"Dromina" is the name of the castle, or perhaps we should say the estate, in Connaught, from which the author centres the first half of his narrative; having remarked this, it hardly needs to be said that we are at once in the midst of a group of extremely interesting individuals whose fortunes we follow solicitously. The person, or personage, who for a great part of the book takes the leading position is known as "King" Ludovic, the ostensible ruler of a tribe of aristocratic gypsies which has encamped not far from Dromina, and Mr. Ayscough has cleverly introduced into his scheme the mystery of the lost Dauphin. Roma, the old gypsy woman who really reigns over the camp, is responsible for his youth, and a quotation will set the matter clearly:

Early in the year 1795 she was in France. . . . The camp to which she belonged was in the forest of Fontainebleau, and thither one evening a child was brought and confided to her care. He had been kidnapped from his infamous guardians a week or two before, but so strict a search was being silently made for him, that those who had saved him were in daily terror of his being discovered and treated, if that were conceivable, worse than ever. . . . The notion of hiding him among the gypsies had then occurred to his ever-alarmed partisans, and they had very soon acted upon it. The event had answered their expectations, for no search for him among the Romany folk had ever been dreamed of, and presently it was given out officially that the Dauphin had died on June 8th, 1795. That the child was Charles Louis Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, Dauphin since his brother's death in 1789, Roma had been carefully informed. . . . It had seemed to her highly unsafe that he should remember too much, and she had persistently taught him to consider himself what he might safely be—a gypsy child.

She tells him his story when he arrives at manhood, and plots to make him a king in reality. He marries Ethna, eldest daughter of the M'Moroghs, of Dromina, and deteriorates sadly later on; in fact, he almost drops out of the story. Other love affairs of the two boys, Henry and Carthage, form principal points in the book. To enter into details of the three or four chief characters and their fortunes would be quite impossible in a brief review; there are many subsidiary persons, also, whose travels and adventures occupy considerable space.

In the latter part of the book the young son of Henry comes to the front as self-constituted emperor of the island of San Diego. Here, to the reader's surprise, the scene changes and the story assumes a totally different quality—intrigue and escape, torture and death, enter into the theme quite in the cape-and sword manner. In fact we are compelled to observe that Mr. Ayscough seems to us to have given too freely of his good things, or too indiscriminately; it is an artistic error to finish the book on such a completely altered plane from that of the beginning. There is material for at least two good stories here, the second of which could have taken its place as a sequel to the first. It seems rather ungrateful, however, to stigmatise this generosity as a fault, in view of the depressing paucity of equipment which spoils so much modern fiction, and we hasten to indicate, in conclusion, one quality which can hardly be overlooked by any critical reader. Mr. Ayscough's use of mysticism in matters both religious and secular is delicate and beautiful. He excels in this; there is a scene poignant and tender, where Conn, the little cripple youth, regains the power to walk, which neither strikes the improbable note nor offends the strictest good taste, and continually in the progress of the story the fine sense of things beyond our ken is evident. As to the literary style of "Dromina," we recollect reading from Mr. Ayscough's pen of an old schoolmaster of his, "who was devoted to the subject of philology and everything to do with language." That old schoolmaster's efforts on one pupil, at any rate, have not been wasted.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Key of Life. By A. A. METHLEY. (Unwin, 6s.)

THE central idea of this story is not an attractive one. An Englishman has disappeared mysteriously—in reality has been captured by Arabs, and for ten years nothing whatever is heard of him. Then by chance an English doctor encounters him, and writes the news to the girl who has waited faithful to his memory at home. She goes out to Egypt, all eager anticipation, to find a blind, querulous wreck of a man instead of the lover of her tender imaginings. There is, of course, the third person to this problem in the shape of a Major, a fine fellow, who falls in love with the woman and whose love is returned. The story is well written, with a punctuation which is somewhat too profuse in commas, and it comes to a happy ending; there is nothing to distinguish it from the swarm of other novels, but it will please many readers by its description of the scenery of the Nile and by the ingenious elaboration of its theme.

A Forsaken Garden. By JESSIE AINSWORTH DAVIS. (John Long, 6s.)

It is impossible to deny to this novel a certain distinction, despite the frequently careless and indifferent writing of its author. It is planned on a large scale, and there is an almost epic intensity about all the

characters. The element of tragedy, indeed, is almost too insistent. One wearies for a momentary break in the monotony of sorrow and suffering. But Mrs. Davis is a relentless and inexorable novelist, and her puppets—though, to be fair, they are something more than puppets—have to "dree their weird" to the bitter end.

The central motive of this story is by no means new. It is a variant on the old, familiar, triangular tragedy. Two women and a man, a momentary misunderstanding, and the seeming waste of three lives—of all this we have read before, not once or twice. Mrs. Davis, however, invests the well-worn theme with a certain charm of novelty, and in the central figure—Nora Ainger, the winsome Irish girl, afterwards Mère Marie Gerard, the Ursuline nun—she has given us a fine study in the beauty and nobility of self-renunciation.

Love and Battles. By FRANK SIDGWICK. (Andrew Melrose, 6s.)

MR. ANDREW MELROSE has successfully demonstrated that one of the best ways to secure good fiction for a publishing house is by means of a prize competition. The prospect of 250 guineas is always a tempting bait, and, in the case of Mr. Melrose's competition, it must have induced many mute, inglorious Merediths (let us say) to inquire of themselves: "Why have I never written a novel?" It appears, at any rate, to have induced Mr. Frank Sidgwick to turn aside from his accustomed paths of poetical criticism, where he has but few competitors, to that broad highway of fiction, where (in these days of free education) practically everybody is a competitor. The result is remarkable. Mr. Sidgwick has shown us that he, the editor of ballads, the Elizabethan savant, can challenge nine novelists out of ten, and beat them at their own game. "Love and Battles" is as delightful a novel as we have met with for many a long day—whimsical, humorous, yet with a hint, here and there, of the profundities, and with an unflinching insight into the springs of human conduct. It is, needless to say, the work of a literary man, and the little tags of poetry in every chapter betray the ruling passion. Mr. Sidgwick's characters—most of them, at least—read, and what they read they discuss, so that we have a great deal of very sound and subtle criticism artfully insinuated in the form of dialogue. This, in strict accordance with the tradition of the elders, is rank heresy to the moderns. Nevertheless, the novel—which ideally is a reflection of life—is too big a thing to be judged by any predetermined canons of criticism.

The architectonics of the book—to use Matthew Arnold's hideous word—are undeniably faulty. It is almost bewilderingly discursive, and it is some time before the reader can settle down and realise his position. With the arrival of Tony Bargrave, the hero, however, he attains a fixed centre of interest. Tony serves as a beacon light amidst the ever-changing scenes. We meet him first at Rugby, and there are some charming pictures of English public school life. Indeed, we are not sure that these earlier chapters are not the best in the book. Then there is the first awakening of love in the inflammable breast of our hero, and the straits into which this too-quickly kindled passion lead him. By the time we leave him, Tony, a man of twenty-six, has acquired much wisdom in the bracing school of rejection. He has sloughed much of his sentiment. The amorist has become almost a philosopher. In the meantime there is much diverting by-play. The book, it might be objected, is lacking in a central motive. Its title—"Love and Battles"—describes it admirably. But as a presentation of temperament it is supremely successful, and one can only hope that Mr. Sidgwick will go on to give us more novels of equal interest.

Royal Palaces of Spain. By A. F. CALVERT. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

OUR English Royal residences seem rather uninteresting and stolid after the glimpses of these Spanish Palaces, which Mr. Calvert now adds to his famous "Spanish Series," but the clearer air and the less rigorous climate undoubtedly works its subtle spell on architects and fashioners of stone as it does on poets and painters. Spain is unusually rich in gorgeous buildings, many of them, too, with memories of stirring and momentous events in her history, as the author notes in his preface:

On the gloomy pile of the Escorial—worthier of an Egyptian Pharaoh—Philip II. stamped conspicuously and indelibly his own sombre personality; Aranjuez and La Granja reveal to us monarchy in its lighter aspect; the Alcazar reminds us of the days when Castilian royalty aped the pomp of the Saracen and became itself half-Oriental; the Royal Palace of Madrid epitomises the greatest crisis in the nation's history, of the expulsion of its legitimate sovereign and of the usurpation of the eldest Buonaparte.

Readers whose taste does not lie in the regions of decorative art and historic associations will probably find the chapter devoted to King Alfonso's modern residence at Miramar one of the most interesting in this volume. The young King seems a favourite with all classes:

At San Sebastian the dignity and restraint of royalty is largely relaxed, and the English visitor realises more clearly than in any other part of the country how intensely democratic is the Spaniard at heart. The King of Spain is more in touch with the masses of his people than the ruler of any other European nation. He is an anointed sovereign and the most august personage in the land; but he is a Spaniard, he belongs to his people, he is one of themselves. In Madrid Court etiquette keeps the sovereign at a different altitude from his subjects, but here he rides and drives abroad, generally unattended, and sets an example of princely amiability and unaffected kindness which distinguishes all ranks of the Spanish nobility. The line of demarcation between the nobles and the people is so clearly defined that it never has to be emphasised. In their relations there is no unbending on the one side, there is no servility on the other. A grandee of Spain does not imperil his dignity by joining the cotillon at the Casino; a duchess can drink tea at the crowded tables of a public café without taking thought of appearances.

To describe adequately even one of the older palaces, such as the Escorial with all its treasures, would occupy a volume of many hundreds of pages, but the author is able to supplement the short account of that magnificent national possession which he gave us in his book on Madrid (reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago) by a slightly more extensive treatment. "Philip of Spain"—he of whose "great fleet invincible" Macaulay wrote, and who in schooldays was invariably bracketed with that same Armada—is the subject of a neat little character-study in the first few pages. Stern and laborious, an intense individualist, "an ecstatic ascetic," he seems to have expressed himself in this huge rectangular palace to which he gave more than twenty years of unremitting interest:

This was the man who in the leisure of thirty years of his life stamped his individuality upon the Royal Palace and Monastery of the Escorial, and fashioned this mighty pile to be a monument to his power and a revelation of his mind—a mind diseased with that virus of morbidity which turned from the contemplation of mercy, charity, and love, to ponder on the awful and retributive side of religion. The man explains the edifice, and the edifice is the picture of the man.

In his other chapters, which deal with less famous palaces, Mr. Calvert is no less successful, allowing for

exigencies of space. The plates, numbering 164, are good; our remarks upon those in the previous volume apply equally to these, with the reservation that not so many in the present book suffer from the drawbacks inevitable to reduction. The "Spanish Series" is growing to quite a surprising length, but we are pleased to find that it maintains the level of excellence, volume by volume, which characterised its first appearance.

Salome and the Head. By E. NESBIT. (Alston Rivers.)

If this utterly fantastic and improbable story is intended as an exposition of the art of the young lady who turned the heads of an appreciable portion of London's population a few months ago, it has arrived rather late in the day; and if it is intended as a serious romance we are compelled to say that Mrs. Bland has failed to give her incidents and her characters that semblance of reality without which the finest plot becomes dull and lifeless. The title of her book announces clearly enough her subject, and the opening chapters promise well—are, indeed, something of a woodland idyll, albeit they are sadly weakened by an indefensible colloquial style, a "buttonholing" of the reader for silly confidential remarks, which is simply irritating and useless. A sentence or two will illustrate the fault:

Edmund Templar, Corporal in the C.I.V. I implore you to check your uneasy surmises: I give you my word of honour that there are no veldts or kopjes or Boers in my pages. . . . Have courage, and read on. There is no fighting in the story, and it all happened in England. Most of it is very romantic, and some of it is rather horrible. If Edmund Templar, who is, I scorn to deny it, my hero, goes to South Africa, he goes alone. We will not, I pledge you my honour, go with him. . . . Of course you guessed, as soon as I had mentioned nymphs, that Mr. Templar would come upon a girl dancing in the forest. That was just because the story is called *Salome*—and of course you knew it would be about a dancer . . . etc., etc.

This sort of writing, except in nursery tales, is neither clever nor amusing; it is simply bad taste; only two or three living novelists can achieve the personal touch with success. Later on in the story the idyllic prettiness degenerates into the crudest sensationalism, and for a sheer pertinacity of gruesomeness the account of the "head" would be difficult to outdo. If we merely mention that a man is murdered, his head cut off, and actually used on the stage of the "Hilarity" by Sylvia, the heroine; that the man is her husband; that no details of the horrible scenes are spared—even the decapitated corpse is described—our readers will see that it is unnecessary for us to insist on the glaring absurdity of the whole thing; it is the kind of mixture one might expect to find between the lurid covers of a penny-dreadful. It is not artistry; it is neither realism nor idealism; it is a lamentable futility. We are sorry for Mr. Stewart Headlam, who (in the book) "clapped his hands sore from the stalls" at the vision of Sylvia's performance; Mrs. Bland's friends will hardly be pleased at seeing this fiery and genial gentleman's name in such discreditable pages. We are sorry, too, for the author herself, who can but damage her reputation by this story after the excellent and delicate work which she has done. There seems to us to be no possible reason why "*Salome*" should not have been maintained upon the level of the passable introductory chapters; the wilful and nauseating intrusion of the horrors at which we have hinted merely mars a plot that, apart from them, is rather neat. Extraneous matters, too, such as a taxi-cab driver, who uses French tags, falls in love with Sylvia, and is permitted to kiss her, do not add anything to the reader's pleasure:

"Good-bye," she said. And in that moment of gratitude to him for what he had not said, she loved him. She looked at him a little wildly, and held out her hands. He took them, kissed them gently, and gently let them fall. It was then that she suddenly put her hands on his shoulders and kissed him.

"Dear child—dear, foolish child!" he said, "that was good of you. I shall remember that—as long as I live. You're very brave, very fine, very generous. You're sure you love that man?" he said. "I've no right to ask, but I must ask."

"Yes," she said. "Oh! of course I love him. Oh! I am sorry. Oh! I wish there were two of me," said she, "for then I should love you too."

Of course, this chaffeur turns out to be a "Honourable" who is "wanted," and, to save Sylvia, he gives himself up to the police as the man who has "committed the murder." He is freed from that charge, but we believe that after he has finished his term of imprisonment for the previous offence Sylvia rewards him, according to the final sentences with their rather unfortunate allusion to a "Chinese lantern":

But sometimes it happens that a man coming out of hell finds heaven waiting for him—hands that implore his hands—a face that his coming illuminates, as a candle lights up a Chinese lantern—eyes that see nothing in the world but his face—a heart that beats to a tune of wild gladness. And all that his long prison life has painted for him as lost for ever, out of reach, out of hope, is waiting for him in the chill, sweet morning, waiting with arms held out, saying: "Take me, for I am thine."

So it is hardly fair, perhaps, to call the chauffeur "extraneous matter" after all. We have said nothing of Templar, the lover, nor of the heroine's secret marriage; the fact is that the book is unpleasant and incoherent, and it would be useless to dwell on its defects further; they will be sufficiently obvious to any reader with a literary sense who glances at the quotations we have given. The unpleasantness comes as a disappointment, and from a careful perusal of the volume, appraising it as charitably as may be, most readers will find themselves echoing our own question: Why was the extraordinary effusion ever written?

AN OUTDOOR BREVARY—III.

THE hedgerows are budding as suddenly as the staff of Tannhäuser, after the sweet and temperate season of an early April. The tide of green begins to flow, like the stream of moonlight when the moon's disc is still below the horizon. There is a distinct change in colour in the grass. From an apparently flowerless patch a faint and most pure moist breath seems to exhale and pause and move with the liquid air. It is the greenish starry plume of ransoms whose olive leaves smell so rank when rubbed or plucked. The purplish heads of ground ivy, thick in every hedge, have a sweet familiar pungency of their own; and as in George Fox's description of his own mystical experience when he came up in spirit through the flaming sword into the Paradise, "All things were new and all creation gave another smell unto me than before, beyond what words can utter."

"Colour is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit," and the spring in England seems to lose one of its notes, because among all its yellows and whites and blues it has not the red, the rose-colour of Eastern spring-time, when the Syrian women bore the image of Tammuz to burial in the sea, while the red anemone, his flower, bloomed

among the cedars, and the rivers ran down red to the sea, staining it with a fringe of reddened surf.

"C'est parce que la statue de Memnon était brisée qu'elle rendait un son à l'aurore."

The tall, perpendicular wall of the east front of the ruins streams up high in the cool shadows, with both its lateral towers cloaked in ivy. In the centre, the small Renaissance doorway, with the Saviour's head, and its inscription:

Sub numine tuo
Stet genus et domus

gemmed with ferns, and approached by olive-mossed, worn, irregular steps, opens into a greenish sun-mottled gloom within. In the hexagonal court, the tall ochre-spotted wall rises up steeply to the blue sky stretched over it, the bluer for the well-like rim of the compassing wall, within which the colour is deepened and, as it were, concentrated; and underfoot in the middle of the court is the dry well sunk during the famous siege.

The outer walls are starred with powdery grey and orange rosettes of lichen or hid by blocks of ivy, whose scraping, light-pricked leaves ripple in the wind. Here a window-cranny is set with white, seeded grasses, and the lower wall is green for about two feet with moss, while along the lines of the mortar, among the mosses, creep mauve-flowered periwinkles, nettles, and ivy with its snake-like plaited stems.

Upon the smooth plat of grass, the east front limns itself, taller than life, in shadow-ruin, with the intolerable sun "growing and fading and growing upon it without sound," from one of the two tall pointed windows of the banqueting-hall.

C'est parce que la statue de Memnon était brisée qu'elle rendait un son à l'aurore.

The shrubbery that skirts the mounded grassy platform of the castle, soft to tread as down, with its springs of grey moss, is lit with the sparse crimson flower of the rhododendron and the new leaves of the syringa. The pale columnar stem of the ironwood tree, rooted by a ruined wall, is just breaking into russet elm-like leaves, fine as dust and pale, while near is the sun-bleached trunk of a fallen cedar, stripped of its bark and faintly pungent; near it an elder is feathered with green, and two dusky spires of cypress, with grey-skinned stems, pierce the blue sky like a dial finger; their pointed shadow drowsing on the crisp grey-mossed grass. It is more beautiful than a house with door and key and window and latch; for "the wrinkle of a fig is a seasonable beauty: the olive is at its best in putrefaction."

The thunder mutters from an opaque cloud upon which the pale-edged trees show with the brightness of burnished metal, and the fork lightning stretches between them like a wire, and then snaps. The thick grasses are bent with the rain, the white florets of the wild parsley are beaten in the slotted, fragrant dust, and a blast tears away the pale green oak-leaves and tosses them upon the field and the road; but the incommunicable beauty of lightning brings a sense of sharp wonder, which darts upon the mind with an almost physical sensation, as if one had drunk strange waters

This morning had a cold grey cloud, with a watery amber seam below it. Then, suddenly, "from the great cloud a fire unfolding itself, and a brightness was about it, and out of the midst thereof as the colour of amber, out of the midst of the fire. And behold the day, behold it is come: the morning is gone forth, the rod hath blossomed, pride hath budded. And the cherubims lifted up their wings and mounted up from

the earth in my sight; and everyone stood at the door of the east gate of the Lord's House."

"*Siro te amari, Pulchrihido, tem antiqua et tam nova, sero te amari.*"

May—singular month, "a soure time and a sweete time, both sweete in promise and soure in fulfilment. And because the time of roses delayeth, so much the more shall we appraise her sournesse, which is but the sure conduct to fulfilment in time appointed. For as the months tread in their round each of yem stealeth or giveth to the other—upon a certaine compacte, and so doth Maye, of her sournesse, pay tribute to flowery June that followeth on her heels."

It is the season when "the warmth of the land is not hot and the coolth of it is not cold," when the air is cooler for moving about the innumerable limp leaves with their birth dew still upon them as for moving over water. A brown bird flies over the shaven grass of the water-meadow across the river where a white horse is drawing a jingling mowing machine, and into the green thorns by the path where the pale, wafer-like scales from the trees, spring's confetti, lie flatly in the dust. Upon one side of the path is a ditch, covered with flat, even-laid duckweed, where the tree-shadows lie sharply bitten; upon the other side winds the greyish-green river, which throws its reflected light all day to flutter like a moth upon the silver-flaked birch that arches one member across the water. From its creviced bark, a grey gnat moves out faintly and dizzily, like a convalescent, or a muttering bee sails through the lattice of thorns to the sparse dandelion-heads or the uncrumpling greenish umbels of parsley in the meadow.

In smooth reaches the trees are painted in greenish-grey upon the glaze of the water, which has, even at its steadiest, an ever-flowing wind-blur breaking it, and is fretted with rippling circles from a flapping fish, or pricked with insect-life as finely as with slender needles. The sun, too, is pictured down there, shorn of its beams, but even so the very eye of light is unapt to be looked on, an intolerable circle; and as one looks too long a tingling wafer of darkness creeps over him. On the water, too, lie the green scales the trees have cast; some of them have a little scarlet grain, like a seed of blood and pain embedded in them.

Many of the willow-trees in this water-walk are bent and broken, or have lost their best limbs, but the smell of the sap of their uncrumpling leaves is as sweet as that of the merest whip of a sapling with twenty new leaves upon it; and the secular thorns, whose branches are like knobs of iron-work, are hanging their "verdures" in the windy house of Spring, through whose rents and gaps shine the blue city towers, the glossy meadow, and the glaze of the water.

The most estimable quality of water is that it is nearly everywhere in communication with the open sun; his melting disc lies somewhere upon the face of all water; shallow and profound, they are charged with suns "carrying that remote fire, as it were, within their unalterable freshness," or turning it into pale slips of light that float upon the surface as flakes of gold float in the *gyōbu nashiji* lacquer.

SLEEP

THE mind of man, to a certain extent, is inherently poetic, instinctively distrustful of too plain or too heartless an explanation of such intangible phenomena as minister to his sense of beauty or pleasure. We are told that the conflagration of a sunset is caused by

the unequal refraction of rays of light, aided by varying densities of atmosphere, smoke, reflection from edges of cloud, absorption of specified colours of the spectrum, and so on; and we accept the scientist's well-meant remarks, with the reservation that there is something about the sunset still unexplained. A musician plays to us a nocturne or a prelude of Chopin, or we hear an orchestra render some immortal symphony, and we are perfectly aware that certain arrangements of wood and wire have vibrated, certain strings, reeds and manufactured brass instruments have uttered notes whose wave-lengths can be measured and whose relationships have been adjusted; yet what secret influence thrilled the sound, so that some fugitive spirit leaned toward us for a few moments, whispering unutterable things, and stirring the fount of tears? The distant lightning shimmers palely over the sea, as if some huge moon-mirror were being playfully twirled by giants below the horizon, and we experience a vague resentment at being informed that it is merely the silent equalisation of electric tension between the earth and a cloud. The wind blows through the firs, but there is a voice in the wind; the tiny waterfall trickles into a moorland pool—but it bears elfin undertones to which we can listen without weariness.

The sense of mystery extends to our more intimate, familiar surroundings and customs—even to ourselves—and the temporary annihilation of sleep is perhaps the greatest mystery of all. Most people, did they confess it, would like to know what happens—"where they go"—during sleep, and the elucidations of the specialist regarding recuperation of brain-cells, restoration of energy, with a casual reference to metabolism and anabolism, seem painfully impertinent and to savour of prevarication, having to do with the body, and not at all with the suspension of personality which induced the question. It is just that suspension of personality which makes such an eerie affair of the seven or eight hours wherein, if we are fortunate, we lie motionless and prone. Twenty, thirty, forty minutes before we slept we were alive, alert, sitting by the fire with our book or talking with a friend. Then came a quiet mist stealing over the brain, a subtle slackening of attention to the printed page, a furtive glance at the clock when—not to hurt his feelings—our companion was looking another way; followed a faint pricking of the eyelids, a yawn which for heartiness might match with Teufelsdröckh's volcanic laughter, and a mighty stretch that relieved our very shoulder-blades. So, with languid "Good-nights" to whomsoever they were due, we dawdled meditatively upstairs, and fumbled off our clothes, thinking drowsily perhaps of how blissful and benignant it was to feel so comfortably tired. And ere the cool thrill of the soft sheets was fairly past, while yet we heard hazily the clip-clop of a belated hansom or the skirl of a motor, our five servitors who had so unwearily stood at beck and call all day struck work, composed themselves as though never again should we have need of them, and slumbered; and, since we are of little use without them, we, too, sank into oblivion. . . .

We woke in the morning to find that Time had had no idea of sleeping—that, in fact, he had let slip several of his winged hours with uncommonly light burdens as far as we were concerned; and in the business of giving the next fifteen or sixteen a double share the mystery was forgotten. "Morning brings back the heroic ages."

No mistress was ever wooed so assiduously, so constantly, nor in so many ways as sleep—and not always in the darkness of the night is she sought. We all know the friend who dozes after dinner, whose head droops gradually until, with several false starts, he nods like a mandarin, looks round suspiciously, and begins again. He is continually climbing the fence

into dreamland, and continually slipping down. We love better him who with benevolent smile frankly spreads the silken square over his face, thrusts his hands deeply into his pockets, stretches until gravity slides his portly body into the responsive leathern hollows (well, the chair knows his ways!) and gives himself, unabashed by surreptitious giggles of restive juniors, to the comfortable hour. We remember, too, a gentleman of a certain worldly distinction, who found himself one blithe summer's day in the woods by a silvery-running stream; the picnic basket was lightened, and the other members of the party had dispersed. He chose with care a fine grassy mound beneath a beech-tree, extended himself deliberately, and, with the protective handkerchief to frustrate intrusive midges, slept—slept gloriously and not inaudibly. And the baser sort, passing his place of rest, scorned aloud the man who could do such a thing: "Fancy," said they, with ironic smiles, "coming out here to sleep!" They saw but superficially, not understanding that his was the worship of Nature's best admirer; to him came consolation, peace, and that delightful somnolence which only a tranquil mind and a healthy body can compass. The business man who can take a nap out of doors, lulled by the song of birds, the murmur of bees, the rustle of wind in heather or fern, and wake with a long breath to the sunlight, the dancing shadows, the gold and green and blue of earth and heaven, is likely to be one for whom life is no haphazard gift to be lightly handled or wasted.

Those who cannot sleep well have been pitied in every age. "Wearisome nights are appointed to me," complained Job; "when I lie down, I say, When shall I arise, and the night be gone? and I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day. . . . When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint, then thou scarest me with dreams, and terriest me through visions." To lie awake for an hour or two, free from pain, able to think clearly in the lowered tension of the night—this is not a hardship; but to "shoulder all the weapons of black Insomnia's armoury"—to be tired, with aching head or aching heart, and to long unspeakably for the unfathomable, refreshing unconsciousness of sleep; to know only the drifting, intermittent, uneasy hour, disturbed even then by dreams—such forms the tragedy of many a life. For the night should be a neutral ground, whereon truce is proclaimed for the armies of the day; a bridge, guarded by silent sentinels. If in dreams we fight again in the warfare with phantom soldiers, still hear the ringing echoes of the clash of arms, the bridge of sleep is undefended; it becomes a battlefield harder and more grim by reason of the sombre, soundless spaces that envelope it so profoundly. And in the morning—the morning which should find us fronting the world in excellent fashion—the enemies we may meet will discover, if not a craven opponent, at least one whose armour is weakened, whose resistance is half-hearted, while the friends we are sure to meet will wonder at our lacklustre eyes, our pallid countenance, our listless demeanour, our uninspired remarks:

From this unrest, lo, early wreck'd,
A Future staggers crazy,
Ophelia of the Ages, deck'd
With woeful weed and daisy.

The day's work will leave us exhausted and glum, the geniality of evening will give place to irritation, and quite possibly our replies will become retorts, our retorts sarcasms, our sarcasms sneers, to the collapse of a whole world of happiness—someone else's happiness—in pitiful ruins.

Day by day to do one's work, and to know at night-fall that it has been well done, that perhaps it has helped others to do theirs; to quit us like men, whether roused by factory hooter or friendly farmyard sounds or noises of the city—such satisfaction is doomed by a mere lost night's rest. So, with the mystery still unsolved, we are bound to conclude that he who spends the night in dreamless slumber works best, loves best, and can, if he will, serve God and his fellow-men with the success that derives from energies undiminished and a tranquil mind.

CORRESPONDENCE

TUBERCULOSIS.—WASHINGTON AND LONDON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I attended the Tuberculosis Congress in Washington in the autumn of 1908. Those of us who were listeners listened to men whose names in science were great enough to attract 5,000 delegates to a five days' series of serious lectures. The delegates were scientists. One met the intellectual and rather intelligent German, the very intelligent American, the Englishman presenting valuable facts with precision and without ornament, the Frenchman eloquently grave, the Hungarian with all the vivacity and none of the gravity of the French, and the educated Russian with no characteristics of his own. The time at the disposal of the Congress at Washington was too short, the lectures were authoritative, they were luminous, and, alas! for the chairmen and timekeepers, they were seldom brief. Yet there were many sections, and the subjects and the celebrities were well chosen and well distributed. Everyone was pleased, we all felt we were concerned in a great and successful gathering. All the nations had Anglo-Saxon appetites and shared an intellectual interest in the benefit to mankind, together with an appreciative gratitude for American hospitality. Much knowledge was obtained and many menu cards. The American Government had directed that one of the largest of the public buildings should be used for the Congress, and even then the Government had fallen short of the wishes of the American people, for the Press showed a genuine chagrin that the Capitol itself had not been chosen. An exhibition philanthropic and educational of the modern means for dealing with tuberculosis was arranged with a marvel of attractiveness. As far as its attractiveness was concerned, never before had one seen anything so well done. The general public accepted the invitation to attend and at every corner demonstrators (fluent speakers) spoke, in language understood of the people, of the disease which dogs civilisation. And in the quieter lecture rooms one met Koch, Von Pirquet, Arlring, Calmette, Destré, Phillips, Newsholme, and men of equal stature.

The Congress formed a most serious effort to standardise the knowledge collected during the last years, knowledge by which consumption will be lessened and some day abolished. What were the subjects brought before this great gathering? Tuberculosis as it strikes at you, at me, at everyone; the disease as it rules in the home, as it steals into the schoolroom, as it thrusts into the workshop; the disease as it meets a man in his bedroom, as it meets him at his table, at his desk, in the tramcar, in the railway train, even in the theatre and the church. The disease has been carefully stalked in our big cities. In New York, as an instance, blocks of buildings have been found to be death traps; there are even blocks known as "lung blocks," also blocks of buildings have been found to be free from the disease. As with blocks, so with districts; some districts are full, some districts are as free from disease as the *Saturday Review* from rancour. The conditions which lead to disease are discovered or are being discovered. We learnt of the disease in cattle as well as in man; of the disease in the wild and the tame; we learnt of the possibility of transference from one animal to another, or from animal to man. We discussed the varying virulence of the "Bacillus" towards differing races, its deadliness to the black man fresh from his forest bed of leaves; its mildness towards the Jew, the everlasting citizen who has earned immunity even when forced by his necessities to live among festering filth. Every lecture-room poured learning into you and over you; every corridor tricked you into pupilage. Knowledge was there, anyone could pluck it without fear of hierarchical damnation. Every university in England seemed to have sent specimens illus-

trating the disease, its cause and ravages; even demonstrators had come with their specimens.

Germany had a special court, so had France, so had Sweden; every nation was represented officially. We discussed the increase in Ireland, the decrease in England, the almost stationary condition in France. A Secretary of State expressed the significance of all these doings, when, addressing the foreign delegates, he pictured himself as contemplating the desolation ever present in every nation and only to be prevented by the Congresses, "such as this," and by the slow, steady, ceaseless work for mankind which such a congress represented.

Now, London is also interested in tuberculosis. This must be so, for out of every ten coffins made for its citizens one is destined for a consumptive. London has had its exhibition and conference on tuberculosis. An explanatory publication was issued by a Committee of Management and the names of a Consultative Committee took up the whole of one page, and names of men and women of eminence in medicine and of importance in social life were in the list. Naturally, anyone interested deeply in the great subject felt it impossible to stay away from a conference of such apparent importance, for the advertising was well done. It was important to know the medical world had progressed in its attack on tuberculosis since the meeting at Washington. Urbane representatives of publishing firms and of other firms were everywhere. Pamphlets containing empirical formulæ of the usual kind were distributed. Samples of drugs obsolete ten years ago were pressed on you. There were stalls for excellent instruments, excellent and most nutritious food, and there was absolutely nothing new or old of any special interest to men specially interested in the nature or treatment of tuberculosis. The exhibition as far as tuberculosis was concerned was almost non-existent. Such a conference and exhibition might have done so much good. Everyone is interested in the poor wretch who is struck down because his physique is poor and his surroundings full of infection. Hundreds and thousands of people came into the Washington corridors to view the house of the workman as a breeding place for consumptives and the house, the same house, altered at a ridiculously small cost until it was as safe as the average Englishman's home; models of slum houses with ready-made arrangements for ventilation, rough verandahs for sleeping out in back yards; photographs alone, a large array of them would have been useful, photographs showing vividly the dangers lurking in workshops. An Apostles' Creed of Hygiene might have been exposed with kindergarten attractiveness, statistics of disease put as the magazines can put them—all kind of dodges to make the British people understand the danger.

I do not wish for a moment to decry a conference or that kind of thing because it is a small affair. The more the better, even if they are all called "national" and are stated to be exhibitions and are held in the centre of the Empire. The work to be done will tax all the powers of England, both official and voluntary. Every medical officer of health and every medical practitioner will be needed in this war against a preventable disease. There is in such a campaign room for all sorts of volunteers; earnestness without knowledge is apotential power, but it must be guided by knowledge with earnestness. Let there be business-like methods in marshalling all such forces, let the management be capable of management, let the nation be taught by the best teachers, by those who not only have the gift of eloquence, but the more important possession of knowledge, the full knowledge of the subject they are called upon to expound.

One point more. I find no notice of this London Conference and Exhibition in either the *Lancet* or the *British Medical Journal*, nor do I hear of any attempt to publish the papers given in the lecture-room.

H. DE C. W.

SHALL AND WILL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to submit, for the favour of your criticism, two additional points connected with *shall* and *will*.

A long time ago, I had a discussion with a Master of Arts of one of the British Universities on *Shall I go?* and *Will I go?* My opinion was that *Will I go?* was always incorrect, and could be addressed only to a quack, to a man who would try to pass himself off as a diviner; in fact, that the question could be used only to mystify a mystifier; because this expression meant in French: "Est-ce que vous croyez que je veux aller?" a question which would be considered absurd or impertinent if used, in common parlance, to a French "interlocuteur."

The English scholar asked: "Do you mean that I should be wrong if I were to say, 'Will I go?' Of course I will?" My

answer was: "To my mind you would. If I were you, I should prefer this: 'You ask me if I will go. Of course I will.'" (Vous me demandez si je veux aller, évidemment que je le veux.) "But what is your authority for that?" inquired my interlocutor. "Bain," I replied. "But Bain is a poor authority upon a question of this nature," retorted the English scholar; and he continued, "Allow me to tell you that your French is also a very unsafe guide under the circumstances." I was struck dumb, having no other arguments to offer.

Many years have elapsed since we had this discussion, and the more I think it over the more I feel disposed—with due deference to Galileo—to apply to my doubt in the matter the spirit of the words of that English poet who said—in speaking of the derision with which the great astronomer was treated, when he "proclaimed that the world, in a regular orbit, was ceaselessly whirled"—"It moves, for all that."

The second point is the difference between "shall you?" and "will you?"

An English clergyman, to whom I generally applied for philological advice, criticised me once, because I stated that I preferred "shall you?" to "will you?" in translating the following sentence:—"Quand aurez-vous onze ans?" (When shall you be eleven?). By putting this question, I added, "I expect the boy or the girl to answer: 'I shall be eleven at such and such a date,' and not, 'I will be eleven,' which would not be English." This gentleman's opinion was that I should be more correct if I used "will you?" The following are the additional explanations which I gave him, but which, unfortunately, did not convince him. According to Mason's grammar, when you expect the answer to be "I shall," you say "Shall you?" When you expect it to be "I will," you say, "Will you?" If, for instance, I were to translate into English this question: "Quand commencerez-vous le grec?" I would say, "When shall you begin Greek?" if I spoke to a schoolboy, and "When will you make your pupils begin Greek?" if I addressed myself to a headmaster; in the event of the latter's school being a private institution, where the headmaster could act as he pleased, the difference being that the schoolboy has no power to act as he likes in his school, whilst the headmaster of a private school has that power, and can, therefore, exercise his own will, at any time, and when he chooses to do so.

I now beg to submit to you my French interpretation of the two forms under consideration:—

"When shall you begin Greek?" Quand commencerez-vous le grec? c'est-à-dire, quand vous ferez-vous commencer le grec?

"When will you make your pupils begin Greek?" Quand ferez-vous commencer le grec à vos élèves? C'est-à-dire, quand serez-vous disposé à faire commencer, quand voudrez-vous faire commencer, le grec à vos élèves?

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL IN SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A recumbent figure of the poet Shakespeare in alabaster with Tudor Gothic canopy and screen is to be erected in a recess in the south aisle of the above cathedral, where it will form a pendant to the beautiful tomb of Gower opposite. Shakespeare was a parishioner of St. Saviour's for many years, at a time when regular attendance at church was absolutely compulsory, and Southwark Cathedral, as St. Saviour's is now called, is the one building remaining in London with which he was intimately connected. The total cost will be about £650, and the Chapter would be glad to raise this comparatively small sum before the Commemoration Service is held on April the 23rd next.

Those who are proud to think that the greatest name in literature belongs to a compatriot, but who doubt whether a theatre is the best memorial, may be glad of this opportunity of repaying their indebtedness. Cheques made payable to The Shakespeare (Southwark) Memorial, and crossed London and Westminster Bank, should be addressed to Canon Thompson, or to me, and sent to the Cathedral, London Bridge, S.E.

Yours faithfully,

RALPH LEFTWICH

(Hon. Sec.).

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A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Colocunda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
His votaresses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

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To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Okeuls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvuses* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It seems that the fashionable thing to say about FitzGerald is that "he taught us how to live." The *Daily Mail* has said it, and with the help of a Mr. Edward Thomas, the *Saturday Review* has managed to say it; so that "poor old Fitz" has achieved true fame at last. For clearly to have taught the *Daily Mail* and the *Saturday Review* how to live is a feat of no particularly mean order. Of course, the facts with regard to FitzGerald the man are dead against any supposition that he was acquainted with the art of life. To all intents he made a mess of the whole business, as poets will; and if he had been "dependent upon his own exertions for a living" heaven alone knows where he would have ended. And apart from practical questions of livelihood, FitzGerald displayed qualities, which, though they may be imitated by the *Daily Mail* and the *Saturday Review*, are not commonly considered admirable. We suppose that at the time of a man's centenary nothing but good should be remembered about him. On the other hand, we have it on the authority of Shakespeare (who knew nothing about centenaries or the delightful opportunities they offer to the advertising mediocrity) that men's evil deeds live after them. There was an indiscretion of FitzGerald's which we think removes him very far from the possibility of consideration as a model practitioner in the business of life. We refer to the pious ejaculation which he uttered when he was informed of the death of Mrs. Browning. As a contribution to the centenary proceedings a correspondent sends us the following lines:—

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

One who emblazoning a dead man's name,
Cut his own niche of everlasting fame,
On a dead woman used his new-found skill,
Soiled it, with infamy adhering still.
How judge this Janus-head? His sin? His power?
God holds the balance, and we wait His hour.

Which shows that there are people in the world who do not forget. However, from the point of view of reason and common sense, it is obvious that FitzGerald's importance to us lies in the fact that he wrote a poem. And it is obvious also that the man who attempted to conduct his life either in the same way

that FitzGerald conducted his life, or in the beautiful manner suggested by FitzGerald's poem would be a good deal of a fool. Even Mr. Shorter could not do it and show a profit.

From the *Englishwoman* for April we take the following glad tidings:

Our friends have helped us generously. Some assist by selling the *Englishwoman* at public meetings, others by enlisting subscribers. The sale shows signs of increasing—but it can only increase satisfactorily if the efforts of those whom we have pleased and who care to assist us are continued. We may be pardoned if we repeat that we are anxious to send as many prospectuses as may be desired to any address.

There is writing for you! It sounds like a passage from a parish magazine, and one expects to be told that "the blanket fund is making favourable progress" and that, "thanks to the energy and generosity of Mrs. Brown and the Misses Smith, our grand annual jumble sale proved an immense success—the sum of fourteen and sixpence being realised in hard cash, which sum has been placed to the credit of the pea-soup fund." Suffragitis is coming to something, even for Suffragitis. But the *Englishwoman* is not an organ of the charities. On the contrary, it is a political organ and a literary organ. Its politics are very serious. We are informed, for example, that "last month the Report of the Truck Committee was considered with a view of explaining one of the social and industrial subjects that were ready for legislation. This month the Committee on Home Work is taken up with a similar object." Obviously, nothing could be more entertaining, particularly as no mention is made of Mrs. Pankhurst. And as for the literature:

The Poet was sitting in his garden at the close of a warm autumn day; the sun's last rays gilded the chapel spire hard by. He had been reading a little gaily-decorated volume, vellum-bound and silver-clasped; but it now lay beside him upon a stone sundial, and he was gazing at the wonderful sunset beyond the dark towers and gables of the city. The river to his left shone like the burnished gold that blazoned his book, and birds were singing amidst the mellow russet leafage of the trees.

We have heard of persons who possess castles in Spain; but "a garden at the close of day" rather takes the breath, even when a poet is concerned. Besides which, what was the *Englishwoman's* poet (he happens to be Chaucer) doing with a "river to his left"? What was Chaucer's "left" anyway? And does the *Englishwoman* wish to suggest to us that the Morning Star of Song was a member of the Territorials? Besides which, why, when "a little gaily-decorated volume, vellum-bound and silver-clasped," is mentioned—why, we ask, is the usual formula "(Grant Richards)" carefully omitted? However, we must not interrogate the *Englishwoman* too closely, particularly as a shining contribution called "A Glimpse of Turkish Women" begins:

My knowledge of Turkish women is small.

We note with some alarm that Messrs. Odhams have once more taken to apologising. This time they "desire to tender their apology to the public and the trade on account of the physical impossibility to keep pace with the demand" for "Bottomley's Book," the which extraordinary production they proceed to describe as "an ideal volume for the Easter Holidays"! From a page of Press opinions as to this book, we gather that it is "a remarkable book" and that "everybody will read it"; the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls it "entertaining," and the *Sporting Life* says that

it "thrills and fascinates"; while Mr. Bottomley's friend and late contributor, Frank Harris, remarks "As an instance of sheer power of work this book stands almost alone." We like the judicious "almost," and we observe that the opinion of Messrs. Odhams's paper, the *Guardian*, is not quoted.

Meanwhile it is to be remarked that "Bottomley's Book" contains certain statements and suggestions with respect to the "secret history" of Bottomley's recent prosecution at the Guildhall. Bottomley asserts roundly that this prosecution was set afoot because the Government desired to "silence" the great Horatio, who, it seems, had been "exposing" the Government's broken pledges in Parliament. And right opposite the reprint of these charges Mr. Bottomley reproduces the cartoon which was held to amount to a contempt of court during the time of his trial and which represents the figure of Justice bespattered with mud and carrying mud in her scales. In view of what has happened, the reiteration of the aforesaid statements and suggestions and the reprinting of the aforesaid cartoon make it clear that Mr. Bottomley wishes the people of England to understand that English justice is an affair of politics, and that his acquittal by an Alderman at the Guildhall proves this. We say that it proves nothing of the kind. We say, further, that Mr. Bottomley's own actions since the trial leave the authorities no alternative but to take steps to have the whole matter thrashed out. We shall give our reasons at length next week.

It seems that we are to have a new religion, the high priests of which will be the impious Mr. Aleister Crowley and the anarchistic Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. Crowley appears to be the founder of the movement. But, no doubt out of compliment to Mr. Harris, Mr. Crowley has called the concern "The A. A.," which is understood to mean the 'Appy 'Arrises. And the 'Appy 'Arrises—we trust that our surmise as to the meaning of the A. A. is the correct one—have just published the first number of a new magazine called *The Equinox*, which is devoted to an explanation of the 'Appy 'Arrises' religious tenets. So far as we can gather, the religion of Messrs. Crowley and Harris is a most curious affair. The neophyte is invited to hop round on one leg and breathe through one nostril for an hour at a stretch, and apparently this has to be done in a state of nudity. Playing-cards also figure in Mr. Crowley's ritual. In the current issue of Mr. Frank Harris's *Vanity Fair* we are assured that *The Equinox* contains some "excellent mystical poetry" by Mr. Crowley, together with a capital short story (by Mr. Frank Harris) which "is alone worth the five shillings asked for the volume." Clearly, the other new religion-mongers must look to their laurels.

The "black-out" article published in the March number of the *English Review* has served to create a considerable pother, thus fulfilling the high hopes of its author and of the editor of the *English Review*. We understand that the *Spectator* was so moved at the sight of this article that it proceeded straightway to fill in one of Mr. Belloc's blanks by a species of indirect innuendo. Mr. Belloc, of course, fell into shrieks of rage and called the *Spectator* "liar," and "summoned" the *Spectator* to print his noisy disclaimer. And to put matters straight and keep the ball of advertisement merrily rolling the *English Review*, through its solicitors, made a further statement in the *Spectator* of last week. Mr. Belloc is really in no position to shout. Before the *Spectator* said a word on the subject we offered to print in these columns any

true statements which the editor of the *English Review* had caused to be blacked out of Mr. Belloc's article. Mr. Belloc professes that he is most anxious to have his article printed without the suppression of names, and the editor of the *English Review* protests that he suppressed names only out of fear of the legal consequences. Our offer to oblige Mr. Belloc and to relieve the editor of the *English Review* of his fearful and wonderful risks would, one imagines, have been welcomed by an author and an editor who are not looking for advertisement, but are solicitous only for the public interest. Yet neither Mr. Belloc nor Mr. Hueffer has the pluck to bring on his true statements. In these circumstances, we are justified in assuming that Mr. Belloc's article is more or less of a fancy article, and that if it contained names when it was submitted to the editor of the *English Review* Mr. Belloc had associated with those names charges which he is not in a position to substantiate and which have consequently had to be dropped because, as a matter of fact, they are not the truth, but libels. The solicitors of the *English Review* commit themselves to the extraordinary statement that "the law of libel, while satisfactory in its working as regards private persons, makes it difficult and dangerous to refer in the Press to the public shortcomings of public men," which, of course, is the direct opposite of the facts. It has never been in the slightest degree dangerous for the Press to refer to the public shortcomings of public men, and, for that matter, it has never been in the slightest degree dangerous for the Press to refer to the public shortcomings of private men. To take an instance in point, we will suppose that quite lately some leader-writer or other has said of Mr. Asquith that his conduct in the matter of failing to supply *Dreadnoughts* proves him to be a traitor to his country. Here, obviously, your leader-writer travels right out of the region of fair comment, and it would be open to Mr. Asquith to take an action for libel. Mr. Asquith would take no such action, for the very simple reason that he is a public man and that the very severest, most truculent, most unfair and most malicious criticism of his public actions would not be considered libel of a sufficiently serious nature to justify an award of more than nominal damages. If the late Mr. Gladstone or the present Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George had instituted proceedings for libel on every occasion upon which they had been technically libelled their lives would have been one continual course of litigation and farthing damage getting. And as regards the private action of public men, if any man knows that Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. John Burns has at any time accepted bribes or other nefarious consideration as an inducement to perform such and such a public act he need never be afraid of saying so in print and in the largest possible type. Mr. Belloc ought to know this as well as we know it, and so did Mr. Hueffer.

The truth is not libel, and sometimes even the falsehood is not libel. The only real libel and the only dangerous libel is the malicious falsehood. Mr. Lloyd George has recently taken damages from a newspaper for libel. The common impression appears to be that Mr. Lloyd George obtained those damages because he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that, consequently, it is dangerous to libel a Cabinet Minister. In point of fact, Mr. Lloyd George got his damages because he swore that the libel was untrue, and because the other side admitted that it was untrue, and that, consequently, it ought never to have been printed. The law would have worked out in precisely the same way for any private person possessed of an English domicile. Of course, a Chancellor of the Exchequer,

because of his position, might secure heavier damages than the private citizen. On the other hand, we are acquainted with private citizens who, if they were to be libelled in the manner in which Mr. Lloyd George was libelled, would get a good deal heavier damages. Clearly, a Chancellor of the Exchequer can afford to let you down fairly gently over such matters.

Mr. Hueffer's mistake is either a wilful mistake indulged for the sake of effect; or it is the mistake of ignorance. Both himself and his lawyers may take it from us that nothing in the world is safer than to refer in the Press to the "public shortcomings of public men." The public shortcomings of public men are really the daily bread of half the newspapers in the Kingdom. Whether it be in the *Times* or the *Skibbereen Eagle* your public man's public shortcomings are always fair and safe game, and the laws of libel and the judicial interpretation of the laws of libel are not likely to be revolutionised for the mere sake of providing the editor of the *English Review* with an opportunity of whining over his helpless position. Our offer to Messrs. Belloc and Hueffer still remains open. We will fill up their blanks for them in these columns, provided they will give us the names and the proofs. And if they have no proofs, and particularly if they have no names, let them, in the interests of common decency, cease from girding at the terrible hardships imposed on them by the law of libel.

From the Rev. Father Tabb we have received the appended verse:

JOAN OF ARC, 1431-1909.
Where once above the fagots leaped a flame
To blast thy world-renown,
Another kindles blazing thy name
Upon a martyr's crown.

Admirers of Father Tabb's poetry will learn with regret that he is now almost entirely blind and is compelled, as he puts it, to write by faith instead of by sight.

Mr. Shorter evidently regrets his recent talk about "pricking the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury,'" though he does not appear to have grace enough to say so in terms. Mr. Shorter's way of crying "peccavi" is singular. For weeks he keeps his mouth tight shut. Then all of a sudden you find him indulging in a pæan about "the Macmillans" and their "excellent" "Golden Treasury" Series. And this at the top of his far-famed "Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*. The *amende honorable* is thus accorded to Messrs. Macmillan. And, so far as Poetry is concerned, Mr. Shorter would excuse himself for his impudent remark by explaining, rather feebly and tearfully, that when he proposed to "prick the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury'" he did not propose to prick the bubble of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," but to prick the complacency of "the people who read Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.'" Clearly, therefore, Mr. Shorter is either capable, on occasion, of writing what he does not mean or he is capable of being fairly tricky on his feet when you bring him to book. And, by way of revenge on THE ACADEMY for pointing out his gross literary lapse, he calls upon the editor of a paper which is not even remotely involved in the argument to publish a cartoon of the Editor of THE ACADEMY "surrounded by solicitors." Mr. Shorter imagines that hereby he is most cutting, and that at length he has got in a rapier-thrust worthy even of his friend, Mr. W. L. Courtney. Poor, dear Clement—what a little fire-eater it is! Let it tell us something about the sonnet in the next column.

THE POET

They gave him scorn and hate and the fierce rod
Of bitter words, they strangled him with lies,
But from his lips there came no meaner cries
Than these that were the very songs of God.
They made his years a Hell-scorch'd period,
And he but smiled and cast his conquering eyes
Along the level lawns of Paradise
Where late the luminous feet of angels trod.

There the ripe fruits are stars upon the trees,
And in the air that is like yellow wine
Ever the birds of rapture soar and sing
Their silver songs in magical sweet keys,
And round about him in a golden line
The shining seraphim stand wing to wing.

A. D.

OUR SWEET CONTEMPORARIES

It is a stock saying among lawyers that the fear of publicity prevents many prosecutions; in other words, that persons who have been unjustly or improperly treated refrain from availing themselves of the protection of the law because they shrink from the publicity of the courts. Up to a point, this is no doubt true. A woman snatches your watch in Leicester Square at any time after sundown. You require a certain courage to prosecute. There are a thousand considerations to be weighed, and, on the whole, knowing what you do know of "publicity," your courage fails you. Why should this be? Honest publicity hurts no honest person, and, of course, this is exactly where the rub comes in. For in the present condition of journalism a fair, square and honest publicity appears to be entirely unknown. At the present moment the enlightened newspaper Press of this country are counting out their hapence after making what they consider to be an entirely beautiful scoop out of the name of the Editor of this paper. The *Daily Mail* must have made a fortune over the affair; and so must that high and impartial organ, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And the others have followed suit with a fidelity which does credit to their imitative faculties. Meanwhile, and generally and in the public interest we shall take leave to look a little closely into the report or "story" with which the united newspaper Press of this country backed up its sensational contents' bills. At Bow Street, on Tuesday afternoon last, a turf commission agent, trading in the name of Charles Read, and possessing offices in the Haymarket, was charged with committing an assault upon Lord Alfred Douglas, and was ordered by the magistrate to find a surety in £20 for his good behaviour for six months, or, in default, to undergo a month's imprisonment. The circumstances, as explained on oath in the court, were that Charles Read owed Lord Alfred Douglas £110, which he had failed to pay, though three "settling days" had passed since the money became due; that he had called upon Lord Alfred Douglas at the office of this paper and done his best to pay what was due in blows instead of in money. The prisoner's "defence," which was delivered from the dock, and

not from the witness-box, and, consequently, not on oath, was that Lord Alfred had kept him waiting for a sum of £25, and that he had been slung down and thrown all over THE ACADEMY offices. It was explained, however, that the £25 had been paid before the present transaction was entered into, and that, so far from being slung down and thrown all over the office, the prisoner had merely been restrained; and this he admitted. Consequently, the magistrate made the order to which we have referred. These are the facts. Here is what purports to be a report of the proceedings:

FIGHT IN AN OFFICE.

A turf accountant named Charles Read, of the Haymarket, was accused at Bow Street yesterday of assaulting Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, a son of the eighth Marquis of Queensberry and editor of the ACADEMY, and was ordered to find a surety in £20 for his good behaviour.

Lord Alfred Douglas said Read owed him £110 in connection with bets, and he sent his solicitor to see him about the matter.

"Read came to my office in Lincoln's Inn and was admitted to my room," he stated. "He immediately threw off his coat and hat and struck at me. One of the clerks came in and helped me to restrain him until a policeman arrived."

"He owed me £25 for six months," Read retorted. "I sent the account for thirteen weeks to White's Club, where he always went for his cheque when he won. When he lost he never went there for the closing account."

This "report" is culled from the *Daily Express*, one of the newspapers owned, or partly owned, by Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson. Is it a fair and reasonable report? To begin with the title, was there a fight in THE ACADEMY office? Read himself admitted that nobody struck him. Mr. Read is a small and protuberant little man. Nobody would think of hitting him. He came to THE ACADEMY office in a condition bordering on hysteria, and he kicked and scratched and flung himself about like a naughty schoolboy. If fighting had been indicated, there was an eleven-stone publishing clerk about, who happens to be a member of the Naval Reserve, and there was a sixteen-stone assistant editor who could easily have made up in zeal for what he may lack in skill. There was also the Editor himself, who is a head taller than Mr. Read, and in no way short of either wind or reach. So that when Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's hapenny organ says "Fight in an office" it is obviously talking through its hat. As to the report itself, there is no harm whatever in being a son of the eighth Marquess of Queensberry; but the fact was not mentioned at Bow Street. Secondly, Mr. Pearson's organ carefully omits to mention that Read was to undergo a month's imprisonment if he failed to find his surety. And, thirdly, the absolute fairness and impartiality of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's organ is indicated by the final paragraph of this so-called report, wherein Read is made to say that Lord Alfred Douglas owed him £25 for six months, and the readers of Mr. Pearson's organ are left to assume that the money had not been paid; and that, consequently, it is still owing, and that, therefore, Read had some show of reason for withholding the £110 which he still owes to Lord Alfred Douglas. The *Daily Express* is not singular in its gross misrepresentation of the position. The *Daily Mirror*, which is owned, or partly owned, by a recent recruit to the peerage, who, consequently, should have known better, is equally careful to suppress the facts which do not please him. And the *Daily Mail*, owned, or partly owned, in the same quarter, goes out of its way to report ex-parte state-

ments which Read, in his rage, appears to have shrieked out in the corridor of the court, and not in the court itself at all. While the *Star*, that well-known advocate of justice for the masses, reports the whole proceedings under the title of "An Editor's Bet," instead of under the perfectly just and proper title of "A Bookmaker's Pangs at Parting." We believe that Mr. Parkes, who edits the *Star*, is an authority on horses, having once owned a mare who died in a field—she was an agricultural mare and not an immoral, spotted racehorse—and it is, therefore, that we are astonished at his wonderful confusion of ideas.

We now come to what is, perhaps, an even graver question. Where did our inspired and beautiful contemporaries obtain their "reports"? At the moment when the naughty Mr. Read found himself in the dock at Bow Street the magistrate was on the point of rising and the reporters had left the court. There was not a soul about the place except the magistrate and the magistrate's clerk, Lord Alfred Douglas and his witnesses, the prisoner and the police. It is obvious that Mr. Marsham, the magistrate, did not "report" the case, otherwise it would not have been unfairly reported; it is obvious that the prisoner did not report the case, otherwise it would not have been reported; and it is obvious that the prosecutor did not report the case, because, when all is said, the editor of a threepenny journal could scarcely stoop to the supply of news from the police courts to the editors of haporths, however brilliantly owned. And as for the police, it is certain that they did not report the case, because they do not possess the necessary literary endowments and graces, let alone that rolling eye for the sensational which is so requisite in the police court reporter. The magistrate's clerk is the only person left. He, of course, is precluded by his office from supplying information to the papers. So that right in our midst, and when we were not expecting it, a miracle has happened. How do these things get into the papers? It is the miracle! On the other hand, there is nothing miraculous in the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* of our dulcet, honey-tongued, timbrel-throated and sore-backed contemporaries. Their conduct has been merely, clearly, patiently, obviously and unmistakably human. The blue-faced ape of Horus sits and gibbers at the stick which has been laid about his unholy sides. Mr. Read, of the Haymarket, who in the main is a genial chap, but whose angry passions get the better of him the moment that he finds himself compelled to write a cheque, has given the blue-faced ape his chance, and the blue-faced ape has taken it. He is welcome, and we, who are not the editor of THE ACADEMY, wish him joy of himself. And we shall note, we hope, by way of conclusion, that the sporting papers almost to a sporting paper have neglected to report the proceedings. We construe this abstention as an indication either of a love of fair play or a keen affection for the advertisements of Mr. Charles Read. As for Mr. Read himself, we would remind him, in the words of a famous author whose name he would appear to have appropriated, that, come what may in the way of bindings over to keep the peace, "it's never too late to mend." And on the general question of "reports" we think that in the circumstances it is the duty of some responsible journal to justify itself by acquainting the polite world with the nature of its sources of information, and the reasons which have induced it to garble its notice of this affair. We do not deny the interest which attaches to it, but we utterly deny the right of any newspaper to misrepresent what takes place in any of the King's courts, no matter if it be only Bow Street, for the mere purpose of making sales, or for the still less creditable purpose of getting back "a little bit of its own."

THE SOCIALIST IN OXFORD

THE Report of the Select Committee, issued late last Autumn, under the title "Oxford and Working Class Education," has, perhaps, scarcely met with the attention it deserves. Of its intrinsic merits and demerits, of the effect which its adoption would necessarily have upon University life, sufficient was said at the time. The January *Blackwood* contained an admirable summary and a no less wholesome criticism of the Report; and, on the whole, the newspapers dealt with the subject in a manner as detailed as could reasonably be expected. Of the scheme embodied in the Report, the last word, one would fancy, is contained in an article in the current *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, an article obviously written from the standpoint of the intelligent undergraduate. Briefly summarised, as everyone knows, the Report held that the advantages of an Oxford training should not be confined to the "upper" and "middle" classes: that it was essential for the wellbeing of the State that artisans should be enabled to share in the privileges, social as well as intellectual, of Oxford life; and that in practice no such difficulties would be raised as to put the scheme out of the range of possibility. As has been suggested, the scheme in itself has met with some very trenchant criticism. On this head no more could be desired. But, unfortunately, the full significance of the Report has not been realised, because all writers have treated it as an isolated piece of wrong-headed sentiment. As a matter of fact, such a view is quite untenable. Those who watch the life of Oxford are beginning to realise that the efforts of such men as Canon Barnett and Mr. W. Temple form only one side of a conspiracy which is actually, if not nominally, Socialistic. The growing activity of the Socialist party in Oxford goes along two lines; there is, on the one hand, this very open attempt to upset all the traditions of the place, and on the other a much more dangerous, because much more subtle, effort to capture Oxford from within. Of the open enemies perhaps enough has been said. They are, for the most part, amiable Dons, whose hearts are, possibly, stronger than their heads. The Report, "Oxford and Working Class Education," shows so remarkable an absence of any understanding of a sympathy with Oxford's aims that it may almost be said to have defeated itself.

The other movement, however, is of infinitely greater importance, and is still going on unchecked. There is, as every Oxford man knows, a certain body of opinion, comparatively small, yet not without influence, which is definitely Socialistic in tendency. Most undergraduates come up—most thinking undergraduates, at any rate—with a hazy conviction that all is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds. They are just beginning to notice some of the evils which seem inseparable from any industrial system and to feel a Quixotic desire to find some remedy. That such men fall under the influence of the Fabian Society is scarcely to be wondered at. Satan as an angel of light might well deceive the very elect. And no one grudges the Fabian Society such converts. One regrets the waste of good intentions, but no more. Still, it is a fact worthy of consideration that the majority of Oxford "Fabians" have joined the Society during their first term. The result, however, is to produce a fairly strong body of Fabians. But what must be remembered is that in comparison with the numbers of the University—in comparison, even, with the numbers of serious undergraduates—they are few. Unfortunately, they possess a certain proportion of fairly well-known men, and during the last year they have been gradually arrogating to themselves the right to speak for the whole University.

As recently as last term the "Union Society" passed a motion in favour of the introduction of working men into Oxford. The result was exactly what was to be expected. Radical and Labour papers and politicians declared loudly (and with a certain show of reason) that the "great heart of Oxford" was for Social Reform. Now, any Oxford man knows that, whatever was the case in the past, the "Union Society" does not represent undergraduate opinion. It is ruled by a clique and it is supported by the "mildly intellectual" type of man, whose intentions are as good as his intelligence is bad. A man who maintains that the "Union" Vote of last term was a proof of Oxford's readiness for this particular type of reform is either grossly out of touch with Oxford or else absolutely unscrupulous.

The close of term, however, saw a further venture in the same direction. Mr. Kier Hardie was brought down to Oxford. His reception was, to say the least, not a cordial one, and the result was the usual outcry of "undergraduate manners," "childish intolerance"—in fact, all the ordinary cant reflections were made. Now, the responsibility for any outbreak—and a serious disturbance was only narrowly averted—rests entirely with the officials of the Fabian Society. That they knew there would be trouble was proved by their elaborate precautions in the matter of stewards, and by their ingenious policy of seating ladies on the platform at the meeting. As a matter of fact, some form of disorder was the only method left the undergraduate of expressing his views. Had Mr. Kier Hardie been received quietly, every Radical paper would have shouted the triumph of Socialism: "Oxford, the champion of Conservatism, had received a violent Socialist with enthusiasm." A very striking confirmation of this view is afforded by Mr. Kier Hardie's disingenuous attempt to minimise the disturbance in his account of the meeting. Nobody who was present could have read without intense amazement his statement that he had enjoyed a "most successful meeting." And one must repeat, quite deliberately, that the whole affair, in so far as it was not pure bravado, was a calculated attempt to convince the world that Oxford is at heart Socialist.

The danger is, to-day, a very real one. On the one hand you have the weak-headed sentimentalist seeking to "reform" Oxford in a hopelessly impossible way; on the other you find the Fabian deliberately misrepresenting the views of the undergraduate. Once convince the "man in the street," or, for that matter, the man in the study, that the undergraduate is ready and willing to receive the working man as a brother, and half the case against the Reform Scheme falls to the ground. And so one must repeat emphatically what every Oxford man—and the Fabian not least—already knows: that Oxford has never been more Conservative than to-day, nor more opposed to violent changes. The influence of the Socialist clique cannot be lasting, depending as it does on the influence of a single school and perhaps two colleges; but it may, during a very brief period, do incalculable harm. It behoves all Oxford men to use every means of checking this misrepresentation of their views. For the rest, one must ask those outside to make very certain of their facts ere they move. The Quixotism which is only an amiable weakness in a freshman becomes a positive vice in a man of responsibility. Men like Canon Barnett and Mr. W. Temple cannot help knowing that their schemes—whatever their intrinsic merits—are wholly unacceptable in Oxford: they come from outside and not inside the University. And it is scarcely too much to say that their arguments, their endeavours to spread abroad a belief that Oxford will receive the "Working-man Scholars" gladly are proof either of incredible blindness or of wilful dishonesty.

THE ARDLAMONT MYSTERY SOLVED

IN the "Notable Scottish Trials" Series, published by Messrs. William Hodge and Company, of Edinburgh, there recently appeared the full report of the trial in December, 1893, of Alfred John Monson for the attempted murder of Cecil Hambrough on the 9th of August of that year, and the murder of the same young man on the following day. The attempted murder was alleged to have taken place on the night of the 9th of August, when Alfred Monson, according to the theory of the prosecution, acting in collusion with Edward Scott, induced the boy Cecil Hambrough to go out on a sea-fishing expedition and endeavoured to drown him. On the following morning Monson, again according to the theory of the prosecution, with the knowledge and connivance of Edward Scott, shot and killed Cecil Hambrough. In short, we have our old and much-discussed case "the Ardlamont mystery." The book contains the full verbatim report of the case, the speeches for the prosecution, and the defence, and the judge's summing up, and it was pure chance that induced us the other day to pick it up and read it, and thereby for the first time to obtain any real knowledge of this extraordinary case. We sat down to read it in an impartial frame of mind—that is to say, we were not conscious of prejudice one way or the other, and while we remembered more or less vaguely the general outlines of the case from reading the reports in the newspapers at the time the trial was proceeding, we had never come to any definite and final conclusion about it. We began the book languidly, we got interested, we became absorbed, we read it breathlessly to the end: the verdict of "Not Proven." We rubbed our eyes and read it all through again carefully and judicially, and with ever-increasing amazement and horror. For there is no mystery, no ambiguity, no possible room for doubt in the mind of any man with brains and a heart; Alfred Monson was innocent of the charges brought against him, and not only was he innocent, but the case against him of the prosecution was scarcely even a superficially plausible case. We defy any honest man of ordinary intelligence to read this book through and come to any other conclusion. Mr. Comrie Thomson, who defended Monson, was able to show conclusively that so far from there being any motive which could have actuated such an appalling crime as that alleged against Monson, the death of Cecil Hambrough meant complete financial ruin to Monson, and every consideration of self-interest made it incumbent on him to keep him alive. If Cecil Hambrough had lived till he was twenty-one years old, Monson would have received a large sum of money, and if he had died at any time after he was twenty-one years old Monson would have received £20,000, the amount of his insurance policy. Yet the jury who tried the case were asked by Mr. Asher, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, to believe that Monson, a man who, according to Mr. Asher's own showing, was a clever man of the world, and versed in all the intricacies of finance, was guilty of the horrible treachery and cruelty as well as the insane idiocy of murdering Cecil Hambrough in the hope of obtaining the full amount of the insurance policy assigned to him by Cecil Hambrough, a minor, such assignment, as any man of sense must have been aware, being invalid, and not worth the paper it was written on. Quite apart from the utter absence of motive for the murder, the charge was conclusively disproved by the evidence as a whole. Such was evidently the opinion of the judge, the Lord Justice-Clerk, Sir John Macdonald, as anyone can see for himself by reading his summing-up, in which he disposes

of the case for the prosecution as effectually as Mr. Comrie's eloquent speech for the defence, if less dramatically. The Lord Justice-Clerk's summing up is as plain a direction to the jury to acquit the prisoner as could possibly be made consistently with the use of judicial language. Short of telling the jury in plain English that the case for the prosecution had completely broken down, and that it was their obvious duty to bring in a verdict of acquittal, the Lord Justice-Clerk could have done no more to secure Monson's acquittal. The verdict of the jury, "Not Proven," was a cowardly and wicked verdict, given as a cowardly and wicked concession to the unfair prejudice raised against Monson in the viler section of the Press. An English jury would have unhesitatingly acquitted Monson; according to English ideas of justice, when the case against a man is not proved he is entitled to acquittal. The writer of this article is a Scotsman, and proud of it, he bears a surname which is known and honoured all over Scotland, and he says deliberately that the verdict in the Monson case was a disgrace to Scotland, a disgrace to Scottish justice and fair play, and a disgrace to humanity. And what can be said of the conduct of the Crown in the matter? Their whole case was founded on and inextricably woven up with the theory that the man Edward Scott, whose unaccountable disappearance before the trial caused so much excitement at the time, was the guilty accomplice of Monson. They used his disappearance against Monson, to his utmost prejudice, and proceeded to build up on that disappearance a hypothetical story of melodramatic villainy, which subsequent events proved to be a pure figment of the imagination. At the beginning of the case Scott's name was called, and on his failure to appear a sentence of outlawry was passed on him. The Solicitor-General worked up and completed an elaborate and gruesome picture in which the sinister figure of Edward Scott loomed largely and terribly—and then when, after the trial was over, the terrible Scott turned up and made an appearance on the music-hall stage, when he turned out to be an entirely inoffensive and rather foolish person, incapable of hurting a fly, who had run away and hidden himself in a fit of childish panic, did they make any charge against him or even appoint a commission to take his evidence? Not a bit of it; they simply rescinded the decree of outlawry which had been pronounced against him, and let the whole matter drop. The fact that if the evidence of Scott had been made public the result would have been to knock the whole bottom out of the case of the police and the prosecution, and even to make it appear supremely ridiculous, deterred them from taking any steps which might have served to vindicate the unfortunate victim who had gone out of court with his verdict of "Not Proven" to live a life of hell on earth. For to such a life was poor Alfred Monson condemned. His family behaved as families are apt to behave on this kind of occasion: a few of its members believed in his innocence, and proceeded nobly to give expression to their belief by referring to him with bated breath as "poor Alfred," by refraining from asking him to their houses "for fear that he might meet somebody who would be rude to him," by effectually preventing him from taking any steps to rehabilitate himself on the ground that "it would only make more scandal," by giving him "good advice," and by keeping him as short of money as was possible consistently with not allowing him and his wife and children to die of starvation; the other members of his family frankly spoke of him as a murderer, and, as is the amiable wont of hostile members of a family, were more virulent about him even than outsiders. On the whole, and with all suitable reservations, we may say that a man who gets into any kind of trouble may generally

be recommended to pray God to save him from his family, and the case of Monson is no exception to the general rule. The recital of the few details we have been able to gather of his life after the verdict would not be a cheerful one, and we shall not dwell on it. We shall merely say that the meagre financial support of his family did not long continue, that every time he succeeded in getting any sort of honest employment some kind Christian soul went round and denounced him as "Monson the murderer," and that finally, having been driven from pillar to post and hounded from every possibility of earning an honest living, he took to dishonest courses and was sentenced to a term of penal servitude for fraud. We do not know the details of this case, we should not be surprised to learn that he was unjustly convicted owing to the prejudice which had been excited against him, but in any case, and admitting that he was in this case rightly convicted, we shall continue to believe that he was a cruelly ill-used and martyred man. The book containing the report of the Ardlamont trial contains photographs of the Lord Justice-Clerk, Mr. Asher, the then Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Mr. Comrie Thomson. There is no photograph of Monson in the book, but we have seen one taken at the time of his trial. He was then thirty-three years of age, and we confess that as we looked at the presentment of his gay and gallant good-looks (he had a singularly beautiful and attractive face) and considered the horrible, brutal tragedy of his life, we were uncomfortably moved. We are informed that he died shortly after his release from prison, but our authority on this point is dubious, and it may be that he is still alive. If he is dead, and we hope for his own sake that he is, let this article serve as a tardy reparation offered to the memory of one of the most piteous victims of man's inhumanity to man who ever turned a face, brave, undaunted and debonair to the pack of howling dogs that hounded him down.

REVIEWS

THE ATTIC MUSIC HALL

The Acharnians of Aristophanes. With Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary by W. RENNIE. (Arnold, 6s. net.)

ARISTOPHANES is the playground of the more human scholar, especially if he be nimble and light of hand. Without, however, affirming anything concerning Mr. Rennie's nature, it may be stated that much entertainment may be extracted from his book, at first sight unpromising for general review. Until comparatively recently in the history of scholiastic Aristophanes was regarded as a serious authority on Athenian political history. Grote was among the early exploders of that idea, but it still lingers in milder forms, and Mr. Rennie has to combat them in his Introduction. He might have gone further still, for his remarks suggest that Aristophanes had no serious political principles at all. Aristophanes was rather a pure caricaturist of manners, such as were in other arts Goya, Hoffmann—and, it may be added, is Mr. Max Beerbohm. His sole motive of the nature of principle seems to have been the most powerful motive for satirical art, personal antipathy.

A critical examination of Mr. Rennie's text, with the mass of variant readings unobtrusively printed at the foot of each page, might be too trying to the printer—perhaps to the reviewer—but it would undoubtedly be dull to most readers of THE ACADEMY. It will be sufficient to notice his list of nine codices, his reference to the important excerpts from Suidas, and his mention of the papyrus fragments recently dis-

covered at Eschmunên. These last are particularly gratifying to scholiasts, since they confirm several of their previous conjectures. He names two or three works as specially useful, and wisely avoids too much specific reference to his predecessors, for the use of their labours is presupposed in work of this kind; but a list of authorities would have added to the usefulness of his book. A short description of the structure of the play and, of course, the larger part of his excellent commentary must be added to its more purely scholastic value. Its entertainment lies in the remainder of the Introduction and scattered through the Commentary. Though it is not his direct object to vivify Greek culture, as Professor Mahaffy has so often done, he thus arrives at the same end by his careful elucidation of the text. He creates a clear impression of the supreme art of Aristophanes, of the acute intelligence of the Athenians, and of their astonishing modernness.

Though we are secretly quite aware, it is well that we should be occasionally reminded, how vastly more intelligent the Athenians were than ourselves. A glance at Greek popular comedy drives the fact home. The chorus, an expensive item in the production of a Greek play, was provided by the State on application, at the discretion of the proper officer, except in the case of plays by Æschylus, when his authorisation was obligatory. It is possible to imagine the British democracy so endowing Shakespeare as a matter of sentiment. But the Aristophanic comedy was far less like a drama in the modern sense than a pantomime, in some respects, and a production for the music-hall stage in others. Its development also received no assistance whatever from scenery. The change of locality in *The Acharnians*, for instance, is frequent, and there was nothing to indicate it but the entrances and exits by one of the three doors at the back of the stage. Comprehension of the course of the play depended almost entirely on the quick wits of the audience. If the intelligence of the human race as exemplified in the Athens mob of 425 B.C. and the London mob of the present day had not vastly deteriorated, a modern *Acharnians* would now be drawing enormous crowds to a London music-hall, for, as Frere translates two lines in Aristophanes's play:

There's an uncommon ugly twang of pitch,
A touch of naval armament about it.

But to our slow wits such a political phantasmagoria would be totally unintelligible.

The Acharnians was Aristophanes's third play and the earliest which has been preserved intact. It was produced early in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian War, when he was somewhere about the age of twenty. He had made his first excursion into the political drama the year before with *The Babylonians*, a peace play running directly counter to popular sentiment, which was then so warlike that his legal representative was indicted for treason to the Demos, on the ground of the play. *The Acharnians* carried on the same game. Owing to military successes during the previous year the war fever was higher still; Cleon, the demagogue, Aristophanes's constant butt, was at the height of his power; and the whole play is a burlesque of Euripides, who strongly appealed to popular sentimentality. Yet the Athenian mob recognised Aristophanes's consummate art, and the play won the first prize. These are strong proofs of the *aisthesus* of the Attic race, its illiterate amazing perception of the elements of so subtle an art as that of caricature, and their accurate discrimination between the domain of art and politics. They were far from tolerant, but they refused to be deprived of æsthetic pleasure by political considerations.

It is impossible to follow shortly the complex story of the drama. The first part is less connected than the familiar stories of modern pantomimes, the last has no consequence at all: it is composed of a succession of harlequin scenes. The protagonist Dicaeopolis is an Attic farmer, kept in Athens by the war, detesting town life and a strong advocate of peace-at-any-price. He arrives at the Assembly much too soon, with his luncheon-basket, determined to obstruct all military proposals. When the Assembly has been opened, a professional peacemaker proposes to conduct negotiations anywhere on payment of his journey-money, and is immediately "chucked out." He is followed by Athenian ambassadors returning from the Great King with a Persian envoy. The envoy speaks an unintelligible jargon of bad Greek, which the chairmen of the Assembly interpret according to their fancy. Dicaeopolis, very angry, finds the peacemonger and commissions him to make a personal treaty for himself and family. Next arrive the Ambassador to Thrace, with a band of Thracian raiders as an earnest of more, warranted to eat up any district they may be commissioned to visit. As an example of their capacity, they seize Dicaeopolis's luncheon-basket. The peacemonger now returns with samples of treaties in bottles. Dicaeopolis chooses the Thirty-years' brand as the oldest liquor, less doctored with tar and suggestive of naval armament. He retires to his house, one of the three stage doors, to celebrate the rural festival to Dionysus. But veterans of Acharnae, full of military fervour, get wind of the bargain, and arrive to stone him. Dicaeopolis comes out, strikes a tragic attitude, and delivers a speech in the Euripidean mode, standing over his meat block and chopper in evidence of his readiness to accept martyrdom for his principles. To increase the effect he goes to Euripides's house, the centre stage door, and begs the loan of his best heroic properties. Euripides is very unwilling to part with the essence of his drama, but Dicaeopolis eventually reappears with a tattered cloak, a beggar's staff and a basket with a hole in it, full of faded greens. He then makes a speech consisting of a close burlesque of Euripides's *Telephus*. Part of the Acharnians are convinced, the other part fetch Lamachus, the General, violently burlesqued, in full uniform, supported by dancing girls. The two parts of the chorus, the Acharnians, then unite in a *résumé* of *The Babylonians* and an elaborate eulogy of the poet, Aristophanes. The remainder of the piece consists of a harlequinade in which Dicaeopolis and Lamachus are the contending heroes. Finally Lamachus is carried away to have his bruises dressed at a surgery, and Dicaeopolis is borne off in triumph to receive the victor's crown. The success of Dicaeopolis is quite devoid of any political or moral significance, it is purely artistic, the triumph of the funniest character, and evokes the same sort of sympathy as that of Owlglass, or the Man who could not shiver.

But Aristophanes is also a mine of information concerning the particular manners and customs of the Athenians of his period. From him more than from any other author can their daily life be reconstructed. It is Mr. Rennie's notes on such allusions which make his Commentary so interesting. He describes the peaceable and practical method by which crowds were dispersed by means of a rope steeped in red-ochre; the arrangement of the theatres; the social customs of picnics to which each guest contributed, and of *symposia* from which such teetotalers as then existed retired; the many and various trinkets of the women; the clothes and food of the poor and the exquisite; the hats suitable for the country and for travelling, and entirely discarded in town; the several kinds of bread; the dilution of wine; the methods of cooking flesh and fish; the sauces and the sweetmeats. The curious in

cooking can try eels garnished with beet, rissoles of salt fish baked in fig leaves, hare juggled in its own blood, and tripe sauced with honey; they can speculate whether *sepiæ* really does signify cuttle-fish, if the Athenians regarded them as a delicacy, and whether, if *echinoi* means our sea-urchins, they ate them, when not compelled by blockade. Ornithologists can discuss the exact species of the *attagæ* which Mr. Rennie calls the *francolin*, Adams the godwit, and Sundevall the *perdix cinerea*; at any rate it appears to be excellent eating. In his introduction, again, Mr. Rennie discusses the difficult question of the *Didaskolos*, that legal representative who was indicted on account of Aristophanes's *Babylonians*, and under whose name he represented *The Acharnians* and other plays according to a common custom. He was certainly not an actor, but often a poet of experience, who primarily trained the chorus. In this respect the relation of the dramatist to his *Didaskolos* was similar to that of the architect fertile in design at the present day, who associates himself with another of more experience and less imagination to avoid the drudgery of calculation. In other respects the *Didaskolos* held the position of a whipping-boy or prison-editor, for he was responsible to the State and had to undergo any penalties incurred. Prizes, however, were given under the name of both, and it seems that the *Didaskolos* received the money reward as payment for his training of the chorus.

But since at the present time the political element is more evident in the English drama in the pantomimes and more strongly and continuously on the music hall stage, a point of contact between the latter and the Aristophanic comedy must be noticed, their relative morality. The Pharisaic feeling which dominates the County Council in its control of the music halls, by turning its attention solely to respectability, blinds it to morality. With the exception of the English Restoration drama the Aristophanic comedy is probably the coarsest represented on any stage at any period, but it is far less incitive to vice than the music hall stage has been rendered by the Council. The jests of the Aristophanic comedy, however broad, appeal entirely to an intellectual faculty, the sense of humour. The County Council has eliminated the gaiety from the music hall stage, and left the human organism, however respectably concealed, its sole appeal to the carnal senses. Fortunately, the Aristophanic comedians of the present day are skilful enough to divert part of the attention of their audience from such morose delectation, by the fescennine wit which they insinuate impromptu, and the Council is too stupid to observe.

A GROUP OF PHILOSOPHERS

Essays on Literature. By EDWARD CAIRD, LL.D., D.C.L., late Master of Balliol. (James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, 5s.)

THE exceptionally lucid and unfettered style which characterises this series of essays and lectures renders it well worthy of re-issue after a period of seventeen years. The name of the writer is an honoured one in the realm of philosophic literature, and among those to whom his works are familiar is in itself a guarantee that whatever subject is dealt with will receive a breadth of knowledge and a sureness of touch—due to knowledge rightly applied—which will go far to give it a strong interest, whether the reader be in concord or of a divergent opinion. Philosophy is a term which conveys to the uninitiated too vague a meaning to be of any essential use; the dictionary helps him but little, since "the science of being as being" or "the knowledge of the causes and laws of all phenomena" can

hardly be said to be definitions which illuminate with particular brilliance the confused shadow-show of ideas which appears at the sound of the word; therefore, we may as well set on record a brief statement of the sphere and the reasonableness of this science of humanity that occurs in an essay, entitled "The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time":

The task of philosophy is to gain, or rather perhaps to regain, such a view of things as shall reconcile us to the world and to ourselves. The need for philosophy arises out of the broken harmony of a spiritual life, in which the different elements or factors seem to be set in irreconcilable opposition to each other; in which, for example, the religious consciousness, the consciousness of the infinite, is at war with the secular consciousness, the consciousness of the finite; or, again, the consciousness of the self with the consciousness of the external world. It is easy to see this, if we reflect on the nature of the controversies which most trouble us at present. They all, directly or indirectly, turn upon the difficulty of reconciling the three great terms of thought—the world, self, and God—the difficulty of carrying out to their legitimate consequences what seem to be our most firmly based convictions as to any one of these factors in our intellectual life, without rejecting in whole or in part the claims of the others.

Dr. Caird admits that even this is too lax an indication, and proceeds to elaborate his argument in a masterly fashion; but the sentences quoted serve our purpose as manifesting the general trend of all these essays. Whether the author discusses Wordsworth and his Nature-philosophy, or Carlyle in his sartorial fantasies, or Goethe, or even—as in the opening paper—Dante, his view-point is the philosophical one rather than that of the poetic enthusiast or the literary critic. The temptation to range among the more flowery by-paths—some would call them the highways—of *belles-lettres* must at times have been hard to resist; there are traces of self-control in this matter in the wholly charming essay on Wordsworth; but the line of thought and reasoning throughout is clearly conceived and finely expressed. Two persons so dissimilar as the poet of our English lakes and Jean Jacques Rousseau are the subjects of some very interesting analyses wherein the points of contact between them—their love of Nature and their desire to loosen the complicated fetters of too stern a system of education and civilisation—are excellently noted. Of Rousseau Dr. Caird says:

It was the revolt of his whole soul against the life and culture of Paris that gave such force and intensity to his denunciation of the evils of an artificial civilisation, and to his prophetic call to a perverse generation to return to Nature. Forced back upon himself he sought in his visions a compensation for his practical incapacity either to conform himself to the world, or the world to himself, and "while he was musing the fire burned." Rousseau, in fact, was rather like a Hebrew prophet under an ecstasy of inspiration than a literary man setting himself a definite task.

The consideration of Dante in his relation to theology and ethics—the introductory essay to which we have referred—is a fine piece of exposition, and concludes with a passage which seems to us to sum up that poet and indicate his true place in religious history with a precision which leaves nothing more to be said:

In spite of the horrors of his *Inferno*, which are the poetic reflection of the superstitious terrors of a half-barbarous age, and in spite of the monastic austerity and purity of his Paradise of light and music, which is like a glorified edition of the services of the Church, Dante interprets the religion of the cloister in such a way as to carry us beyond it. His *Divina Commedia* may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral, through which we emerge from the dim religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memory of those

harmonies of form and colour on which we have been gazing, and with the organ notes that lifted our soul to heaven still sounding in our ears.

The second essay, "Goethe and Philosophy," is made the occasion for a scholarly disquisition on the relation between philosophy and poetry in which the author is, perhaps, at his best, and which we should like to quote were it not so unfair to abstract disjointed paragraphs from a coherent and pleasing whole. In his closing essay on "The Genius of Carlyle" Dr. Caird, in our opinion, is not quite so happy; he emphasises too heavily the idea that a great proportion of Carlyle's work is now out-of-date, that it sufficed only for the grievances of the philosopher's own day and generation. The question is whether work informed by such tremendous energy can ever be out-of-date—whether it does not assume a different but equal quality of value from the perspective of time. Swift and Addison are most decidedly out-of-date and behind the times, but we cannot afford to discard their writings, neither does it seem particularly profitable to study them from the standpoint of their moral lessons or their political designs, save for the economist, the moralist, or the historian. But they wrote English, of an excellence! This, however, is the only thing that strikes us as a trifle out of place in Dr. Caird's admirable volume, and we may conclude by saying that it is one of those books, full of fruitful ideas and luminous reasoning, which no student of the higher branches of literature should miss—whether he incline to philosophy or not.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Arrows in the Dark. By SOPHIE COLE. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE idea that a woman should publish after the death of her husband (a great pianist) the love-letters which other women had written to him—publish them in book-form for the sake of money—is rather dreadful, but there are possibilities in it for the novelist. From such possibilities the author of "Arrows in the Dark" has constructed a really clever and interesting story. The disagreeable contingencies which in unskilled hands might easily have made it repellent are avoided, and if we are forced to consider the widow as a too consistently heartless person who does not receive her deserts we must admit that she is admirably drawn and that her scheming makes an effective foil for the ingenuous hero of the book. Naturally, the letters when given to the surprised world of London cause an immense sensation, and, although the signatures are, of course, omitted, several ladies whose notions of virtue are not cast in any rigid mould suffer a considerable amount of discomposure at finding their effusions in print. Even the school-girl adoration of Marjorie, the plucky little heroine, is reproduced pitilessly. She is set up in business in Bond Street by Tom Trevor, who has the misfortune to be cousin to one of the least discreet of the amorous butterflies, and the relations which arise between these three persons form a vital part of the book. Marjorie loves Tom, Tom loves Eugénie, Eugénie loves the memory of the dead musician as far as she can be said to love at all; and so the comedy is played until, with Marjorie's death, tragedy appears. The plot is exceptionally well evolved, and the whole story, both in its main theme and in its side-issues, holds the reader's attention from first to last. We congratulate the author on a romance which is much above the average merit.

Wax. By GEORGE SOMES LAYARD. (Allen and Sons, 6s.)

THE possibilities of mesmerism and of hypnotic suggestion are very cleverly exploited in this story, and Mr. Layard certainly deserves praise for having conceived original predicaments for his characters, if not an original plot. But we fear that the overpowering improbability of the whole affair, while adding a piquancy to the book for indulgent and uncritical readers, will detract from its pleasure for those whose demands are somewhat sterner. The heroine, shut up in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition for a night, masquerading in the robe of Mary Queen of Scots; the silly young fireman of Tussaud's staff who adores the wax figure, talks to it, and is a "medium"; George Bellairs, permitting himself to be hypnotised, and placing himself completely in the power of a man who was neither a doctor nor an intimate friend—all these make very pretty material for complications, but must be regarded as rather farcical when offered as participants in a romance of London. The author would have done better had he evolved some other career for the little people of his mind—the opening chapters are so good that the plunge into "waxworks" and "mesmerism" strikes us as very disappointing and degenerative.

We note that Mr. Layard, in two or three places, chides his characters on points of grammar and choice of language. He should, therefore, be more careful himself. On page 154 we have a bad flaw: "The army of day-attendants was coming in to make their charges presentable for the day." If the word "their" refers to the "night-watchmen" in the preceding clause, it is too far separated from its antecedent. In another place this irritating sentence occurs: "The matters which had lately got themselves into such a jumble, or been got, if you like to have it so, by the Spirit of Mischief, had to get themselves marshalled and collocated." "Or been got" is most distressing. To contrast with these unpleasant lapses there are many pages where ideas and language are quite beautifully mated, pages which are charming to read. Mr. Layard's chief failing in this novel seems to be that of a too saltatory imagination; perhaps in his next work, if it should be in the field of fiction and not in his other chosen realm of letters, he will repress that imagination for the benefit of readers who have been led to expect from him something above the "popular" level.

The End and the Beginning. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Mills and Boon, 3s. 6d.)

EVEN if it were not definitely stated that in due time this novel is to form the basis of a play the fact would be sufficiently apparent from internal evidence to anyone of ordinary acumen. The entire story acts itself, if we may be permitted the expression—sets itself into a series of distinct scenes, and the reader can very easily catch the illusion that he is watching the stage, listening to the dialogue, savouring the critical "situations." It follows, therefore, as the book is written by no inexperienced hand, that what it loses from a literary point of view it gains in dramatic force, in crispness, in concentration; in a word, it "goes." It follows, equally, that in criticising the style we can hardly employ the usual standards by which novels are judged, since this one naturally tells its tale almost entirely by means of reported conversations. There is no need for hesitation, however, on the part of the reader who desires a "good story," for, once begun, this little study will scarcely be laid down until the last word has been read. We term it a study, since it seems to be a sincere attempt to express the relation

between master and man at a crisis of industrial affairs; between the chief of a large business concern and the thousands of men dependent upon him—men deluded by the cant of Socialism, deciding fatuously to strike work while receiving good pay from a good master. Necessarily, there is no striving here after fine or subtle characterisation. The actors—a most suitable word—are broadly and effectively differentiated, and at least two or three of them are familiar figures; we have Edward Chard, the "strong," square-jawed, unyielding man; Alf, the young Cockney workman, with his shag tobacco and his slangy phrases; Tapper, the tubby little "comic relief," who, when presumably asleep and suddenly kissed by his wife, exclaims: "More luck!"—the pit will overflow with giggles at this, of course; and other reminiscent characters are deftly put through their paces. We write this in no depreciatory mood—they are by no means lifeless puppets, and if the humour is, on occasion, palpably of the kind to catch a guffaw from the mixed audience of a theatre that is a fault which in such a book we suppose must be condoned. The title of the story seems totally inadequate and meaningless, and the finish is an obvious "curtain" which reads rather weakly. For an hour's entertainment however, unflagging and vivid, the book is capital, and our final judgment must coincide with the clapping of hands which it will certainly win when staged.

Eliza Brightwen: The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. Edited by W. H. CHESON. With Introduction and Epilogue by EDMUND GOSSE. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

"THIS little book," writes Mr. Gosse, "in its simplicity, its *naïveté*, will not be comprehended by any but those who are already in sympathy with its author and in measure conversant with her methods." We may accept this statement unreservedly, while adding that those readers to whom the name of Mrs. Brightwen is familiar as a household word—and there are, happily, many such—will be grateful for this simple and unpretentious record. It might, perhaps, have been wished that Mr. Cheson, to whom the practical editorship of the volume was assigned, had seen fit to exercise a more rigorous supervision. A few of the entries are of too trivial a character to warrant publication, and the inclusion of the full text of the "Holy City" was surely unnecessary, since the words are only too familiar to everyone of us. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Mr. Cheson has performed his task with scrupulous conscientiousness, and his foot-notes are occasionally of considerable value.

This book is the story of a quiet life devoted to noble ends. It is diversified by no startling incidents. Of an essentially modest and retiring disposition, Mrs. Brightwen shrank from publicity. She was an influence rather a force. Of the first fifty years of her life little need be said. She married—happily, it would appear, if not romantically. She was to a large extent the slave of her temperament, and only the prolonged illness of her husband roused her to a sense of her responsibilities. George Brightwen died in 1883, and with his death the centre of interest shifted for his widow. Always a keen student of natural history, she began to collect and classify the results of her observation. She acquired, not without difficulty, the art of writing. Hence those five or six books on animal life which have proved the unflinching delight of so many children. Her studies were distinguished for their accuracy if not for their originality. She owed little or nothing to books, and was frequently unaware that her "discoveries" were mere commonplaces to the scientific expert. This ignorance, however, was not without its advantages. For by its means she was

enabled to revolutionise the teaching of natural history. She brought science into the nursery, and it may not unfairly be claimed for her that she trained many hundreds of children in habits of observation and accuracy, while instilling into them a deep feeling for Nature.

Much of this book is concerned with the irrelevant—tea-meetings, Bible classes, Church services, and such like. Mrs. Brightwen's piety, though unquestionably deep-rooted and sincere, is apt at times to become a little oppressive. But those pages of the narrative which deal with the author's work as a naturalist are full of interest and charm, and there is an atmosphere of kind-heartedness and simple goodness which is never absent.

A CORNISH BAY

FACING the summer sunset it lies, open to the winter billows and the August calms, yet secure from the direct affront of blustering south-west gales; and into its tranquil hollow, as if for shelter, flower after flower has crept and taken hold. First the heather—so sturdy and inured that he had small need of protection, for many storms could not loosen his grasp—they passed over, leaving him unharmed, with the wind singing through his dense clusters; but the little bay grew fond of his firm, sweet tangle and his bluff way with the wind that so disturbed her peace, so she let him stay, and from rock to rock he sprinkled a pink foam of blossom. Then the foxgloves, dainty, trim and tall, peered over, and presently in groups of three or four they wandered down the crannied cliffs until one year not long ago they bent and nodded to see their rich mauve bells mirrored for the first time in the crystal light of a sunny, shallow pool. They were too beautiful to be driven back and broken at the mercy of any gusty hour. Crowding to the edge came wild roses, their pale, wondering faces turned towards the dreamy blue below; here and there, wherever he could find a space, the small golden eye of the strawberry-flower peeped shyly between; the fine tendrils of the pea, with her slender fairy blooms "on tiptoe for a flight," twined closely round everything she touched, fearing to be left behind. Through the dark undergrowth writhed the convolvulus, marking his path to right and left by snowflakes rosy-tipped; and the little bay welcomed them all until they travelled down and down and dared to whisper and laugh at the very edge of the beach itself. So the cleft in the coast became a God's garden, far from the towns of men.

On a summer evening we stood on the cliff and looked into the lovely depth, resting eyes and soul, although for a minute our hearts might have beaten more quickly with the thrill of it all. The tremulous border of the rising tide had encroached upon more than half of that narrow semi-circle of sand; its faint surge mingled with the screams of gulls at play, whirls of white specks against the headland. Nature was reduced to her primal earth, air, water, and the fire in the western sky, and something of that elemental simplicity seemed to enter into the spirit, for as by an actual stretch of arms a robe is flung from the shoulders, so the discomfort of too careful thoughts slipped from us. For once, things seen were greater than things unseen—unless it was that the visible splendour brought us more closely into relation with the beauty invisible which we can apprehend so seldom.

As the evening advanced the sea grew calmer. Petals of flowers bent inward, forming cups for the dew; buds which were nearly unfolded stayed their greeting for the morning light; the wild bees boomed contentedly homeward. Between its brown arms the little bay gathered sheaves of sunbeams—the golden

pathway trembled straightly and fairly to the far horizon.

We followed the winding foot-track and adventured upon its surface in a boat, to discover sights and sounds and fragrances that were unsuspected from the vantage of the high ground. The nearer water changed to green, and only in the middle distance did that limpid blue expanse begin that blends into the narrow indigo line of the western ocean. From that cool, clear depth the rough rocks rose like broad bastions of a citadel guarding the gentle valleys within; into it they descended, still discernible, with many a spur and pinnacle uplifting shaggy heads as though in protest against the silent, inevitable oblivion of the incoming tide. Now and then the edge of the water showed a peculiar agitation; pulling a few strokes nearer to find the reason of it, we heard queer, hollow words being blown from crevices and tiny caverns into the sea with a petulant swirl of white foam; they might have been the muffled voices of resentful, half-articulate monsters aroused from their sleep. One by one they were silenced and drowned, leaving behind a few pale, irregular lines of floating froth, as though the dying voices had written their pining in mysterious runes on the surface of the water; but the writing soon passed. Another soft noise, repeated at changing intervals, had an eerie effect on the brain; it was the detonation of the under-swell in the recesses of a cave, each sullen boom followed by a volley of shed drops that echoed musically out to the wide spaces of air.

From our boat we could see the gleaming ribbon of the beach gradually narrowing, until the dark ridge of dry, withered weed, with its litter of wicker crab-pots, its odd pieces of driftwood from wrecks of long ago, the winning-mark of the tide, was nearly awash. So fair was the sky that even then the sun was dazzling to look upon with unshaded glance as he approached the sea's rim. The innumerable tints and ochreous shades of the cliffs became intensified into patches of deep, definite colour—arabesques of red, brown, yellow, pointed streaks of green where the fingers of the land had reached out over the dizzy height and touched the rocks into life, specks of solitary ferns, growing between flakes of the very stone—all merged and set into a magnificent natural mosaic. Through the last long minutes of sunlight the hues deepened, the reds becoming more lucent, as a dark red rose held in the crimson rays will appear a flower of flame. So strong and steady, so sentient was the lift of the tide, that from the boat it seemed as though the waters were ascending to engulf the great sun as they had already engulfed the boulders and outer ramparts of the land; seemed that they might rise, and rise indefinitely, until the boat swayed with us alone at the centre of a vast, sunless, shoreless circle of sea and sky.

The sun dipped and disappeared, glorious to the end in his farewell; for the last time to-day the wet ledges and sombre roofs of the caves glimmered with the wavering web of reflected rays. As the shadow of one's hand will deaden a bunch of delicate flowers, so the colours of the cliffs suddenly ceased to glow; they took to themselves instead a tinge of strong purple and warm grey that all the high, pure radiance from the north-west to the zenith could not redeem. Darker and darker grew the air, as though veil after veil of gauze were being slowly, silently floated over the earth, her coverlets for the night. Cool breaths came and went across the sea, ruffling it as with the gloom of unseen wings; the rocks became significant, uncanny, assuming mammoth shapes as of great, grave, slumbering bodies thrust far into the deep. If they should wake, we thought, and move? Ripples that were unheard in the broad light murmured softly from the bows. The seabirds were strangely quiet, ranged in sentinel rows in front of their stony resting-

places, white points upon a purple gloom. It was time to turn homeward.

Standing on the shingle, we could glimpse the whole bay, silvery, hushed and dim as a bay in dreamland. Two or three faint sounds emphasised the stillness; the listless plash of a tiny wave; the quaint, intermittent stridulation of a grasshopper in the heather a few feet away; the rustle and cheep of an invisible, drowsy bird. The sea, touching the fringe of that thin, dry belt of weed, paused as though waiting for a whispered word. For it was high tide.

RONSARD'S "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS"

It is to be hoped that the cheap reprint of a selection from the chief lyrical poems of Ronsard and the leading poets of his school, carefully introduced and edited by M. Auguste Dorchain, may be the means of arousing an interest in this celebrated poet, who has a peculiar fascination for English and for Scottish readers.

Born in 1524, near Vendôme, Pierre de Ronsard was for a time attached to the French Court, afterwards spending three years at the Court of Scotland, at the end of which term he transferred his services to the Duke of Orleans; but having lost his hearing he gave himself up almost entirely to the composition of lyrical poetry, earning for himself the title of the Prince of Poets, being the chief of the cluster of seven contemporary poets known in literary history as the Pleiade. Ronsard helped to introduce important changes in the idiom of the French language, as well as in the rhythm of French poetry.

When James the Fifth of Scotland gallantly married the hapless Madeleine of Valois, the youthful Ronsard, then a page in the household of her brother, the Duke of Orleans, transferred his services to the young Queen and accompanied her to Scotland. After her death he remained at Edinburgh for nearly three years, during which time he read the Greek and Latin classics, and studied under a Scotsman whose name is not given, but which it would be interesting to know, if any literary antiquary could dig it out of the ruins of the past. The King could not prevail on Ronsard to remain in Scotland, but it was afterwards the poet's fate to meet the daughter of James—Mary Queen of Scots—in France, and it was at her desire that he published his first volume of poems.

Ronsard addressed some of his finest sonnets to Queen Mary, and when she was a prisoner in England he wrote impassioned verses imploring the French to take up arms for her deliverance. Queen Elizabeth, jealous of Ronsard's affection for the Queen of Scots, strove hard to detach him from her rival, but in vain; for Ronsard was a whole-hearted and big-brained Mariolater, and the first of the cult whose worship took a distinctly literary form, his countryman and contemporary, Brantôme, being an easy second. Ronsard died in 1585, while Mary was still a prisoner in England, but within two years of her release by means of the scaffold at Fotheringay.

It was during the brief reign of Francis, Mary's first husband, that Ronsard found a patroness and protectress in the young Queen, who urged him to publish the first collected edition of his works in 1560—the year, by the way, in which the Reformation became an accomplished fact in Scotland, and stern, sullen Presbyterianism was set up in place of lax and gay Romanism. Ronsard's poetry had originally been published, the Hymns in 1555, and the continuation of the Amours in 1556, and dedicated to the beautiful Marguerite of France, afterwards Duchess of Savoy.

But before the poet was able to present Mary with a copy of the last volume she was a widow and an ex-Queen, and had departed for Scotland to seek that crown which was to sit longer but less lightly on her fair head than the diadem of the realm she had left behind. Ronsard's grief at the young Queen's departure from France, which he seems to have witnessed, had been feelingly described in a long poem which Miss Castello has translated in one of her elegant books.

The fine sonnet which Ronsard wrote when Mary was a captive is also in his best style, both as a poet and as a worshipper of the unfortunate Queen. In impassioned verses he calls upon the men of France to remember their chivalry, and to fly to the rescue of the hapless lady:

Encores que la mer de bien loins nous separe, etc.,

which Miss Castello translates in this manner:

Although the envious seas divide us far,
Thine eye, heaven's brightest, most immortal star,
Will not consent that time nor space should sever,
From the heart that is thine own for ever.

O queen! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen,
Thy counsels change, assuage thy bitter ire!
The sun in all its course has never seen,
A deed so foul, so vengeful, and so dire!

Degenerate race! what mean those shining arms
Which Renaul, Lancelot, Orlando bore?
The helpless sex they should protect from harms,

But lo! they can oppose, defend, no more!
Rust, ye vain trophies, idle useless all,—
France has no sons to win a queen from thrall!

But even before Burke's time the age of chivalry had passed, and the Renauls, Lancelots, and Orlandos, if there were any such in France, made no effort to break the chains of the fair captive who was languishing in prison, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding the appeal made to her in the fifth line:

O queen! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen:
(Reine, qui enfermez une reine si rare,)—

was unwilling to let her prisoner go.

Mary did not forget her poetical champion. In 1583, in the sixteenth year of her captivity, she sent to him, as a mark of her admiration of his gifts and as a token of her gratitude for his faithfulness, a magnificent cupboard, surmounted with a rock representing Parnassus, with Pegasus springing from the fount of Hippocrene, and bearing this inscription:

A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la Source des Muses.

Although the fact is ignored by most historians of Scotland, including Hill Burton, who gaily sends his readers to the lively pages of Brantôme, it is worth while relating that a French gentleman, Chastelard by name, who was condemned to death for having been found hidden in Queen Mary's bedchamber, refused all ghostly comfort at the scaffold, asking only to be allowed to read the Hymn de la Mort by Ronsard, the much-loved poet of her for whose sake he was about to die an ignominious death. Chastelard met his death gallantly like a true knight-errant, turning in the direction of his bright particular star, though it was obscured from view, and did not hear him addressing her as the most lovely and cruel of her sex. It is worth noting, by the way, that Chastelard is the title of one of the three poems forming Mr. Swinburne's Marian trilogy.

In 1584, with exquisite taste and diplomatic delicacy, Ronsard removed from the last edition of his works

the name of the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's old favourite, and the eulogy he had written on that unfortunate nobleman; for our poet had lived too long at the subtle Court of France and the stormy Court of Scotland not to know whom to eulogise and whom to ignore, and when and where. Witness his address to Mary:

Je n'ay voulu, Madame, que ce livre
Passast le mer, etc.,

in the course of which he goes on to say:

My book, 'twere hard if England claimed thee all,
And thou from Scotland should too long delay,
Where, ready at thy mistress' slightest call,
Thou may'st thy tender, dutious homage pay.

Then shalt thou, happy far beyond thy race,
Behold two Queens whom the same seas enclose,
Whose fame their billows would in vain oppose,
Which fills the universe and boundless space!

'Tis meet that, since for both I frame these lays,
They should each separate beauty fitly praise;
That each should at her feet the gift survey,
Which shall the bard's devoted zeal display.

Besides, Queen Elizabeth, like Queen Mary, was a competitor for Ronsard's favour. The English Queen could not but admire his faithfulness to her rival. On one occasion, Elizabeth sent Ronsard a diamond of great value, comparing its lustre and brilliancy to the charm and sparkle of his divine poesy. She could never forget the beautiful lines he had addressed to her on the occasion of the treaty of peace with France in 1565, in which, after having proudly, but not too aggressively, affirmed his patriotism, Ronsard extolled the union and friendship of the two nations in some eloquent verses, which may be given in the original:

N'offensez point par armes ni par noise,
Si m'en croyez, la province gauloise
Les Gaulois semble au saule verdissant;
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant,
Et rejettone en branches davantage,
Prenant vigneur de son propre domnage.
Pour ce, vivez comme amiables sœurs:
Par les combats les sceptres ne sont sœurs.
Quand vous serez ensemble bien unies,
L'amour, la Foi, deux belles compagnies,
Viendront ca-bas le cœur vous chauffer
Puis, sans harnois, sans armes et sans fer,
Et-sans le dos d'un carset vous ceindre,
Ferez vos noms par toute Europe craindre,
Et l'age d'or verra de toutes parts
Fleurir les lys entre les leopards.

Ronsard, therefore, as we see by these lines, and by those given above, was not only a Mariolater, but one of the precursors of *l'entente cordiale*, and the only real singer who has voiced the aspirations of those strenuous workers who strove and are striving—and long may they strive and thrive!—to bring about a better understanding between two great peoples, who, even in literary matters, owe much to each other.

MILTON AND DR. JOHNSON

If sympathy with the subject is necessary to a biographer Johnson should have left the blind poet alone, for probably the ages have not produced a man so antipathetically antagonistic in character to Milton, unless it be the present occupant of St. Peter's chair into whose utterances the following and similar passages might be interpolated without in any way disturbing their unity: "If every dreamer of innova-

tions may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book, and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained, because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief," though His Holiness might justly complain that he is not allowed to punish without adverse comment. That such antagonism should exist between natures both possessing a firm and reverent belief, a love of freedom only second to it, a grand personal independence, a common delight in the classics, and both sufferers from physical infirmity, seems at first an incongruity; but if, against the former quotation we place Milton's reference to Charles' execution as a glorious action which freed the people from slavery and was the outcome of its own greatness of mind, we have the key-note of the discord which clashes only the more harshly for the harmonious similarity in taste that appeared to precede it.

Johnson looked at all the objects around him straightly in the face and saw the incarnation of his beloved liberty only in law and order; the physically blind poet saw only Freedom unincarnate, and believed "Who loves that, must first be wise and good," and he thunders at those who misuse it that they mean licence when they cry Liberty, disgusted and in anger, that loosed from bondage they do not press forward on his own ideal path.

To the practical common-sense of Johnson, who tells us further on that "A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it," a belief that human nature could run ideally straight without leading strings, must have appeared inadmissably childish, and he constantly suspects the poet's sincerity in consequence. Virtue could scarcely have ever had two more honest votaries, yet the later worshipper finds his teeth set on edge by every trifling word and act of the earlier; in every paragraph we see the earnest struggle of the truly honest man to be just in spite of the insinuating encroachments of an all-powerful prejudice, and the presentment of this intensely human conflict is so vivid that as we finish reading the life we feel that, even if Boswell had never existed, from it alone we should have gained an intimate acquaintance with the author.

It is a triumph for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" that they should have charmed the prejudice to slumber for a while, but it stirs restlessly towards the end of his criticism, and knows not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. But in this case it is not so much prejudice as his own natural love of hard outlines, and ignorance of the melting interweaving of light and shadow, which not only prevented him from seeing that there should be "some melancholy in the mirth" was truth to Nature, but robbed his own poetry of human attraction.

"Lycidas" is torn in pieces, "Comus" is "a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive," and none ever wished "Paradise Lost" longer than it is, winds up so expressive of his own prejudice that one is lost in admiration of the previous attempt—even if not considered very successful—to be just and appreciative.

But amongst all those little quips of malice two gross accusations stand out—that he sold his services, and his flatteries, to a tyrant, "of whom it was evident that he could do nothing lawful"; and "that he felt not

so much, the love of liberty as repugnance to authority."

To realise how these accusations were made with absolute honesty and good faith is to see how identical plants can be affected by different soil. Milton's independence was primarily mental, submitting only to the right; he demanded that his own conscience should be the arbiter. To him Cromwell was the defender of that liberty of conscience, and his rule, usurped or not, its continued defence; to him the one slavery was interference with the freedom of conscience that assured the administration of the laws could be carried through by any just man or men.

Johnson's independence was very practical. As Carlyle says, his pitching away the shoes which the Gentleman Commoner placed at his door is the type of his life. He saw no liberty outside the established law and order of things, but he demanded his own private independence of action, and it is quite open to suspicion that sooner than wear those boots, he would have been ready to execute and revile his King. To him their acceptance seemed like beggary; he could not quite rise to the spirit in which they were offered, and remember that though he, a servitor, had to rise early, the donor had risen still earlier to place them at his door. He could not quite forgive the possession of wealth, or understand "that a grateful mind by owing owes not, but still pays, at once indebted and discharged"; and we admire his tenacity, his solid, fighting stubbornness.

Milton's love of independence led him to call Cromwell the "Father of his Country," and end with "Paradise Regained"; Johnson's led him to write of his publisher, "Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named," and to end with a dictionary.

Free will is another point where this curious sameness of sentiment and divergence of development comes out markedly, with Milton it is ever looked at from high range of thought—"I made him just and right, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

The abstract ideal is ever more real to him than its incarnation in his visible surroundings, it is discussed in Heaven, he does not trace its working and struggling in the human reasoning and acts any more than his predestination reaches its logical result as a guiding theory of human action, in the fatalism of the East.

Johnson sees it in its effects on human action, and in one great line, "Daring, though calm; and vigorous, though resigned," expresses how the influence of a belief in it reveals itself in human action. Taken from the prologue of his tragedy, "Irene," its story, the Christian Greeks against the Turk, has evidently led him into a consideration of fatalism and, perhaps unconsciously to himself, by the two qualifying adjectives and the concretion of the metaphysical into conduct, he succeeds in drawing his beloved sharp line of demarcation even across the coalescing waters of destiny and foreknowledge.

The daring of the fatalist is unquestioned, nothing he does or leaves undone can alter the hour of his death, fixed since time began; the man who believes his will and reason free to act on and form his circumstance adds to daring the calm which makes and accepts opportunity; he uses his vigour to its uttermost, and knowing he has done all in man's power is prepared to meet death with the resigned bravery that robs the victor of his triumph and failure of its sting, utterly different from the fate-acceptance which is a despair of self-help and steals the vitality from the spring of action.

His sincerity is undoubtable, so also his prejudice, when we compare what he says of Milton's service to Cromwell with the charitable excuses that he makes for Addison's acceptance of the secretaryship to Wharton; but once, indeed, the kin of authorship raises him

above it and what secrets of his own heart, its hopes and confidences, is he not telling us when he wrote, "Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way, in a kind of subterraneous current, through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation"?

CORRESPONDENCE

A PRIMER OF POETRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—People who are discontented with the mechanical prosody of our grammars often ask where they can procure more satisfactory guidance, and the question is not easily answered. In this country there is hardly to be found a handbook which deals adequately with the subject. Prof. Saintsbury's "History of Prosody" is, of course, a work very different in conception. American students are more fortunate; they can choose among several unpretentious, but trustworthy, manuals. One such is "English Verse," by Raymond MacDonald Alden (Holt and Co., New York, 1903), which contains well-chosen examples, along with a few pages of lucid theoretical exposition. Much more to the purpose, however, and likely to meet the wants of advanced students, as well as beginners, is a new book by the same writer, entitled "An Introduction to Poetry: for Students of English Literature" (same publishers, 1909). Whether the book is on sale in England I do not know, but trust that arrangements will be made for supplying a not improbable demand.

It is much more than a treatise on versification. Of its six chapters the first three—nearly half the book—deal with substance rather than form. In this way are discussed, briefly, but competently, such questions as: What is poetry?—is it wholly mimetic?—is metrical form essential to it?—also its origin, its division into such branches as Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, etc., the function of imagination, the relations between poetry and beauty, and between poetry and truth, its special subject-matter, its appropriate style, and so forth. In each discussion reference is made to the opinions of leading critics from Aristotle downward. This is a noteworthy feature of the book, and makes it not merely a record of the author's own views, but a guide to those of others, thus forming a compendious introduction to the whole subject. Throughout these chapters the author's judgments strike one as eminently sane and level-headed, while the citations and bibliography give every reader a chance of testing these by reference to the highest authorities; anyone who carries out this latter process thoroughly will have little left to learn so far as books can teach.

But it is probably the last three chapters—dealing with rhythm, metres, feet, rhyme, and assonance, stanza-form, etc.—which will be found both most interesting to the critic and most useful to the learner. The discussion of rhythm is particularly good, holding the balance between rival theories, not making "accents" or "stresses" the beginning and end of the matter, recognising the importance of time-measure, taking due account of "rests," and distinguishing between the methods of music and of verse. Those who were interested by recent discussions in our correspondence columns will like to read the following sentences: "Two streams of sound pass constantly through the inner ear of one who understands or appreciates the rhythm of our verse; one, never actually found in the real sounds which are uttered, is the absolute rhythm, its equal time-intervals moving on in infinitely perfect progression; the other, represented by the actual movement of the verse, is constantly shifting by quickening, retarding, strengthening or weakening its sounds, yet always hovers along the line of the perfect rhythm, and bids the ear refer to that perfect rhythm the succession of its pulsations."

Elsewhere the writer speaks of rhythm as a chain of innumerable equal links moving past the artist at a fixed rate of speed, into which he inserts sounds, without altering the speed further than by slight temporary accelerations or retardations; and points out that

while a musician can create sounds of exactly the required duration a poet must choose among previously existing sounds and take those that come nearest to what he wants. So, in his former book, he had stated that "the sounds of verse have constantly to effect a compromise between the typical rhythm to which they are set and the irregular stress- and time-variations of human speech." These sentences, in my belief, go pretty near the root of the matter.

Equally well-balanced are the pronouncements on feet and metres. "In actual usage, the term 'foot' stands for the blending of two different entities, or for either alone: the time-interval which is the unit of the rhythm, and the group of syllables which normally fill that time-interval." Iambic and trochaic lines produce different effects, though their rhythmic structure is identical. Variations of form usually correspond to changes of emotion. Verse "is not well read when a listener cannot distinguish it from prose." Our chief metres are well illustrated, both by description and quotation, reference being sometimes made to the previous volume for fuller examples. "Rime" is shortly dealt with, while on "tone-quality" the writer preserves a judicious intermediacy between the somewhat excessive claims advanced for suggestiveness in sounds and the perhaps no less extravagant rejection of those claims altogether. The classification of stanza-forms, while not professing to be exhaustive, is sufficient; the sonnet, for example, is treated briefly, but with clear perception of the main issues. Wide reading combines with careful analysis to make these pages valuable. No two prosodists will ever wholly agree, and I should like to have found a line of demarcation drawn between the genuine trisyllabic foot and its simulacrum when three syllables are taken in the normal time of two, while perhaps an *obiter dictum* here and there may be open to challenge. But as regards main lines of thought the positions adopted seem demonstrably sound.

On the whole, it would be hard to find a book which can be placed with equal confidence in the hands of pupils, while examination of its contents will repay experts. I trust that its merits may receive due recognition, here, and in the country of its origin. Its author hails from California, and is a University teacher in that State.

T. S. OMOND.

MR. ARCHER'S TWO GUINEAS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your charmingly controversial and critical paper I hope you may be able to find room for a few remarks anent a certain advertisement you have rather uncompromisingly demolished.

Being a tentative and would-be playwright, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's announcement caught my eye with a certain force.

I entirely agree that it would be interesting to know on what terms the firm transacts business with aspiring authors; also whether Mr. Archer's advice or help has or has not been instrumental in causing the acceptance, or refusal, of *any one particular play*. My own experience is not large, but, such as it is, it extends to both books and plays—both of which I live in hopes of bringing to the notice of an admiring (it is well to be optimistic) public in the fulness of time. Among other things I have gathered that literary agents are a most excellent means of "buying" further experience—so far as unknown authors are concerned.

Any other use has escaped my (doubtless short-sighted) notice.

If you could instruct me I should be grateful and obliged, for no one requires real help more than a would-be author. But, leaving all this on one side from considerations of space, an idea occurs to me, which declines expulsion from my mind, that Mr. Archer's gifts must be of a very unusual kind.

It appears to be generally admitted that successful playwrights realise quite acceptable sums of money—more than one or two guineas at a time. If a man is so skilled in what material a play should contain that in a few hundred drastic and nicely-chosen words he is enabled to convert a bad play into a good one, or a non-acceptable play into an acceptable one, then that man is a remarkable man. This, I think, may be assumed without dispute.

The man I am referring to must possess a unique gift of criticism and an intimate knowledge of both construction and dialogue (not to mention "story"), which would appear to me to be the perfect and ideal equipment of a successful dramatist.

No doubt I am wrong, but, assuming I am correct, does Mr. Archer advise on plays from philanthropy?

He would make such a lot of money if he wrote plays himself.

I, for one, should be envious of his fame, and indulge Socialistic ideas when I contemplated his wealth.

In other walks of life a competent instructor is usually a craftsman himself.

It would be easy for any wielder of the mighty pen to confute me with the differences in the genius of a "producer" and a "critic," but I venture to suggest that such a course would not be germane to the position Mr. Archer takes up with regard to this question, and to the art of the playwright generally.

I have written a "play" (?) and a friend of mine (a well-known author and playwright himself) has been kind enough not only to read it, but to send it with his recommendation to a very big man in the theatrical world.

When I get it back (I am not really an optimist) shall I, sir, send it to Mr. Archer from curiosity, and will you pay the fee for me?

I don't think it's worth it myself.

"GREENJACKET."

A FITTING REMEDY FOR "SUFFRAGETTE" MANIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It becomes clearer every day that there is much truth in Dr. Shipley's recent finding, to the effect that the present Suffragette wave of madness partakes of the form of "a peculiar mental disorder," known in the Middle Ages as "tarantism." For "nervous malady" it is, must be, which drives even apparently cultivated women, or women, at least, of pre-established social standing and cultured surroundings, in many instances to such utterly absurd and ridiculous resorts as the leaders of the extreme Suffragette element persistently involve themselves and their "Cause." But, surely, the patience of the British public must, by this time, have become pretty well exhausted; for there is a limit, even to the endurance of the most patient of rational beings, and nausea is the inevitable ultimate to a too-prolonged sensational series of stage-plays.

And, really, it is difficult to conceive of a situation at once so ludicrous, incongruous, and abnormally afflictive as the present Suffragette craze has developed; or one else in which so much mental disorder is commingled with perversity, persistence, and disgraceful antics. "Cold water" might be, and no doubt *would be* a capital antidote; but—who is to apply it? For, like the proverbial "mad dog," your modern "Suffragette" will clearly avoid that—cannot abide it!

But there, seeing that these mad creatures are yet treated as sane, and are held, accordingly, as "liable" to the penalties of the law, why not make the penalty of such tergiversations "fit" the "crime," and punish them accordingly? But, perhaps, it would be equally effective, as a "restraining" method, to treat these "neurotic" afflicted ones as clearly "demented" and "irresponsible" victims, and to send the most, or worst and most violent offenders to penal asylums—and "treat" them accordingly. There, they might with some hope (by means of diet, cold-water plunges, and discipline) be ultimately "cured" of their grievous malady. For I gravely suspect that the most obstreperous and violent of the "leaders," at all events, are, pretty generally, the "victims" of their own self-inflicted woes and grievances—because they "live too high," and have not enough to do. Were it otherwise, it is next to impossible that women of the rank of not a few of these "leaders" would so far bemean themselves and outrage common decency. In any event, it is perfectly plain that they, and such as they, are not in the least "qualified," either by brains or "education," and far less by their "womanhood," rationally to exercise the coveted franchise, even were they successful in obtaining it.

In brief, to "enfranchise" the "Suffragettes" of to-day would be little short of madness on the part of the electorate of Great Britain, and not until the present wave of "tarantism" has spent itself, and until the British "woman," in the aggregate approves herself more worthy of the franchise, should she be allowed a ghost of a chance to add to the sum of the common madness and confusion of the national councils. For if ever there was a time, or epoch, in British history in

which national sanity, in the fullest sense, was an essential requisite, that time, and that juncture, is the present one. And surely John Bull must by this time have had his "fill" of diversion and "tarantism." And, now, it is high time that he assayed a little reflection, and resumed "business!"

EDWIN RIDLEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Brittany to Whitehall. Life of Louise Renée de Kéroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. Long, 12s. 6d. net.

Life of Canon Fleming. By the Rev. Arthur R. M. Finlayson. James Nisbet & Co., 6s. net.

FICTION

The Road of No Return. A. C. Inchbold. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

St. Martin's Summer. Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson, 6s.

A Flight from Siberia. Vaclaw Turoszewski. Hutchinson, 6s.

Wax. George Somes Layard. Allen, 6s.

Olives in Italy. Moray Dalton. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

Tales of Unrest. Joseph Conrad. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.

For Church and Chieftain. May Wynne. Mills and Boon, 6s.

Render Unto Caesar. Mrs. Vere Campbell. Mills and Boon, 6s.

Was he a Coward? By Valentine Trail. George Routledge, 6s.

The Stairway of Honour. By Maud Stepney Rawson. Mills & Boon, 6s.

The Widow—To Say Nothing of the Man. By Helen Rowland. Stanley Paul, 1s. net.

HISTORY

The City of Jerusalem. Col. K. Conder. Murray, 12s. net.

POETRY

The Garden of Love and other Poems. Immo Allen. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.

Betelgeuse. Jean Louis De Esque. Connoisseur's Press.

THEOLOGY

Our Bible Text. Some recently discovered biblical documents. Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. Skeffington, 1s. net.

Creation and Grace. Being an exposition of the first three chapters of Genesis and their harmony with science. New and improved edition by William Lintern. Glamorgan Press, 3s. net.

The Old Testament in the Light of the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. J. Evans Thomas. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

A Piece of New Cloth. James Adderley. Hunter and Longhurst, 2s. net.

MAGAZINES

The Socialist Review, Ainslie's, The Connoisseur, Oxford and Cambridge Review, The Country Home, St. Nicholas, Harper's, Blackwood's, The Architectural and Topographical Record, The Scottish Historical Review, The Reliquary, The Book Monthly, Scribner's, The Contemporary Review, Mercure de France, The Empire Review, Deutsche Rundschau, The Homiletic Review, Putnam's, Want List of American Historical Serials, The Art Journal.

St. George's (for April), *Mount Tom, Papyrus.*

MISCELLANEOUS

The Press Album. Edited by Thos. Catling. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Closer Union. A letter on the South African union and the principles of government. Olive Schreiner. Fifeild, 1s. net.

777. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 10s.

Valuation, its Nature and Laws; being an Introduction to the General Theory of Value. Wilbur Marshall Urban. Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. net.

Illuminating and Missal Painting on Paper and Vellum. Philip Whithard. Crosby, Lockwood, 4s. net.

Simple Eye Teaching for Class and Platform. A. W. Webster. Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d. net.

"*The Queen*" *Newspaper Book of Travel.* 2s. 6d. net.

Adventures in Contentment. David Grayson. Andrew Melrose, 5s. net.

Papers for Thinking Welshmen. A. W. Wade-Evans. Unwin, 1s. net.

The Twenty-second Book of the Iliad, with Critical Notes. Alex. Pallis. Nutt.

Pictorial Guide to Gardening. By the Editor of "Garden Life." The Cable Publishing Co., 1s. net.

Manual of Occasional Offices for the Use of the Clergy, with primitive collects, formulae, tables, and lists. Compiled by Rev. J. L. Saywell. Cope and Fenwick, 4s. net.

The Status of Women under the English Law. By A. Beatrice W. Chapman and Mary Wallis Chapman. George Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.

Carthor; A Tragedy in Three Acts. By William Percival Cook. George Routledge & Sons, 2s. 6d.

A First Précis Book. By G. A. F. M. Chatwin, M.A. Edward Arnold, 2s. 6d.

The Jews in China. By S. M. Perlmann.

Tariff Reform. By Alexander Forbes, J.P. Aberdeen Printing Co.

Speaking in Public. By Charles Seymour. George Routledge, 3s. net.

Votes for Women; A Play in Three Acts. By Elizabeth Robins. Mills & Boon, 1s.

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THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE

By HOPE PROTHEROE, Author of "One Man's Sin."

An up-to-date novel, in style and method of subject treatment, and a decided advance on "ONE MAN'S SIN." Those who, as a result of reading that book, expect only pathos from this author, will, in "THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE," be agreeably disappointed. A rough diamond and a rose would be strange mates indeed; yet no whit more so than the couple of human beings whose story is here presented. How a man may struggle in vain against a force stronger than himself, and a woman become a daily terror to the man who loves her, are graphically portrayed. The sympathy of most will be extended to the man, who, in the depth of his own despair, takes the blame of his wife's action upon himself, and deals forcibly, yet withal in gentlemanly fashion, with his worse than—interfering mother-in-law. The last chapter leaves the reader with a distinct note of hopefulness and the prospect of the hero's final reclamation, and that at the hands of a woman who has, herself, a "conscientious scruple" that will inevitably affect her future life. It is a book that everyone should read and recommend. It is at times comic, dramatic and sensational, and the interest it inspires is fully sustained to the end.

A SHOOTING STAR

By EFFIE CHAMBERLAYNE.

A novel in which a spice of politics is ingeniously interwoven with a charming love story offers the kind of fare which will appeal to most readers of fiction. Miss Effie Chamberlayne, the author of "A SHOOTING STAR," comes from a political family; but in addition to her knowledge of affairs, she shows that she possesses, in an uncommon degree, the qualities of imagination and humour that go to make up the successful novelist. The story itself, which is laid mainly in England, is concerned with the possession of some politically "compromising documents"; and the mystery surrounding both the recovery of the papers, and the personality of the Agent attempting the task, is manipulated with a dexterity and a resource not often to be met with in a first effort. "A SHOOTING STAR" leads up by stages to an exciting and dramatic climax, in which, however, the probabilities are kept well within bounds. Miss Effie Chamberlayne has written a story in which there is a due admixture of light and shade, of grave and gay; and the ranks of wholesome, natural, and straightforward fiction have received a recruit whose work should be heartily welcomed.

THE CENTURY PRESS, 6-9 Surrey St., Strand, London.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS—April, 1909.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Passing English of the Victorian Era, by J. REDDING WARE; 7s. 6d. net. **Poe's Poems**; with a new Essay on Poe, by J. H. INGRAM; 1s. net. **Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire**, by J. H. FREESER, M.A.; 6s. **St. Nicotine**; a History of Tobacco, by A. V. HEWARD; 5s. net. **Service of the Synagogue**; in 6 vols., edited by H. M. ADLER, M.A.; each 10s. 6d. net, leather; 5s. net, cloth. **Shakespeare for Home Reading**, edited by K. HARVEY; each 1s. net: (1) "The Merchant of Venice"; (2) "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; (3) "Hamlet"; (4) "As You Like It." **Songs of Two Savoyards**; a Collection of Ballads from the celebrated Savoy Theatre Operas, words and music; 10s. 6d. net; full morocco, gilt, 15s. net. **Swimming**, by ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR; 1s. **The Sex Triumphant**, by A. C. FOX-DAVIES; 1s. net.

MINIATURE REFERENCE LIBRARY (1s. net).—**Battles and Sieges**, by LAWRENCE DAWSON. **Dates and Facts**, by A. B. TUCKER. **Dictionary of Philosophical Terms**, by ARTHUR BUTLER, M.A. **German-French and French-German Dictionary**, by H. SCHWANN.

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No. 1928

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'A second sight for a philosopher—
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A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance.
The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a
sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself
on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *four de force*, in its way
reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chalonér
to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some
of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, how-
ever, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth
possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

By the death of Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne we lose the last of our great poets, or, as Mr. George Meredith very properly puts it, "the greatest of our lyrical poets." Not only so, but we lose a critic of fine and fierce parts, a man of a high heart and a noble view of letters and the literary function. No poet has worn the purple of his office with greater dignity and reasonableness than Mr. Swinburne. He let them rave and kept with the Muses. Notoriety and what is called legitimate advertisement never appealed to him. He had the great man's subconscious scorn of littleness, pettiness and vulgarity. It mattered nothing to him who praised him or who blamed him, and though he was a swashbuckler in his way, nowhere do you find him fighting for Swinburne. It is befitting that a poet who carried his greatness with such extraordinary and child-like modesty should somehow have contrived to save us the usual squabble about Westminster Abbey. In a sense Westminster Abbey would have been his natural and proper place of sepulchre. But he was buried on Thursday in the Isle of Wight; so that we were spared a considerable deal of illustrated journalism as well. It is curious that Tennyson should come out of the Isle of Wight to Westminster Abbey, and that Swinburne should come out of London to the Isle of Wight. It is singular, also, that the announcements of his death were, without exception, tailed off with the inevitable intelligence that the death of Mr. Swinburne "came as a terrible shock to his life-long friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton." We have still to read Mr. Clement Shorter on the subject.

After grave deliberation Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie send us the following letter:

5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden,
London, W.C.
April 8th, 1909.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY,
63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

SIR,—In your edition of April 3rd appears the following editorial comment:

If the most hopeless playwright in the world sent Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie the most hopeless play that was ever written, together with a cheque for fifty guineas and a request that the play be submitted to every manager in London, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie would not send back the cheque, and there would be no dishonour or discredit about the transaction.

This is seriously untrue. We undertake arrangements for only such work as we can, with a reasonable amount of confidence, commend to publishers or dramatic managers, and never, so far, have found it advisable to accept a retaining fee, either from dramatic or literary authors. At present we see no reason to alter this policy, and if a "most hopeless play," or, indeed, any play or book not considered worthy of a manager's or publisher's immediate attention, were sent to us, together with a cheque for fifty guineas—or for ten times that amount—both cheque and play would be returned at once. Furthermore, we should consider it decidedly discreditable to do otherwise, for the money would be taken under false pretences. We cannot place an undesirable work as well as the author himself can. Such London managers as we have dealt with are apparently genuinely glad to get plays from us, realising that only such plays are offered as seem to careful readers to be really worthy of consideration. In consequence, not only do plays offered by us get immediate attention, but we have a number of applications from responsible managers for plays to suit their requirements. In the last four weeks, four plays—all either three or four acts—offered by us in the last six weeks have been accepted for either London or New York production; the advance payments to the authors have been made on three of them; and the advance payment on the fourth is due in two weeks. Our work is paid for only by commission on sums actually collected for the author.

These statements are so precisely contrary to your editorial observations that we trust you will think it fair to withdraw both your hypothesis, so far as its application to our firm is concerned, and the comment you have built upon it.

Yours very truly,

CURTIS BROWN AND MASSIE.

We rejoice to hear that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie do not accept fees—whatever Mr. Archer may do; though, on the other hand, we are sorry that they are anxious to insist upon a wrong view of the Dramatic Agent's business. They say that they would not accept a cheque for submitting a hopeless play to actors and managers; and they also say that if they accepted such a cheque they would be obtaining money by false pretences. We have always understood that it was the business of a literary or dramatic agent to take the instruction and fees of any client who happens to turn up. But Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are of a different opinion, and it seems that they never take fees and that they would not handle a hopeless play at any price whatever. Two questions naturally arise out of these admirable circumstances: Are we to understand that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie live out of a percentage on "sums actually collected for the author"; and, secondly, if they do live on this percentage, is it not a little singular that we should find them inserting in a journal like the *Author* an advertisement which is obviously addressed to amateurs? We have no desire in the world to traverse Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's statements, and still less do we desire to impute to them discreditable or improper methods of business. At the same time, it seems to us difficult to reconcile the letter we now print with the advertisement which they were lately publishing from month to month in the official journal of the Authors' Society. Are we to understand also that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie take no share of the fees charged by Mr. Archer for reading, advising, doctoring, tinkering-up and otherwise

making presentable the unpresentable and the unacceptable and the hopeless?

We note further and with satisfaction that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie have quite lately placed "in London or New York" four plays for their clients, and that in three instances the payment in advance has been received. Of course, if Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are desirous of introducing America into the question, we are afraid that we shall be unable to cope with them. America is a vast continent, and we are happy to think that we are more or less unacquainted with the literary and dramatic agency business as it is conducted in America. But it seems to us that, having skilfully and no doubt profitably disposed of four plays "in London or New York," Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie might, without any very extraordinary mental effort, have contrived to be a little more definite on the point. That is to say, it would be easy for them to inform us how many of these four plays have been disposed of in England, which, when all is said and done, is the important country. It would also have been interesting to hear what sums are being paid in advance, and it would have been more interesting still to know if any of these plays have been doctored by Mr. Archer, and if any of them is the work of the kind of amateur to whom Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's late advertisement was addressed. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are anxious that we should "withdraw." THE ACADEMY is not in the habit of withdrawing, particularly where there is nothing to withdraw. Our point is not that Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are conducting a discreditable or dubious business, and we should not consider that they were conducting a dubious or discreditable business even if they were accepting fees and dealing with hopeless amateurs.

What we maintain is that the advertisement which, jointly with Mr. Archer, they have caused to be inserted in the *Author* is an advertisement which might readily be misinterpreted by amateur authors, and which is, consequently, an undesirable advertisement from the point of view of authorship. Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie assure us in their letter that they will not handle hopeless work. Is it not a pity that they omitted to mention this fact in their advertisement in the *Author*? There is not a single word in this advertisement which will lead amateurs of any sort or kind to a knowledge of the great truth that when Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie receive a hopeless play they return the manuscript and the fees. On the contrary, the advertisement is capable of being read as a direct invitation to persons who have failed hopelessly, to have another try and to employ Mr. Archer as a sort of guide, philosopher and friend, at two guineas a time, to render their bad plays good enough for the handling of Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie. We have great pleasure in giving Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's letter the publicity which we gave to their advertisement and to Mr. Archer's letter. We do not intend anything that we have said to be taken as a reflection on Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's good faith or good intentions towards their clients. But we reiterate that their advertisement was an advertisement which might induce misconception in the mind of the inexperienced, and we are glad to see that they have had the good sense to withdraw it. We think that if the words "Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie do not accept fees and cannot in any circumstance submit to managers or actors work which does

not possess sufficient merit to render acceptance possible," the advertisement would be an entirely proper one so far as Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie are concerned. Whether even with this addition it would tend to lend lustre to the name of Mr. William Archer is another question.

We are flattered to observe in the *Spectator* for April 10th an article entitled "In the Time of the Lilies." The article commences as follows:

One of the commonest flowers in any herbaceous border is the beautiful, old-fashioned Madonna lily. There are many statelier and more gorgeous blossoms of the lily kind, but none sweeter, and then, too, the "Mary Lily," as it is called in the North of England, has the added charm of association, for no picture of the Annunciation is complete unless a branch of these pure white blossoms stands up between Mary and the angel.

By a singular coincidence there appeared in THE ACADEMY of February 13th an article entitled "In the Time of the Lilies," and this article also began: "One of the commonest flowers in any herbaceous border is the beautiful old-fashioned Madonna lily, etc., etc." Not to put too fine a point on it, the *Spectator* of April 10th has reprinted holus-bolus and without a word of acknowledgment an article which appeared in THE ACADEMY of February 13th. We are aware that the editor of the *Spectator*, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, affects not to read THE ACADEMY. The fact that when he fails to read THE ACADEMY he is not doing his best by the *Spectator* and the readers of the *Spectator* need not concern us. We, for our part, read the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review* and the *Athenæum* and even the *Outlook*. If Mr. St. Loe Strachey would devote a little of the time which he consecrates to the preparation of extraordinary speeches about the Press to a perusal of his contemporaries and co-partners in the literary field, he would at least save himself such pathetic and unjournalistic accidents as the one to which we hereby call attention. Furthermore, he would find it an excellent tonic for his high and mighty—if a trifle jumpy—mind.

Of course, it is open for Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who is nothing if not our only authority on the higher journalism, to retort after the manner of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's editor that it is not the function of an editor to read his contemporaries; and that an editor is not responsible for the slips and blunders of the mewling and puking underlings who do the real work of newspaper editing. The editor of the *Spectator*, unlike Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's editor, is so busy lunching with the German Minister and arranging the terms of the Budget proposals with Mr. Lloyd George that he cannot possibly be expected to have the smallest interest in what the editor of THE ACADEMY or the editor of the *Saturday Review* may happen to be saying. On the other hand, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, again unlike Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's editor, would appear to maintain for his own private behoof a more or less efficient editorial intelligence department. That is to say, he appears to have told off some subordinate or other to read THE ACADEMY for him, and to report to him promptly any slip that THE ACADEMY might make when the *Spectator* is under discussion. It is this admirable service, no doubt, which enabled him to assure us so pompously the other day that he had been "informed" that such and such an issue of THE ACADEMY contained such and such a misstatement with regard to the *Spectator*. We trust that the aforesaid

intelligence department will make haste to inform their inflated chief—we hope chief is a good enough term—about this terrible affair as to the lilies. We are all acquainted with the beautiful old-fashioned Madonna lily, but the beautiful old-fashioned abdominal editor in a cocked hat amuses us.

The vagaries of the cheaper press continue to stagger one. The *Daily Mirror*, for example, has reduced its readers to such a state of brainlessness that it is now compelled to provide them with a daily table of subjects for conversation at dinner. We append an example:

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

April weddings. The marriage of Lord Dalmeny, Lord Rosebery's eldest son, and Miss Dorothy Grosvenor to-day.

Which is the best month to get married in? Is May unlucky? Have you any superstitions about marriage? Do you prefer quiet or noisy weddings? The disadvantage of being married "quietly" is that you are apt to miss all the presents—the silver inkstands, the silver toast-racks, the complete editions of Tennyson's works; and perhaps also the diamond necklaces, the cheques, and the household furniture. If you do not ask everybody to the wedding, everybody is not obliged to give you a present.

In politics to-day there is the Independent Labour Party crisis and the question of Socialism, or different views of it, involved.

Abroad, the crisis at Constantinople. The eternal problem and danger of the Near East.

GENERAL, LITERARY, THEATRICAL.

It is said that Bank Holiday crowds this Easter have been better behaved and given less trouble than ever before. Can it be that the loud-voiced Bank Holiday bouncer, who leaves scraps of paper and broken bottles about, is at last dying out? Did you see anything of him last Monday? And so on and so forth.

Surely idiocy is getting the upper hand amongst us. Meanwhile the *New Age* finds it necessary to print articles about "mental fitness" (we thought it would come to that) and Mr. T. P. O'Connor's bright educational organ, *T. P.'s Weekly*, is running a series of articles on "Mental Tillage." The articles, need one say, are by a Mr. MacPhairson. We suppose that mental tillage has something to do with putting manure in one's boots.

In the current number of *Vanity Fair* Mr. Frank Harris calls attention to what, in the absence of explanation, looks like an exceedingly flagrant case of plagiarism. It seems that Mr. Harris has been reading a novel by Mr. Jack London, and that this novel contains an entire article by Mr. Harris, which Mr. London has "lifted" and appropriated without so much as "By your leave." What is more, the article in question happens to embody a very striking and in a way sensational idea, and Mr. London is no doubt getting considerable kudos out of it. There is a story about a gentleman who, on being caught in most compromising circumstances by another gentleman with murder in his eye, exclaimed, "My dear sir, don't shoot, everything can be explained." We are inclined to think that in this instance Mr. Jack London will want all his wits to account creditably for what has taken place. The present paragraph must not be taken as an indication that we approve particularly of either Mr. Harris or *Vanity Fair*. But there is no reason why either of them should be robbed in the daylight.

BONCHURCH, APRIL 15, 1909

THE cherry whitens in the April air,
Young Spring has spilt her magic on the wold,
The woodlands ring with rapture as of old,
And England lies new-washen, green and fair;
Yet is she heavy with a secret care,
For Death the ever-sharp and ever-bold
Hath taken our Tongue of Honey, our Throat of
Gold;
And we have digged a pit, and left him there.

So must he sleep, though it be high broad noon
Or Venus shimmer in the darkling firs:
The music and the roses are forgot;
Even the great round marigold of a moon,
That is for lovers and for harvesters,
And all the sighing seas, may move him not.

T. W. H. C.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWIN- BURNE

"VICISTI GALILÆE!" That was the quotation, one supposes, which came most frequently to men's lips when they heard that Swinburne was dead. To most of us he had stood for the Hellenic element in a world that has long since abandoned Hellas and her ideals; he was a Victorian in nothing but the external detail of his *floruit*. In a sense, of course, his defeat came long before his death. With the great body of Victorian poetry he had little in common, and he had even less in common with the world of everyday thought. When Swinburne began to write, the "pale Galilæan" had already won the day: it was the Tennysons and the Brownings whose message came straight to men's hearts. For the Hellenic passion of self-abandonment there was no place.

For, after all, it was this self-abandonment and this passion that formed the side of Hellenism which Swinburne chiefly loved and of which he was the chief singer. To "see life steadily and see it whole" formed no part of his gospel, and the "sweetness and light" of Sophocles were as far removed from his vision as the abnegations of St. Paul. He was, if you will, a Greek of the Greeks, but he was a Greek of the Ionian period: his poetry is akin, not to Sophocles and Æschylus, not even to Pindar, but to Sappho, Alcæus, and, in a later day, to the poets of the Anthology and to Theocritus. One can find in him little of that restraint, that clarity of outline, and fineness of atmosphere that characterised Greek work of the Periclean period. You seek in vain anything like the "Œdipus Tyrannus" and the "Antigone"—or even like the "Medea" and the "Hippolytus." That impersonal outlook which most of us think of as peculiarly Greek was wholly alien from his temperament. He was Greek, in fact, in virtue of two qualities: his love of beauty and his love of freedom. Two qualities, it is true, of high importance, but by no means the whole of Hellenism. His work, indeed, in many ways comes nearer to the Renaissance than to

Hellas: it has all the passionate enthusiasm, the absence of restraint that characterised the work of the Italians. It is a poetry whose whole object is the worship of beauty, and a poetry which finds that beauty more in "human things" than in the world of Nature. It is a poetry of some virtues and of many faults; but, setting aside the question of its own worthiness, it is a poetry which could not make any strong appeal to the public of yesterday and to-day. Two causes, one may say, predestined it to value. It came at a time when Christian ethics, as opposed to Christian theory, were at their strongest. Some day, possibly, men may return to the Hellenic standpoint, or it may be the Gothic spirit will come to its own. In either case Mr. Swinburne's poetry might well make a far wider appeal. But for the nonce, happily, we are under the influence of St. Paul: the "world and the flesh" are classed with "the devil." In us—that is, in our flesh—"dwelleth no good thing." And the one thing essential to Mr. Swinburne's art is a profound—nay, a devout—belief, not in the human soul, but in the human body. The "Poems and Ballads" had no message of beauty in man's heart, no vision of the glory of self-sacrifice and devotion, of friendship and comradeship—nothing but this intense and passionate pursuit of sensuous beauty. The chorus of disapprobation which it met proved definitely that this side of Hellenism—and perhaps, after all, it is the most prominent side—could, in the nature of things, find no place in modern life. "Wilt thou yet take all," he sings:

Wilt thou yet take all, Galilæan; but these thou shalt not take,
The laurel, the palms, and the pæan; the breasts of the nymphs
in the brake.

But the cry is a cry of despair: of one who finds none to answer him. Men would have none of these "secret ways of love" of his, any more than they would endure his devotion to externals in beauty. He made his appeal to a few—to those Hellenists who set this side of their divinity over all others; above all, to those who, knowing little of Greece, were prepared to take their Paganism at second-hand. To the most part of men he was "a voice crying in the wilderness," and his words, they said, were not good to listen to. The glory and rapture of the world's youth could not be brought back by mere desire: for good or ill men had flung away that self-abandonment; and Swinburne was speaking to hearers whose lips had "grown sad with kissing Christ."

And it well may be that another cause, as potent if more subtle, was working against this revival of Hellenism. His poetry, great as it often is, has nearly always an element of unreality. He lived, if you like, in an unreal world, a place of "lovely shadows and beautiful dreams." He had taken beauty as his province, and he had no more than other men's conceptions of the beautiful. He deals, in fact, with the avowedly poetic subjects: Life, Love, Death—the trinity of every minor poet and most great ones. He fails, as many poets failed—as Keats and Rossetti failed—to see the beautiful in everyday things. That power of seeking out new hiding-places of Romance—which Wordsworth and Browning had, which Whitman had, which to-day is the possession of none save Mr. Kipling—that power Mr. Swinburne had not. In the unsubstantial dreamworld of the poets he could find eternal beauty—he could not see that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty, that is all." And so one feels that, even in a world predisposed to the pursuit of the purely beautiful, even in a world which had not taken St. Paul as its precentor, Mr. Swinburne's poetry, with an admittedly wider appeal, would yet have been transient in its influence. Its pursuit of Beauty was unacceptable,

through the influence of a creed; it could never have been successful because it proceeded on unsound principles.

He was fighting, then, in a cause pre-doomed to failure; and his poetry bears many of the traces of such work. There is a disposition to exaggerate his theory, which in many cases brought Mr. Swinburne very close to other writers. The gap which separates "Faustine" and "Dorian Gray" is no very large one, and, allowing for difference of temperament, "Anactoria" and "Dolores" might well have come from Théophile Gautier. The pursuit of human beauty which is healthy in Sappho and in a great part of the Anthology has become morbid in "Poems and Ballads." Setting aside "Atalanta in Calydon"—and that is an early work—Mr. Swinburne's gospel is a gospel of unnatural warmth, of unnatural lights and shades. It is the difference between clear dawn and a lurid sunset. He would follow beauty "like a sinking star"—beyond the utmost bounds of human thought or of normal emotion: through "secrets and sorrows unbeheld of us." He would "follow beauty," but it is:

That thing transform'd which was the Cytherean,
With lips that lost their Grecian laugh divine
Long since.

This new Hellenism has little in common with "the first fine careless rapture" which produced Sappho: it is more akin to the Renaissance, but it is a renaissance fallen on evil days. For the clear skies and bright light of the Italians and of the Elizabethan Romantics it gives us the "fervid, languid glories" of heavier suns in mightier skies—"dreams, desires and sombre songs and sweet." It is a poetry which could not live nowadays. "Noble and nude and antique" it may be, but one knows certainly that its father is not "a god and a Greek." Mr. Swinburne is following, not Cytherea nor Persephare, nor Apollo, but "a ghost, a bitter and luxurious god."

With it all there is, and especially in the later work, a definite consciousness of failure and a resultant pessimism. Be it Christian ethics that have wrought the mischief or no, the fact remains clear that this pursuit of beauty is a "creed outworn." "Itylus" shows that as plainly as does "Dolores," or that "Ave atque Vale" which is possibly Mr. Swinburne's greatest work. "Rose or rue or laurel," these are the gifts Mr. Swinburne brought to Baudelaire, and they are the flowers ourselves must strew to-day. "Thelème is afar as the water" and no man may come to it. The world, perhaps, was not worthy, not sure enough for this ancient creed; at any rate, the fact of failure stands out clear, clear even to the poet himself. "Atalanta in Calydon"—the one piece of work which came nearest to the Greek—is the one piece of work which makes an appeal to the modern soul. That apart, all is bitterness, bitterness of defeat and hope unfulfilled:

The years are hungry,
They wail all their days;
The gods wax angry,
And weary of praise,

And who shall bridle their lips, and who shall straighten
their ways.

The Master "that was thrall to Love" is "become thrall to Death."

And, with it all, Mr. Swinburne yet gave us much that was great poetry. His revolt against the Victorians was not wholly in vain. He produced "Atalanta in Calydon," and he produced "Hertlia." It was well, in an age when men had forgotten Greece, that Greece should call to them, even though they could not listen to her voice, even though the message

was no true one. It was well that, for this last time, men should know something of a creed they had rejected, even though that creed came to them in a false setting. It was well Mr. Swinburne wrote, if only that his devotion to beauty produced felicities of phrase and of music, whose like no other poet—not even Shelley—has given us. The old order had passed and, in this age at least, might not return; but it had left an imperishable heritage. And, for Mr. Swinburne himself, one likes to think of him as one sent “out of due season” with a message the world would not hear—because it must not. The “Song of the Sirens” was lovely, though it brought destruction. His task was impossible, and his path a thorny one, so one likes to think of him now as apart from praise or recrimination, where “beyond these voices there is peace.” It is the tribute himself paid to another of his own camp:

Content thee, howsoe'er, whose days are done;
There lies not any troublous thing before,
Nor sight nor sound to war against thee more,
For whom all winds are quiet as the sun,
All waters as the shore.

Evil days and evil tongues, “nothing can touch him further.” *Requiescat.*

SWINBURNE'S PROSE

THE lamentable and totally unexpected death of almost the last of England's great poets has moved us with a sorrow, the depth of which, perhaps, we had hardly anticipated. Mr. Swinburne was so familiar a figure that it was possible to forget that in him we still possessed a man whose words burned in the ears of the prophets of nearly half a century ago. It may not be unprofitable at this time when the echoes of his verse ring through the bereaved land to glance at another side of his work—the prose writings.

Compared with the company of those to whom his name is familiar through his poems, the number of persons acquainted with his prose productions is disproportionate; and this is not difficult to understand, since with the exception of a single novel published in 1905 (“Love's Cross-Currents”), the prose lies in the somewhat recondite domain of literary criticism.

The reply of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Boswell when the subject of literary taste was being argued is peculiarly pertinent to our present theme. “One loves a neat style,” said the Doctor, “another loves a style of more splendour. In like manner, one loves a plain coat, another loves a laced coat, but neither will deny that each is good in its kind.” There can be no law of the Medes and Persians as to this mysterious quality of style in literature. Swift, Addison, Steele; Scott, Dickens, Thackeray; Ruskin, Morris, Stevenson—all possessed it, yet how diverse the moulds into which it ran, even when the ideas treated chanced to be alike! The wonder of language is inexhaustible, but so common that rarely do we give it a thought. By a certain series of tiny marks upon paper our wishes, our opinions, our love, hate, sorrow, fear, can be conveyed to millions of other human beings; and by the manner in which a man arranges and uses these twenty-six impish little shapes he may rise to be among the greatest in the land—may himself be loved, hated, or feared by people he has never seen or known. “Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised,” says Carlyle. A great book is imperishable, whereas “mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined—they are precious; but what do they become?” To explain

this property of greatness, however, the attribute of style must be accepted, and by that one word we judge the outpourings of all men in all ages, from the most malevolent invective, the most pompous rhetoric, to the simplest effects of pure description.

Most modern authors show traces of some particularly admired predecessor in their writings, or acknowledge their indebtedness to him as does a pupil to his famous master. Precisely as Mr. Henry James frankly admits his literary debt to Honoré de Balzac, so Mr. Swinburne sat at the feet of Gamaliel in the person of Victor Hugo—“the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century,” as he termed his idol. In his remarkable book “A Study of Victor Hugo”—remarkable for a fervour and a fluency which has seldom been equalled, we imagine, by any English author, we have a declaration of his faith, and, be it added with all due respect and admiration for the marvellous flood of brilliant phrases and reverberant polysyllables, an extravagance of laudation which seems in danger of defeating its own ends. A sentence at the opening of the volume sets the note:—

For us, who from childhood upwards have fostered and fortified whatever of good was born in us—all capacity of spiritual work, all seed of human sympathy, all powers of hope and faith, all passions and aspirations found loyal to the service of duty and of love—with the bread of his deathless word and the wine of his immortal song, the one thing possible to do in this first hour of bitterness and stupefaction at the sense of a loss not possible yet to realise is not to declaim his praise or parade our lamentation in modulated effects or efforts of panegyric or of dirge: it is to reckon up once more the standing account of our all but incalculable debt.

It is no small strain to write to that standard all through the book, and it is no small strain to the reader to follow it. The very fertility, persistence, and facility of the eulogy seem to make for weakness; it is debatable whether this tribute of a great poet to a greater would not have gained in critical value and in power by the adoption of a less continuous and exhausting profusion of praise. Quotations are numerous from the French poet, but the reader is taken by the shoulders, as it were, to confront them with his ears ringing out the resonance of preceding English paragraphs; he is credited with meagre faculties of appreciation of his own. We chanced upon a copy of this volume a few weeks ago wherein the following passage was underscored:—

In the sixth book I can but rapidly remark the peculiar beauty and greatness of the lyric lines in which the sound of steady seas regularly breaking on the rocks at Rozel Tower is rendered with so solemn and severe an echo of majestic strength in sadness; the verses addressed to the people on its likeness and unlikeness to the sea; the scornful and fiery appeal to the spirit of Juvenal; the perfect idyllic picture of spring, with all the fruitless exultation of its blossoms and its birds, made suddenly dark and dissonant by recollection of human crime and shame; the heavenly hopefulness of comfort in the message of the morning star, conveyed into colours of speech and translated into cadences of sound which no painter or musician could achieve.

The pencilled comment of some rebellious reader upon this, in the margin, was “Euphuism run riot!” A student might perhaps be pardoned, however truly he esteemed the sincerity of the paragraph, for feeling slightly nettled at its flamboyance and alliteration—it is full steam ahead and rush all the signals, without doubt. Proceeding a little farther into the volume we have other instances of this style, which, to employ Dr. Johnson's metaphor, is a very “laced coat” indeed:—

The first poem of the seventh book, on the falling of the walls of Jericho before the seventh trumpet-blast, is equally great

in description and in application; the third is one of the great lyric masterpieces of all time, the triumphant ballad of the Black Huntsman, unsurpassed in the world for ardour of music and fitful change of note from mystery and terror to rage and tempest and supreme serenity of exultation. "Wind and storm fulfilling his word," we may literally say of this omnipotent sovereign of song. . . . The song on the two Napoleons is a masterpiece of skilful simplicity in contrast of tones and colours. But the song which follows, written to a tune of Beethoven's, has in it something more than the whole soul of music, the whole passion of self-devoted hope and self-transfiguring faith; it gives the final word of union between sound and spirit, the mutual coronation and consummation of them both. And then comes a poem so great that I hardly dare venture to attempt a word in its praise. We cannot choose but think, as we read or repeat it, that "such music was never made" since the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. . . . It is simply impossible that a human tongue should utter, a human hand should write, anything of more supreme and transcendent beauty than the last ten stanzas of the fourth division of this poem. The passionate and fervent accumulation of sublimities, of marvellous images and of infinite appeal, leaves the sense too dazzled, the soul too entranced and exalted, to appreciate at first or in full the miraculous beauty of the language, the superhuman sweetness of the song.

The whole volume is a pageant of applause adjectives and intensifying adjectival phrases—"utterly incomparable," "ineffable," "most divine," "most absolutely and adorably beautiful book ever written," "nothing has ever been conceived more perfect"—such are a few of the banner-bearers in the procession.

Let it be clearly understood that we are not questioning the worthiness of that great and kingly poet, Victor Hugo; we merely state what we believe to be true—that the value of his disciple's homage would have been enhanced and equilibrated had he not released such an Euroclydon of acclamation.

On whatever subject he wrote, Mr. Swinburne's prose was astounding: it leaves the reader breathless; it ransacks the mother-tongue, ascends the heights, searches the deeps, and leaves the middle levels for milder men. To illustrate its power when the author has found a foe worthy of his steel, we may take a passage or two from his judgment of Walt Whitman—whose irregular and harsh versification and casual rhyming would be, we can well believe, as gall and wormwood to so masterly a melodist. This article appears in the "Studies in Prose and Poetry," and is entitled "Whitmania." We quote its opening sentence:

The remarkable American rhapsodist who has inoculated a certain number of English readers and writers with the singular form of ethical and æsthetic rabies for which his name supplies the proper medical term of definition is usually regarded by other than Whitmaniacs as simply a blatant quack—a vehement and emphatic dunce, of incomparable vanity and volubility, inconceivable pretension and incompetence.

He proceeds to explain that such is by no means his own view; but if ever a man was "damned with faint praise," Whitman was by Mr. Swinburne—witness the summing-up of the whole matter:

His sympathies, I repeat, are usually generous, his views of life are occasionally just, and his views of death are invariably noble. In other words, he generally means well, having a good stock on hand of honest emotion; he sometimes sees well, having a natural sensibility to such aspects of nature as appeal to an eye rather quick than penetrating; he seldom writes well, being cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in, to the limits of a thoroughly unnatural, imitative, histrionic and affected style. But there is a thrilling and fiery force in his finest bursts of gusty rhetoric which makes us wonder whether with a little more sense and a good deal more cultivation he might not have made a noticeable orator.

There is a leonine wrath about this verdict; one imagines a lion might play in similar manner with his victim before dispatching him.

In his wildest exuberance of prose, it must be noted that Mr. Swinburne's language was never dishevelled; it was an orderly intoxication, a progress tempestuous and at times almost riotous, but never breaking from the trammels of correctness. If the chains of flowery decoration are occasionally wound so tightly round the meaning that they become thongs and manacles where freedom of transmission of the idea is endangered it is permissible to think that they had better have been used more sparingly or more judiciously. The suspension and the prolonged adverbial and adjectival phrase are characteristic of Mr. Swinburne's prose—there is a sentence containing nearly three hundred words in the dedicatory epistle of the last edition of his "Poems"—and it was congruous with this desire for elaboration that he should select ornate symbols rather than simple ones to utter his thought. Often he succeeded perfectly; sometimes he failed. What is an ordinary reader to gather from such a phrase as "the unspoken expression of hopeless and inexpressible regret"?—which occurs in the "Studies" from which we have just been quoting. He is bound to retreat, vanquished, though with an inkling of the thought that burned behind the baffling screen of words.

The estimate of the fiction of Wilkie Collins in the same volume is acute and convincing. The paper dealing with Robert Herrick seems to have been interrupted in mid-career and never finished—it concludes with disappointing abruptness just as the reader is anticipating one of those radiant disquisitions which only the author could pen, and which are calculated to exhilarate and satisfy the most querulous or capricious critic. The analysis of the art of Beaumont and Fletcher, however, is intimate and full of persuasive suggestion. The remainder of the volume concerns itself chiefly with Victor Hugo, but has also a fine essay in French on "Les Cenci," from which we may take one sentence of interest to lovers of Shelley:

Ôtez a Shelley sa foi sublime, son dévouement héroïque, son amour du droit et de l'idéal, il sera toujours un des plus grands poètes de tous les siècles.

Another excursion into criticism, "A Study of Ben Jonson," demands more than a mere allusion. Mr. Swinburne himself would have been the last person to term it an exhaustive judgment, but when he wrote it down as "a most imperfect and inadequate commentary" he offered us an unnecessary deprecation of his work. For its space, and considering the indefatigable pen of the old-time Laureate, it is probably a more illuminating, vigorous, and original exposition than any other contemporary critic could have brought forward; and if we find it in us to regret the absence of a chapter or a minor division devoted exclusively to such an appreciation of Jonson's few fine lyrics as could only come from Mr. Swinburne, again, we must note that the whole book has a terseness and an equilibrium which render complaints somewhat ungrateful. There is an occasional play of humour, too, in this volume, which comes as a relief to the steady severity of examination and interpretation. In a momentary digression on the work of Rutter, Ben's "dear son, and right learned friend," we hear a note that does not often sound:

His spiritual father or theatrical sponsor is most copious and most cordial in his commendations of the good man's pastoral drama; he has not mentioned its one crowning excellence—the quality for which, having tried it every night for upwards of six weeks running, I can confidently and conscientiously recom-

mend it. Chloral is not only more dangerous but very much less certain as a soporific; the sleeplessness which could resist the influence of Mr. Rutter's verse can be curable only by dissolution; the eyes which can keep open through the perusal of six consecutive pages must never hope to find rest but in the grave.

Modern journalism is arraigned *en passant* with no stint of energy:

. . . that bird of many notes and many feathers, now so like an eagle and now so like a vulture; now soaring as a falcon or sailing as a pigeon over continents and battlefields, now grovelling and groping as a dunghill kite, with its beak in a very middenstead of falsehood and of filth.

But, as a metaphor, nothing could surpass the comparison in the last sentence of the following passage, in which the author illustrates the curious fact that Jonson's imitators and admirers eclipsed him completely in the lyric quality of their art:

Herrick, as a writer of elegies, epithalamiums, panegyric or complimentary verses, is as plainly and as openly an imitator of his model as ever was the merest parasite of any leading poet, from the days of Chaucer and his satellites to the days of Tennyson and his. No Lydgate or Lytton was ever more obsequious in his discipleship; but for all his loving and loyal protestations of passionate humility and of ardent reverence, we see at every turn, at every step, at every change of note, that what the master could not do the pupil can. When Chapman set sail after Marlowe, he went floundering and lurching in the wake of a vessel that went straight and smooth before the fullest and the fairest wind of song; but when Herrick follows Jonson the manner of movement or the method of progression is reversed.

In the discussion of "Cynthia's Revels," one of Jonson's "magnificent mistakes," we have the real rich and unmistakable vocabulary once more:

There is an exquisite song in it and there are passages—nay, there are scenes—of an excellent prose; but the intolerable elaboration of pretentious dulness and ostentatious ineptitude for which the author claims not merely the tolerance or the condonation which gratitude or charity might accord to the misuse or abuse of genius, but the acclamation due to its exercise and the applause demanded by its triumph—the heavy-headed perversity which ignores all the duties and reclaims all the privileges of a dramatic poet—the Cyclopean ponderosity of perseverance which hammers through scene after scene at the task of ridicule by anatomy of tedious and preposterous futilities—all these too conscientious outrages offered to the very principle of comedy, of poetry, or of drama, make us wonder that we have no record of a retort from the exhausted audience—if haply there were any auditors left—to the dogged defiance of the epilogue:—

By God, 'tis good, and if you like 't you may.
By God, 'tis bad, and worse than tongue can say.

For the most noticeable point in this studiously wayward and laboriously erratic design is that the principle of composition is as conspicuous by its absence as the breath of inspiration; that the artist, the scholar, the disciple, the student of classic models, is as undiscoverable as the spontaneous humourist or poet. The wildest, the roughest, the crudest offspring of literary impulse working blindly on the passionate elements of excitable ignorance was never more formless, more incoherent, more defective in structure, than this voluminous abortion of deliberate intelligence and conscientious culture.

The scheme of our present article would show as out of drawing did we omit to include some mention of Mr. Swinburne's only venture into the field of fiction. "Love's Cross-Currents," as most of our readers will be aware, is written in the form of letters, with a lengthy prologue which elucidates the relationships of the actors in the comedy—for in the main it is a comedy of tangled skeins and lovers in the un-

kindly grip of fate; at times, however, it borders on the domain of tragedy.

The book seems to have been a production of its author's "literary youth," given to the world at the urgent suggestion of his friend Mr. Watts-Dunton; but it might well pass in some aspects—especially those of style and clarity of thought—as the work of a mature hand. Clarity of plot it can hardly be said to possess until the reader is well into the story and has the various personages with their entanglements fairly assorted in his mind; then the almost laborious concentration which was previously necessary can be slackened, the pleasure of the book begins, and the attention is that of appreciation, not so much that of one who solves a puzzle. One great disadvantage of casting a story in the epistolary mould is that dialogue to a large extent becomes forbidden; there is little relief of smart question and answer, badinage or *riposte*, and unless some of the letter-writers are endowed by their creator with a strongly humorous outlook on life the romance will run into danger of heaviness—assisted partly by the sheer unbroken appearance of page after page of level, regular print. Nothing approaching so undesirable a doom can be attributed to "Love's Cross-Currents"; for, although there is no exuberant youth or effervescence of frivolity about any of the characters, they each and all weave vividly and distinctly their allotted thread in the pattern. Lady Midhurst, who pulls the strings as well as she can in the endeavour to sort out these troublesome young people, is rather a terrible person; pungent, sarcastic, and pitiless at times, yet with an apologetic air of saying it all for the welfare of the children, grandchildren, and nephews about whose destinies she is so worried that quite takes the sting from her aristocratic fulminations. To one of the impetuous and unduly amorous young men she writes:

I give you a month, my dear boy, to get over your rage at me; then I shall expect you to behave equably. Till that time I suppose I must let you "chew the thrice-turned cud of wrath." Otherwise I should beg you not to make one of the south-coast party I hear of. . . . As it is, I see you will join the rest, and waste your time and wits, besides sinking chin-deep in Platonic sloughs of love. Some day I may succeed in pulling you out. I dare say it ought to be a comfort to me to reflect that you are doing no great harm; dirtier you might get, but scarcely wetter. The quagwater of sentiment will soak you to the bone. . . . Recollect my age, I entreat you. Can you expect sound judgment and accurate relish of the right thing from such an old critic as I am? You might as well hope to make me see her beauty with your eyes as appreciate her goodness in your fashion. And then, bad as I may be, we have been friends too long to break off. If I had ever had a son in my younger years things would have gone differently; as it was, I have always had to put up with you instead. A bad substitute you make, too; but somehow one gets used to that.

To the lady by whose charms this gentleman was stricken she writes announcing the birth of a girl-child to another of the circle:

Get your husband to take a human view of the matter—I suppose his ideas of a baby which is neither zoophyte nor fossil are rather of the vaporous and twilight order of thought—and bring him down for the christianising part of the show, if he will condescend so far. He could take a note or two on the process of animal development by stages, and the decidedly misty origin of that comic species to which our fat present sample of fleshly goods may belong.

To outline the plot would be impertinent to our purpose and quite unnecessary; the title is admirably chosen and sufficiently hints the general tenour of affairs in the story. We should echo the thought, we dare say, of a great many persons to whom Mr. Swinburne's work both in prose and poetry is precious, if

we expressed regret that he never saw fit to write, or at any rate to publish, a romance of modern times in the accepted manner—that of mingled narrative and dialogue. Had he been inspired to do this by some impressive and critical situation which might present itself to his mind as worthy of attempted resolution in this form, there would have been no lack of readers on tiptoe of excitement and anticipation, for with his marvellous felicities of diction and apparently inexhaustible arsenals of swift metaphor he might surely have projected a work which would live worthily with any of Mr. Meredith's masterpieces. We can fancy that his hero and heroine would be persons in whose lips speech would be golden and silence silvern. To the novelist we come nearer, somehow, than to the poet; the poet dwells on heights apart, the novelist walks with his fellow-men, becomes to them more of a personality, has less of an abstract existence, knows and is known of them. So much, however, for our dreaming of what might have been.

To endeavour to analyse the poetic art of this "Hero as man of Letters" in a few closing sentences would be as presumptuous as it would be futile. "A human soul who has once got into that primal element of Song, and sung forth fitly somewhat therefrom, has worked in the depths of our existence."

The Poet's is not always a creative art; too often his voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, bringing no definite message, however, no thrill to make the heart throb faster. But here came a new voice, "singing forth fitly," uttering strange and searching music, music of the mysterious sea and the wave-haunted shore, ravishing the ear and captivating all who paused to listen. "The Poet is a heroic figure belonging to all ages; a character which does not pass; whom all ages possess, when once he is produced, whom the newest age as the oldest may produce—and will produce, always when Nature pleases." And such melody as such a poet makes, belongs, we conclude irresistibly, to the singer whose prose we have been discussing; it is not that of sounding brass or tinkling cymbal, but that of sublime harmonies which time will hardly overwhelm. Time is the great and final critic of all things fashioned by human hands and brains; generations come and go; the beating of the pinions of hastening years whirls the chaff into the darkness, and to earth remains the fruitful seed of blooms that are past—seed to germinate and blossom in future ages, for the wonder and welfare of cities yet unbuilt, of humanity yet unborn. Other poets will read, will admire, will imitate in those hidden years; but it is possible that never again from the lips of any one man will flow so rich a volume of music, so splendid a revel of song.

THE "OLD FIRM" IN PUBLISHING

FROM the *Book Monthly* we cull the following pretty words:

Is a new force, that may cause things to happen, arising in the London publishing world? The close observer puts the question to himself about the Publishers' Circle, which is certainly beginning to make its influence felt in a practical way.

We may say of it that it is the young publishers knocking at the door—yes, at the doors of the literary agent and the author, in particular. In folk-lore and fairy tales the circle is a magical thing and potent, and possibly the Publishers' Circle has been better named than its christeners knew.

Simple lunching and practical thinking, this might be adopted as the motto of the Circle, which, in its essence, is a social body, an expression of good fellowship among the younger spirits of publishing. But good fellowship and good business may be good comrades; especially when

they lunch with Spartan frugality. So in both senses the Publishers' Circle must now be counted a force. Nay, it is a growing force which may make its mark not merely on the book world, viewed as a trade, but on the new English literature which that trade places in the hands of the people.

"Simple lunching and practical thinking" are admirable, especially as both have hitherto been entirely out of the compass of the average book manufacturer. We naturally rejoice to hear also that the Young Publishers (Heaven bless them!) are knocking—yes, knocking—at the doors of the literary agent and the author in particular. Let them knock; it will do them good. Meanwhile, however, the *Book Monthly* might endeavour to take the sand out of its eye; inasmuch as when the *Book Monthly* babbles of the "new English literature," which the Young Publisher (Heaven bless him!) is placing in the hands of the people, the *Book Monthly* is getting right away from decent literary journalism. Nobody can look through the lists of the Young Publisher without perceiving that in his hands English literature simply cannot exist. In consequence, no doubt, of his frugal lunches his mind is just as much set on English literature as it is set on the middle of next week. In point of fact, he abhors English literature and abhors it from the depth of his soul. And he abhors it with all the deeper an abhorrence now that he finds it impossible to sell his cheap lines in classics and his cut-throat reprints of works newly out of copyright. The new literature our fine young gentleman is placing in the hands of the people is always scandalously illiterate and frequently obscene, or, as he choicely puts it, "very hot" to boot. His "successes"—and it is for rapid and colossal successes that he pants, as the hart pants after the waterbrook or as Texas pants for Taft—are invariably and without exception based upon material which is a disgrace to letters and a standing monument to the havoc which the Education Act and an unscrupulous hapenny press have wrought upon the mentality and moral outlook of the country. The *Book Monthly* will probably learn before it is much older that the Young Publishers are worth precious little to anybody and absolutely nothing to English literature. After writing most charmingly and in its best Shorterian manner about the Publishers' Circle, our contemporary prints an interview with Mr. Arthur Waugh, who is the "first chairman" of the Publishers' Circle, and who is described by the *Book Monthly* as "man of letters and managing director of the old publishing house of Chapman and Hall." Now, Mr. Arthur Waugh has never figured in our mind's eye as a Young Publisher. In point of fact, he is not a Young Publisher; and even the *Book Monthly* is very careful to get in the epithet "old" when it speaks of the publishing house of Chapman and Hall. Neither is it anything but flattery to say of Mr. Arthur Waugh that he is a man of letters. What has he done, said or written to justify such a description of him? He used to be a journalist, and he has executed without discredit a considerable amount of hack writing for publishers. There is nothing in the least distinguished or extraordinary to his account, and it would be just as fair to call him poet as to call him man of letters—unless, of course, one were to do it in the sense that Mr. Pawling, of Heinemann's, was once dubbed "author." It is singular, too, that in "Who's Who" this Mr. Waugh writes himself down "author." And especially is it singular in view of the fact that in the course of the *Book Monthly's* interview Mr. Waugh goes out of his way to make a direct attack upon the honour of authors as a body. It is true that in making this attack Mr. Waugh would appear to have got frightened the moment the word author slipped out of his mouth. Here is what he is reported to have said:

It has been, for instance, quite a common thing for a bookseller to assure a publisher that he is getting much better terms from a colleague in the same street, and until the Circle was instituted I think it will be agreed that it was seldom that publishers would compare notes upon matters of this kind. The same thing is true of authors, or, rather, perhaps one should say of authors' agents. It has been the commonest thing for an agent to come to a publisher with a book, assuring him of the enormous sales which some other firm has had for the same author's last book, and upon the strength of these representations large advances have been paid which, as a matter of fact, could never have been earned.

Mr. Waugh proceeds to tell a fearful story of a literary agent who "came to our firm offering a book by an author, the sale of whose last work, he assured me, had amounted to 5,000 copies. I told him I was confident that this was not the case. He replied by assuring me that it was. When the agent had left the room I rang up the publisher of the book in question, and he informed me that the entire sales had amounted to 572 copies!" "The same thing," says Mr. Waugh, "is true of authors." Mr. Waugh may or may not be able to produce his instance; we doubt if he has an instance worth the name. Authors do not lie about their sales. In the first place, he is a wise author who in the course even of a lifetime can discover what his sales really are. There is not a literary agent in London who, if he were so disposed, could fail to prove by documentary evidence that the Young Publishers, at any rate, are exceedingly handy with the royalty account, and that if you do not watch them the chances are that your sales will be grossly understated and your cheque, which, nine times out of ten, is a wonderfully belated cheque, is much smaller than it ought to be. Even where an inspection of the publisher's books is stipulated for in an author's contract it is the most difficult thing in the world to arrive at the real statement of sales. This is common knowledge; and no one in his senses doubts it. On the other hand, we admit that it is difficult of proof; largely because the literary agents dare not open their mouths on the subject and the average author is equally afraid. Besides which, when such cases are actually brought home to a publisher he always gets behind the excuse of "defective book-keeping." A publisher does not keep his own books, and you must not hold him morally responsible for the carelessness of his clerks. Which is fudge, but it serves. Not many years ago the head of a publishing house, who is considered one of the "smartest men of business" in the trade, was examined in bankruptcy. And on being questioned closely as to the state of his accounts he solemnly assured the court that he was not a man of business and that he had been in the habit of leaving these matters to his accountants.

Mr. Waugh has told the *Book Monthly* that "this sort of thing"—meaning the exaggeration of authors or authors' agents—"has been largely put a stop to by the mutual confidence of members of the Publishers' Circle." On this question of sales alone we wonder what would happen if the members of the Publishers' Circle were to tell one another all they know, say, about other publishers' methods of account-keeping and general dealing with authors. And we wonder what would happen to the Young Publishers if the authors and editors of London were to form an Authors' Circle for cheap lunches and mutual confidences. At the first meeting of such a Circle we could produce, for our own part, a few highly exhilarating documents which tend to show that the Young Publishers are a very bright and engaging company. We could exhibit, for example, a royalty account which has been rendered in a beautiful commercial hand twice at the end of periods of six months—unaccompanied by the harmless necessary cheque. We could exhibit, also, a correspondence which proves that £80 was paid to an author in

settlement of royalties by a publishing firm which is still doing business in London and which asserted thrice in writing that there were no royalties due to the author, and that the book had resulted in a loss. And we could exhibit, further, the cheque of a well-known publishing house which has been twice dishonoured during the last three months, and which still remains unpaid. Of course, these things have nothing to do with Mr. Arthur Waugh or Messrs. Chapman and Hall, or with the members of the Publishers' Circle, who, for anything we know to the contrary, conduct their business on legitimate and straightforward lines. But if Mr. Arthur Waugh, whether as man of letters or managing director of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, or as chairman of the Publishers' Circle, begins to make sweeping and *ex parte* charges against authors he will find that it is quite easy for the very next person who knows anything about authorship to produce a hundred particular and disconcerting charges against the publishing trade. The best thing the Publishers' Circle can do is to go on exchanging its mutual confidences and to keep them strictly to itself. Lie low and say nothing!

We have not yet finished with Mr. Arthur Waugh. He is reported by the *Book Monthly* to have committed himself to the following statements:

Personally, I feel that most of us are willing to pay an author whatever his book can fairly earn. The competition for good books becomes keener every year, and everyone wants to have a strong list, so long as there is room for reasonable profit, or—on the lowest basis—so long as there is no loss. In the past, however, this competition has been allowed to gain ground to such an extent that authors have been frequently receiving as much—or half as much—again as their books have any chance of earning. In the future it ought to be increasingly possible, through the exertions of the Circle, for an author to get just as much for his book as he is entitled to—and no more.

It is clear from these words that Mr. Waugh is possessed of a curious intelligence. Did he, as author or man of letters, ever hear of an author or man of letters who can get more than the worth of a book or anything like the worth of a book in the way of an advance on account of royalties? Of course, the stock answer to these queries is that Mr. So-and-so was paid £3,000 on account of royalties in such a year, and Messrs. So-and-so, who paid, burnt their fingers to the tune of £500. Or again, that in such a year Miss So-and-so was paid £3,000, and that Messrs. So-and-so have still a large remainder of the book, which they will be glad to sell at remainder prices. Such things have happened, and nobody denies it. But the publishing trade does not build fine houses and keep valets and winter at Monte Carlo out of jobs of this sort. Taking authors in the lump, we doubt if they ever obtain more than a third of the real value of a book by way of advance on account of royalties. And as for an author being paid for his book "just as much as he is entitled to and no more," who in the name of goodness is to decide with such nicety what he is entitled to? It can be proved that when the decision is left with the publisher the author usually receives from £20 to £30 for a novel of from 90,000 to 100,000 words. And, as a matter of fact, if the publishers had their way no author would be paid a penny-piece, but would rather be invited to contribute to the initial expenses of publication. Nobody can really decide what a book is worth until it has been published and sold. If the Publishers' Circle intend to decide, you may wager your old hat that they will decide with enormous margins in favour of the publisher. Mr. Waugh is most anxious to assure the world at large that there is nothing in the least antagonistic to authors in the Publishers' Circle. We must take him at his word, but we shall, nevertheless, advise all authors, young, old or betwixt and between, to squeeze out of their publishers as much money as ever

they can and to keep all they get; because, with all their getting, they are unlikely to approximate to their just dues. The talk now so common among publishers as to friendliness and mutual understanding between author and publisher is mere and sheer nonsense. Not very long ago we had the spectacle of a bankrupt publisher's wife writing in the *Times* to advocate "confidence" between author and publisher. It were just as reasonable to advocate confidence between the tiger and the lamb. Where is the working author, who, having yielded up his confidence and put aside his caution and common-sense, has not had bitter cause for regretting it? Shall we receive a single letter from an author who will say that "Messrs. So-and-so, the publishers, have had the control of the whole of my books for five years past, and I consider that I have been justly treated by them"? Why is it that when you want a complete set of an author's works you have to get them from pretty nearly as many publishers as he happens to have written books? We shall be told, of course, that the author or his agent is an unfair, unreasonable and greedy person, whom nothing can content, and who is always wanting more money. But he changes his publishers when he can get more money, and when a new publisher will offer him more for a book than he has been in the habit of getting. The inference is plain. The whole question is full of difficulties for people who do not wish to understand it, and it bristles with opportunities for the raising of false issues. Broadly, however, the root of the trouble lies in the publisher's ingrained contempt for literature and his besotted admiration for saleable claptrap. There is not a publisher in London who would plank down a penny-piece on literature *qua* literature until the author of it has achieved sales. If a fine book by a new hand goes into certain publishing offices the inevitable result is a letter from the publishers explaining to the author that his reader "thinks well of the work," but that as it is a first book it would be necessary for the author to contribute, say, £100 to the cost of publication. For the author's talents, for the author's labour, not to mention his good sense, the publisher thus shows an impudent contempt. All the time he has before him a reader's report, in which the book is extolled and recommended as a saleable article, and in point of fact, he is quite prepared to print the book at his own risk, or, for that matter, to pay the author as much as £100 on account of a ten or a fifteen per cent. royalty. Yet he will try first to get money out of the author, and, failing that, to get possession of the book for nothing. Even your author who has "made sales" can never be sure of a market for anything which does not happen to be fiction. A publisher cannot look at any writer outside of what the publishers consider to be that writer's "line." The author who writes a novel which happens to sell is doomed to novel-writing for the rest of his life. And nine times out of ten his work brings him less and less money as the years go by. If he achieves a "success" he is told that he is extremely unlikely to do it again, and must, therefore, content himself with a small advance. And if by any chance he produces a "failure"—and a man's failures are not always his worst work—he will never get over it till his dying day. The fact is that books are not nowadays considered on their literary merits at all. Before the average publisher will venture a shilling his desire is to be bolstered up by certificates of previous sales and with assurances from his travellers that they can sell the book. Failing these, he must have money down from the author or the right to publish without payment. We do not wish to rail against publishers as a class, if they will only stick to business. But when they begin to pose as the friends and patrons of letters and the well-wishers and benefactors of authors we shall always take leave to dissent.

REVIEWS

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY RATIONALIST

Reginald Pecock's Book of Faith. Edited, with an introductory essay by J. L. MORISON, M.A. (Maclehose & Sons, 5s. net.)

MR. MORISON'S book deserves careful consideration, if only for the care which he has bestowed upon it, and in many respects it is a successful work. It contains a preface, an essay on the development of fifteenth century opinion, a summary of the contents of Pecock's text, the text itself, a glossary, an index of the authors quoted in "The Book of Faith," and a general index to the volume. The preface is occupied with the unique manuscript now printed for the first time, which was presented by Whitgift to Trinity College, Cambridge. "According to Dr. Montague James it is written in a hand of the early fifteenth century, and contains many marginal notes, some of them almost as early as the manuscript itself." Three pages later, Mr. Morison concludes that "'The Book of Faith' may be placed somewhere about 1456," a highly likely date. No one has placed it as early as 1447, and Mr. Morison states positively that the manuscript was the one corrected up-to-date for use in 1457. This is also very likely, but he gives no reasons for his statement. He accounts for cross-references in "The Book of Faith" and another of Pecock's books, "The Represser," reasonably enough, by supposing a habit of his of writing several works concurrently. The discrepancy between these dates Mr. Morison leaves unnoticed. It is curious that in tracing the uses made of the book he should have omitted all mention of what at least is a curious coincidence. In the controversy between Whitgift, who owned the manuscript, and Thomas Cartwright on the Admonition to the Parliament about 1572, Whitgift shows a cast of thought similar to Pecock's, especially in "The Represser." This is still more evident in the great book which was the outcome of that controversy, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity."

As regards the text, Mr. Morison states that the spelling of the manuscript with all its variations has been retained, except in cases of obvious absurdity, etc. It is a great pity that he made any exceptions at all, and that the runic *th* was not retained, however insignificant. Absurdity and insignificance are of the essence of English spelling from first to last. A manuscript should be printed, especially for the first time, *litteratim*, even *erratim*. Otherwise its accuracy becomes suspect, particularly at the present time, for there is a great deal of dishonest carelessness in popular editions, ostensibly exact, which are "generally edited" wholesale by professors of scholarship who ought to know better than to lend their official authority to supervision too comprehensive for them to perform it adequately. The publishers are not to blame. Mr. Morison is perfectly candid, if his judgment is open to criticism, but it is time that some protest was made, and it is made here, because it has no personal application to him.

The glossary is exactly sufficient, very few words, if any, should be added, and it has an interest in itself. A glance at it is sufficient to learn several curious forms in use at the period, particularly, *arumme*, far (a-room) from; *culum*, a dove (colomkill, columba); *Donet*, a primer; *myir*, mire (some justification for using such words as dissyllables); *stid*, a place, and *stideli*, with *hild*, a lean-to (forms of the Scandinavian *sted* and *held*); *slider*, slippery (still used locally, "a slick and slider," also Scandinavian and really meaning "worn"); *tikel*, delicate; and *squaymose*, an early

form of the later, useful, "squamous," which now, again, might be criticised as a pedantic Latinism. Reference to the glossary, however, is seldom necessary in reading Pecock's text, even to the inexperienced in fifteenth century English, if they keep their heads and use their wits. In fact, the quaintness of the forms will help to carry them through the horrible verbosity and confusion of Pecock's style. The atmosphere of Mr. Morison's introduction suggests excuses in the supposed illiteracy of the period. There are no excuses, nor was the period in the least illiterate. If it is not fair to cite the prose of Sir John Maundeville and of Chaucer, Pecock had among his other immediate predecessors an excellent model in the prose of a perfectly clear writer on kindred subjects, Wyclif. He compares equally badly with his contemporaries, such as Sir John Fortescue, Caxton, and even the Paston and other Fenn letters. He was, in fact, the worst writer of his period, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that his confused style is the expression of confusion of thought. This is the more remarkable, since he was very learned and a thinker of considerable force and originality, though his editors all tend to exaggerate these qualities, representing him as a sort of founder of English rationalism. This arises partly from entire inability to realise the mediæval spirit, and partly to that concealment of the Middle Ages by modern writers which almost amounts to a policy. Mr. Morison is no exception to this rule, for though he writes with candour and no more than legitimate sympathy with his subject, he forgets or ignores the intellectual and artistic activity of Pecock's period even in England, though it was not on a level at that time with the rest of civilised Europe. He is particularly unfortunate in his reference to the poetry of the period. Pecock, he says, "was the man of a depressing time and country. Round him dull poets were chanting, in broken notes, of hopeless subjects." He forgets that Chaucer was as accessible to the men of the fifteenth century as to those of any other period, for though printing had not multiplied copies of his works, they were written in the current language of the day. And he forgets that a large number of his own contemporaries as capable of judging as himself still regard Chaucer as unequalled by any English poet since except Shakespeare and Milton. He also forgets that two excellent lyric poets of James I. and Charles d'Orleans were both writing in England during Pecock's lifetime, with five or six minor poets such as Gower, Hoccleve, Lydgate and Capgrave, quite equal in merit to the poets of secondary rank in the Elizabethan or Carolingian periods; and above all that the reign of Henry VI. was remarkable for beautiful popular lyrics, if Pecock had had the imagination and taste to appreciate them.

Pecock's honesty of purpose, his isolation, the evident fact that he was condemned largely for political reasons, which Mr. Morison does not sufficiently explain, do entitle him to our sympathy, but it is alienated by his ridiculous vanity, his sophistry, and the futility of his objects. His course was such as to lead him inevitably to the faggots at any time when they were used to clench an argument, and the recantation by which he avoided them seems to have been inspired less by fear than by the recognition that the expression of his speculations were not worth either death or excommunication from the Church, which he acknowledged as a credible witness to truths beyond the reach of reason. Mr. Morison also does not make it sufficiently clear that Pecock, though threatened with the stake, was not actually deposed from his bishopric, and that his theories were never condemned by Rome. He appealed to Rome and a new trial was ordered, the documents of which, together with Pecock himself, were to be sent to Rome. This never took

place, Pecock considering it wiser to resign his see and accept the punishment inflicted at the first trial, rather than run the risks of a second English trial which might have resulted in the stake in defiance of the Pope's authority. It is not yet sufficiently clear whether Pecock's theories were technically heretical or not. Their unorthodoxy has been exaggerated by English writers, formerly with the desire to represent him as a precursor of the Reformation, latterly as a pioneer of rationalism. He has even been regarded as a follower of Wyclif, though, as he states, he spent twenty years in arguing against Lollardy. His writings give grounds for both the former views, but quite inadequate grounds, for they also combat the theory that the Bible was the sole guide in faith and morals, and strongly support the authority of the Church and defend many customs equally obnoxious to Protestantism and Rationalism. Nor does it appear at all certain, as Mr. Morison seems to suppose, because he wrote on important religious matters to the people in the vernacular, but because he addressed to them obscure speculations in ambiguous terms. Though Mr. Morison points out that Pecock incurred odium by his supposed attack on the exposition of the faith in sermons when he preached at St. Paul's Cross, he seems to suppose that the doctrines of the Church were not expounded in the vernacular, and thus again shows an inability to grasp the mediæval idea. If Pecock was even an incipient rationalist in the modern acceptance of the term, like so many others he failed before the tribunal to which he appealed, for he does not carry his arguments to their inevitable consequences, so that they are singularly unconvincing. Mr. Morison, too, in his enthusiasm for reason, seems to forget that an appeal to reason in its low forms also led in Pecock's time as it does now to irrational consequences.

CANON FLEMING

Life of Canon Fleming. By ARTHUR FINLAYSON.
(James Nisbet and Co., Ltd., 6s. net.)

In giving to the world this timely appreciation of a true gentleman and a thorough-going follower of the highest ideals, the Rev. Arthur Finlayson has acted wisely. For many years Canon Fleming was a well-known figure in the religious life of London, and the echoes of tributes which came from all quarters at the news of his death last autumn have not yet died away. His ministry as Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, was a remarkable one—his congregation often included some of the wealthiest and most famous in the land and some of the poorest and least significant in his own parish, yet to them all he became beloved, a tower of strength, a man among men. His far-reaching influence came from no special distinction in argument, from no laurels of learning, but from the innate power and personality of the man himself. Humility was the keynote of his conduct—he refused positions the most coveted, strove mightily and happily for objects that were important only in their human relationships and results, served always unwaveringly the truth as his reason and his beliefs indicated it to him. The honour of Royal commands came frequently to him, and it gives a flash of insight into his comprehensive and genial character when we remember that the man thus favoured for his integrity and merit could at the same time interest himself in a coffee-house for the benefit of the poorer residents of his district, or spend quiet, simple hours at the babies' crèche connected with his church; it becomes an easy matter to understand why his welcome was so universal.

The value of this volume, however, lies not only in its depiction of the lowly and loyal spirit whose thoughts and aspirations are thus illumined. Canon Fleming met many notable men of his time, and the plentiful reminiscences add greatly to the interest of the work. Macready was a personal friend of his, and several of the famous actor's letters are reproduced; a common bond between the two was their extreme appreciation of the faculty of elocution. Many of our readers doubtless know the treatise entitled "The Art of Reading and Speaking," which Canon Fleming published, and which met with considerable success. Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Sir Andrew Clark, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Tennyson, Dean Farrar, Matthew Arnold—these are a few of the celebrities about whom we hear, either directly or indirectly. Miss Agnes Weston's magnificent enterprise, too, on behalf of the sailors of the Navy, is referred to at some length; it appears to have been due originally to a sermon of the Canon when he was in charge of All Saints', at Bath, in the year 1858. The letters which are quoted—perhaps a little too copiously quoted—contain much that is worthy of attention, and those to his son Malcolm—his "very dear Malcolm"—are charming. The concluding passage from one of the latter seems not without special point at the present day:

I do not agree with you as to the Conservatives being unpatriotic. I think you will live to confess that the unpatriotic man is a Prime Minister who, in order to stay in, humiliates his country in the eyes of all Europe, who cringes to Russia, and almost begs for peace at any price. I fear the Nemesis will be a deadly struggle for our very existence a little later on, if indeed Gladstone has not already ruined his country. With fondest love, ever your devoted FATHER.

Naturally, the biography of such a man as Canon Fleming would not lack a few good anecdotes. We may take one or two for our readers' amusement without trespassing indiscreetly on the author's forbearance. When lecturing at the St. John's Hall, Highbury, one of the Theological schools of the University of London, his patience with the students seems to have been a salient feature of the proceedings:

In the olden days at Shrewsbury, if a boy in construing a classical author made a false quantity, Dr. Kennedy would throw up his arms and exclaim: "Ah! the anguish of my soul! I'll give up education altogether!" But Fleming was always calm, self-controlled, courteous, and dignified. "We pronounce that 'stormy,'" he would quietly say to some unfortunate student who said "stawmy," and who would probably make the same mistake again. . . .

In the reading class he would occasionally allow his humour to appear. "Inattention to a trifle is enough to turn the best of reading into the worst vulgarity. Mind your stops; the comma may seem trivial, but it is often very important. At a banquet a man reading from the toast-list, 'Woman, without her, man would be a savage,' misplaced the comma and startled everyone by reading, 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage. Or again, a poor woman coming late to church wrote on a piece of paper: 'A sailor going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.' The unfortunate curate read out to the astonished congregation: 'A sailor going to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety.'"

And there is a little *bon mot* attributed to Bishop Magee that is worthy of quotation:

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone met Magee and said, "I hear, my lord, that you don't quite approve of my dealing with the Irish question?" whereupon Magee, who possessed a wonderful gift of repartee, said, "It is not your dealing that I mind, Mr. Gladstone, it's your shuffling that I object to."

It is inevitable that in such a book as this, written by a warm personal friend and admirer, a certain amount of matter should occur which is of no particular

moment to the general reader. Portions of the lengthy extracts from testimonials, special sermons, letters, etc., which can only be slurred by persons who never had the privilege of knowing Canon Fleming, might conceivably have been omitted with advantage; some of the letters of appreciation, too, are from people whose opinions are not of any distinction. Apart from this quite explicable drawback, the book is one which will please all who ever heard or met the Canon, whether intimately or at the impersonal distance of the pulpit, and, as we have shown, its value extends beyond the bounds of his own personality. Reproductions of autograph letters from their Majesties Queen Alexandra and Queen Maud of Norway, and other Royalties, are appended, and a portrait of the Canon (facing page 338) deserves very special mention; it suggests the fine character, the inherent goodness of the man better than much writing could do. The whole book is a worthy memorial of one whose motto might well have been "Love in Action."

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Stairway of Honour. By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE division into three groups which the author has made in this volume of short stories is quite a happy idea. The first, "Tales of the Olden Days," explains itself; the second, "Tales of Yesterday," is concerned with bright little pictures of the eighteenth century; the third, "Tales of To-day," presents a few aspects of modern life. All the sketches are clever; one or two are little more than impressions, and perhaps lay themselves open to the charge of being "thin"; but we cannot all emulate the art of Mr. Henry James in the unparalleled cameos of his earlier period. To select a couple by name from those which merit special approval, we may indicate "Pepita and the King" as a pretty little idyll, in which a country lass opens her heart to a "regular royal" King, and talks to him with considerable frankness, imagining all the time that he was a person of no particular consequence; and, on the modern side, the story of "The Marriage Merchant" is rather a smart piece of work. "A Visit to the Enchantress," however, strikes a very improbable and strained note. Unequal quality is, of course, inseparable from any collection of short tales, and it is pleasant to record that in this case the average is high.

For Church and Chieftain. By MAY WYNNE. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

WE believe that this book is of the description which from most newspaper critics obtains the title of "a stirring romance." "Stirring" seems to be a somewhat apt word in this connection, since we are irresistibly reminded of the formula generally associated with cookery-books—take two or three pairs of lovers, a few castles, a secret passage, some hairsbreadth escapes and perilous adventures, stir well together and serve in a stormy period of history, and the final result ought to please all reasonable people. For some cause or other this story fails to please us, and it may well be that from the author's point of view we seem unreasonable; but although we have not discovered any serious flaw in her construction or in the actual writing, the fact remains that her characters carry little sense of reality. Ireland, in the troublous times of the English Queen Elizabeth, is the scene of the action, but, if we may be permitted so quick a change of meta-

phor in a short notice, the author forgets that it is not of much use merely to manufacture a stained-glass window of a rare and complicated pattern unless a strong light shines behind it. Here the light of inspiration is rather feeble, and the story is ineffective; it fails to hold the reader's attention save in its detached incidents. We are sorry to be unable to commend it, for considerable pains have evidently been taken in its evolution.

Olive in Italy. By MORAY DALTON. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THERE is something disarming about a first novel: it is "almost certain to be, whatever else it is, full of industry and solemnity and fire"; and our expectations are raised by the fact that it forms part of the First Novel Library, which was to include only the first novels of such new authors who showed exceptional talent. The present work, the sixteenth of this series, has its full share of the expected solemnity and fire; its author has the gift of telling a story with spirit and energy, if somewhat over-emphatically; the close of many a chapter makes an effective "curtain"; while the three "books" into which the story is divided are full of pleasant vignettes of Italy, and the fragrance and art of Siena, Florence, and Rome.

But with all due deduction for the vigour and narrative quality of the story, there is little distinction in the odyssey of the orphan girl, Olive Agar, teacher of English at Siena, governess at Florence, and artist's model at Rome; in her meeting with the player of Chopin, Jean Avenel; in her pursuit by the Prince Tor di Rocca, and the latter's final discomfiture—for he is discomfited, as the motto on the fly-leaf of the book is:

For in the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red; it is full mixed, and He poureth out of the same. As for the dregs thereof: all the ungodly, the earth shall drink them. . . .

The chief defect of the book is the unreality of its characters, none of which attains to real flesh and blood. Each, oddly enough, appears to have his or her original in the sculpture galleries of Europe. The ill-fated Gemma, whose beauty had "the strange boding loveliness of a pale orchid," and whom the "students of the University of Siena named the Odalisque," is compared to the "Capuan Psyche" (and, again, not very felicitously, to "a silent Sappho"!); Jean Avenel, most unconvincing of heroes, has a face like the bust of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, but differs from the less fortunate Roman in possessing "black hair, rather longer than is usual in this country." Prince Tor di Rocca has a "Neronic upper lip." He is also "handsome as a fawn might be, and as a tiger is, not sleek, but lean and brown, with hot insolent eyes and a fine and cruel mouth," and with a great emerald sparkling on the little finger of his left hand—the ideal of a non-moral superman!

The dialogue on occasions falls into the florid and Bulwer Lytton manner, as may be judged by the following excerpt, which is intended to represent the conversation of two mondains in a box at the opera-house at Siena:

"The Capuan Psyche and a rose from the Garden of Eden," said a man in the stage-box, who had discerned Olive's fresh, eager prettiness beyond the pale beauty of the Odalisque.

He handed the glasses to his neighbour: "Choose. The rôle of Paris is a thankless one; it involved death in the end for the shepherd-prince."

"Yes, but you are not a shepherd-prince."

Yes, but such people do not say such things!

An Adventure in Exile. By RICHARD DUFFY. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

"AN Adventure in Exile" is a good title, but it has the advantage of the book, which has little of exile and less of adventure. Indeed exile is a brave word for the short *villegatura* of the hero, Lloyd Avery, who is haunted by the "hue of the far-off." We expect him to be finely touched to fine issues. He is sick of the marionette-play of society, of the "luncheons and dinners, dances, theatres, suppers, everything that makes up the old grind of life" he had lived for ten years. He thinks of the distant view of his *château d'exil*:

The whole world seemed to lie between him and the tiled roof, symbol of the far-away. The lure was beckoning him, as often before when he had not heeded. In differing guise it beguiled the soldier of fortune, the sailor, the tramp, and wanderers of whatsoever name in all corners of the earth. It called to all men. Many yielded, many more resisted though hearkening fearsomely in the penal round of daily duties.

Well and good; we expect the charm of distant horizons, some active wandering—but the romantic note, once sounded, dies away. Avery goes—to Normandy, to a perfectly habitable *château* near the not inaccessible Falaise, where he meets with his adventure, the woman he eventually marries, a Madame de Lescure, who allows herself to be addressed by the peasants as Madame la Sainte! Their attraction is told with all the familiar intensity of the *feuilleton*:

She became silent under his searching gaze. The humid red tone of her lips paled, though the radiant eyes of amethyst met his unflinching. Understanding, vague, yet penetrant, waved between them. . . . Lids veiled the eyes of amethyst, and at the corners of the mouth lurked shadows of the enigmatic smile.

Each of their meetings had been epochal, and the other days of his life were null. His old self fell from him like a garment, life was born in him again, and she was his life. On the last page:

The eyes of amethyst looked surrender into his and closed as she gave him her lips.

We confess to a certain slight prejudice against a book where sombre is spelt "somber," and the hero has a "well-molded" face. There are, however, some blots which are not confined to the English of America; Lady Grove would notice the use of the word "ride" for the "action of sitting in a cab." The awkwardness of "My comrade acts like he had a woman on his mind," is perhaps to be attributed to the humour of the comic American; but the too picturesque strength of "Mrs. Herbert dropped the maternal pose, and *shed* on them both, eyes, teeth, lips in smiling languor," is the author's own deliberate work. When too, will the convention disappear, that English like: "At this hour so *matinale* nobody visits the park" induces the illusion that we are in France?

The matter of the conversation is not much better than the style; here are some brilliants of very inferior taste:

"At twenty-five a man is afraid he will get married, despite his best intentions. At thirty-five he's afraid he won't."

"At thirty-five," said Stéphanie, smiling above very white, small teeth, "a woman no longer fears, she is in despair."

Altogether, the book is a vapid book; there is none of the impact of the writer's personality, none of the "emotion," that constituent which Professor Holmes in his new book postulates as the first of all necessities in picture making, and is no less an essential of novel-making. Each sentence, each phrase might be transferred from the mouth of one character to one

of the others; no one has a peculiar note, an accent of individuality. The shadowy puppets move listlessly through their tedious parts in an artificial and not very perfectly valued scene.

The Ideas of a Plain Country-woman. (Constable, 3s.)

It has been said that every American village possesses three poets, two female and one male. Our "Plain Country-woman" is one of these poets of the village. She, it is claimed in the preface, has lived deeply and "touches the vital well-springs of living with a hand that we feel is that of experience." She reflects, with all the inherent drawbacks of the American idiom, the "reveries of thousands of women," while the headings of her chapters—"Philosophies of a House-cleaning Day," "The Simple Life," "Some Needs of Women," "The Truth About Love," and, lastly, "The Reflections of a Grandmother"—indicate clearly the class she intends to reach—and probably reaches.

Her attitude to all these things is almost too healthy; her book is full of the praise of poverty, the austeries of housework, the simple life, and the homeliness of the home on the ragged edge of a little Indiana town with the plain fields and a fringe of flat woodland behind it.

What is the "peculiar charm" of these writings, what wins her the millions of readers—principally women—vouched for by the preface? "People by the millions have read and are to-day each week and each month reading the writings of the 'Plain Country-woman,' irrelevant as it may be in her eyes and their eyes, and they have read with pleasure and profit." And yet she speaks with no authority; she has few settled convictions; nothing but "leanings toward certain doctrines, and among them the idea of reincarnation"; her education stopped short of a common school course. In literature she admires those "rare books," "Cranford," "Rebecca" and "Elizabeth and her German Garden," while she surprises us with putting the question, "Why Mrs. Humphry Ward persists in giving us immoral women as heroines in her books?" whereas Mrs. Humphry Ward's heroines are often noticeable for their excess of conscience! Her philosophy is that of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," also from America; her language somewhat over-emphatic, as when she speaks feelingly of books "bristling with immoralities told in language suggestive enough to rouse the flagging sense of interest in minds steeped and dulled in sensational details of rotten society." It is possible that the author's taste is inherited from her mother, whose "taste in literature was absolutely unerring," and who swept aside, as all bright and good women should, the inconsequent, the deleterious, and the unpleasant in literature, choosing *restful tales of quiet English farm life*, strong stories of travel and adventure, true-hearted stories of the nobler type, and now and then a yarn like "Wild Bill" or the "Heroess of the Plains"!

The author, in very early days, when inwardly rebelling against her copper-toed shoes and waterproof cloak, wished herself like a neighbour's little girl "resplendent in pretty and fashionable garments." She was told, however, by her mother that the rich little girl was common—that she lived in a rented house and her mother used bad grammar. Whatever association a rented house conveys to the American we cannot say; to the English mind there is nothing so very seriously damning in it; while imperfect grammar and misuse of English is not infrequent in the pages of the "Plain Country-woman," who, we are told, "had great pretensions to gentility." "March," she writes, "is a *fortuitous* birth month," though the

context shows that she wishes to say fortunate or favourable. Her metaphors now and then are very masquerades of imagery led by the very lord of misrule:

"Can we not trample upon the shackles we ourselves have forged by simply running to seed on proprieties and social ethics?" she asks? How shall such a writer grow or educe a figurative conscience, that is to say, be more conscientious in the use of figures, and resist the temptation to ignore the implications of metaphor?

Turning from the style to the contents of the book we are dismayed by the succession of platitude and ineptitude, of savourless narrative and scullery philosophy. Let us take a few aphorisms from these chapters (whose purpose, by the way, is to "reassure women a little as to the purpose of their being"):

We are constituted a gregarious race.

When you are downhearted, a laugh is the only thing that will cure you.

I would write a book about the duties of fatherhood if I thought the men would read it—but they wouldn't.

I have just lost a friend who was an ideal father. Of course he was a gentleman; an ideal father could not be otherwise.

The family usually has its origin in the union of a young couple irresistibly drawn together by the sex attraction.

It is a doctrine of mine that the quality of mind does not change with what we call civilisation, except for the worse.

It is a favourite maxim of mine that the real joys of life are not for the few that belong to the common lot.

The world has run to seed on (sic) doing the proper thing. The tameness of it is terrible, and I do not wonder men break away and commit immoralities to interrupt the fearful monotony of elegance and correctness in which nice women are contented to live.

I remember days better than years, and some of the days seem the longer—no doubt they are.

I asked a farmer the other day which month in the year was hardest on man and beast, and he replied, "March—March—March by long odds."

Such is the wisdom of the "Plain Country-woman," whose writings are more popular than the writings of any single contributor to the *Ladies' Home Journal*. and who claims to have "sensed some of the mysteries of life and death before she was five years old." Was it really necessary, we wonder, to reserve all rights, "including that of translation into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian? Probably not.

AN OUTDOOR BREVIARY—IV.

THE most generous of flower-bearing trees is the hawthorn, whose million-eyed flowers lie flatly, like a snow-crust, upon the upper side of the spray, while beneath is an ancient silver-green or bleached trunk and a twisted and intertangled knot of boughs, such as no curious work of old ironsmiths could equal.

Even fuller of flower than the white seems a great red hawthorn in full flower by a waterside, as they are planted by the canal-like ducts and reaches of the Cherwell, where Walter Pater must have seen, every year, from their "bleached and twisted trunks and branches, a plumage of tender crimson fire out of the heart of the wood" burning upon the water, a double light, and dropping their pinkish petals like beads thickly upon its brown-amber surface of smooth water, which is dappled with slanting rules of sunshine and pricked all over with a little dust of flying insects.

In this field there are "borders of gold, with studs of silver." The growing grass is standing thick, and pricked with yellow rattle, dog-daisies and buttercups—the only field where gold and silver is to be had for

the picking. Here in a pool of gold, capriciously bright as the one spot in an old picture that has been restored by the hand of a cleaner, are buttercups. The next field is white with daisies—silver studs. A legend seems written here as on vellum with capitals of burnished gold, with a margin ornamented as in ancient missals, with leaves of emerald-green, with tall flowers of gold and azure, like fitted jewels, with stems of silver, tarnished with the lapse of centuries.

"We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."

Within this ring of larches and beeches a small open space of grass has the comfortable shelter and most fresh stillness of the deeper woods. The scent of life is never fuller in the woods than it is here, for now the ground, covered with the first green wonder-work of summer, a mat of leaves of the commonest weeds—green shafts, arrow-heads, clusters and sprays—is yielding up its hopes, as in the autumn it exhales its memories. Under the multitude of smooth and rugged columns of the copse, between the serpentine roots of the trees, run pools of steely-blue hyacinths; while, in places, pale anemones are powdered, like spring-fallen snow that fades as soon as it alights. In the open grassy plat, the musk of yellow flowers, moving lightly above the grass on their invisible stalks, rises above the fragrance of the shining turf, where clots of scentless celandines are flashing back the sun's radiance.

Here, too, in this valley of cuckoos, that bird breathes out with sweetest emphasis each of his "soft little globes of bosom-shaped sound," and from the beeches, which have opened their silken fans, the hollow brown bud-sheaths are falling, "touching at last so imperceptibly the earth with which they are to mingle that the gesture is much gentler than a salutation, and even more discreet than a discreet caress."

The deep, uncropped grass grows higher under the grey slant-stemmed trees in the orchard, which are covered with vari-coloured bloom, either white flakes of pear-blossom or a fine red powder of uncrumpling apple-buds. Each tree was as if it had been wholly plunged in the very fountain of youth to emerge shining with the dews and fires of that bright water. Its dews had been sprinkled, too, on the grass, which had the bloom of emerald upon it, and upon the small mauve cuckoo-flowers that trembled lightly on their fine stalks; while upon every leaf there was that delicate birth-dew which is upon all things in the first hours of life. A blackbird, with something delicate and sliding in his motion, as if he were gliding along some invisible thread, flew up and away from a swaying bough. And above the bough I looked, and, behold, in the firmament there appeared as it were a sapphire stone, and on it the clouds—caught between the branches, as it were a lock of sheep's wool upon a briar—melted as silver is melted out of the midst of the furnace.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness, like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant?" The perfume of the little lime-flowers falls through the air like water-drops, the perfume of the cool-rooted field flowers rises like the spray of a fountain from stream and hedge and meadow.

The long, ripe-seeded grass of the water-meadow, flowing towards the hedge, has risen like a surflless wave and broken over it, high and rank, and rushing into the very bushes. There is a trodden track to the river on one side of the hedge, a shining crease among

the russet sorrel-tops and grass-heads, and from every other head among them start the unsown flowers of the air, colourless moths, with their weak, drugged flight, whose wings beat so fast that they wrap them round with a whitish blurr. The hedge—it is Baptist night—is a very *via lactea*, with its numerous flat-faced wafers of elder-flowers, and its inlay of dog-roses, open and shell-white, or closed and red in narrow bud, and its *torchères* of meadowsweet. In the "Flora Domestica" the White Iris is spoken of as known to the French as *la flambe blanche*, but "the white torch or flame" in a cresset seems to catch and cast into the mould of speech the spirit of the meadowsweet.

"Solitude needs no park"; a thicket may be as secret as a forest.

In the densely wooded ghyll the air is heavy with a riot of vegetation and motionless as a canal. The lower scrub is of ash-saplings, matted with bramble, briar and honeysuckle; above lean the greater trunks of trees, closing over the water's channel with the thickness of their growth. In the half-light, the elder lays out her flat-faced flowers; the little hollow is over-arched entirely by boughs, and in its green light the stream, its secret, trickles on its way between high banks of rich red earth, feathery with hart's-tongue ferns. The whole place has the air of some quiet precinct in the sea, secret and untroubled, and is immortally green and peaceful beneath its reticulated shades. Above a little round pool only, there is a gap in the roof. There was nothing to show that this was water but an almost imperceptible internal welling, and now and then a faint lap and dying bubble round its rim; but suddenly there comes a waft of light moving swifter than a weaver's shuttle across it, and the netted shadows shake and blots of darkness within it seem to swell and dwindle, as with respiration.

"My root was spread out by the waters and the dew lay all night upon my branch."

"Go into a field of flowers where no house is builded and eat only of the flowers of the field."

The elders are covered with white wafers of blossom. The grass is thick and heavy-headed in the field, and showing over the green-bronze of just-ripe herbage the fine broken colour made by the dust-browns and blue-greys of the seed-heads powdering the grass; there is lilac-bloom of pollen upon it, as if the shadow of a cloud had patched it; and here and there the tinge of sorrel-flower. The long slope is bright with ragged robin and tall sorrel, and rolls in waves, breaking into foam where the daisies and hemlocks line the hedge.

"I sat among the flowers and did eat of the herb of the field, and the meat of the same satisfied me."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

APRIL 6TH, 1909.

FREDERICK GILLET, Esq., Vice-President, in the Chair.

The Secretary exhibited, on behalf of Mr. George Jennison, some fertilised eggs from a pair of Seba pythons in the Belle Vue Zoological Gardens, Manchester.

Dr. R. T. Leiper, F.Z.S., exhibited a greatly distorted elephant's tusk from the Congo, and a malformed canine tooth of a hippopotamus from Uganda, the conditions most probably originating from mechanical injury.

Mr. E. T. Newton, F.R.S., F.Z.S., exhibited a metatarsal bone of an ox, showing in a remarkable manner the marks of gnawing by rodents, possibly squirrels, rats, or mice, which he had found in the woods near Cromer.

Mr. R. I. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., communicated a paper entitled "Description of a new Form of *Ratel* (*Mellivora*) from Sierra Leone, with Notes upon the described African Forms of this Genus."

Miss Muriel Robertson read a paper, communicated by Prof. E. A. Minchin, M.A., V.P.Z.S., "On an Ichthyosporidian causing a Fatal Disease in Sea-Trout."

Mr. C. Tate Regan, M.A., F.Z.S., read a paper on a small series of fishes from Christmas Island, collected by Dr. C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., F.Z.S. Seven new species were described, comprising five Blennies, a *Pampeneus*, and a *Cirrhitidae*. In connection with the last-named it was pointed out that the *Cirrhitidae*, as defined and limited by Dr. Günther, with the addition of *Haplodactylus*, form a very natural family.

Mr. Hamilton H. Druce, F.L.S., F.Z.S., read a short paper "On some New and Little-known *Hesperida* from Tropical West Africa," which contained remarks on, and descriptions of, some new forms of these butterflies lately obtained by Mr. G. L. Bates, F.Z.S., on the Ja River, Cameroons, and others from Nigeria. New species of the genera *Abantis*, *Acleros*, *Gorgyra*, *Parnara*, and *Ceratrachia* were described.

The next meeting of the Society for scientific business will be held on Tuesday, the 27th April, 1909, at half-past eight o'clock p.m., when the following communications will be made:

1. Dr. T. A. Chapman, F.Z.S.—A Review of the Species of the Lepidopteran Genus *Lycanopsis* Feld. (*Cyaniris* auct. nec Dalm.) on examination of the Male Ancillary Appendages.

2. F. E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S.—On some Points in the Structure of *Galidia elegans*, and on the Postcaval Vein in Carnivora.

3. Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, C.M.Z.S.—On the Comparative Osteology of the Passerine Bird *Arachnothera magna*.

Communications intended for the Scientific Meetings of the Zoological Society of London should be addressed to—

P. CHALMERS MITCHELL (Secretary).

3 Hanover Square, London, W., April 13th, 1909.

CORRESPONDENCE

"DREADNOUGHTS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I give below some extracts from a publication known as "Manor's Message," seven thousand copies of which are distributed monthly to the residents of a South London borough, and which is issued by the Bermondsey Mission of the United Methodist Free Church, under the editorship of the missionary, Mr. W. Kaye Dunn, B.A. :—

MAD! MAD!! MAD!!!

Eight Dreadnoughts at the hands of the Liberal Government!!!! The Christian members of the Liberal Government have one and all backslidden. . . . There are 199 Free Churchmen M.P.'s. . . . The Liberal Caucus, it seems, is for Jingoism.

But they [the Free Churchmen] must stand by their own Government. Why? Is the independent M.P. so defunct? . . .

There is one humble group upon which will be centred the eyes of many Free Churchmen—the Labour Bench, a very Christian Bench indeed. Philip Snowden said at Swansea that he had worked and prayed for years for a

union between Free Churchmen and his bench. Thank God his bench stands up bravely to give the blunt Parliamentary lie to this ugly Dreadnought Liberalism. If the Labour Party best interpret my Christian ideal, and at the next election there come for my vote an official Liberal and a Labour man, the Labour man gets that vote though the Tory get in. I would have rejoiced to vote "Labour" at Croydon. The Liberal, who has forgotten to be liberal, will sink and drown, the Labour man will rise to swim another day. I do not give myself to the Labour Party—but they may get my next vote as being the nearest interpretative men of the old message, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."

The article is signed "W. Kaye Dunn."

Immediately after appears the following :—

CHURCH BLASPHEMY.

This Sunday evening a Church Lads' Brigade has straggled past my window to the "tune" of fifes and drums.

What a blasphemy that the "Church" of Jesus should dress lads up in soldiers' mock uniform, and that, too, on God's Sabbath, on the Day of Peace. That on the day that is peculiarly the day Jesus has made His own, His "Church" should seek by such a pernicious advertisement to put the military devil into the hearts of the growing lads of our district.

If Christ walked our streets and met that ugly imitation of Satan, what would He say?

The Church that belongs to the Military Spirit first and to Jesus secondly, is no church of His and may be written off the list.

W. K. D.

Some time ago a local clergyman of the Church of England was held up to opprobrium for daring, if I remember aright, to be associated with a local publican or two on the borough council, or some such institution, in defiance of the views of the Editor of "Manor's Message."

H. W. L.

London, S.E., April 8, 1909.

WILKIE COLLINS AND WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I picked up, the other day, at a second-hand bookshop a copy of one of those annual miscellanies by the sale of which it is hoped to benefit the funds of certain bloated "charities." One of the pictures struck me as being worth the money. But I was soon to discover that I had cheaply purchased treasures of literature also. Among the articles was one by Mr. William Le Queux, entitled "Where I Find My Plots." Feeling profoundly uninterested in the genesis of what Mr. Le Queux is pleased to call his "plots"—ah! those arid and uncultivated plots!—I was about to pass from the essay when my attention was arrested by an allusion to Wilkie Collins. My curiosity was naturally aroused. For what could the ingenious author of "Armada" be doing in that galley? And this is what I read: "With the death of my old friend, Wilkie Collins, the mystery story went out."

Now, Wilkie Collins is less known, personally and in his habit as he lived, than any other writer of equal eminence who wrote in the Victorian era. Students of literature should be legitimately desirous to obtain some reliable information about the social side of his existence. The reputation of Collins justifies—one had almost said, demands—a biography. And behold, here is the very man fully equipped for the enterprise. We should certainly hear more of the "old friend"ship of these two writers. Will Mr. Le Queux "oblige?"—as they used to say at the music-halls. One would like to know, for example, when and under what circumstances the two "old friends" met? Who introduced them? What were the respective ages of the men when they first foregathered? How long did the old friendship last? At which of the meetings of the writers did Wilkie Collins describe his novels as "mystery stories"? And how came it to pass that during the whole course of this old friendship Mr. Le Queux failed to acquire from the Master a little of that Master's skill in the art of construction, his nice discrimination in the portrayal of human character as evinced in a Captain Wragge or a Count Fosco, his mastery of a simple, lucid, grammatical English style? These are points on which one feels that Mr. Le Queux—an he would—might discourse profitably in his own brand of English. I hope that this respectful reminder

may induce him to give to the literary world all he knows about his "old friend Wilkie Collins." He may take it from me that readers would find reliable reminiscence of Collins infinitely more to their taste than the frowsy story of the finding of his own "plots." N. N.

A FITTING REMEDY FOR "SUFFRAGETTE" MANIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A letter appeared under this title in your issue of April 10th which it is difficult to let pass unnoticed.

Your correspondent probably forgets that in opening their campaign the Suffragettes omitted to ask the opinion of Mr. Ridley as to how it should be conducted. Mr. Ridley evidently loses sight of the fact that the Suffragettes are convinced that theirs is a just cause.

If he could for a moment imagine himself in their position he might be able to enlighten us as to the manner in which he would carry on such a campaign. He would find that quiet work had been tried for nearly half a century without much obvious result; he would find that large meetings had been held, petitions drawn up and presented, books and pamphlets written, with scarcely a sign of encouragement from the general public.

But he would find that the tactics of the Suffragettes had, if nothing else, roused the popular attention—which was their aim.

Perhaps it still lies with the quiet thinkers and workers to convert the Mr. Riddleys of this world. The constant dripping of water on a stone will, at last, wear a channel.

The Suffragettes will be relieved to hear—through Mr. Ridley—that John Bull has had "his fill" of *diversion* and "tarantism." And now it is high time he assayed a little reflection and resumed business!"

It has been suggested—even in Parliament—that a party of women who could raise such gigantic subscriptions, and who could use their influence so untiringly at the bye-elections, should at least have their requests investigated. Perhaps the fact that many of the Suffragettes repeatedly get themselves imprisoned would help to persuade Mr. Ridley that their "tarantism" is, at least, in earnest. "Demented" and "neurotic" as he states them to be, yet they willingly suffer discomfort, obloquy, and even his storms of vituperation when they think it will help their cause.

So it remains for the "cold douche" of commonsense and the "diet" of common justice to cure these Suffragettes of their "mania."

Brighton.

J. RYLE.

THOS. HARDY AND GERARD DE NERVAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Thomas Hardy's recollections of the Argyle Rooms, in his poem in the *English Review*, quoted in the last ACADEMY, says a correspondent, are singularly inexact as well as uncharitable. The epithet "boisterous" applied to the dancing is particularly absurd. There was nothing boisterous about the proceedings at the Argyle, which were as decorous as a funeral. In point of fact, nobody danced at the Argyle with the exception of the paid professional dancers, whose evolutions were kept within bounds by the strict supervision of the proprietor. The place was as well ordered as regards externals as the Court of Louis XIV. of France. It is interesting to compare Mr. Hardy's speculation as to the ultimate fate of his partners at the Argyle:—

"Do their spectres spin like sparks within
The smoky halls of the Prince of Sin
To a thunderous Jullien air?"

with the pathetic reference to his youthful loves by the Frenchman, Gerard de Nerval, in *Les Cydalises*:—

"Où sont nos amoureuses?
Elles sont au tombeau!
Elles sont plus heureuses
Dans un séjour plus beau.

"Elles sont près des anges
Dans le fond du ciel bleu,
Et chantent les lozanges
De la Mère de Dieu."

J. H.

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"... He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible biter. Indeed, he asserts us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thorned scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horsehoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
His votaresses doth Mammon there array;
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

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To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parades* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-laying. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We referred last week to the interesting fact that the *Spectator*, which, as all the world knows, is owned and edited by the great and only Mr. St. Loe Strachey, exponent of the higher journalism and bosom friend and defender of Lord Northcliffe, had lifted, or, as one might say, "pinched," an article from the columns of THE ACADEMY, entitled "In the Time of the Lilies." The delightful Mr. Strachey has not felt it consistent with his exalted dignity to vouchsafe any explanation of his curious lapse. He has neither written to us nor instructed any of his numerous henchmen to perform that service on his behalf. He appears, however, to have communicated with the author of the article, a lady who resides in a rectory near Bristol. This lady has written to us requesting to be informed when we received the manuscript of her article. She says: "I think it must be a long time since you received the MS., for I have no remembrance of sending it, and I sent it lately to the editor of the *Spectator* without the least idea that it had appeared elsewhere. I am extremely sorry to find that you accuse the editor of the *Spectator* of plagiarism. I sent the MS. to the editor under the impression that it had not previously been accepted by anybody else. I believe it is usual to conclude that MSS. are rejected when no acknowledgment whatever is made of them, and especially after a long time has passed. I should be glad if you would give me an explanation." We confess that we are quite unable adequately to cope with our fair correspondent. Her cool request for an explanation of the fact that we ventured to accept and print an article sent by her to us for publication completely knocks the wind out of us. We really have no explanation whatever to make. We will merely plead as an extenuation of our offence that we "believe that it is usual" to suppose that articles addressed to an editor with a request that they should appear in his columns are intended for publication. Of course, the whole affair is really a trifling one, and it is only the absurd and ill-mannered pomposity which Mr. Strachey saw fit on a former occasion to show towards the editor of this paper that has made it necessary to refer to the matter at all. Nobody supposes that Mr.

Strachey deliberately stole an article out of the columns of THE ACADEMY; nor is there the least occasion to doubt that he has been the unwilling victim of the talented authoress of the article with her very short memory and her complete ignorance of the usual methods of procedure in newspaper offices. But when a gentleman of the blameless unimportance of Mr. St. Loe Strachey deems it necessary to assume the airs of a provincial mayor and a sovereign pontiff rolled into one it would not be in human nature to resist the opportunity for poking a little fun at him. If Mr. Strachey were not suffering from violent symptoms of the disease which is known as "swelled head" he could have put the matter right for himself by two lines of explanation or a call on the telephone. When all is said and done, Mr. Strachey cannot deny that technically the *Spectator* has been guilty of a rather undignified breach of journalistic etiquette. Why, then, should he scruple to exercise towards a contemporary the ordinary amenities of decent life as they are practised between gentlemen who do not wear cocked hats? The root source of all Mr. Strachey's trouble is, obviously, that he does not read THE ACADEMY, but is "informed" by his agile underlings when THE ACADEMY says anything about the *Spectator*. We invite Mr. Strachey to come off his horse, which he sits with a singularly ill grace, and to do his duty by his readers. Part of that duty consists in reading the utterances of his weekly contemporaries.

The Government have duly gone through the solemn farce of introducing their Bill to disestablish and disendow the Church of England in Wales. Everyone knows that this Bill has no chance of becoming law; and the deadly, dogged dullness of Mr. Asquith's speech, with its inaccurate history and its faked figures, is a measure of the sense of hopelessness and futility with which the Liberal party goes about its sham fighting. The figures which Mr. Asquith quoted as to the relative preponderance of Churchmanship and Nonconformity in Wales are notoriously false and unreliable. On paper they work out very prettily for the Nonconformist party; but in reality they are utterly worthless. The numbers are arrived at by the process of including as members of Nonconformist bodies anybody and everybody who has ever at any time attended one of the tin conventicles where, under the guise of religion, a malignant and sour Radicalism is handed out to the "worshippers." In the case of the Church of England, the figures given represent communicants only. It is notorious that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions of people who are members of the Church of England rarely, if ever, communicate. This, of course, from the point of view of religion, is a distressing fact; but to rule out all such persons from the list of members of the Church of England is both ludicrous and dishonest. For ourselves, we state definitely that the members of the Church of England in Wales outnumber the Nonconformists by a considerable margin. There would be only one way of settling this question, and that would be by having an impartial official census instituted all over Wales. The Nonconformists have steadily declined to submit to any such census. The inference is obvious. If, as Mr. Asquith tries to make out, they outnumber Churchmen by more than two to one, what possible reason can they have for objecting to a census? The real truth is that the Church in Wales is an ever-increasing and growing force; while Nonconformity is steadily dwindling throughout that country. We need hardly say that, even if this were not the case, even if Mr. Asquith's figures were accurate figures and not garbled and faked figures, it would not make an iota of difference to the situation. Even if Mr. Asquith and his friends could prove to-morrow that Nonconformists

in Wales outnumbered Churchmen in the proportion of ten to one it would give them no case for disestablishing the Church and stealing her revenues. Mr. Asquith knows this just as well as we do. Everybody knows it, and it will take a far bigger man than would be represented by Mr. Asquith and the whole of the posturing nonentities on the Liberal Front Bench rolled into one to induce the country to sanction the wholesale robbery and spoliation of its most venerable and holy institution.

Mr. Frank Harris's acquaintance with—not to say devoted friendship for—distinguished men when they are dead is quite remarkable. No sooner does any man of eminence in art, letters, politics or science escape from this wicked world than Mr. Harris comes forward with intimate personal recollections. Readers of the various publications with which Mr. Harris has been connected during the past fifteen years will not fail to remember that Mr. Harris was on terms of intimate affection with Carlyle, with Lord Randolph Churchill, with Tennyson, with Browning, and, to cut a long story short, with everybody and anybody of any importance who has died during that period. Needless to say, Mr. Swinburne has not escaped the usual personal reminiscences. In this week's *Vanity Fair* there is an article by Mr. Harris entitled "Swinburne: the Poet of Youth and Revolt. Memories and an Appreciation." Here is a sample of Mr. Harris's memory and appreciation: "He was not of imposing appearance: about five feet four or perhaps five in height, with sloping bottle shoulders and pigeon chest, there was a certain vigour or perkiness in his walk; his legs at least were fairly strong and carried the little podgy body briskly." A careful perusal of Mr. Harris's article leads one to the conclusion that he only once had the honour of meeting Mr. Swinburne; and it is, perhaps, needless to add that the gentleman who was responsible for bringing about the meeting between the poet and his future appreciator and biographer was Mr. Watts-Dunton. We are quite ready to admit that what Mr. Harris does not know about imposing appearances and little podgy bodies is not worth knowing. But that does not lessen our disgust at these brutal sneers at the personal appearance of a great man and a great poet. We fail to see why, because Mr. Harris has enjoyed the hospitality of the poet Swinburne, he should think it proper or decent to make insulting remarks about his personal appearance the moment the breath is out of his body. In the same number of *Vanity Fair* there is an article entitled "Sportsmen and Swinburne." The author of this article is evidently in a state of abysmal ignorance about the subjects of both sport and poetry. He has made the amazing discovery that "there can be no doubt that Swinburne has written far, far too much, and that there are not more than ten of his poems worth preserving." So that we have our delightful contemporary on one page making vulgar and offensive remarks about the poet's personal appearance, and on another page consigning to contemptuous oblivion the great mass of his poetical writings. From the memories and appreciations of Mr. Frank Harris and his henchmen, Good Lord deliver us.

We regret that there appears to be no doubt that Mr. John Davidson is dead. We had no personal acquaintance with Mr. Davidson, and our judgment of him is, therefore, entirely limited to our opinion of his poetical works. Readers of THE ACADEMY will not require to be reminded that our opinion of him as a poet was not an exalted one. He wrote a few good poems, but the best of his work never had any claims to be considered great poetry. His earlier work, however, was pleasing in many respects, and was free from

the gross faults of taste and the wild, egotistical arrogance of his later performances. That he should have been given a pension we always considered outrageous. But having once given him a pension, it seems to us that there should be no question about continuing the small annual payment to his widow. When we say that we consider that the granting of a pension to John Davidson was an outrageous thing we should not like to be misunderstood. As far as we are concerned, we should be delighted if every writer of poetry at all above the level of mediocrity could be rewarded with a pension. But as this is manifestly impossible, in view of the miserably small amount of money which is available for the purposes of rewarding literary talent, we should be inclined to think that less harm would be done by withholding it altogether than by allocating it in notoriously wrong directions. Mr. Davidson and his friends have given it as one of the reasons which induced Mr. Davidson to take his own life that he found it impossible to live on his pension. But he was never expected to live on his pension. Other men of equal parts live and die without pensions; and that Mr. Davidson and his friends should grumble about the inadequacy of his pension savours somewhat of looking a gift-horse in the mouth. To a man of Mr. Davidson's birth, parentage and surroundings a hundred a year was a very useful addition to the income which he was enabled to earn as a journalist and man of letters.

The ladies who are so desirous of taking a hand in ruling the destinies of England and the Empire can hardly be congratulated on the brilliance of their oratory. In the "representative gathering of citizens" on Saturday last at the Aldwych Theatre Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence delivered herself of what she probably considered a phrase of remarkable aptness. "Just as the oven is to the clay, so is Holloway Prison to the Suffragettes," said this lady. This was really most unfortunate, for we have always been given to understand that clay treated in an oven became hard-baked. Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence must try again.

The readers of the *New Age* are being treated to a series of letters purporting to be by "Duse Mohamed," whoever he or she may be, entitled "Western Civilisation Through Eastern Spectacles." The usual flat and effete Socialistic arguments are therein exploited, dished up, it might be said, with some slight variations in the "trimmings." From this week's extraordinary epistle we cull the following paragraphs:

When one of lowly birth is accused of crime, the secret minions of the law straightway "move heaven and earth" to find evidence against him, and should they not find it, they manufacture it, for he that is accused must be convicted at any cost, for thereby lies the way to promotion; and when he is brought to the presence of the judge, the lawyers of the Crown distort the evidence against the accused beyond recognition; and when he that is accused hath the panorama of his past life spread before his eyes, the colours are so strange and startling that he is lost in amazement at his own villainy.

Of what matter if the accused be innocent? He has fallen into the clutches of the law, and verily the law is costly; therefore must the prisoner be led through the torturing and bewildering mazes of legal lore; and then is he lost, indeed! For his conviction is certain, and when he shall have served the term of his imprisonment, the detectors of crime dog his footsteps until they keep him from the paths of virtue.

Thus do the minions of the law manufacture criminals; for their office is not, as understood by them, the discovery of crime, but the making of criminals.

The "Goddess of Justice" is traditionally blind, but those who administer the law are truly devoid of sight, for they see only the shortcomings of the meek; but the transgressions of the wealthy are hid from them.

It is astonishing to find that such bewildering nonsense can get into print. We should like to know how long a "secret minion of the law" would retain his position were he to be discovered "manufacturing evidence" against an accused person; how many minutes a lawyer caught by the presiding judge "distorting evidence beyond recognition" would continue his speech before being pulled up; and how readers of the *New Age* can stand this sort of misrepresentation without kicking at it? Time after time the cheapest of arguments that have been discussed and refuted until we are tired of seeing them crop up in the Socialistic Press, and it is a fairly reliable indication of the mentality of the subscribers that they can still be persuaded to spend their money on such curious fare.

The same issue of the same paper contains something which is not called a poem, but which is, presumably, meant for such, as it is printed in the accepted manner of poetry. This is the effusion:

Last night a vision came to me,
I thought my lover stood by me,
And glad at heart, and gay were we,
And, O, the fields were yellow!

My lover was the world to me,
For, O, he was so kind to me,
So dear was he, so near was he,
And all the fields were yellow!

He put his arm about my waist,
His good right arm about my waist,
And slowly through the fields we paced,
The fields that were so yellow.

And on we went to Arcady,
The lovers' land of Arcady.
On, ever on and on, went we,
Across the fields so yellow.

The delicate art here shown of avoiding all worry about rhyming and eliminating all superfluous trouble will be apparent to our readers. "Me, me, we, yellow: me, me, he, yellow," and so on; the author—who appears to be a lady—is a genius, although, perhaps not precisely in the sphere she would wish to adorn. Originality, too, is cleverly shunned—what could be better than "And glad at heart, and gay were we" for striking the old, familiar note so dear to the homely-pathetic school? Go to, Messieurs who conduct the *New Age*—give us boldly a snipping from Herrick's songs or a stanza from Sir Philip Sidney; but do not commit again such a literary sin as to print lines like the above directly beneath an article on Swinburne.

The discovery this week of a rare volume of works printed by William Caxton, in the original binding, at an old manor-house in the north of England, is one of those heartening events which make the book-collector and the searcher for trifles in the way of literary lore among the shops in Charing Cross Road rejoice exceedingly, for it is a hint of what may yet exist unsuspected in some remote library or secluded mansion. A first edition of the "Comedies and Tragedies" of Beaumont and Fletcher, dated 1647, was also discovered close by, and the owner of these treasures was quite ignorant of their value. There is yet hope that by the unexpected unearthing of some faded letters, it may be years hence, the puzzle of the relationship of Swift and Stella, for example, will be solved, or light be thrown on one of the other famous mysteries which have bothered the critics and kept interminable controversies going.

THE RANSOMED

How have we fared my soul across the days,
Through what green valleys, confident and fleet,
Along what paths of flint with how tired feet!
Anon we knew the terror that dismays
At noonday; and when night made dark the ways
We bought delight and found remembrance sweet.
Though in our ears we heard the wide wings beat
Ever we kept dumb mouths to prayer and praise.

Yet never lost or spurned or cast aside,
And never sundered from the love of God,
Through how-so wayward intricate deceits
Lured by what shining toys our charmed feet trod,
On the swift winds we saw bright angels ride,
And strayed into the moon-made silver streets.

A. D.

THE "STAR" TURN

WE have already explained to our readers that, unlike the great Mr. Strachey, of the *Spectator*, we are in the habit of devoting a certain portion of our valuable time to the perusal of our weekly contemporaries. In pursuance of this habit, which we regard in the light of a duty to our readers, we have been reading the *Athenæum* of last Saturday. The *Athenæum* delights to present itself to the public eye in the figure of a journal which is devoted exclusively to high literature. Any suggestion that it was largely a publishers' trade organ, run chiefly in the interests of publishers and with a view to capturing publishers' advertisements, would no doubt be treated by the *Athenæum* with "silent contempt." We shall not be so rude, therefore, as to make any such suggestion, and we shall for the nonce take the *Athenæum* at its own valuation. An event of the utmost importance to literature has just occurred—namely, the death of the great poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne—and it was with feelings of hopeful expectancy that we turned to the columns of our high-toned contemporary in our search for its summing up of the literary situation created by the death of that poet. We were not disappointed, for on page four hundred and sixty-three of the *Athenæum* the magic words, "Algernon Charles Swinburne," on the top of a column met our gaze. At the foot of this article, which extended to five columns, the equally magic words "James Douglas" hit us, so to speak, right in the eye. The name James is a good name, and the name Douglas is a good name, and the collocation of these two names may truly be said to be redolent of the age of chivalry and heroic achievement. There was a certain James Douglas, whose name is blazoned on the page of Scottish history in letters of gold and scarlet. He is connected in our minds with a heart gules, winged and imperially crowned, casqued in gold, and flung by a steel-mailed heroic hand into the midst of the charging hosts of an overwhelming enemy. On the other hand, there is, as we have had occasion to point out before, a hapenny evening paper called the *Star*, which is more or less devoted to the dissemination of betting and racing news for the benefit of the "enslaved people." And there is also a Mr. James Douglas, a constant contributor to the aforesaid *Star*, and a gentleman, who, as far as we are aware,

has no claim of any kind to be associated with winged hearts or chivalrous battlefields. We should not like to be misunderstood. Our remarks are not intended to reflect in any way upon the lineage or the family connections of Mr. James Douglas of the *Star*. We understand that Mr. James Douglas (of the *Star*) is an Irishman, and, as we have said before, James Douglas is a very fine name, and we should be the last to suggest that Mr. James Douglas came by his name in any other but a correct and reputable manner. We will even go the length of saying, that if Mr. James Douglas will furnish us with the history of the Irish branch of the house of Douglas we shall have much pleasure in giving it our most earnest and respectful attention. All of which foregoing may serve to clear the ground and bring us to the main facts of the astonishing situation, which are that on the occasion of the death of England's greatest poet that high and mighty organ of pure literature, the *Athenæum*, finds itself reduced to the sorry pass of enlisting the services of the distinguished colleague of "Captain Coe," of "Uno" and of "Starlight," whose world-renowned "finals" and "Newmarket doubles" and "extra special paddock snips" have made our *Star* newspaper what she is. The mere fact that Mr. James Douglas has been for many years a contributor to the *Star* might not, in the estimation of the unthinking, be considered anything against him, considered as the obituary writer of a great poet. We should not be disposed to agree with people who would adopt such a line of argument; for we are of opinion that in no domain more than in that of literature or journalism can the value of a man be so surely gauged by the company he keeps. But we shall not labour this point, and we shall confine ourselves to the consideration of Mr. James Douglas's article in the *Athenæum* on its merits and demerits. Here is what Mr. James Douglas thinks, or professes to think, of the English language:

He (Swinburne) may, without straining the analogy, be called the Wagner of poetry, for he forced our harsh and obstinate vocables to express emotions and moods and sensations which hitherto had been deemed to be beyond the powers of poetry. The language in which he wrote is as poor in melody as it is rich in colour. As a musical instrument it is immeasurably inferior to Greek, to Latin, to Italian, and even to French. . . . But the very qualities which make English prose unsurpassed are the qualities which drive the English poet into despair.

We shall take leave to say that in this short paragraph there is contained quite enough ignorance, stupidity and bumptious pretentiousness to relegate its writer once and for all to the company that he has chosen for himself. It is just the sort of thing that "Captain Coe" or "Uno" or "Starlight" might be expected to dash off after the toil and trouble of the "midday final" are at an end. Observe the analogy: "Swinburne may be called the Wagner of poetry, for he forced our harsh and obstinate vocables to express emotions and moods and sensations which hitherto had been deemed to be beyond the powers of poetry." So we may take it that Mr. James Douglas is of opinion that before the advent of Richard Wagner the subject matter of the musician's art—namely, melody, discord and concord—was in a harsh and obstinate state, which yielded for the first time to a master of music in the shape of Wagner. In other words, Mr. James Douglas is ignorant of Bach, of Handel, of Mozart and all the rest of the great composers, just as he is apparently ignorant of Shakespeare, of Chaucer, of Milton, of Keats, of Shelley and of all the rest of the great poets. And when we say that he is ignorant of them we do not mean that he has never heard of them, or never

listened to them or read them, but that he has so completely misunderstood them that he labours under the dismal delusion that Wagner in the sphere of music and Swinburne in the sphere of poetry succeeded for the first time in doing what all the other great musicians and poets had failed to do, which, of course, is the sheerest balderdash and a shining example of hapenny criticism at its brightest and best. It is characteristic of hapenny criticism that its praise should invariably be dealt in terms of odious and inept comparison. Your hapenny critic is quite incapable of saying that so-and-so is a great poet and giving rational reasons for his belief. He is bound in the nature of things to say that so-and-so is the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century, or the Belgian Keats, or that while he excelled Wordsworth in technique he fell behind him in "metrical sonority," whatever that may mean. This is the sort of criticism which, applied to himself, would have driven Mr. Swinburne to invective odes. It is precisely the glory of Swinburne that he invented nothing new in poetry, and made no such idiotic and unpoetical attempt. Like all great poets, he simply continued writing poetry where the last great poet left off, using as his medium the incomparably beautiful English language, which, so far from being immeasurably inferior, as Mr. James Douglas would have us believe, to Greek, Latin, Italian, and even to French, is the equal of Greek and the superior of every other language, as the vehicle of poetry. A man who refers to our beautiful language as "harsh and obstinate vocables" writes himself down an ass in the face of all the English poets. We are entitled to ask how it comes about that the editor of the *Athenæum* finds himself moved to go to a hapenny betting sheet for the writer of his obituary notice of a great and glorious poet? By way of an answer we will quote from the last sentence of Mr. James Douglas's article:

More than most poets of the first order, he was fortunate in his friendships, and not least among the gifts showered upon him by the gods was the companionship and comradeship of thirty years with his housemate at the Pines, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, to whom the world of letters offers its sympathy in his irreparable loss.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's connection with the *Athenæum* is as well known, if not so much advertised, as his connection with the late Mr. Swinburne. While if we turn to the latest edition of that useful publication *Who's Who*, under the heading Douglas, James, journalist and critic, assistant editor and literary critic of the *Star*, we read: *Publications*: "Theodore Watts-Dunton, poet, novelist, critic. 1904," etc., etc. So that we are enabled to arrive at the conclusion that among the gifts showered upon Mr. James Douglas by the gods not the least is the privilege of having written the biography of Mr. Watts-Dunton, which Mr. James Douglas is quite astute enough to know is one of the very best things, from a worldly point of view, that he ever did in his life. One good turn deserves another. Mr. James Douglas wrote the biography of Mr. Watts-Dunton and was not "afraid to be fulsome." Mr. Watts-Dunton is not averse to flattery laid on with a trowel; and with a very large trowel indeed Mr. James Douglas liberally obliged him. And now the slow revenge of time has brought Mr. James Douglas his due reward in the shape of the honour and glory of being allowed to write a signed obituary notice of Mr. Watts-Dunton's distinguished friend. Mr. James Douglas is kind enough to offer to Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton in his "irreparable loss" the sympathy of the world of letters, and, inasmuch as he has no more claim to represent the world of letters than

the next policeman has to represent the world of mathematics, we shall take the liberty of advising him in future, in default of holding his peace altogether, to speak for himself and for those he is entitled to speak for, and to leave the world of letters to look after itself. Finally, as it seems *de rigueur* to end up any article referring to Swinburne with an allusion to Mr. Watts-Dunton, we shall make note of the somewhat significant fact that the period of time when Swinburne went to reside at The Pines, Putney, with Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton synchronised with the period of time when he left off writing good poetry. This is a fact upon which we shall not comment, except in so far as to observe that when the gods shower gifts upon a man with one hand they are rather apt to take away other gifts with the other hand. This is a disposition on the part of the gods which we sincerely regret, but which we cannot help.

APRIL

WE cross in this month, which is so worthily dear to poets, the bridge between Spring and Summer, and in the span of its thirty days the demeanour of our little company of English travellers, could some interested onlooker note it, would be seen to undergo a pleasant change. Towards the country of opened leaf-buds, the bourne of the thick-set primroses, the flaming rhododendron, the fallen snow-petals of orchards, and the bursting calyx of the rose, we plod more merrily than we did when in chilly October we traversed that other highway that led to the dismal domains of Winter. That mighty tyrant, the East Wind, loses his keen sword-edge, and is fain to make up in strength what he lacks in sharpness; coats are unbuttoned to him in friendly fashion—we laugh at his bluff greeting, and when in good time he yields place to his gentler brothers of the south and west we are inclined to venture a song. Behind are the ice and snow and frost and fog, the grime of slushy streets, and the menace of stark, black branches rattling to the storm; in front are the warm open spaces of golden meadows in May, the fresh green veil of rustling woodlands, the shy bird-choirs of summer. No wonder is it, then, that poets small and great fall in love with the April-maiden!

The Romans, says Lemprière, consecrated the first days of April to Venus, "the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces"; the Roman widows and virgins assembled in the temple of Virile Fortune, and disclosing their personal deformities, prayed to the goddess to conceal them from their husbands. The custom of "practising jocular deceptions" on the primal day of the month, as Hone quaintly puts it, seems just as ancient, and has its counterpart among many nations; an old-time poet writes to his mistress that her charms were quite sufficient distraction for him, without the aid of fools' errands:

Thou needs't not call some fairy elf
On any April-day,
To make thy bard forget himself,
Or wander from his way.

The Saxons called April *Oster* or *Easter-monath*, and the festival of Easter, so heartening, so splendid in its associations, is most frequently celebrated within its bounds. No one who retains the faintest interest in the great world-story of Calvary could avoid a thrill on Easter morning; in its hold on our imagination it is second only to Christmas.

As might be expected, various whimsical customs used to be observed on the occasion of Easter, some

of which have not yet been swamped out of existence by the flood of modernism. In the early part of the nineteenth century many good Irish people were in the habit of rising early "to see the sun dance in honour of the resurrection." Numbers of persons positively asserted that they had seen this happen on Easter morning. The origin of this peculiar superstition seems to be vague, but may perhaps be traced to the wavering reflection of the sun's image in clear water at a favourable dawn. There existed also in many English counties a curious custom of "lifting" people in a chair three times in succession at Easter-tide; parties of six or seven or more used to gather for this purpose, parade the streets, and extort from every "lifted" or "heaved" person a contribution. To what deserving end the money was devoted history sayeth not. This appears to be, according to the chronicler already quoted, "a vulgar commemoration of the resurrection which the festival celebrates." Eggs of diverse kinds, dyed and decorated, sometimes ornamented with the name of the recipient or a motto conformable to the season, have been given among friends at this period for hundreds of years, and the old custom has remained, greatly developed and varied, to the present day. A game of ball used to be played as part of the religious service in Italy, and at Bury St. Edmunds on Shrove Tuesday, Easter Monday, and Whitsuntide, "twelve old women side off for a game at trap and ball, which is kept up with the greatest spirit and vigour until sunset." Thus they made merry, at any rate, in 1825. To come to later times, London itself still retains a few of the ancient ceremonies which not many of the onlookers, it is to be feared, appreciate at their true value. In the quaint churchyard of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield—those of our readers who have never seen this astonishing bit of old London should make a special pilgrimage thither at the earliest opportunity—on Good Friday morning certain old ladies receive doles from the authorities; formerly the offerings had to be placed on the top of a convenient tomb-stone.

It is in the country, however, and not in the town or in man's observances, that the finest enchantment of April is to be found. When Browning wrote his famous "Home-Thoughts from Abroad" he recked little of the smoke of cities or the swarm of the crowded streets:

And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And in another poem he gives a perfect little cameo of a scene which is familiar to all, but which can never lose its charm:

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees
(If our loves remain),
In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say—
The happier they!
Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the bean-flower's boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

We may wander the level Midland meadows through which the slow river winds, meadows spangled with a million daisies, and stand on the high lock gates listening to the quiet purl of the water past the

warped timbers, watching the dusky horses as they tramp patiently the grass-grown towpath and drag into the distance a couple of lazy barges; we may linger on some grand Cornish cliff and feel the fine, salt sea-wind strong as wine, hear it swishing among the dry heather-stems at our feet, watch the brown plumes of smoke from passing vessels carried high into the firmament; we may explore some shady Devon valley on the fringe of the great moor, where the stream is foaming and laughing and ferns bend low to dip their fresh fronds in eddying pools; we may walk through the mazes of apple-blossom in some rich orchard—everywhere will be the sense of Spring, and with it the knowledge of the re-birth of sweet and inexplicable things; a longing, too, for some unknown good which seems only to come in its fulness at the opening of the year. A singer who knew much sadness has expressed this longing exquisitely:

About the wild beginning of the Spring
There came to me, and all the world, a day
To prove the Winter wholly gone away.
I said—"O day, thy lips are sweet to sing,
But surely in thy voice some sweeter thing
Than thy mere song I find: lo, now I pray,
Before thou goest, turn to me and say,
Why round thee so my heart keeps wandering?"
Then, as a man who having loved and lost,
Within his dead love's sister's child may see
Something of what on earth he treasured most,
So, looking on that day, my memory
Was filled with thoughts of April days wherein
Love's joy, too young for pain, did first begin.

However strongly we are drawn towards the vivid and teeming splendours of the countryside at this season, we cannot wholly disregard the town. We must be loyal to our old friends among the elms and limes and chestnut-trees hidden away in squares and terraces, unsuspected by the man who treads only the main routes—the undiscouraged ones that do so much to cheer these often gloomy corners of the city; we must not forget that ancient tree in Cheapside, whose shining emerald leaves appear so startlingly amid the sombre warehouses and the clash of traffic; Chelsea and Kensington, too, have surprising green vistas in April and May. The trees are late this month—winter was unkind, and held the land long; one old chestnut, which put forth distinguishable buds on March 5th last year, waited patiently this year for twenty more days before he warily showed a peep of green. He is now arrayed beautifully and without stint, glowing like a green flame after the showers, but his companions the elms close by have only just wakened and donned their tiny pellets of palest verdure. London brightens visibly to the call of April, and is no longer the dark, sullen city that has oppressed us through the dreary months behind. Too soon the leaves will droop, too soon the smoky air will deposit a film over their glistening grace, but for a few weeks—half of April and half of May perhaps—they are welcome to eyes that weary of brick and stone and "the work of man's hands"; they give a deeper meaning to life. "The sun burned with it," said Richard Jefferies, "the broad front of morning beamed with it; a deep feeling entered me while gazing at the sky in the azure noon, and in the starlit evening. I was sensitive to all things, to the earth under, and the star-hollow round about; to the least blade of grass, to the largest oak." His experience is not solitary—he has been over-praised; many men who work in offices and mingle with the city crowd can find in themselves that keen Nature-love which should belong to us all. We write, or we refrain; but we all hear these echoes of the returning Spring in our hearts, and, to most of us, they chime the melodies of hope and faith and love.

SWINBURNE AS A METRICIAN

Of the dead singer as a poet much has and more will be written; here he shall be considered merely as a metrical craftsman. His greatest endowment in this respect was certainly an unrivalled command over words. Not that, like Francis Thompson, he discovered or invented gorgeous language, recondite archaic phrases, but that ordinary words seemed to possess for him a fluidity which no one else found in them. When Milton, fearing textual change as impiety, weaves actual words of Scripture into his verse, his majestic strain often gasps and falters. But Swinburne could fit them unerringly to his music. One of his poems ends with the words (I place an accent-mark to show a probable dissyllable):

Therefore thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee,
Because thou hast loved much.

Apart from context, these words have no definite metre, and one would not know how to read them; coming where they do, they seem made for the place. Another time he began a poem thus:

By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering thee.

All admire the result, though there is much difference of view as to how the lines should be read. Many prosodists give but four accents to the long lines, two to the shorter—e.g.:

By the wáters of Bábylon we sat dówn and wépt,
Remémbering theé.

This implies making five syllables go to a "foot" in every long line, a measure never elsewhere used habitually by Swinburne (or anyone else), though single instance of it occur here and there. Others give five, or even six, feet to the long lines, but no one disputes the strength and swiftness of their movement. Yet the words are taken unaltered from the Prayer Book version of the Psalms.

While he could use polysyllables with effortless dexterity, as in hundreds of lines like:

From the bountiful infinite West, from the happy memorial
places,

his mastery is even more obviously shown in the way that our harsh monosyllables—those little round bullets of words, as an Italian called them—melt and swim in the torrent of his rhythm, particularly in his trisyllabic metres. Though this was evidently a gift rather than acquirement, it was strengthened by close study of sound, and by free use of assonance and alliteration. So much is obvious on the face of his verse, but Mr. Watts-Dunton has told us that it was a method deliberately adopted from belief that only thus could our rough vocables be yoked in harmonious fellowship. Hence came the cadences that first charmed a listening public, as with

. . . lip of leaves and ripple of rain.

Perhaps alliteration has never been more deftly used than by him at his best, for instance, in this lovely stanza (where, by-the-by, "wells" is used of natural water-springs, which a recent critic in these columns thought unjustifiable):

Wells where no beam can burn
Through frondage of the fern
That hides from hart and hern
The haunt it hallows.

It need not be denied, however, that such "hunting

the letter " was sometimes carried to excess. When we come on lines like:

Welling water's winsome word,
Wind in warm wan weather,

we may be pardoned for thinking the thing overdone, and for remembering with a smile such old friends as:

Lo, from Lemnos lamely limping,
and:
Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred.

Moderation, indeed, was never this singer's forte. If his ear was pleased by such a rhyme as "her" and "harp-player," we are sure to have similar cadences repeated with even tiresome frequency; if he chances on such another as "sea-mew" and "deem you," we may confidently expect a succession of like rhymes in the same piece. When a thing seemed good, it was difficult for him to believe we could have too much of it.

By common consent, he is our great moulder of metres. Yet it would be interesting to compare him in this respect with Browning, and see which has given us the larger number of new forms. This is not the time or place to compare these two poets otherwise, but the variety as well as roughness of Browning's metrifaction has perhaps hardly received due notice. While the younger singer is infinitely more melodious, and while he gave us many new creations, such as the wonderful "Chorus of Birds," translated from Aristophanes—while, also, he was conspicuously fond, especially in later days, of long lines, and manifestly revelled in the exercise of his astonishing power over these—it might be possible to argue that his highest success lay less in the skill with which he invented new metres than in the vigour and freshness which he imparted to old ones. Wonderful new music was breathed into hackneyed tunes; all the resources of art, as well as a poet's fire and fervour, enhance the effect. To many this will seem a feat even more remarkable than the invention of new measures; nowhere is the master's hand more clearly perceived than when it wakens worn strings to fresh life.

From another point of view it is interesting to compare him metrically with a writer whose work he greatly admired, and who equally admired his work—Christina Rossetti. There is something exotic, not purely English, in the cadences of both Christina and her brother. English by birth and education, they were wholly Italian in blood, and lent strange movements to English rhythms. Unaccented syllables seem more real to them than to us, and do more duty than we are accustomed to expect from them. In Christina's verse the words sometimes seem hardly wedded to the rhythm; they wander from it in distracting though exquisite irresponsibility. Swinburne's cadences are far more definite. There is no doubting them, no escaping from them; they hold us in willing thrall, bear us unresistingly along. The fiery flow of his verse brooks no pause, no uncertainty; his syllable-accent is unmistakable, while hers are often vague. Comparison need not involve disparagement; gifts are various, and praise of one artist does not imply depreciation of another. There is a well-marked difference in their methods; lovers of verse will notice it.

Time would fail to tell, and perhaps few would have patience to hear told, the various devices employed by this most accomplished of craftsmen to give point to his verse. Never, surely, was such virtuosity allied to such native fire, just as seldom have such critical faculties been combined with poetical imagination. Tennyson said that Swinburne, in youth, was "a reed through which all things blew into music." The say-

ing is often quoted as one of sheer praise, even as a definition of what a poet should be. It can hardly have been so intended. The late Laureate's encomiums were not usually ungrudging, nor was a poet's personality conceived of by him as quite the passive entity this metaphor implies. To make the metaphor just, we must add a player to the pipe, one who could finger all its stops with self-conscious if admirable skill. Catholic as Swinburne was in praise of good work, the "wood-notes wild" of Burns, or the untutored verse of Emily Brontë, equally with the large utterance of an Æschylus or a Milton, his own bent was always in one direction. Even when he wrote verse of archaic rudeness like "Queen Bersabé," of archaic simplicity like "The King's Daughter," it is always the skilled artist rejoicing in his powers, "curbing his liberal hand" with conscious artifice. His interest in metrical study never faltered. Though he despised technical prosody—which is hardly wonderful when one thinks what he must have often been offered by way of it—he was an unwearied critic and practitioner of all that it ought to cover. To the end this remained true. "The Duke of Gandia" shows the artist, whether or no it shows very much of the true poet. The prodigality of that "metrical invention" [this does not necessarily mean devising wholly new metres] for which Tennyson "envied" him remained unexhausted; if effects were repeated, it was of deliberate choice, not because others were wanting.

It is too soon yet to adjudge Swinburne's final place even as a metrical, let alone as a poet. Our older critics have all been reared under his potent spell. Reaction is inevitable, for depreciation always succeeds adulation. What has befallen Tennyson and Browning will befall him also. Criticism will not improbably fasten on what is most obviously vulnerable in his verse—its efflux of words, its artifices of style, the heavy perfume that exudes from its flowers.

A month or twain to feed on honeycomb
Is pleasant, but one tires of scented rhyme—

if one may so alter his own words. To read a single page of Swinburne is to be filled with amazement at the splendour of his utterance. Every metrical effect that one has noticed elsewhere, with others hitherto undreamed of, seems pressed into the service. The ear is deafened by reverberation, dizzied by sound. As page is added to page, the unceasing strain continues, till even a willing reader may grow weary. As with Francis Thompson, though in a different way, one longs that he would for a space be less laborious, would sometimes deviate into naturalness. Metrical art is consummate, but the highest of all arts is to conceal the fact of art, to seem divinely simple and inevitable. Rarely is this highest perfection attained. And a suspicion may obtrude itself that the iridescent glitter of hurrying words is reflected from shallows rather than depths of thought. But when the Devil's Advocate has done his worst, there will still remain an imperishable residue. Not in vain have those great powers, that lifelong devotion, been consecrated to his art; not in vain was the gift of melody breathed upon his lips. When his frenzies of love and hate cease to interest, students will still ponder over his lines, analyse their structure, seek to recapture the secret of their melody. If not in "the general heart of man," yet assuredly in the scholar's estimation, his poems will "reside." For all his passionate democracy, he was intellectually an aristocrat, and by his fellows he will be cherished. It is impossible to conceive that his marvellous *métrique* should ever cease to deserve study; it may well be that posterity will regard him as the most accomplished musician that ever handled an English lyre.

T. S. O.

REVIEWS

EARLY LATIN HYMNS

Early Christian Hymns. Translated by DANIEL JOSEPH DONAHOE. Werner Laurie, 6s. net.

MR. DONAHOE has composed some hundred and sixty versions of Latin hymns, classified under the names of twenty-seven authors, ranging in date from St. Hilary, of the fourth century, to Pope Urban the Eighth, who died in 1644. He also includes some versions of anonymous hymns, a few of which are as late as the pontificate of Pius the Seventh, who died in 1824. Short biographical notices of the authors give the hymns additional interest, and are quite adequate for that purpose. The information which they offer is, however, rather too positively stated. The authorship of a large number of the best-known hymns is much disputed. Concerning *Jesu dulcis memoria*, for instance, the most that should be affirmed is that it is still held to be St. Bernard's by many hymnologists. Concerning King Robert of France, it is unnecessary to insist that he is erroneously called "the second," for it is a mere question of reckoning, but of the five or six hymns very doubtfully ascribed to him, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the one chosen to represent him by Mr. Donahoe, is one of the two most unlikely to be his; Notker is the most probable author. It is also quite uncertain that Elpis, the only female hymnographer named, was the second wife of Boetius; his only wife known for certain was Rusticiana, daughter of Symmachus, and a different woman. Mr. Donahoe might also have ascribed to Elpis her other hymn, *Beate Pastor Petre clemens accipe*, since it is to be found still in the Roman Breviary in a less scattered condition than the one he translates. The use of Mr. Donahoe's classification here must not therefore be taken as corroborative, but merely as indicative, the sense in which he chiefly uses it.

"Early Latin Hymns" would be a more accurate title of this collection, for there are no versions from the Greek. It is a pity that Mr. Donahoe has not been able to print the original Latin, especially of some twenty examples which are not to be found in the Roman Breviary or Missal, generally the most accessible places of reference. He tells us that his version of the prayer of Eugenius, who died Archbishop of Toledo in 657, is the first to be printed. It is probably the only one in the volume of which this can be stated. The English hexameters in which he represents it are fairly successful until towards the end; indeed, his versions are generally meritorious, though some of them tend to colourlessness, relapsing at times into prose and occasionally into faulty rhymes. Such rhymes as "tower" with "poyr," "grace" with "blessedness," "bring them" with "kingdom," are inadmissible, but they do not occur very often. Mr. Donahoe also cannot manage with dignity all the metres which he attempts, and St. Damasus's hymn, *Martyris ecce dies Agathae*, probably not a very good specimen originally, becomes trivial and rather silly in the English version. On the other hand, Mr. Donahoe shows a just appreciation of the lyric possibilities of Fitzgerald's quatrains and adopts their form in many of his versions. This has seldom been tried by hymn writers, perhaps because the adaptability of the quatrains to music is doubtful. A few quatrains from the Rhythm of St. Thomas, *Adoro Te devote latens Deitas*, indicate fairly the measure of Mr. Donahoe's success:

Upon the Cross was Thy divinity
Concealed, nor here Thy human form we see,
Yet I, in faith confessing, seek Thee, Lord,
Like the repentant thief upon the tree.

I do not ask, as Thomas did, dear Lord,
To see Thy wounds; sufficient is Thy word;
Oh, fill my soul with firmer faith, that still
In hope and love for Thee it may accord.

* * *

Jesus, whom here in figures I behold,
I hunger for the time to see unrolled
The veil from Thy sweet features; let me be
Blest with the vision in Thy halls of gold.

The Rhythm is, of course, a personal and was never a liturgical hymn. It is to be found at the beginning of Roman Missals, among the private prayers for the use of priests after saying Mass. It is impossible to combine the poetry and close reasoning of this fine dogmatic poem in our vaguer English, but Mr. Donahoe's version compares favourably with its most popular English form, the timid rendering of two or three verses by the compilers of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," though it is about the best example of their co-operative muse. The compilers wisely conceal the author's name, for their version is probably welcome to thousands who know nothing about him, and would certainly not wish to hear more. In two cases Mr. Donahoe shows his enterprise by seeking difficulties which the original Latin does not actually impose upon him. St. Gregory's two hymns, *Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes*, and *Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra*, to be found in the dominical Matins and Lauds for the summer quarter, are in sapphics, naturally of the Latin type, as they were written with comparatively very few exceptions by Catullus, Ovid and Ausonius, and, probably without any exception, by the hymnographers. Mr. Donahoe renders them, with a fair ear for rhythm, into sapphics of Sappho's type, the type which the consummate lyrist who is now more than ever her immortal interpreter used in "Anactoria."

Rise we, now, ere dawn, and begin our watching,
Lift our hearts in psalms, and in meditation;
And with voices tuned to the Lord, in music
Sing His sweet anthems.

* * *

Be Thy mercy shown to our feeble nature,
Sin and shame and woe from our bosoms banish;
Everlasting peace, in Thy halls of splendour,
Grant us, O Saviour.

These verses, one from each hymn, are not quite Mr. Donahoe's best rhythmically, but in the best verse he has not had sufficient art to avoid rhyme, which is out of place. Though they will not satisfy Mr. T. S. Omond's rules of quantity, and cannot be expected to reach Swinburne's exquisite sense of its balance, they give far more idea of the rhythm of Sappho than the body of English sapphics by other writers.

Mr. Donahoe's love of the great Latin hymns has placed him in a perilous position. He follows on a path not only much worn, but traced with exquisite skill. It is impossible for him to avoid comparison with his predecessors. Like all lovers of originals, perhaps he does not quite realise the value of two of their interpreters who have gone before him. The skill and taste of John Mason Neale in expressing in English the thoughts of the great hymnographers, both Greek and Latin, is of so high an order as to amount to true poetic genius. As regards the Latin hymnographers he is equalled by Edward Caswall. Quite apart from comparative biography, Neale's hymns in particular suggest a soul of singularly winning, poetic beauty, consonant

With those just spirits that near victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly:

and in strong contrast with the fierce seraph who sung those lines. His heights Neale was, of course, quite incapable of even setting out to approach. Yet the artistic sincerity of these two English interpreters, Neale and Caswall, did enable them to renew in their degree the song of such high hymnographers as Adam of St. Victor, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, St. Thomas, Fortunatus, Notker, Hermann, Thomas of Celano and Jacopone da Tode, and to pierce it with a new inspiration, at a period when it was dead to the vast majority of Englishmen, scarcely then relieved of Brady and Tate, still convulsed by Dr. Watts or nauseated by Toplady.

It is not surprising, if truth compels the criticism, that Mr. Donahoe has nothing to offer comparable with Neale's "Jesus, the very thought is sweet," a fragment of *Jesu dulcis memoria*; with "Blessed city heavenly Salem," the anonymous, *Caelestis urbs Jerusalem*; with "The Royal banners forward go," Fortunatus's *Vexilla Regis prodeunt*; with "Oh! what their joy and their glory must be," Abelard's *O quanta qualia sunt illa sabbata*; and with very many more: nor yet with Caswall's "At the Cross her station keeping," Jacopone da Tode's *Stabat mater dolorosa*; with "Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come," *Veni Sancte Spiritus*; with "Praise, O Sion, thy Salvation," St. Thomas's *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*; nor yet, again, even with the quiet dignity which distinguishes Bishop Cousins's "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," St. Gregory's *Veni Creator Spiritus*, the only liturgical hymn retained in "The Book of Common Prayer." These hymns are all represented by Mr. Donahoe. Outside his scope, quotations from Neale and Caswall may be admissible here to justify more fully the pre-eminence assigned to them. An idea of the beauty of Neale's version of *Jerusalem luminosa* can be given by isolated stanzas:

Light's abode, celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the Highest King;
Oh, how glorious are the praises
Which of Thee the prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is out-pour'd;
For unending, for unbroken
Is the feast-day of the Lord;
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

* * *

Oh, how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure
That shall last eternally!

This hymn is chosen here rather than a quotation from Neale's version of the Rhythm of Bernard of Morlaix, because it is a hymnal rendering of a hymn proper, and not a little excerpt from a vast poem. The example from Caswall must be quoted entire:

The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.
As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting Soul resign'd:

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast,

Save that His Will be done
Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity!
One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His!
And He for ever mine!

This intimate little lyric has no liturgical quality whatever; it sounds as might the sigh of a soul. If the line *Sol praeceps rapitur, proxima nox adest*, which Caswall offered as the first of a Latin poem which he had translated and no one else ever saw, was not written by himself, the lost Latin hymn must have been a very late one.

Hitherto this notice has been occupied with hymns pleasant. Two hymns must be named as the most conspicuous examples of a very small number of the modern English hymns which are also pleasant: the late Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's "Hark the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea," and still more emphatically Mr. Matthew Bridges's "Crown him with many crowns," which the late Sir George Elvey's music helped by its remarkable consonance with the words to approximate to the great Latin hymns, by its dignity, its liturgical quality, and its wide appeal, closer than any other purely modern hymn.

As regards the English texts quoted here, outside Mr. Donahoe's collection, it must be stated that they are chiefly quoted for convenience from "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and may, consequently, be garbled. After "The Hymnal Noted," first published in 1852, probably no collection contained fewer hymns unpleasant than the first "Appendix" to "Hymns Ancient and Modern," published in 1868. Since that date the now swollen volume is said to have become the most "going concern" in hymnology. Its reams of new doggerel and insipid jingle may be left as the perennial butt of writers in the Church papers. It is largely responsible for the debasement of the English hymnal, partly by its supplying novelties at any cost, and partly by its theatrical notes of expression, encouraging the performance of imitative tricks on the organ, and in the hands of tasteless organists transforming the quires of churches into theatres of natural noises like monkey-houses in a thunderstorm. Its proprietors seem to have lost all regard for the essence of hymnography if they can only provide the wives of incumbents with a new hymn for every mothers' meeting. Their contributors, as pious as could be desired, are, or have been, if they are dead, devoid of that natural taste which inspired Neale and Caswall, and only too ready, so long as they can turn out something "taking," to follow the advice:

If you can't get in at the pearly gate
Climb over the garden wall.

In justice it must be added that "Hymns Ancient and Modern" merely emphasises the downward tendency, its debasement is exceeded by such compilations as the Oratory hymn book, with less excuse.

THE INWARD LIGHT

The Sense of the Infinite. By OSCAR KUHN. (New York: Henry Holt and Co.; England, George Bell and Sons.)

IN the minds of most of us lingers a consciousness that the five bodily senses form but a small part of our equipment for the true valuation of life—that we possess some intensive power, some delicate, indefinable receptivity, by which the soul can occasionally see and hear evidences of a universe more important than this little “lukewarm bullet” on which we are all spinning away towards the unknown—more important even than the splendid constellations and shining star-clusters that swing on their immeasurable paths all round us, their nearest suns plunged in appalling deeps of space. This secret quality of man's soul, by the aid of which he reaches out to the infinite, has from the earliest times led him into labyrinthine speculations, and those who by study and solitude devoted themselves to the endeavour to raise, it may be ever so slightly, the veil between the earthbound spirit and that unseen world whence it sprang, whither they felt it must return, have been known as mystics, and in olden days their fervours were generally associated with some religious order—or disorder. As a matter of plain fact, however, we are all mystics. We all, if we have ever for five consecutive minutes pondered on our condition and our surroundings, or gazed with any intelligence on earth and sea and sky, have striven to climb “the world's great altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God”; we have realised with irresistible certainty that things are not always what they seem. The miracle of the opening leaf-buds moves us strangely; the eternal restlessness of the calmest ocean holds us fascinated; the shy song of a hidden bird, the elemental harmonies of the wind, alike thrill us with strange emotions, with unutterable longings to discover why we are here and whither we are bound, to find the meaning of it all. It is the old story of the Norsemen gathered in their hall, and the sparrow that flew into the warmth and light for a moment, then vanished to the stormy dark—“So seems to me the life of man, O King.” Here, at the very outset of our quest, we are baffled, though it may well be that an angel has troubled the waters.

To explain in some degree this super-sense of the human soul, and to trace briefly the manner in which it has affected communities through individuals, is the object of this little book. To set forth such things in comprehensible language is a very difficult task—it amounts to an attempt to express the inexpressible; but, as finely as it may be done, we have it here in the first few chapters and the last. The fundamental idea is excellently emphasised that the vision depends on the man and his desire. “The sight of rivers and plains, flowers and trees, may give us pleasure, and yet have nothing mystical in it. . . . The world in which these mystic gleams visit us must be a purified and altruistic one.” The two chapters headed “The Transcendental View of Nature” and “Romantic Love and the Transcendental Sense” will be found most interesting to those who are desirous of reading in admirably clear sentences of the “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.” We give a short extract from an introductory page:

There are different degrees of the transcendental experience; some vague, evanescent, passing away and leaving but little effect behind other than that of a pleasant dream. There come flashes, probably to every man in the course of his lifetime; it may be in reading poetry, or listening to a sermon, or walking over the fields or through the woods. “One look at the face of heaven and earth,” says Emerson, “lays all agitation at rest and soothes us to a wiser conviction”; and, again, “we know that the secret of the world is profound; but who or what shall be our interpreter, we know not. A

mountain ramble, a new style of face, a new poem, may put the key into our hands.” Many and varied are these openings into the infinite; birth and death—the coming into the world from the unknown, the flitting across the lighted chamber of life, and the passing out once more into the unknown beyond—how can they help filling us with the sense of the infinite mystery by which we are surrounded?

The author quotes the immortal words of William Blake: “What, it will be questioned, when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, something like a guinea? Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying ‘Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.’” There, it seems to us, the whole matter is summed up gloriously. There was the piercing vision of the poet; there was the spirit that could almost answer that tremendous demand of Zophar—the practical man—when reasoning with Job: “Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?”

To these chapters we must add the last, “The Transcendental Element and Modern Life,” an acute presentation of the relation of mysticism to the life of cities and the men of to-day. We find a scientist like Professor William James of Harvard, as illustrious in the realm of psychology as his brother is in the world of fiction, declares definitely with regard to a certain experience:

One conclusion was forced upon my mind at that time, and my impression of its truth has ever since remained unshaken. It is that our normal waking consciousness, rational consciousness, as we call it, is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest of screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different. . . . No account of the universe can be final which leaves those other forms of consciousness quite disregarded.

To discredit this kind of grave statement from level-headed modern men—and Professor James is not the only one who has touched hands with angels in the gloom—is to reduce ourselves to the most barren ways of arid materialism, to shut our eyes wilfully and say that things do not exist since we cannot see them. The mystical side of the universe will yield only to the eye of faith and hope, and such faith and hope lead us from the physical to the intellectual and spiritual plane by natural transitions. To the man who has faith argument becomes of little avail, and all this talk of mysticism and romanticism, quietism and pietism, resolves itself finally into the longing of the soul for the infinite, unknowable God, its home and its eternal rest. “What shall I more say?” asked St. Paul, recounting the names of certain ancient mystics “who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.” And again—Paul being one of the finest mystics himself, and a clever reasoner withal—“we are saved,” he cries, “by hope.”

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF VENERY

The Art of Hunting; or, Three Hunting MSS. A revised edition of the Art of Hunting by WILLIAM TWIC, Huntsman to King Edward the Second. By H. DRYDEN. (1844.) *The Craft of Venery: A Translation of La Chasse du Cerf.* Edited by MISS DRYDEN. Illustrated from MSS., etc. (Printed by William Mark, 1908, 15s. net.)

AMONG the amateurs of the antiquities of sport the late Sir Henry Dryden held a deservedly high place.

His position has been adequately recognised by Mr. Baillie Grohman, who writes of him that his "notes are really the first sound and scholarly remarks on old English hunting we have; his predecessor Strutt's attempt being very faulty and totally inadequate." Sir Henry in the last years of his life intended to issue a new and corrected edition of his treatise, but this, unfortunately, he never carried out.

For all practical purposes the present reprint of Sir Henry's edition of the "Art of Hunting" is a new book, for it includes, besides some corrections left by him in manuscript, many additional notes; while a valuable bibliography has been added by Miss Dryden, and a translation of "*La Chasse du Cerf*," the oldest French treatise on hunting, is here printed for the first time.

Even without the present additions a mere reprint of the "Art of Hunting" would have been of great value, especially as the earlier editions were so limited. The first editions hardly had a public existence at all. The French tract was printed for the first time from the MS. in the possession of Sir Thomas Phillips, at the Middle Hill Press in 1840, by Sir Henry. Mr. Baillie Grohman, in Miss Dryden's introduction, records that only twenty-five copies were printed, "as well as Sir Henry remembered." Sir Henry himself set up the type for the first page. The result was four small quarto leaves, without any notes. In 1844 he published a small quarto, with translation and notes, of which only forty-one copies have been traced—the inference being that there were few besides.

His introduction to this edition, of which we quote the conclusion, is delightful, with its old-fashioned flavour and genuine enthusiasm for his subject:

And although Maister William Twici (footing it as he certainly did) would ill supply the place of George Davis at the sterns of Her Majesty's buck hounds; though he might, if now alive, crane at the raspers in the Vale of Aylesbury; and might not top a Northamptonshire five-bar with the alacrity of the Squire in the palmy days of the Pytchley; though his harriers might not equal in pace those of the Blackmoor Vale, nor his hart-hounds sweep over the open to the tune of sixteen miles an hour; let us not think too lightly of his craft of venery. Twici it is true had time to blow "*trout trouourout*" sundry times, to warn the gentlefolks that the hart was unharboured, and leisurely reheated on his hounds when running a burning scent; while Hugo Meynell, "the Father of fox-hunting" had scarce time to blow one "moot" to tell a Leicestershire field that a Coplew fox had broken, as he rattled out of cover at the sterns of his gallant pack. Though so wide the difference of the ancient and modern days, so *fast* the present, and so *slow* the past, let us not despise this noble science in its infancy. It was the origin of a more polished school in a more enlightened age, and who shall declare that the horn of Twici was not sweeter than Joe Maiden's, and the music of his deep-flewed hounds more melodious than the notes of their posterity?

Of Twici himself, the King's huntsman, whose name, after the fashion of the time, has many variants, very little is known, though a few new facts have been gathered by the present editor. His wages in 1322—to be paid to the Sheriff of Lancashire, to which county he was going "to take the fat venison of the present season"—were 7½d. per day, with 2d. for each ventrer and berner, and 1d. for the page, and ½d. for each greyhound, staghound, as long as they remain in the bailliewick. In 1325-6 he received 9d.; and finally he retired to Reading Abbey, possibly as a pensioner of the King, for a Close Roll entry, of March 13th, 1327-8, states that a certain Alan de Leek is sent to the Abbot and Convent of "Redinge" to receive such maintenance as William Twici had had in the Abbey. Alan de Leek, like Twici, had been a King's huntsman.

"The Art of Hunting," written in or before 1328, contains much curious information. Twici teaches us next to nothing about the most efficient way of taking

the beast pursued, but much as to the proper and punctilious procedure to be followed in different cases. He begins with the hare, because it is the "most marvellous beast which is on this earth":

I will teach all those who wish to learn Hunting as I also have learnt before these hours. Now we will begin with the Hare. And why, Sir, will you begin with the Hare, rather than with any other beast? I will tell you. Because she is the most marvellous beast which is on this earth. It carries grease, and it croteys, and gnaws, and these (things) no beast in this earth does, except it. And at one time it is male, and at another time it is female. And on that account in hunting it, a man cannot blow a menee on the horn for it, as one does for other beasts, as for the Hart and for the Boar, and for the Wolf, and if it was always male, as it is at one time male, and another time female, a man could blow a menee for it, as for other beasts.

Twici, in common with many of his contemporaries, believed in the curious tradition of the alternating sex of the hare, and he cannot decide the problem as to what flourish of the horn is to be blown in connection with it!

We are then introduced to the chief hunting terms in vogue, and a dissertation on the correct method of describing harts by their "heads," the horn blasts appropriate to each animal and occasion, the proper terms to be used when addressing hounds, the manner in which harts and boars should be "undone," and, lastly, a few terms for beasts in companies—a guide in nomenclature for the historical novelist.

Following the "Art of Hunting," we have a translation of "*La Chasse du Cerf*," the oldest French treatise on hunting, composed about the middle of the thirteenth century, corrected from Sir Henry Dryden's manuscript, and "*The Craft of Venery*," from a MS. version about 1450, of a translation of Twici, with additions.

There are also interesting chapters on costume, on horns and hunting music, and upon sepulchral monuments in hunting costume and with horns, or with bows and arrows. Metal horns, we are told, are of comparatively recent date. "Down to the middle of the 17th century nearly all hunting horns were really formed from those of animals, and . . . some by means of a stopper were made to answer the purpose of drinking and hunting horns."

One misprint should be noted. In the "Bibliography" it is stated of the *Sporting Magazine*, or monthly calendar of the Turf, "that that serial commenced in 1792 and continued till 1780," a thing only possible in the time machine of Mr. H. G. Wells.

The book, in conclusion, is to be recommended to all amateurs of sport, and to all those interested in what Mallory, in his "*King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table*," calls "the goodly terms that gentle men have and use, and shall unto the world's end: that thereby in a manner all men of worship may discover a gentle man from a yeoman, and a yeoman from a villen."

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Green Curve. By "OLE LUK-OIE." (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS collection of short stories deals almost entirely with soldiers and times of war, and is well worth the attention of connoisseurs of this style of fiction. There is none of Mr. Kipling's extravagant language, but at the same time some of the sketches may fairly be called "strong"; in this they are simply true to life, for the average private soldier is not amenable to bit and bridle in the matter of speech, nor has he in days of stress any particular regard for the niceties of life.

He rarely gets a chance to sample them, as a matter of fact. One little story, however, of the sudden joy in a camp caused by the appearance of a fresh young officer, who had succeeded in smuggling a few bottles of champagne up from the coast, is quite on the humorous side of things; and a hypothetical account of an incident arising from a war in England is amusing without being sensational. On the whole, the author was justified, we think, in preserving these stories in book form.

Render Unto Cæsar. By MRS. VERE CAMPBELL.
(Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE predominating idea which a stranger to earth and earth's civilised ways—a Martian visitor, for example—would gather from this rather striking story would be that women are a horrible nuisance when they stir by ever so little from their own immediate concerns. The ladies of whom we read here, whether they be dark or fair, amorous or cool, exercise on the affairs of men an influence that some feminine readers will probably envy. Gregory Champion, the head of a big financial house, is attracted by Delia Ancram; her husband, Maurice, strives against his passion for Gregory's wife; so far we have just the usual hide-and-seek plot of the average novelist. But Meredith Champion, a lax and drifting character, who by no means lives up to his proud name, is under the spell of two women at once, and comes to a bad end, and the only man of any importance who seems unperturbed by his distracting environment is Mr. Lupus, Champion's chief clerk. The story is sad in its general development, but not unpleasant; clever without any attempt at "smart" writing; and, in the main, events move naturally to their climax. In the scene between Maurice Ancram and Champion the author touches a high level of dramatic dialogue.

We may remark, in closing, that young Meredith Champion, who posed as a literary person, took as the first line of a poem:

The light fell aslant through the shrouded panes.

But he called that poem a sonnet, which goes to show that either he or his creator needed a little instruction as to the nature of the accepted form of sonnet-line. Also, the use of contractions, such as "they'd," or "he'd" etc., in the relation of the story, spoils sentences otherwise impeccable, and irritates many reviewers unnecessarily.

Woman's Looking-glass. By CONSTANCE EVAN JONES.
(Nisbet, 6s.)

THE story of unfulfilled longing, such as the author sets before us in this book, must inevitably be saddening, and nothing of the sadness is abated in this instance by the manner of its presentation. Margaret Darcy, the spinster whose chronicle, according to the sub-title, this professes to be, is dependent upon a grim guardian of an aunt for her living, and in the depressing shadow of that hypochondriac she exists—she can hardly be said to live—until she is considerably over thirty, never travelling, never moving from London, never even visiting a place of amusement or the parks in the flush of springtime; she is to all intents and purposes a slave. At last a young, reserved doctor takes up his residence in the house as physician-in-ordinary to the egregious invalid, and to him, the only man she has ever met beyond the household servants, Margaret gives her aching heart. He has his suspicions of her rash feelings for him, but, as the author cynically observes, men seek youth and freshness in woman, not the faded gifts of a pale recluse, whose bloom is long past. He advises a trip to Cornwall for the aunt, and thus Margaret, who accompanies her, has a first glimpse at the world; he takes her once

to the theatre, and she is lifted into a sphere of which she had never before dreamed. The aunt dies, leaving no will, and Margaret, as nearest relation, finds herself wealthy, free, and sought after by those who previously would hardly have looked at her. The doctor, who, we must say, was a bit of a cad, finds her attentions irksome—she has sent him flowers and fruit when he was ill, and worried about him in those delicate ways which a loving woman has at her fingers' ends—and he tells her definitely that he is engaged to be married, showing her the photograph of her unknown rival—a sweet, attractive young girl. So the story closes, with the woman's heart near to breaking.

Despite its sombreness and its quality of cynicism, the author has made the account of frustrated love very telling and poignant. There are other characters, too, whom we have no space to mention in a brief review, who supply a note of relief which if not precisely humorous is still in a much lighter mood than the principal theme. The only complaint we can make is that the comments are unnecessarily bitter at times and a great deal too indiscriminate. It is a warped judgment and a distorted outlook which can conclude the book with these stinging paragraphs:

Illogical women set their affections not on things above, but on man beneath, who is of the earth very earthly, and become bruised reeds in consequence. They cannot understand that though man wants but little here below he wants that little good—the best in fact. He wants a young, fresh, beautiful wife whom other men will envy him. He likes to be envied. A woman is capable of worshipping a battered creature who has lost everything in the battle of life; not so man. And that is where the sex question begins and ends.

"Love will beget love" is many women's motto; they fancy that it will beget marriage also, but it won't. Man is only man after all—very narrow, very bigoted, rather selfish, very vain. He marries to gratify his vanity, and presently develops into that admirable institution, the British husband—a man of meals and uxorious moments, who appreciates the fact that his wife has more complexion than brains. A man who loses his figure and his imagination, but who goes, we hope, to heaven when he dies.

The author has been gazing through a curiously unreliable glass if she really believes this. The British husband, taking him at the average, is a fine fellow and chivalrous to boot, and his wife knows it if she has any sense. To make an exception take the place of a rule is, however, the well-tried method of novelists. Where, otherwise, would be their plots!

THE DREAMER

THE fairest and sweetest things in the world are not always those which can be touched or tasted, seen or heard. To many men the tangible, visible, audible pleasures and phenomena of life are but the glass through which they perceive mighty forces at work without ceasing, by the aid of which they are enabled to hold implicitly thoughts that, like some magic master-key, will unlock and set ajar the gates of an unexplored land. They have often, in the roaring city streets, in the broad and fragrant fields, in the silent hour at the fireside, in the close enfolding of great winds, the feeling that they are surrounded by truths which ever evade their grasp but may not be disregarded. It is no vague ecstasy of a disordered brain, no treacherous transportation of the soul, which thus comes to these dreamers—as the stolid scorners sometimes call them—but a veritable sober experience that leaves its effects on their daily existence, an experience of irresistible intuition, for want of a better word, that is as rational and defensible as the routine of their office or the morning meal. The dreamer from all time has also been the doer, if not actually then vicariously, by his inspiration of others; and it must not be imagined that he is invariably a noted

figure in history, or that he always stands on a higher plane than his fellow-men in matters of fame and fortune. He walks the streets side by side with us every day, habited as his compatriots; but he sees a little more as he walks. He finds in the mountain of purple cloud that forebodes a thunder-storm something that makes his heart beat faster; he views the city under a sudden delight of snow, and is thrilled; he hears in the continuous undertone of London a note speeding upward to take its part in some tremendous, distant harmony. His spiritual faculty is deepened, though he would be hard put to it if pressed to cage his feelings in language. In the streets, he will be still seeing the vision beautiful:

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest skirts, where none pursue
On some mild pastoral slope
Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
Freshen his flowers, as in former years,
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales.

Faith is for him, hope is for him, and charity—for those that sit in the seat of the scornful.

But suppose, say these latter conscientious ones, this visionary of yours crosses the street in his bemused, happy fashion, and is run over? Does he not then come into somewhat gross contact with those harder and sterner facts which he passes by so airily, and is not this contact calculated to project some of the dreams out of him? What if he dies?

If he dies? O modern riders of Curtius, who leap so easily on your hard-mouthed steed Practicality into the gulf of Misconception, if he dies more dreams will have greeted him than you ever in your most exalted moments imagined possible. And if he is only maimed (so we know from experience) his life of the spirit is so intensified that pain, whose veiled face was till then thought scarred and seared and stern, is suddenly unveiled as a calm, contradictory friend: a little curious, a little cruel, maybe, but, above all, a friend. So that the dreamer has within him a kind of eternal life, at the present time. In what dim valleys of primeval dawn it first sprang to view he cannot tell; to what broad, bright, invisible sea it ultimately flows he is unaware; more often than not he is unable to speak of these things even to his most intimate associates. But they are to him the things worthily lived for, worthy to die for if need be.

It is true that he has his moments when the sublime terror of mere existence grips him, clutches him by the heart and leaves him a shivering coward. Then the splendour of the skies, the shimmer of the sea, the glory of the woods, seem but scenes in a panorama, flung in blind unconcern upon a screen whereon mortals, if they will, may try to decipher the meaning of the artist. We are a crowd of ants, pushed one here and there into oblivion as by the touch of unheeding fingers. The sun is the central spot of some great lens, illumined by a galaxy outside our ken, under the focus of which we are being examined and played with as we ourselves quiz the whirling animalculæ in a speck of water; and we resent it sullenly, hopelessly. There are moments, again, when problems of existence do not trouble us, when it is a joy simply to be alive, and we want no bought, hired, meretricious pleasures to bring us their extraneous distractions and delights. At such times the simplest things will send that strange, infrequent thrill coursing through the blood, make us draw the long breath of ecstasy as over a bunch of invisible flowers, whose scent took us by surprise: a field of poppies against the skyline; the exquisite green curve of a

wave in that splendid instant before it crashes to the beach; the shiver of poplars in an evening breeze; a copse of foxgloves, a hill of heather, and a thousand others. More material, man-made things can also bring the sensation—the red sails of the fishing-fleet, homeward bound at sunset; a grim, grey battleship looming down harbour in a drench of rain; Piccadilly on a sunny morning. Whence come these moods of happiness, beauty, doubt, despair? What is the substance of life, rooted in which they grope unseen for a time, from which they spring and spread in an hour to blossoms intangible as moonlight, noxious as the nightshade, or exquisite as the first fair cluster of morning roses?

We cannot say, we dreamers. The answer is on the horizon, and the horizon for ever recedes. Just as no man can fix the instant when the first pale luminance in the east betrays the lifted robes of the passing night, nor say precisely of the autumn twilight, "It is here. . . . It is gone," so none can find the dividing-line between our souls and their bourne, nor fathom the deeps of space and time through which our round, restless home wings its way. "The morning wind for ever blows; the poem of creation is uninterrupted; but few there be that hear it." If, as astronomers tell us, our sun, with his retinue of planets and their satellites, is journeying onward towards some mighty, undiscovered star; if, through the millions of years since he flamed into being he has only swung a hair's-breadth, as it were, of his awful orbit, carrying us with him whether we wish it or not, is it not possible that in the fresh spatial surroundings from age to age some new influence may be present and active, something not to be measured or detected by any instrument, only by its effect on the mind of man? May not ideas, discoveries, theorisings, stimulations, be held in space as truly as tangible meteoric dust is held, and deposited in the receptive soul of the thoughtful, reverent man, so that after a while his brain leaps to a sure flash of inspiration, and a conception is born which takes the world by storm? What else is the meaning of "inspiration"? "Every new star that is found in the sky will lend of its rays to the passions and thoughts and the courage of man." Are the external forces of life all blind and uncomprehending?

"There will ever remain something within our soul," writes a philosopher, "that would rather weep at times in a world that knows no limit than enjoy perpetual happiness in a world that is hemmed in." Profoundly true; with all our searching, with all our consciousness of the extent of our impotence, yet we are not vanquished, and the sting of failure is an incentive to renewed efforts, fresh explorations. All very impracticable, says the inevitable objector querulously: one cannot engage in business—earn one's living, to put it baldly—and be a mystic at the same time. But did not Hawthorne, gentlest of mystics, measure coal and climb about dirty vessels at Boston Custom-House? Hear him:

I have been measuring coal all day (he writes) on board of a black little British schooner, in a dismal dock at the north end of the city. Most of the time I paced the deck to keep myself warm, for the wind (north-east, I believe), blew up through the dock as if it had been the pipe of a pair of bellows. The vessel lying deep between two wharves there was no more delightful prospect, on the right hand and on the left, than the posts and timbers half immersed in the water and covered with ice, which the rising and falling of successive tides had left upon them, so that they looked like immense icicles. . . . Sometimes I descended into the dirty little cabin of the schooner and warmed myself by a red-hot stove, among biscuit-barrels, pots and kettles, sea-chests, and innumerable lumber of all sorts—my olfactories meanwhile being greatly refreshed with the odour of a pipe, which the captain, or some one of his crew, was smoking. But at last

came the sunset, with delicate clouds and a purple light upon the islands; and I blessed it, because it was the signal of my release.

Here is the collision of the dreamer and the business man, with a vengeance. But, while on that point, was there not also a Carpenter, of Nazareth—the finest Dreamer that the world has ever known?

The dreamer pays a heavy price sometimes for his visions; in sudden distrustfulness of his own feelings, in fearful slips from his sunlit heights, in the dread that not one of his thoughts, perhaps, will ever come to full fruition. Yet he goes on telling his story, that perchance some poor, forlorn wanderer from the Islands of the Blest may hear it and take heart. For to be happy he must share the dream.

"ELECTRA" AT MILAN

"ELECTRA" at La Scala—Richard Strauss in Italy! That in itself was a sensation, and you felt the quiver of it in the air, for all Milan was there, on edge with curiosity! What Wagner, consummate artist as he was, dared not attempt, Strauss, the unparalleled man of affairs, has carried out successfully. One could not say he really took his audience by storm, for there were hisses, groans, and even sneers and laughter. But indifference there certainly was none! The audience accepted the new work with a keen interest, almost quite with genuine enthusiasm, which heightened to a real delight in the more lyric parts. Wagner knew his Italy so well, and loved it, too, but always recognised the depth of this wide chasm that separates the races—the difference in "tempo," both personally and in the field of Art. The Italian school is all for their "Bel Canto"—the lyric expression of a personality and an individual emotion. The German—and more particularly the modern German—suppresses the individual, making for the harmony of the whole—or for the effect, if harmony be lacking! The national fetich of military drill pervades their music, *esprit de corps* is their great theory, and their one invariable requirement is that no individual in the ranks shall ever dare stand out, no matter for what cause. In Italy, however, the standards are so different. There, if by any chance the *chef d'orchestre* should suddenly be moved to execute a flourish, or the soprano feel herself impelled to give the audience an extra trill, the thing is done, and the good people (particularly in the gallery) go wild with joy; for that is temperament, and these children of the south adore the free expression of an ardent and expansive nature. Form, finish, workmanship mean nothing to them here, compared with lyrical expression. With this in view, the wonder is what they could find in Strauss, and the surprise was great to find they did not down *Electra* from the very nature of the music. Strictly speaking, *Electra* is not an opera, but a tragedy accompanied by music—and not always that, for at times the accompaniment is simply noise. The voice, the singing parts, with a few notable and most beautiful exceptions, go quite for nothing, and are lost in the wild crash of the orchestra, which carries the whole burden of phrasing the ideas expressed by the pantomime. The music is descriptive rather than suggestive, and stridently declaims a fact instead of merely unfolding the thought developed by the action. Its facts are often crude and incidental, quite hindering the simple purpose of the plot. For instance, where the man is sent to ride and find the king, he orders up his horse. You hear them clap the saddle on, the horse champs at the bit, then paws, and off he goes at a quick trot—all this in the orchestra, not on the stage, but most vividly portrayed. This is not music—but it is wonderful! It is not art, but it is artifice, and Strauss must be saluted as Past Master among craftsmen—a "music-smith" *par*

excellence! Again, a later phrase where *Electra* crouches digging up the hatchet for her fatal purpose; there comes a hurried scratching in the ground, a frantic clawing of earth and then of metal—all this expressed in plainest terms, with most uncanny finish. But the most wonderful mimetic moment is toward the last. Orestes has gone within, his mother waiting to receive him as bearing certain tidings of her son's untimely death, when suddenly the drums begin—low, throbbing, muffled—many, many drums! They seem to come from all about. Subdued, they presage something, and set your nerves on edge for what you know must come. The place seems full of that dull thumping. A noise that menaces—thrilling, prophetic, like the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*. You peer instinctively about over your shoulder in the gloom to see what might be there behind you! And then it comes—a horrid, strangled shriek, a crash from the orchestra, and still those drums go on! Then one more scream—blood-curdling, hideous—and it is over. The first part of that inhuman vengeance is complete. Now comes the triumph of *Electra* to break the tension, and her dance is insolent, almost abandoned in its wild joy of retribution, yet it is stately. Most wonderful this is, but surely it is never music! Music should suggest, inspire, uplift—not act a brutal part nor offer up in detail the minute description of an unsavoury fact. One cannot say what Strauss might do were he to chose a different sort of subject. This new libretto has a most marvellous range of utterly superhuman emotions. *Electra*, child of a race descended from the gods, outraged, degraded, and shattered with grief, dominates the action with her fierce lust for vengeance. In all the play she has but three brief moments of a natural womanly emotion, and in these three short passages the music grows so sweet, so lyrical, so deeply human and appealing, one simply longs to hear what this strange man could do were he to chose a more inviting theme. Her first more gentle moment is the recollection of her father—the vision of him as he comes to her, a hero, strong and armed. But this soft thought is soon succeeded by the memory of his murder, and the cowardly blow comes crashing in to drown the beauty of the other picture. Then later, when she feels convinced that she herself must do the deed of vengeance, she asks her sister's help, and promises in softest strains the highest joys of womanhood for this one instant's horrid service. Finally, and most touching of them all, is the moment when Orestes comes, and she, recognizing that in her abject misery she has grown half inhuman, recalls her youth, her beauty and her budding womanhood, and sorrows for the loss of all her charms. These are the three affecting and harmonious movements of the opera, and to the most of us the rest is merely sound—though clever always, and never lacking in a certain interest and excitement. You feel throughout the artist's great capacity, his skilful handling of such strange material—but the result, though certainly to be admired, can hardly fail to irritate tremendously. As for its rendering, those who know La Scala can judge how well the play was staged, and how superbly that wonderful orchestra fulfilled its part in spite of all the difficulties. Although the house went frantic with applause for all the artists at the finish, particularly for their great conductor, who deserved the highest praise for his interpretation, one hardly felt the thing was really liked. The contract required that it should be given four times in this season, but judging from the first performance one would hardly say that it could ever be included in the general repertoire of opera in Italy. Yet as a spectacle and as an event, it truly was a gala night, and famous old La Scala lived nobly up to its most glorious traditions.

JOSEPH ISRAELS:

AN APPRECIATION.

ON January 27th Joseph Israels celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday amid considerable enthusiasm. Of late years the Dutch school of painting has been taking as firm a hold on the civilised world as it did in the seventeenth century. Mr. Israels must be considered the father and pathfinder of the modern Dutch movement as well as its coryphæus. He is among those fortunate men who keep growing younger to their very dying day. This faculty for growth becomes apparent when we compare his earliest to his latest work. The Muse's favourite rises by degrees. This is the main feature of Israels' path of development. Its slope is gentler than any other living master's. His first pictures contain little that prophesies his future greatness. There are scanty signs of any originality at all. A number of his admirers are even wont to speak of Israels in his two periods as of two different men. They would fain make the master ashamed of his earlier self. There is some excuse for this attitude. At first glance it appears, indeed, as though his early work did not fit into the course of development which his later work reveals. It would be interesting to see the little picture which brought him his first success. It was a portrait of a pastry-cook, painted at Groningen, his native town, when he was fifteen years old. His reward was a beautifully ornamented cake. Probably it was much in the style of the age. Early work of Matthew and James Maris surprises by its wonderful qualities. This is not the case with Israels, and for this reason. As far back as their school years we find something of the colouring and lively drawing which is so characteristic of the modern Hague school. Something of its emotional beauty, its intensity of expression, is already apparent. Joseph Israels was by ten years the senior of James Maris. When he started on his course the Krusemans and Pienemans were at the zenith of their glory. Not even a genius can altogether escape from the influence of his surroundings. It needs a sharp struggle to arrive at originality. During the decline which followed upon Holland's golden seventeenth century the sesame to the treasure cave of Art was in England's safe keeping. Thence it passed to France. The shock which Dutch Art required in order to raise it from its peaceful slumber of self-sufficiency came from that country. It came and set the air a-teeming with new spring life. It came at the very time when the brothers Maris first found themselves. Israels had then already passed through a hard-worked period. He had already produced a considerable number of pictures. His art was closely linked to that of his masters. First he had worked under Jan Pieneman at Amsterdam, then under Paul Delaroche at Paris. Finally he was under the spell of Ary Scheffer. Scheffer's influence appears, for instance, from Israels' first rendering of "Saul and David." At this time the yet older Bilders and Bosboom succeeded in breaking from tradition. Israels followed suit. It was in his nature to do so cautiously and step by step. He was born of an older generation than the Mauves and Marises. He was bred and trained among other ideas. His prejudices differed from theirs. Unlike his younger contemporaries, he must needs pass through a period of transition. Israels is a pathfinder; what he discovers, what he gains, is to the advantage of all who follow him. The foundation on which he builds is of his own making. Joseph Haydn has composed over a hundred symphonies. Scarcely a tenth part of them can be said to live. Mozart was as fertile in his shorter life. Beethoven left us but nine. Each of these nine counts. But Beethoven stood on the shoulders of his predecessors. The type of symphony

which he adopted was of Haydn's finding. Hundreds of attempts the latter had to make before he could arrive at a final solution. In him the symphony has grown. Growing presupposes graduation. In Israels modern Dutch art has grown. Of its fruit all the present generation have eaten. If during this period of transition Israels' work shows much tradition and little of the throbbing of innate life we should remember his mixed extraction. By nature he is a Jew; by training he is a Dutchman. The one made him too prudent to betray his inward emotions; the other made him too sober to care for an unwarranted display of virtuosity. Israels is a hard striker, but a wary walker. We need but glance at those studies which were not intended for the public gaze to see the artist as he really was. Here the conventionality of the ruling school has lost much of its tight hold. Here appears what urged him on, what was fermenting within him. There is something in the brightness of the colours, in the nervous drawing of the figures, that reminds us of a sketch of Delacroix. At Picot's studio in Paris that same Delaroche, who so strongly influenced Israels' early work, had to struggle with a certain obstinacy in his pupil. Israels still tells, not without some glee, how Delaroche used to rate him for the flaws he thought he discovered in his drawing.

Even while subjected to the teaching of the academical Delaroche he was haunted by the romanticism of Delacroix, which, purified in Barbizon, was to regenerate itself into the modern school. If Israels' progress was slow it was all the more sure. It moved along a remarkably straight and steady line. His principle of art never changed; it only expanded until it reached that power of expression wherein form and contents are in perfect balance. It has been said that young authors should not begin by attempting at independent creation. They will acquire method and routine by adapting the current story or the historical fact. This Israels practised in art. He started as a history painter; partly this was owing to the influence of his masters and of the predominating taste. This period gave us, e.g., "Hamlet and his Mother," "Prince Maurice at his Father's Corpse," "Aaron finding the Corpses of his two Sons in the Tabernacle," "William the Silent and Margaret of Parma." The latter dates from 1855. It is in the Amsterdam Municipal Museum. Soon he gave up this type of work. The second "Saul and David" is the only adaptation he produced in later years. Still, there was more than the view to training or the power of convention that drew him to the genre-picture. It must also have appealed to him by its nature. Jews are naturally fond of emphatic action. They have a sense of drama. They even tend to become theatrical. Even in his next period Israels remained true to the genre-picture. This will appear from such titles as "After the Storm," "Alone in the World," "From Darkness to Light," "Passing by the Churchyard," "The Shipwrecked Sailor." It was these pictures which gave him his early popularity. This was especially the case among those circles which cannot judge of real artistic merit. In the preceding period others provided him with a theme for his art. In the present he made his own fiction. He spent these years at Jandvoort, a village among the dunes on the Dutch coast. He lived the life of the plain fisherman. He took part in his struggle for existence, his alternating hopes and fears. He came into daily touch with the tragedy of rough reality. It was on the scene of this everlasting fight between man and the elements that his art ripened into a purer and more subtle expression of emotion. Joseph Israels styles himself a subject-painter. This means that he tries to fascinate not only through the picture as a painting, but also through the subject. Once a friend visited the master's studio while he was

busy with a portrait of the Hague pedlar, Jacob Stedel, the prototype of "A Son of the Old People." He wondered that Israels, who up to then had been so exclusively a subject-painter, should now be able to concentrate his artistic self in so entirely a subjectless picture. Israels answered that to him this portrait was a subject. In it he saw a whole life-story. His sympathy was able to trace there the experience of the man's past, his feelings and emotions. The other ventured to reply that likely the artist felt more deeply than his model. "Oh, yes, of course," said Israels; "in that tree yonder I also see all sorts of things, and surely it cannot feel at all." The painting of subjects is a dangerous work. Painters who are not artists in the higher sense often have recourse to it. They lack the really artistic sentiment; they remain untouched by what they see; they try by sketching more or less ingeniously devised incidents to create a dramatic, a tragic, an edifying or a humorous impression. Even if the incident be cleverly painted, the aim is not lastingly reached. A mother weeping by her dead child's cradle may rouse the spectator to pity. If it be only the representation, the incident, that moves him the emotion will not be deeply felt. The outward touches but the outward. Soon the mother will appear a cleverly painted doll, a model placed in the desired position by the painter in order to copy it. Israels knows how to blend the two elements into so perfect a unity that the one loses itself in the other; the one results from the other. At least, in his riper work the one element never predominates over the other. The story is revealed to the spectator's spirit rather than told to his mind. Take, for instance, his "Alone in the World." It is a death-room. In the bedstead lies the corpse of the husband, who has died during the night. In a chair in front of it the bereft widow is seated sorrowing silently. Here subject and surroundings are in perfect harmony. Death not only haunts the bedstead; everything in the dim room is dead. The pale light of dawn comes slowly flowing through the window. It awakens the languishing lines and hues. It is a symbol of the immortality of life. This never is wanting in Israels' pictures. At times it assumes the grand proportions of a vision. Take his second "Saul and David." There is a hymn of young, sunny, newly-arisen life in that sky, beaming with gold, which forms the background to this masterpiece. Take his "Life's Evening." An old and portly gentleman is slowly and musingly seen to walk through his park. Here everything speaks of passing—and of eternity. We read this message in the silent central figure. We read it in the quiet majesty of dying nature. We read it in the bright, wide evening sky, which to-morrow will shine with as splendid a silver radiancy. Perhaps this is the master's most sublime creation. The Muse's favourite rises by slow degrees. From year to year the dramatic element in Israels' art simplifies itself. At last he succeeds in focussing a whole world of thought and feeling on a single figure. He makes it speak to us. The fainting sound of its words passes beyond the horizon of the visual. It sets us free from ourselves. It carries us into the Avelyon of meditation. This is the elevating power of his art. It has its spring in the religiousness of the Jew, in his Old-Testament faith. Faith, hope and charity, these three form the ethical element in Israels' art. There are few among his pictures where through the dingy panes we do not get a glad glimpse of God's glory abroad. His peasants living their life of poverty and destitution, his fishermen and fishermen bear the tragedy of their existence with acquiescence. They are averse to all bitterness and rebelliousness. This shows a mind in which the confidence in God's justice stands unshakable. Jewish, too, is the patriarchal ideal which he emblemises in the

unity of family life. Not one other painter has rendered its intimate character with so great a fervour. This sense of unity in his interiors has raised Israels to be the founder of an original aspect of art. Its parallel is not to be found, neither in pictures ancient nor modern. Not one detail is added for its own sake. Not the smallest object, not the meanest piece of furniture could be spared. Israels' pictures are wonders of composition. But we do not notice that they have been composed. When asked, he will account for every detail. His imaginative spirit is under the perfect control of his sober intellect. Take his "Mid-day Meal." The central idea is in the closely pressing together of parents and children, in the close relation of the objects with each other and with their owners. It reveals itself in the harmony of the inanimate with the animate. In shape and colour the former has adapted itself to the latter, for whose use it exists. It is this wondrously subtle adaptability which in atmosphere and spirit identifies the surroundings with the central group of persons. Israels' sense of action, which gradually ripened, etherealised itself into psychical action, must be ascribed to his Jewish extraction. The same can be said of his other characteristic: the ethical atmosphere which pervades his art, which gives it that pious, religious character, that fervent, intimate nature. But his Dutch birth and education have undoubtedly intensified this sentiment. The reserve of the Dutch mind, its dislike of outward show, its peacefulness, its settledness, its soberness have saved him from the exaggeration which might have weakened his innate tenderheartedness to effeminacy, which might have degenerated his sense of drama and lyrical poetry into theatrical bombast. Joseph Israels has imbibed the spirit of two races; each has completed and purified the other. Thus arose this rare artist whom the Dutch honour as the fairest orchid in their garden.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of this Society was held on Wednesday evening, the 21st instant, at the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair.

Mr. Baldwin Latham, M.Inst.C.E., read a paper on "Percolation, Evaporation and Condensation," in which he gave the results of the observations which he had carried out at Croydon on these subjects during the last 30 years. Two percolation gauges were used, both of which were exactly a superficial yard in area, and contained a cubic yard of natural soil, one of chalk and the other of gravel. The average annual amount of percolation through the chalk gauge was 10.84 in., and through the gravel gauge 10.34 in. The average yearly rainfall was 25.46 in. It appears that the rate of percolation is governed by the rate of rainfall, for when once the gauges have become sensitive, by being thoroughly wetted, the rate at which rain percolates depends entirely on the quantity of rain immediately falling. The evaporator used for determining the evaporation was a floating copper vessel 1 ft. in diameter, supported by a life-buoy ring, connected by four arms with the evaporating vessel, the whole being floated in a tank 4 ft. internal diameter, containing about 3 ft. depth of water. The average annual amount of evaporation by this gauge was 18.14 in., and the average amount of condensation was .36 in.

A paper on "The Meteorological Conditions in the Philippine Islands, 1908," by the Rev. José Algué, S.J., Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, was

read by the Secretary. The year 1908 was one of extraordinary meteorological conditions. Heavy floods occurred, and frequent violent cyclonic storms passed over or affected the Archipelago. The author stated that out of the fourteen typhoons of extraordinary intensity which have occurred during the past 29 years, five occurred in the year 1908, the most violent being those of September 23rd, October 13th, and December 5th. It seems that the part of the Archipelago that is visited the most frequently by these extraordinary typhoons is the northern part of Luzon from the parallel $15^{\circ} 30'$ to the Batanes Islands and from parallel 11° to 14° N.

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the ordinary meeting on Tuesday, the 20th April, 1909, Mr. J. C. Inglis, President, in the chair, the paper read was "The *New York Times* Building," by C. T. Purdy, M.Inst.C.E. The following is an abstract of the paper:—

Early in 1902 the proprietors of the *New York Times* determined to move from the newspaper district near the City Hall to quarters in the newer part of the city. The site selected for the new building is bounded on the north and south by Forty-third and Forty-second Streets, and on the east and west by Broadway and Seventh Avenue. The Underground Railway, in curving from Forty-second Street into Broadway, crosses the north end of the property, passing through the basement of the building. The paper describes the building and discusses the special features of its steel construction due to the existence and operation of the Underground Railway.

The length of the block is 137 ft. 9 in. from north to south, the width at the south end is 58 ft. 4 in., while at the north end it is only 20 ft. On three sides, however, the basement stories extend under the sidewalk. The height of the building from the sidewalk to the twenty-third storey is 329 ft., and above this is an observatory and lantern, the roof of which is 30 ft. higher; the basement stories extend 48 feet below the level of the sidewalk.

The framework of the building is constructed of steel, and the walls are of brick, with limestone and pressed-brick facings and terra-cotta trimmings. All the structural steel is covered and protected with terra-cotta material laid in cement-mortar. Four high-speed elevators serve the building, and all heating is by means of steam.

The subway through which the Underground Railway runs is owned by the City, and in dealing with the subway problem two things were required: First, the two structures of the subway and the *Times* building were to be entirely independent of one another; and, secondly, the building had to be protected from the vibratory effects of passing trains. In a number of cases the building columns came between the railway tracks, and the columns supporting the subway came through the lowest basement storey, which extends partly underneath the subway; but in practically all cases an air space was left round each column, and there was thus no connection between the two.

The building is supported on columns which rest on a rock foundation. The waterproofing of the basement extends continuously over the entire area and up the retaining-walls to the street level. Mains are laid from the outside to a sump inside the building, so that no hydrostatic pressure can come on to the retaining walls.

The paper describes the methods used in calculating the dead and live loads for each storey, and for determining the section of the columns. Typical column load-sheets are given explaining how this is done. Owing to the extreme narrowness of the building the

stresses from wind load were considerable. To resist these the floor-girders were increased in depth, and extra heavy girders were used in the spandrel construction round the building. In addition three special panels were used extending the entire width of the building, being formed by bracing between the columns. The total dead weight of the building is 33,611,000 lb. (15,000 tons). In no case was a column stressed to more than 13,000 lb. per sq. in. without wind load, nor to more than 19,500 lb. per sq. in. with it.

The paper then deals with the problem of vibration arising out of the Underground Railway. In addition to making the structure of the subway independent of the building, it was arranged to found the supporting columns of the former on cushions of sand, and thus still further to insulate the building. The results at first were quite satisfactory, and no vibration was felt from passing trains; but later distinct vibration was detected, and at last this became very pronounced. Seismograph observations were taken, and a thorough examination of the two structures was made, the results being stated in the paper.

The trouble disappeared when the railway company relaid the tracks through the building, all perceptible vibration then ceasing. The author considers, nevertheless, that the insulation of the two structures and the provision of the sand-cushions for the subway columns have a material effect in producing this result. Under many conditions such insulation of structural members would be the most effective and economical method of preventing vibration. It is stated that it was certainly efficient in the *Times* building, which has four railway tracks through it, and often three or four trains in the building at the same time, some stopping, and others passing through at high speeds.

(Our list of Books Received has been unavoidably held over.)

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A novel in which a spice of politics is ingeniously interwoven with a charming love story.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

It is very unfortunate that some arrangement has not been arrived at which would have the effect of preventing a three-cornered contest at Stratford-on-Avon. At present there seems to be a distinct possibility that the Radical candidate, Mr. Joseph Martin, a carpet-bagging Colonial, whose knowledge of English politics would appear to be of the slightest, may manage to secure his election owing to the detachment from the official Unionist candidate of a large number of voters. The *Standard*, in a recent leading article, advocated the claims of Captain Kincaid-Smith, the Independent Liberal, who has resigned his seat on the question of universal service. This is, no doubt, very chivalrous on the part of the *Standard*; but it seems to us most unfortunate that a Conservative newspaper should throw over the official Conservative or Unionist candidate on merely sentimental grounds. It would be quite another matter if there were anything to be alleged against Mr. Foster, but the *Standard* itself admits that he is an admirable candidate, and in every way worthy of the confidence of the constituency. Mr. Foster declares that he is not in favour of universal compulsory military service, while Captain Kincaid-Smith is in favour of such service. Well, the Conservative and Unionist Party is not at present committed to approbation of compulsory military service, and Mr. Foster in declining to go further for the moment than the leader of his own party is adopting the only possible correct attitude. Under these circumstances, it seems to us very hard that the *Standard* should throw its undoubted weight and influence into the scales against him. It is all very well to talk about keeping matters of national defence affairs outside and above questions of party; but unfortunately they are irrevocably mixed up in questions of party, and the action of the present Government has once again made it quite clear that it is useless to look to a Liberal Government for a proper appreciation of the needs of the two services. Apart from that, why

should the Conservative voters be called upon to vote for a man who, however sound his views may be on the question of national defence, is an out and out Radical, an avowed enemy of the Church of England, and a strong supporter of those who would disestablish the Church and confiscate her revenues? What we should like to know is how it comes about that a man of Captain Kincaid-Smith's opinions on the subject of national defence ever found it consistent with his principles and his conscience to ally himself with a party which is, and was long before the arrival of the present naval crisis, notoriously the party of Little Englandism and peace at any price. The question of compulsory military service is not one which can conceivably be raised during the lifetime of the present Government. On the other hand, the question of disestablishment has actually been raised, and will continue to be one of the dominant issues of the present situation. In these circumstances it seems to us that it is the plain duty of every Conservative and Unionist voter to vote for Mr. Foster.

There is something peculiarly mean and cruel in the way the newspapers as a whole are commenting on the deposition of the Sultan. The Sultan, up to a few days ago, was the reigning monarch of a friendly nation, and as such entitled to the same courtesy and consideration as any other monarch. A revolution has taken place in Turkey, and the revolutionary party are for the moment in power. Practically the whole English Press has for months past been engaged in egging on the so-called "Young Turks" to the deeds of violence and cruelty which are inseparable from revolutions in any country and at any time. The "Young Turks," having obtained possession of Constantinople and the person of the Sultan, have proceeded to give expression to their love of "liberty" and "progress" in the manner which is almost invariably adopted by successful revolutionary bodies. That is to say, they are murdering, imprisoning and torturing their political opponents, who, after all, are merely guilty of the crime of loyalty to their sovereign, in a way which is quite sufficient to dispose of their claims to represent a disinterested movement for liberty. Here is a quotation from the report of the Constantinople correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*:

Long troops of prisoners are being dragged through the streets, chained together. There were white-bearded men, officers and non-commissioned officers among them. This sight was, indeed, sufficient to excite human sympathy even in the hearts of the political opponents of these unhappy men, and our sympathy was transformed into keen resentment when we saw how many of these prisoners were beaten and even tortured. In diplomatic circles and among foreigners in Constantinople the attitude of the victors creates the worst possible impression. The numerous arrests which have been made during the last few days prove that the Young Turks have lapsed into a policy of revenge and hatred which was characteristic of the reign of Ahmed Riza.

The whole revolution, like all revolutions—not excepting the French Revolution—has been based on lies, on slander and unspeakable corruption, the real object of the revolutionaries being to obtain possession of other people's money and property. It has been successful, and the Sultan, who for upwards of thirty years has contrived to keep Turkey together in the face of all the greedy Powers and all the internal and interminable intrigues and dissensions of his own people, has been deposed by armed force. We prophesy that the result will be the break-up of Turkey and its partition among the Powers within the next dozen

years. Meanwhile, the *Daily Telegraph* considers it to be in good taste to publish reports which, to say the least of it, are unsupported by any respectable evidence regarding the demeanour of the Sultan when, deserted by all his guards and all his supporters, he faced the leaders of the revolutionary party. According to the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, who could not by any conceivable possibility have been present on this tragic occasion, he was found "hiding in the harem." As a matter of fact, he was not hiding at all, but merely awaiting the arrival of the enemy in the company of the women of the Palace, who alone had not deserted him. The veracious correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* goes on to inform us that on being dragged before the "six personages" "he turned pale with fear, trembled and cried in terror: 'Why do you want my life?'" We are further informed that "he whined pitifully: 'Only let me live and I will do all that you wish'"; and finally the purveyor of this melodramatic clap-trap to the columns of our great middle-class penny daily informs us that "the Sultan, pale as a spectre, sank on to a divan." We shall take the liberty of stating quite plainly that the whole of this report is utterly untrue and devoid of foundation. The *Times* correspondent, who is, at any rate, quite as trustworthy as the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, informs us that "the deposed Sultan received the news with the utmost calm, merely expressing the hope that his own and his children's lives might be saved." The editors of so-called Conservative newspapers, who satisfy the morbid craving for sensation of their readers in the manner adopted by the *Daily Telegraph*, may take it from us that if—as God forbid!—the revolutionary element in this country were to obtain command of the situation, as it is not inconceivable that it might, the world's Press, sedulously supplied with news by the successful revolutionaries, would celebrate "the glorious triumph of liberty and the rights of man" in precisely the same cowardly and mendacious terms and with precisely the same insulting calumnies as to the demeanour of our own sovereign as they have employed in the case of Abdul Hamid.

The noble army of frumps, otherwise the Women's International Suffrage Congress, is having a great time. Representative cranks from nations all over the world, under the "chairmanship" of a lady bearing the appropriate name of Catt, have been giving full scope to their propensity for talking illogical nonsense to their already converted friends. All this is quite harmless, and if it amuses the lady Suffragists we shall not begrudge them their enjoyment. The good ladies are greatly exhilarated because they have received a telegram of greeting from the Queen of Norway. This telegram is, of course, of absolutely no importance to anybody, except to Queen Maud herself, though the sending of it was a foolish indiscretion, for which Queen Maud is likely to get into trouble with her husband and her father. Meanwhile, while the constitutional Suffragists were making their childish and ineffectual speeches the militant section of the movement was "demonstrating" in St. Stephen's Hall. On Tuesday last four hysterical female idiots chained themselves to the statues in the Hall and continued to yell at the top of their voices until the police arrived with chain pincers and removed them; while at Stratford-on-Avon a Miss Craig, who, it appears, has the distinction of being the daughter of Miss Ellen Terry, went through the ridiculous farce of asking the Under-Sheriff whether he was prepared to receive a nomination paper on behalf of a woman candidate. It looks as if there were to be no cessation of all this insensate folly, and one is puzzled to know how long

the shrieking sisterhood will think it worth while to keep up their agitation. Any remote chance that they ever possessed of inducing the good-natured and long-suffering men of this country to entrust them with votes has utterly disappeared. On the other hand, the funds of the various societies for obtaining the suffrage for women seem to be in a flourishing condition, and as long as there is plenty of money to spend, and to get, the agitation will continue. Probably, however, the advent at the next general election of a strong Conservative Government will put an end to the whole of the sordid and miserable business. Until then sane and decent people of both sexes must be content to possess their souls in patience, and to endeavour to let their sense of humour compensate them for their feelings of disgust and indignation at the deplorable and humiliating spectacle which a small minority of ignorant and ill-mannered women are affording to the eyes of the world at large.

The letter which we print in our correspondence columns from Captain Hayes deals with a subject which is somewhat outside the ordinary range of THE ACADEMY, and we perhaps owe some apology to our readers for discussing it in our editorial notes; but it will be within the recollection of our readers that we ourselves, like Captain Hayes, have been made the victim of an unscrupulous bookmaker; and as the matter is one of undoubted public interest we shall make no bones about dealing with it. There appears to be a sort of vague impression going about that anything connected with betting is disreputable, and that for the editor of a literary paper to make a bet is altogether quite shocking. This, of course, is mere cant. A man who makes a bet is precisely on the same footing as a man who invests his money in stocks or shares, whether they be connected with gold mines or industrial securities. In only one respect does such a man differ from the investor of money in the City. The difference is an important one. While the speculator in the City is protected by the law from fraud and dishonesty on the part of stockbrokers and others, the unfortunate "punter" is compelled to rely entirely on the sense of honour and business common-sense of the bookmaker with whom he deals. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred bookmakers who attend race-meetings are perfectly honest and honourable men. Such a thing as the repudiation of a bet and the raising of the plea of the Gaming Act is almost entirely unknown among them at the present day. But it is far otherwise in the case of men carrying on business as "turf accountants" in starting price offices in London. Innumerable instances have come to our notice in which people who have betted with these "turf accountants" have been done out of their gains. Small sums of from ten to fifty pounds are usually paid without demur, but the moment it comes to anything over a hundred pounds your "turf accountant" begins to look round for a convenient excuse for not meeting his obligations. The usual method of procedure is to get up some sort of a row or quarrel and to trust to the undoubted fact that ninety-nine men out of a hundred, when confronted with the possibility of a disagreeable scene with a usually foul-mouthed opponent, prefer to lose their money and to say no more about it, or to accept a small proportion of the amount due to them for the sake of peace and quietness. When, by exception, the "turf accountant" happens to tumble up against a man who is not affected by these considerations he usually gets off scot-free by pleading the Gaming Act. In the case of the man Read, to which we drew the attention of our readers a few weeks ago, events have taken their usual course. Mr. Read has refused to pay, and he is to be sued for the money.

He has announced the fact that he intends to defend the action, and the only possible defence he can make is to plead the Gaming Act. Whether or not this plea will avail him in the present case is another matter. A recent decision of Mr. Justice Grantham has shown that we are happily not without judges who decline to allow the law to be stretched in favour of defaulting "turf accountants." However, that is neither here nor there, and it is just barely possible that we are doing Mr. Read an injustice, and that he does not intend to plead the Gaming Act after all. In that case these remarks must not, of course, be taken to apply to him. But that they are true of a very large proportion of those who engage in starting-price business in London is an undoubted and demonstrable fact. What we should like to know is the reason of the extraordinary inactivity of the police in these matters. A turf accountant is either what he purports to be—namely, a commission agent who is engaged in legitimate business and who is debarred from pleading the Gaming Act or he is a bookmaker carrying on an illegal business. In the latter alternative his premises should be raided by the police. Your bright "turf accountant" cannot have it both ways, and we invite the police to do their plain duty in the matter—that is to say, whenever it is brought to their notice that one of these men has repudiated a debt by pleading the Gaming Act, thereby admitting that he is a bookmaker and not a commission agent, the police should raid his premises and close them.

The following correspondence has taken place between Lord Alfred Douglas and the editor of the *Spectator*, or, rather, his secretary. It speaks for itself, and we shall make no comment:

From Lord Alfred Douglas to Mr. St. Loe Strachey:

April 28th, 1909.

J. St. Loe Strachey, Esq.

SIR,—As has been pointed out in the columns of this paper you have been guilty of what may be charitably called a blunder in taking an article printed in this paper and publishing it in your own columns without a word of explanation or apology. I can quite understand that you may have been led into this unfortunate act by misadventure, but that does not absolve you from the duty of making reparation for what you have done. No reference whatever has been made to the matter in your paper, and you have not had the common civility to communicate with me on the subject. I shall, therefore, be obliged if you will forward me a cheque for five guineas in payment for the copyright matter which you have appropriated from my paper.

I must request you to give your immediate attention to this matter, and to favour me with an immediate reply to this letter.—I am, sir, Your obedient servant,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Lord Alfred Douglas to Mr. St. Loe Strachey:

April 29th, 1909.

J. St. Loe Strachey, Esq.

SIR,—As you have not replied to my letter, I beg to inform you that unless I hear from you by to-morrow morning I shall issue a writ for the recovery of the sum mentioned in my letter without further notice.

I am, sir, Your obedient servant,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey to the Editor of THE ACADEMY:

Thursday, April 29th, 1909.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Editor of the *Spectator* to acknowledge your letter of the 28th April, and to forward you the enclosed cheque for £5 5s. The cheque is sent in consideration of an article published in the

Spectator of Saturday, April 10th, an article which had previously been published in THE ACADEMY, and the copyright of which had, therefore, been acquired by that paper.

I am, sir, Your obedient servant,

J. E. BAKER, Sec.

The Editor and Proprietor THE ACADEMY.

Lord Alfred Douglas to Mr. St. Loe Strachey:

April 29th, 1909.

J. St. Loe Strachey, Esq.

SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from your secretary enclosing a cheque for five guineas in payment of the copyright article which appeared in the *Spectator* of April 10th, which article had previously appeared in the columns of THE ACADEMY. I am sending the cheque to the Royal Literary Fund, as my object in making you pay for your blunder was, I need hardly say, not to obtain money from you, but to bring home to you a sense of responsibility which you have hitherto completely, and, as I think, discourteously, ignored. I note that up to the last you have persisted in your purely idiotic attitude of refusing to reply to me personally, as one gentleman to another. On what principle of etiquette you persist in this attitude I do not pretend to understand. I will content myself with pointing out to you that whether considered from a social, a literary, or an intellectual point of view I am your superior, and that your misguided determination to keep up your imaginary dignity has not only cost you five guineas, but has put you in the position of a man who has been reluctantly compelled by threats of legal proceedings to do what most gentlemen would have offered to do without any pressure whatever. The smallest word of apology or explanation, either in the columns of your paper or privately to me, would, I need hardly say, have relieved me from the disagreeable necessity of compelling you to make a money payment for a perfectly excusable error. You are now in the position of a person who has been fined, and I hope it will be a lesson to you.

I am, sir, Your obedient servant,

ALFRED DOUGLAS.

IN THE SOUTH

I was pale and sad in the South like the olive-trees
That droop their silver heads by the dusty roads,
And are grave and cold and grey in spite of the sun . . .
In the veils of rose and blue that the bright dawn spun
Day wrapped me round in vain!
I longed for the lovers and friends I had left behind,
I longed for the North again.

I was deaf to song, and even to beauty blind,
Blind to the magic woof that summer weaves,
While roses beat their pearl and ruby leaves
Against my window pane . . .
And orange flowers so passionately white,
So richly perfumed, pined for my delight:
Only my faint heart sighed,
In pity when the glory waned and died,
For all that lovely life unsatisfied!

I was pale and sad in the South like the olive-trees
That droop their silver heads by the dusty roads . . .

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

HYACINTHUS

FAIR boy, how gay the morning must have seemed
Before the fatal game that murdered thee!
Of such a dawn my wistful heart has dreamed:
Surely I too have lived in Arcady
When Spring, lap-full of roses, ran to meet
White Aphrodite risen from the sea . . .

Perchance I saw thee then, so glad and fleet,
Hasten to greet Apollo, stoop to bind
The gold and jewelled sandals on his feet,
While he so radiant, so divinely kind,
Lured thee with honeyed words to be his friend,
All heedless of thy fate, for Love is blind.

For Love is blind and cruel, and the end
Of every joy is sorrow and distress.
And when immortal creatures lightly bend
To kiss the lips of simple loveliness,
Swords are unsheathed in silence, and clouds rise,
Some God is jealous of the mute caress . . .

But who shall mourn thy death—ah, not the wise?
Better to perish in thy happiest hour,
To close in sight of beauty thy dark eyes,
And, dying so, be changed into a flower,
Than that the stealthy and relentless years
Should steal that grace which was thy only dower.

And bring thee in return dull cares and tears,
And difficult days and sickness and despair . . .
O, not for thee the griefs and sordid fears
That, like a burden, trembling age must bear;
Slain in thy youth, by the sweet hands of Love,
Thou shalt remain for ever young and fair . . .

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

THE COMMERCIAL MUSE

THE *Times* of last Monday published a long letter from Mr. William Watson under the heading: "The Tragedy of John Davidson." Mr. Watson assumes, of course, that Mr. Davidson is dead, and there seems unfortunately to be no possible reason to doubt that Mr. Davidson is dead and that he died by his own hand. This is undoubtedly a tragedy in the sense that all deaths are tragic and that deaths by suicide are more tragic than natural deaths. We deeply regret the death of Mr. Davidson. We hereby express our most sincere condolences to Mr. Davidson's widow and his family. We have already expressed our opinion that the pension given to Mr. Davidson by the nation should be continued to his widow, and we should be glad to use any means that lie in our power to assist Mrs. Davidson in obtaining a continuance of that pension. We wish it to be clearly understood that the remarks which we now feel called

upon to make are called forth by Mr. William Watson's letter alone, and that they are not intended in any way to reflect on the memory of the late poet. But in the interests of poetry, and of literature generally, we feel that we cannot allow Mr. Watson's letter, with its extraordinarily wrong-headed conclusions and deductions, to pass without protest. From the beginning of Mr. Watson's letter we quote the following paragraph:

When recently an utterly insignificant and uninteresting young woman resorted to the "appearance" of disappearance in order to escape her creditors, this great nation went into throes of excitement over the trumpery affair, but when a man who had worn out his fiery heart and brain in its service goes down to some grave as unknown as his who heard the thunders of Sinai—goes down to it in the last bitterness of despair—the British nation is uninterested and unmoved.

When Mr. Watson deprecates the ludicrous prominence given by the hapenny papers to the sham disappearance of one whom he very properly describes as "an utterly insignificant and uninteresting young woman," we are at one with him; but when he goes on to inform us that "this great nation went into throes of excitement over the trumpery affair" we shall take leave to point out to him that he is talking nonsense. Mr. William Watson is something of a poet, and he is also a great deal of a journalist, and it is therefore not surprising that he should mistake the commercial pulsations of the Pearson-cum-Harmsworth-cum-Newnes heart—or, as one might say, circulation—for the heart-beats of the British nation. Mr. Watson must allow us to inform him that the amount of space allotted by the editors and proprietors of various hapenny papers on the look out for a "scoop" bears no relation whatever to the amount of interest which was excited in the public mind by the "disappearance" of Miss Violet Charlesworth and the death of Mr. John Davidson respectively. The fact that the editor and proprietor of the *Daily Mail* and similar organs choose to stuff their columns with blatant tomfoolery about an utterly uninteresting young woman proves nothing at all about the British nation. It merely reflects, in a not altogether flattering way, on the mentality of the aforesaid editors and proprietors, and proves that they are incapable of discriminating between what are and what are not matters of public interest. The members of the British public can no more prevent the *Daily Mail* and kindred organs from slinging slush at them than they can prevent the rain from rattling down on their umbrellas. But there is no evidence whatever that they like slush any more than they like rain, and when Mr. Watson gives us to understand that he measures the interest of the public mind by the utterances of the hapenny papers he merely succeeds in proving that he completely misunderstands the whole situation. Mr. Watson proceeds to give us a very complete insight into his own state of mind with regard to poetry. He informs us that "John Davidson died because he could not make a living." He goes on to say: "It would appear that fiction is the only form of literature which retains any power of effective appeal to the popular intelligence. I suppose there are fifty paltry novelists who make anything from a thousand to two thousand a year, but it is as possible as it was in the early days of Samuel Johnson for a genius capable of conferring lustre on any age or country to live in obscurity and cruel neglect, and to die from the accumulative fury of a lifetime." Elsewhere in his letter he says: "His blood is upon us, as surely as if we had slain him with our very hands." Not one of these statements is altogether true. In the first place, Mr. Davidson did not die because he could not make a

living. We have the evidence of his family and his publisher that he was in no financial difficulties; and we know that he had a pension of a hundred pounds a year. And as for living "in obscurity and cruel neglect," was ever such nonsense talked about a man who was boomed and praised and talked about in the Press to the extent that Mr. Davidson was boomed and praised and talked about? The fact of the matter is that Mr. Davidson suffered a great deal more from over-praise than from any lack of it. We were continually being informed by the daily and weekly papers that he was a great poet, and that when he took to writing crude blasphemies about the Deity and informing us that he, John Davidson, had given us the greatest message that the world had ever known, he was writing great poetry, and that those of us who were disgusted and annoyed were showing our ignorance and our incapability of appreciating his "virile intellect." The result of all this irresponsible and absurd laudation on the part of all sorts of obscure people who were allowed to spread themselves in the various newspapers was to turn the head and upset the balance of Mr. Davidson, and to encourage him in the absolutely unwarrantable belief that it was the sacred duty of the nation to provide for him in a liberal manner, and that its failure to do this was a lasting reproach to the good taste of the community at large. As a matter of fact no poet who is worth considering cares or thinks anything about money where his poetry is concerned. A poet writes to please himself, and because he has that to say which cannot be said in prose. The moment he begins thinking about the pecuniary rewards or losses that may result from his poetry he ceases to be a poet. And when Mr. Watson says, as he does elsewhere in his letter, that "a poet's output nowadays may be as large as, say, the entire work of Virgil, but it will only be regarded as an instalment, and he must still meet the more or less insincere clamour for volume after volume, when each successive book is only another proclamation of the decadence and dissolution of his overwrought powers"—Mr. Watson is committing himself to statements which are wildly wide of the mark. There is no clamour, sincere or otherwise, for the work of the thousand and one men who believe themselves to be poets. Most poets even of the best order write far too much, but to do them justice we do not think that as a rule they do this with any idea of getting money. Of course, we shall be told that a poet must live, and that in order to live he must earn money if he does not happen to be fortunate enough to have private means. We quite admit it. All we maintain is that a poet has no right to look to his poetry as a source of income. Mr. Davidson, like any other poet who makes his mark in contemporary letters, was assured of the opportunity of earning, at any rate, a decent livelihood by what is called literary journalism. Any man who can write really good poetry can also write good prose. An editor who does not know this knows nothing about his own business. The lack of understanding as to a poet's true function and his claims upon the world is largely responsible for the failure of Mr. Davidson and Mr. Watson himself to keep their general poetical work up to the level obtained by them in a few isolated instances. A man who writes a sonnet with one eye on the pension list and the other on the political views of the editor of the paper to whom he proposes to offer it is not doing his duty by the Muses, and poets who go about whining that they and their friends and colleagues are cruelly deprived of pecuniary assistance which ought to be handed out to them by a grateful public are doing a very ill service to poetry. Your true poet would rather write a per-

fectly beautiful poem and die of starvation in the gutter immediately afterwards than receive a cheque for a thousand guineas from the editor of a hapenny paper for writing a series of sonnets devoted to the abuse of the sovereign of a foreign country whose views of government did not happen to fit in with his own. But Mr. William Watson knows nothing about these things, and Mr. John Davidson knew nothing about them, and that is why neither of them can ever hope to rank with poets of the highest class. The heavenly Muse is not disposed to have much truck with the Muse of commerce.

BURLINGTON HOUSE

FIRST NOTICE.

THIS notice is not occupied with discoveries, but mainly with the pictures that first meet the eye—those hung upon the line. Water-colours, architectural drawings, and sculpture must be entirely omitted for the present. As regards the Exhibition generally, there is cause for rejoicing in the absence of from a hundred to two hundred and fifty oil pictures, as compared with the numbers of the previous four years, whatever might have been their merits. And it must be noticed that glass over the canvases is now allowed for the first time. This innovation cuts both ways; glass may obscure defects, but it increases the oily effect of new painting, and introduces the figures of the spectator and his companions into the pictures, much to their confusion. On the whole, those artists are the wiser who have not availed themselves of the concession. Intrinsically, the most striking feature of the exhibition is the large number of portrait-painters now flourishing, many of them, such as Mr. Arthur Nowell, Mr. Hugh Riviere, Mr. Robert Morrison and Mr. Greville Manton, not bearing very familiar names, who possess the faculty of imparting a very notable verisimilitude to their subjects, even when the features of these are quite unknown to the observer. In many instances, indeed, the attention is so focussed upon the face that it runs the risk of comparison with the Head of John the Baptist, severed from the body, which appears in the air to the guilty imagination of Herod, in Gustave Moreau's dramatic picture. Mr. Sargent's very daring and direct portrait of Lord Wemyss, in some respects the most striking portrait of the Exhibition, does not altogether escape such a comparison. Features naturally endowed with most vivacity and play of expression are becoming a positive disadvantage, compared with the solid and less lively cast, in securing the more perfect portrait from the artistic standpoint. Nevertheless, such well-known portraitists as Sir Luke Fildes in Mr. Henry Wood's portrait; Mr. Arthur Cope in Mr. Henry's Chaplin's; Mr. Oulless in Mr. Alfred Pope's; Mr. Seymour Lucas in Mr. Walter Hill's; Mr. Solomon in the Prime Minister's, deserve high praise for this very quality of verisimilitude. Other artists contrive to keep the face in its proper plane of importance, without this somewhat too prevalent exaggeration. Among these are Mr. Arthur Cope in his portrait of Sir Charles Holcroft, dressed in a suit of iron-grey clothes and seated in a light-green leather chair; Sir William Orchardson in, perhaps his best portrait for some years, Sir Lawrence Jenkins in his judge's robes; and Mr. Solomon in his small, dark portrait of Mr. Rosenfeld. Mr. Bacon's portrait of Sir Charles Santley is startlingly vivid, agreeably so in that it presents Sir Charles, but also distressingly, in that its extreme realism approaches too near the boundary between art and mimicry. Among portraitists outside the Academy, Mr. Harold Speed exhibits a portrait of Mr. John Burns, and Mr. Blake

Wirgman one of Mr. Adrian Stokes, both of much quiet excellence. Mr. Strang's portrait of Mr. John Masefield must be noticed as more striking than successful. More daring still is Mrs. Swinnerton's portrait of Mrs. Fenwick, obviously the work of a clever artist, but too garish to admit of much congratulation. Neither can another clever artist, Mr. Henry, be much praised for his full-length portrait of Lady Binning and the Countess of Ronaldshay. In fact, women are not very well portrayed this year, the men having the decided advantage.

As regards landscapes and marine pictures, Mr. Alfred East is pleasantly represented by "The Sicilian Wedding" and by "Amberley Bridge," with boats on a slow stream in the foreground and a bridge in the mid plane, shaded by clouds, and hilly fields covered with snow and bounded by red beech-trees, under the winter sunlight, in the distance. Of a similar style is Mr. Gardner Symons's "Snow-Clouds, Bavaria," in which, beyond a shaded foreground, the effect of light on the perpendicular walls of cottages, mere points in the distance, is well contrasted with flat, snow-clad water-meadows. Mr. Walter Donne's "Maritime Alps" is a handsome, romantic landscape, very characteristic of that region, in varied tones, the fuller green of the foreground skilfully separated from the more polychrome tints of the background by a belt of dark trees in the middle plane. Mr. Oliver Hall's "Pont Rouge, Albi," is well composed, in sombre but clear and harmonious tones, though a little marred by uncertainty in the grey of a distant spire on the right. Mr. Davis makes two very interesting and valiant attempts in "Summer Waters," and still better in "A Salmon Pool on the Wye," to catch the exquisite metallic tint which the blue of the sky reflects on the ripples of shallow water, leaving its interstices almost colourless. Mr. Julius Olsson, somewhat recalling Taulow, catches none too vividly the emerald near the crest of sunlit waves, though his drawing is confused, and waves could surely not take the forms which he gives them, without some mild submarine convulsion.

Among the *genre* pictures one re-discovery is to be made of great interest, the work of Osman Hamdy Bey, who exhibited one picture, "Jeune Emir à l'Etude," in 1906. A Constantinopolitan, he wisely treats Oriental subjects in a manner reminding Englishmen of Lewis. He has the fine Oriental feeling for the harmony of vivid colour more properly Persian than Turkish, and he is capable of a dignified pathos not to be found in Lewis's work. The graduated harmony in his lesser work, "Le Théologien," from the brilliant turquoise wall-tiles, the clear yellow of the figure's silken coat and the gold diapered white cotton of his shirt, through the mother-of-pearl ornaments of the Koran-stand, to the faded hues of the worn prayer-rug on which it stands, could only have been seen by an Oriental; while the material of the highly-glazed wall-tiles is exceedingly skilfully given according to European methods. He fails here in the flesh tints and modelling of the face, but succeeds much better in the figure of his other, finer picture, "Le Tombeau des Enfants." In this it would be difficult to surpass the richness and harmony of his colouring. It is comparable to some of the finest periods of Persian illumination. The full, purplish-ultramarine of the wall-tiles, with their neutral tinted frieze, the brownish madder of the tablets depending from them, the little grey stone tombs, with their decorations in faint colour, the Persian leopard's skin, the clear ochre of the rush-matting, the greyish ochre of the carved entry, with the note of red in the socket of the taper, and of sanguine in the roof of the entry, form a perfect harmony of brilliant contrasts. The materials of the somewhat spoiled tiles, of the stonework, of the rush-matting, and of a covering to one of the tombs are admirably rendered. It is to be hoped that this beauti-

ful and interesting example of hybrid art will not be allowed to leave this country.

A purely European harmony of low tones, silvers and whites also deserves mention, and Miss Catharine Wood's "Silver and Grey," carline thistles, the seeds of the *lunaria*, and other scarcely tinted winter decorations arranged in a slightly tarnished silver vase. Equally excellent are two other examples of still life: "A Painter's Materials," a brilliant and exceedingly well painted little picture by the same artist; and "Study of Still Life," a collection of books, by Mr. George Atkinson.

Mr. Sargent's decorative design, "Israel and the Law," is not seen to advantage, since it is presumably intended to be architecturally framed in stone, and is now flanked on either side by full-length portraits of fashionable women. Its decorative quality is not at first sight very apparent, but it develops on further examination. The figure of the Deity seated, bending forward with Titanic, down-stretched arms, and the face reverently concealed under a cowl falling forward, is a fine idea, which might have been suggested by William Blake. But Mr. Sargent's most charming and characteristic work is a small procession of young girls, partly muffled in pale-tinted cashmere shawls, and entitled "Cashmere." The treatment is both broad and delicate, and the composition exceedingly simple. It is, indeed, but for its finish, rather a study than a picture, yet it shows Mr. Sargent in epitome at his very best.

REVIEWS

DOMAINS OF BEELZEBUB

Malaria and Greek History. By W. H. S. JONES, M.A.; with *The History of Greek Therapeutics and the Malaria Theory.* By E. T. Withington, M.A., M.B. (The Manchester University Press, 5s. net.)

MR. JONES's first book, "Malaria," was carefully considered, from the professional standpoint, in *THE ACADEMY* for the 29th of August, 1908, and it is only necessary here to note in detail the contents of the present larger issue, and to point out one or two of its improvements and additions. It contains—a Preface: an Introduction with Addenda: Chapters on Malaria (1) in modern Greece, with its effects upon the inhabitants; (2) in the ancient non-medical, and (3) medical writers; and (4) the extent of its prevalence and its effects on the ancient Greeks: a first Appendix on Greek home-life and the position of women possibly affected by its increase; a second on the other chief Greek diseases: a Conclusion: a Bibliography: an Essay by Dr. E. T. Withington on the History of Greek Therapeutics and the Malaria Theory: and an Index with special references to the ancient authorities.

Mr. Jones alludes in his Preface to the possible objection that his theory—the practical importation of malaria into Greece during the fifth century before Christ—cannot be true unless it be proved that it did not exist there earlier. He points out that, were such proofs forthcoming, they would not affect his theory. He quotes a passage from Major Ronald Ross's "Report on the Prevention of Malaria in Mauritius" already alluded to in *THE ACADEMY* review, to the effect that unless a large number of mosquitoes become infected and the localities and patients are in a condition favourable for the culture of the parasites, malaria, though existent sporadically, would not become epidemic, and would tend to disappear with-

out trace, until the conditions were rendered more favourable to its development by the increase in infected immigrants. Mr. Jones seems to argue that the ingress of foreign traders into Attica during the fifth century had an effect in stimulating malaria similar to the advent of settlers to Mauritius, though in the latter case its introduction to soil until then virgin of it, has been more quickly and evidently deadly.

Dr. Withington's Essay is particularly interesting to laymen for its insistence on the scientific corroboration of the traditional eminence of Hippocrates. Quoting largely from Professor Theodor Gomperz's "Greek Thinkers," translated by Mr. Laurie Magnus, and from his edition of the *περί τέχνης*, Dr. Withington points out that the Hippocratic writings in general contain the earliest proclamation of "the gospel of inductive science," and are strikingly modern both in their positive and negative aspects. "Throughout the collection," he continues, "there is the same subordination of drugs to dietetics and general hygiene, the same emphasis on the importance of prognosis and a knowledge of the natural history of diseases, and the same exclusion of the supernatural and priestly element both from theory and practice." Among other Hippocratic modernisms may be mentioned the operation for empyema, which has "met with the approval of eminent modern surgeons," and the recommendation to patients even with acute lung disease, to sleep in the open air. Again, "Hyoscyamus recommended in quartans re-appears as hyoscyamine in one of the latest professional lists of anti-malarial remedies, while Cinquefoil, which Hippocrates administered in tertians is still a popular remedy for agues throughout Europe." Dr. Withington also gives a useful note of the distinction between the Hippocratic system, and the later return to the more hieratic, by remarking that Dioscorides, while recommending cinquefoil also, adds the characteristic injunction that three leaves must be used as the remedy for tertian fevers, and four for quartans, "while the addition of three [or presumably four] crushed spiders in a bag adds greatly to the efficacy." Whether the revival of hieratic medicine was really due to the increase of malaria and the evil moral effects of the disease, as Mr. Jones seems inclined to believe, must be left to further expert investigation. Major Ronald Ross's successes against such common pests as malaria and mosquitoes have aroused the sympathy even of the unscientific. He has given a permanent new terror to the creatures' hum. But it may interest their victims to learn that the den of the disease which they spread was indicated by Lancisi, reviving the observations of Hippocrates, as early as 1717, and again in 1752 and 1768 by Sir John Pringle and James Lind, physician to the Royal Hospital at Haslar. It must be noted with regret that the Bibliography and Index, although they are presumably supplied by the bibliographers of the Manchester University Press, are inadequate, owing to the stupid habit now common of omitting the "christian" names of authors. Since there are some three dozen writers of the name of Pringle and Lind, and two physicians of the same period named James Lind, some ten learned Gomperz, and a legion of learned Kühn, it is not sufficient to index the surname if any useful purpose is to be served. As regards "Kühn" in particular, who is quoted perpetually throughout this volume, there is no indication whatever how his work is to be discovered. Some of the references appear to be to "Inoculation Against Malaria," Mr. H. A. Nesbitt's translation from Philalethes Kühn, and others not. Whoever is responsible for these omissions had better explain them, for they seriously detract from the utility of the Index and Bibliography, and are not to be expected in a publication of the Manchester University Press.

The recent action of the Hellenic Government in

establishing a government monopoly in quinine, in order to insure its purity, mentioned with approval by Mr. Jones, will commend itself to the most ardent individualist. But the sceptical will wonder whether the Hellenic Government will distinguish itself by resisting the temptation to make a profit, and will actually supply the drug as pure as it pretends to. If it does so, it will do much to justify its claims over greater Greece.

Major Ronald Ross's dealings with mosquitoes and Professor Robert Koch's with the tsetse and surra also suggest to the curious layman the question, whether the devotion to Baalzebub of the Akronite dwellers in the Philistinian *compagna* was prompted by malaria and kindred diseases. Though Ekron is supposed to have received its compliment of Anakim settlers in the time of Joshua, the race seems to have quickly degenerated. The inhabitants seem to have suffered more than the other Philistines while they were keeping the ark of Israel, and after that period to have supplied to history neither persons nor events.

STUDIES IN MIND

Psychology and Crime. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.
(Unwin.)

WITHIN recent years psychology, which at one time was perhaps the most haphazard and least regulated of studies, has taken its place as an acknowledged science, with well-defined rules, recognised departments and efficient laboratories in many universities, and professors whose names have become world-famous as exponents of the wonderful inner mechanism of the human mind. In its progress many comfortable platitudes have been disintegrated, many shams exposed, many false conclusions built upon unstable hypotheses demolished. Astronomers bothered at the slight discrepancies of their minute observations and calculations, came to the psychologist's workshop to investigate the rapidity of impressions and reactions, and then "it would not do," says Professor Münsterberg, "to go on claiming that thought is quick as lightning when the experiments of the astronomers had proved that even the simplest mental act is a slow process, the time of which can be measured." Experiments are the basis of this science, actual class-room experiments—much to the surprise of the average man, who often imagines that psychology is a matter of books and lectures only. In this case, however, although the most delicate and sensitive mechanical instruments are in constant use, the object of the research far transcends that of every other science, for to explore the remotest crannies of the mind of man, to find out how and why and in what time certain thoughts and impulses are generated, how and in what manner the actions consequent to such thoughts and impulses are performed, is, putting it broadly, the aim of the professor's life-work. And most men would be astonished at the results of some of those keen hours of study—astonished to find how frail is the human sense of reliability, how easily the strictest of us may tell a false story when completely trustful that every word we say is the truth and capable of being corroborated. Professor Münsterberg carried out a series of elementary tests with his own students which is of great interest and significance. He showed them a large sheet of white cardboard on which fifty little black squares were pasted in irregular order; exposing it for five seconds, he asked how many black spots were on the sheet. The answers varied between twenty-five and two hundred. Then he exhibited a card which contained only twenty spots. This time the replies ran up to seventy and down to ten:

We had here highly-trained, careful observers, whose attention was concentrated on the material, and who had full time for quiet scrutiny. Yet in both cases there were some who believed that they saw seven or eight times more points than some others saw; and yet we should be disinclined to believe in the sincerity of two witnesses, of whom one felt sure that he saw two hundred persons in a hall in which the other found only twenty-five.

He next asked for the number of seconds which elapsed between two loud clicks which were actually separated by ten seconds. The answers varied between half a second and sixty, a large proportion of the students giving forty-five seconds. When the interval was reduced to three seconds, replies ranged from half a second to fifteen, in spite of the fact that the students knew beforehand that they were to estimate the time which passed between the sounds:

The variations would probably have been greater still if the question had been put to them after hearing the sound without previous information; and yet a district attorney hopes for a reliable reply when he enquires of a witness, perhaps of a cabman, how much time passed by between a cry and the shooting in the cab.

Again, the members of the class were requested to describe the sound they would shortly hear, and to state what caused it. The professor immediately struck a large tuning-fork, concealed from their view. Two men out of a hundred recognised the sound as that of a tuning-fork; others took it for the note of a bell, an organ-pipe, a muffled gong, a brass instrument, a horn, a violin, a steam whistle, a human voice, etc., and in describing its tone denoted it as soft, mellow, humming, deep, dull, solemn, resonant, penetrating, full, rumbling; but then, again, as rough, sharp, whistling, and so on:

Again I insist that every one knew beforehand that he was to observe the tone, which I announced by a signal. How much more would the judgments have differed if the tone had come in unexpectedly?—a tone which even now appeared so soft to some and so rough to others—like a bell to one and like a whistle to his neighbour.

The material of another test consisted of white cards with ink-spots somewhat fantastically arranged. These were shown for two seconds, and the suggestion was made that the rough ink "drawings" represented something in the outer world. The definitions given were surprising in their comprehensiveness—soldiers in a valley, grapes, a palace, a river bank, foliage, a rabbit, a town with towers, rising storm, hair in curl-papers, a china plate, a harvest scene, an elephant. These are but a few out of the list. Other fascinating ordeals the students went through for the benefit of humanity, but we must refrain from more quotations.

The notes of these class-room experiments are, of course, not the main feature of the book; they are adduced in an introductory chapter, and only lead up to the more serious and important questions which form its chief purpose. Psychology, the one science which could assist most reasonably in the disentangling of complicated legal and criminal matters, is the one which seems to be entirely neglected, and it is with the object of bringing forward a few preliminary arguments in favour of its adoption that this treatise has been written. It is confessedly composed in a popular and easily comprehended style, free from technicalities or abstruse statements, and Professor Münsterberg is engaged on a more exhaustive work concerning applied psychology which may serve adequately as a basis for actual trial should the authorities ever decide that psychological support is admissible, for instance, in a difficult murder case. It occurs to us that there is a great deal to be said for this point of view now that

the study of the mind has reached such a pitch of exactness, especially considering the recurrence of unsolved crimes in our modern life—it is possible that many of the famous mysteries which will now be for ever dark might have been cleared up had an expert and impartial psychologist been allowed to examine the witnesses and suspects. The author treats of many things in this connection: the serious perturbation and consequent unreliability of a nervous witness, caused by his unusual surroundings; the ease with which a clever lawyer can "suggest" an answer favourable to his own side of the case; the nature of the jurymen's outlook under the stress of the trial, and so on. There is also an acute discussion in a concluding chapter on the relationship of hypnotism to criminality, and the feasibility of its employment as a help to investigation. "It is not criminals that are 'born,'" says Professor Münsterberg, "but men with poorly working minds," and, taken in time, the training of the mind predisposed to weakness and easily influenced is one of the surest methods of preventing crime. The book is most instructive, interesting, and thought-compelling, and we await the distinguished author's more expansive volume with anticipations of more than usual pleasure.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Flying Months. By FRANCES M. PEARD. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

THE contrasts between the natures of two women forms the dominant note of this ingenious story—the one a widow, young, pretty, heartless and an incorrigible flirt, the other one of those straight, clear-eyed, lovable persons who are often passed over for more exciting company by even the best men. The scene of the action lies for a third of the book in England, a third in Italy, and a third in India, approximately; but there is no crude or sudden "lifting" of the characters from one place to another as though they were mere puppets—all the changes evolve naturally from preceding situations. Cordelia, the fine, true, and resolute girl, forced by circumstances to make her way in the world, takes a position as governess and companion in the house of Nesta Hastings, a school friend of former days, now a widow with two children, and the difference in their ideas of honour and their outlook on life leads to a continual state of friction; this discomfort reaches its climax in the weeks that follow the appearance of a previous lover of Cordelia, who rather meanly transfers his allegiance to Nesta, the more brilliant of the two. On the disturbances which ensue, and the story of Elliott's search for traces of his legitimacy in India we need not enlarge; suffice it to say that the plot is cleverly disclosed, and that Cordelia is left within measurable distance of happiness at last.

The Romance of a Nun. By ALIX KING. (Rebman, 6s.)

THERE is an ingenuous quality about this romance which gives it considerable charm, in spite of a certain monotony. It professes to be the "nonsense-book" of a young girl who had taken the vow of seclusion from the world, but whose rebellious spirit proved too strong and too hungry for the pleasures of a larger life to allow her any peace. The pseudo-prisoner with whom she falls in love is an artist—in these cases the man is generally an artist or a writer—who has obtained access to a window that overlooks a part of the convent grounds, and who establishes communication by means of dropped notes, in the portage of which an intelligent dog assists materially. Probable

bility is not a strong point of the story, and the characters of the sisters are very vaguely indicated, but the inconsistent course of the thoughts of a young girl's mind, the rise and fall of hope, the conflict between duty and desire are excellently suggested; the chapters contain just that sort of irresponsible mixture of fun and seriousness which a girl under such rules and restrictions might be expected to commit to the secrecy of her book. The ending, told by the man who is chiefly concerned, is death and disappointment, but the reader's interest is held to the last, and an admirable delicacy and restraint are shown where a clumsy hand might easily have made errors in good taste. No particular cleverness is betrayed by this story, but it is harmless and pleasant to read.

Moran of Kildally. By LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)

THIS study of a man who was possessed, body and soul, by alcoholism, and whose benighted conduct overclouded the career of his clever daughter, is strongly reminiscent of Mr. J. M. Barrie's earlier work. We have the groups of village worthies with their comments in broad Scotch dialect on matters mundane or heavenly; the old schoolmaster, and his joyous self-congratulation over the scholars who have gone forth to make a name in the world; the bright girl who goes to college, and so on. There is nothing particularly distinguished about the book, although the story itself cannot be said to lack interest. The dialect to which we have alluded is a little too freely used—unnecessary harassment is caused by the sudden incursion of a speech such as the following:

"Yes," said the Doctor, "I heard you as I passed the inn. Ye were thrang wi' a wheen cuddies yonder. I heard them snichering."

It is true there is a glossary appended, but to turn to it occasions needless bother when the reader wants to get on with the story in a straightforward manner. Once or twice the conversations between the cronies are quietly amusing:

"Oor man's a great scholar. He was tellin' us last Sabbath about Sodom and Gomorrah, and he said they were twa touns. Dod, d'ye ken, I aye was in the belief they wis man and wife."

The finish of the tale comes with the death of both the hero, Moran (if so pitiful a character can be termed a hero), and his daughter, Elsie, and is written too much in the sentimental vein to reach a high standard of literary value; most readers will be inclined to prefer the opening chapters as more true to life and better in style. In the delineation of "Joseph, the Dreamer," the author is at his best, and very successful.

Side-Tracks and Bridle-Paths. By LIONEL JAMES (Intelligence Officer). (Blackwood, 6s.)

ALTHOUGH this volume embodies the relation of many detached episodes it does not come under the category of the usual collection of short stories, for the narratives are nearly all personal experiences which have to do either with recent events in war-history or with happenings that are familiar to most Englishmen; and we may say at once that not often does so entertaining a budget come into our hands.

In the first portion of the book the author relates some exciting occurrences in Persia, chiefly at or round the city which has quite lately made itself known through our daily papers—Tabriz. It was no easy matter to get away from the place at the time of his visit. Driving to the Julfa Road, with four horses abreast, things became lively:

Suddenly puffs of smoke broke out from the loopholes and rippled along the whole line. This sounds very awful, especially as we were only thirty yards away. But it must be remembered that the Shah's soldiery, then in garrison at the bridge, was the Marand Regiment, which is composed of men only introduced quite recently to their uniforms and rifles. These said rifles are ancient Berdams, which upon discharge develop a prodigious kick. Therefore, the Shah's soldiers when they fire shut their eyes very tightly and murmur a prayer to Allah. Allah as a consequence takes the bullets high, and they sang over our heads like a flight of wild duck.

The next stories of the collection deal with India, and "The Discouragement of Surendra Nath Mukerji"—a tale of the downfall of a blatant native barrister—is the best of these. Russia, South Africa, Turkey, are also laid under contribution, and a couple of English articles conclude the book—these are surprisingly poor in quality after the foregoing brilliant pages. But the account of the progress of three friends who decided to take a motor-car across Germany, with the object of seeing the manœuvres in Silesia, is the raciest and best written sketch in the whole group. Beginning with the hundred formalities and complications of getting the car past the German customs, and continuing with various breakdowns and mishaps on the road, it is bright, with a touch of genuine comedy throughout, and the reader who finishes it without a series of broad smiles and a feeling of having been put *en rapport* with the luckless travellers will be either a confirmed neurotic or a hopeless pessimist. With the exception of the two articles previously mentioned we can recommend this book with a great deal of pleasure.

The Heart of Scotland. Painted by SUTTON PALMER. Described by A. R. HOPE MONCRIEFF. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d.)

THE "colour-book" is now an established feature of the publishing-lists, and must be accepted, we suppose, as an indication that as we grow older the taste for looking at pictures, which originated in certain "indestructible" and lurid prints in nursery-days, remains and develops. Our hoardings and spare walls are crammed indiscriminately with flaming posters for the benefit of those whose artistic education is hypothetical—the psychology of the poster would form an interesting study; our novels are sometimes decorated with strange and wonderful pages supposed to represent scenes in the story; and the window of a newspaper-shop, wherever it be, is a conglomeration of atrocities in the way of cheap printing which is of dire significance to the student of the populace. What necessity for thought is saved to the man in the street when for a penny he can purchase the pictures which tell him the news!

Fortunately, however, the colour-books which have won their way into public favour of recent years stand on a different and much higher plane, and are usually supported by literary matter of an excellent quality. This is especially true of the one before us, which can only receive a favourable verdict from whatever point of view we criticise it. Mr. Hope Moncrieff has taken a portion of the lovely northern country which is complementary to that described in his other volumes, and his little studies of its history, customs and scenery are quite above the average; the humorous note, too, which sounds throughout the whole series, is by no means out of place—it lightens many pages which might otherwise by some readers have been skipped as "dry" or "heavy." Good stories are interspersed, not without their bearing on the Scottish character; we may be permitted to quote one or two without trespassing unduly on the author's store:

One of the early emigrants to the Southern States of America is said to have rigged out all his negroes in kilts and such-like, teaching them also to speak Gaelic and to pipe and reel among cotton fields and cane swamps. But when one of these blackamoor retainers, liveried in a kilt, was sent to meet a practically-minded countryman landing from Scotland the effect of so transmogrified a figure proved appalling. "Hae ye been long oot?" stammered the newcomer, and took his passage back by the next ship.

Replying to a certain Italian writer who compares the Tiber with the Tay, and has seen a bare-legged boy wading the Tay above Perth bridge to pick up pebbles, the author says:

Being unable to refute his main contention I would have him know that this laddie was probably risking wet breeks at low tide not in search of pebbles, but of pearls, sometimes picked up here; that a bridge would naturally be built near a ford; and that a mile higher up, beyond the tide-flow, the Tay is deep enough to drown boys in its treacherous pools, and might make Julius Caesar himself call for help if he tried swimming across it in spate.

Some tales of the old Perthshire Volunteers are delightful. The author was in charge of a detachment told off on guard-of-honour duty when Queen Victoria visited the city to inaugurate a statue of Prince Albert, and he does not spare himself in his account of the affair:

During the hours of uncertainty officers of rank kept galloping to and fro, to whom I was uncertain whether or no I should pay military compliments. I asked my colonel, who was as much at a loss as myself. Then I consulted the staff-sergeant on whom I depended as my coach, and his advice struck me as full of wisdom: "I don't know what the practice is, sir, but it would be safer to do it too much than too little." So I began presenting arms to every cocked hat that came by, and as I could never be quite sure whether this or that one had been already saluted our rifles were going up and down all the morning like the keys of a piano. Afterwards I learned that the Sovereign's guard should ignore any other personages.

Lengthy chapters are devoted to "The Macgregors" and "Rob Roy and his Sons," but we can spare no space to give samples of their quality. The illustrations, as we have already hinted, are exceedingly good; in their suggestions of atmosphere and distance they are more than usually effective; the only complaint we feel justified in making is that two or three of them incline to the conventional, such as "A Highland Cottage" and "Autumn in the Highlands"; these are rather too reminiscent of the stereotyped scenes which grocers of discernment have adopted to grace their annual almanacks. For the rest, they are as fine examples of the art of reproduction in colour as we have yet seen in books of this category.

A History of Art. By DR. G. CAROTTI. Translated by BERYL DE ZOETE. Vol. 2. The Middle Ages. (Duckworth and Co., 5s. net.)

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH'S English edition of Dr. Giulio Carotti's comprehensive history is likely to prove an exceedingly useful book of reference. It is a pity that the use of so many series of notation makes it at first sight difficult to discover how far their edition has arrived in Dr. Carotti's work. This is Messrs. Duckworth's second volume out of four, and represents the first part of Dr. Carotti's second volume, all that he had issued at the date of Miss Beryl de Zoete's translation. There is no objection to the rendering of the original into English by different translators, and Mrs. Arthur Strong's revision, whether it applies to the text or to the bibliography alone, as Miss Zoete seems to imply, would render Dr. Carotti's work more valuable. But since Mrs. Strong and Dr. Carotti are both authorities on the subject, it should appear clearly where one ends and the other begins. This is not the

case in the present volume; there is no sign, for instance, who is responsible for the notes, nor whether Mrs. Strong has overcome the difficulties, and even impossibilities, mentioned by Miss Zoete, in verifying all Dr. Carotti's references, or whether she has merely omitted those which she could not verify. However, the bibliography, as it stands, is abundantly clear and adds greatly to the utility of the volume.

With regard to Dr. Carotti, it must be remembered that his work is "elementary and introductory in its intention" and does not "claim to have covered all the artistic phenomena evolved within the limits of his period." It is, as Miss Zoete again well describes it, "a panorama," intended to give a general view of the history of art, to stimulate further research, and to supply a list of accessible works on the subject. Dr. Carotti cannot, therefore, be justly blamed for offering little criticism, for it is not his object; nor that the little which he does offer is uncritically laudatory. If he had omitted all comments, as he might have done for the sake of space, his work would have been condemned as dull, for, after all, it is intended to be read through, and is not only an encyclopædia. His remarks should, therefore, be regarded as emphasising such broad traits of style as immediately strike the spectator; as such they help to impress salient features on the memory of the student and have their obvious use. His comments are, therefore, rather descriptive than critical, positive rather than comparative. He succeeds in creating or recalling characteristics of Neo-Brahminic, Saracenic, Romanesque or Gothic art without comparing their merits or entering upon their relative architectural stability. Such questions should be found by the student answered in the works included in the bibliography.

The present volume is divided into three books. The first, *Early Christian Art*, contains a chapter on the Catacombs, and a second on the Constantinian basilicas. The second book, *Neo-Oriental Art*, has a chapter on Byzantine art; a second on Arab art, considered architecturally, locally, and in the minor or industrial forms; a third, on Indian art of the Neo-Brahminic period; and a fourth on Arabo-Indian art. The third book deals with Western or European art in four chapters: the first, *Carolingian art*, first in Italy and then north of the Alps. The remainder of the book excludes Italy. The second chapter deals with Romanesque art in France, Germany and England; the third with Gothic art in architecture, sculpture, painting, and the minor decorative and industrial forms; and the fourth with the offspring of Gothic art in England, Germany, Flanders, Spain and Portugal. It will thus be evident that in a small volume of a little over three hundred pages, containing also three hundred and fifty illustrations in the text, there is little room for digression.

Miss Beryl de Zoete's translation is generally so clear and good that it deserves the correction of a few slips, or errors of judgment which tend to confusion. The well-known statue at Amiens is really called "*le beau dieu*," not "*le bon dieu*." Vienne has got confounded with the capital of Austria and has so slipped out of the Index. The metal altar decoration at St. Ambrogio, Milan, and at St. Mark's, Venice, should never be called—correctly enough—a pall, which suggests funerals, nor a *pallium*, which suggests the primatial vestment, but distinctively, the *palliotto* and the *pala d'oro*, which suggest nothing but themselves. On the other hand, though "the coney is a feeble folk" in proverbs, in accurate description, foliage is only "peopled" with little animals, in Ireland.

The tables of examples are very useful and catch the eye, and most of the little illustrations are wonderfully clear; the volume is, indeed, a model of packed information.

Gervase. By MABEL DEARMER. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE conflict between the ascetic and the lover of earth has often been taken as a theme by novelists with varying success—it is never uninteresting, and, if handled with the least skill, cannot fail to engender certain grim and uncompromising situations. But to combine these two antagonistic temperaments in one person, to set within a single character the grave, almost monastic spirit of the dreamer and the imperious desires of the repressed body, and to trace the evolution of the soul swung between these fires from boyhood, through a critical adolescence, to manhood and maturity (the terms being not invariably synonymous) is a task less frequently attempted. It is too formidable to appeal to the inexperienced hand, not popular enough for the pen that scratches merely for gold, and demands so fine and so sure a touch that many writers of fiction whom we justly name great might well ponder and hesitate before undertaking it. Among these deterring difficulties Mrs. Dearmar has passed scathless, and succeeded, it is hardly too much to say, brilliantly.

Gervase Alleyne, born of a mother who was frail physically and strong in spiritual faith, son of a father who was an honest materialist, passionate with and yet devoted to his wife, is introduced to us as a baby in a first chapter of charm and insight such as few have excelled—it is fitly entitled "The Psychology of the Baby," and from it we give one or two brief quotations which will show the literary grace of the author's sentences:

A bar of sunlight lay across the ceiling, and the baby stared at it. It pleased him, because it brought with it a sense of familiarity; it had been there before, and the baby had lain in his cradle and had looked at it.

He did not consider the light from an æsthetic point of view, he only recognised in it a condition of things that had been before, and his pleasure lay in the sense of this recognition. He crowed and stretched his limbs luxuriously; by virtue of his memory of it that bar of light belonged to him. The world had been to him until quite lately only a series of recurring impressions; but as they begot in him remembrance he realised himself, and them. He owned his world. He stretched out his limbs to feel his strength, and crowed afresh.

He laughed now, for a great bluebottle had walked suddenly across the bar of sunshine, and he had noticed that before. Seen but dimly the bluebottle struck him as a peculiarly humorous object, made entirely in order to create laughter.

The last passage, describing the father and mother, gives the *crux* of the matter and suggests the design of the book:

Out of the intermingling of these two lives—the one fundamentally of the earth, the other of the spirit, each eternally opposed to each, and only held together by the attraction of opposites—was born the baby in the cradle. From these two natures, so simple in their essence, so complex in their union, had been evolved a third, a being whose soul must by its very incarnation become the meeting-ground of forces but dimly dreamt of. A facile prophecy, taking into account these antecedents, might well forecast an existence at variance with itself, a thing half God, half brute, yet wholly human.

But the boy, knowing nothing of the projects of Time, lay in his cradle and laughed at the ponderous bluebottle and the bar of sunlight.

Gervase is left an orphan, an intensely lonely child, and his tender little soul is seared in a short school-life until the body revolts and he is sent to his solitary home to be cared for by a tutor. This man, Mark Hassall, happens to be one calculated in every way to bring out the inherited spiritual nature of the boy, and for years one side of life—that of love and passion—is completely shut off. It may be imagined that sooner or later for such a youth the heavens would open blindingly, and that his love-making would be a pro-

cess at which the gods might hold their breath. The story of Gervase's bewilderment when he discovers his passion for the common little Miriam Soul, knowing her to be stupid and unworthy (and this is what appalls him, for he is introspective to a high degree), is a distinguished literary achievement, fervid without trespassing into eroticism, vivid without becoming fantastic, essentially consistent with the dual nature of the man. The body wins, through the artifices of Miriam, and Gervase marries her; but the marriage is one in name only, and the sin to which Miriam abjectly confesses on the evening of the wedding-day separates them till her death. The real love which had long existed sub-consciously between Kate Soul, Miriam's sister, and Gervase forms the second crucial episode of the book, and the account of Mark Hassall's predominating influence over his former pupil, long after he had attained an age when most men act for themselves, is a psychological study which is of extreme interest, but too dependent on the whole scheme of the story to be suggested by quotation.

The one improbable note which occurs to us in reading this romance is the emphatic difference between the two sisters, Kate and Miriam—one a clever and even famous artist, a woman of grace and delicacy, the other a coarse, half-educated little sloven, with neither good taste nor good manners. Some of Kate's remarks, for instance, betray a capacity for criticism and apt use of language which to her sister would be absolutely incomprehensible, such as her dictum that "A great picture is a picture of the model, a picture of yourself, and a vision thrown in between the two." Such incongruities among families are, perhaps, discoverable in real life, but the point is debatable whether it is possible to introduce so sharp a contrast, having due regard to the reader's sense of reasonableness. We can well pardon the author this lapse, however (if it be one), for the sake of the very fine novel she has given us. Taken purely from the literary standpoint, there is not a careless paragraph in the whole book; judged by the more human standpoint, set by comparison with life and experience, there is scarcely an improbable situation, considering what a battlefield of doubts and fears was the mind of Gervase Alleyne. It is a pleasant duty on our part, and one we could wish for more frequently, to recommend this novel heartily to all our readers who value good work.

HOW THE LAW FAVOURS WOMEN

In this article an attempt will be made, as briefly as the magnitude of the important subject permits, to show some of the numerous advantages enjoyed by women under man-made law and administration. In the first place we shall deal with the criminal law, because here the privileges are overwhelming—the most rampant Suffragette cannot claim that there is any offset for men at all, save, perhaps, that a man who gets a girl into trouble is not indicted with her as an accessory if she murders her illegitimate child, the law not yet recognising such vicarious responsibility. However, in considering the question of the abduction of a girl under eighteen, or the seduction of a girl under sixteen, by the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885—which the Feminists would like to see strengthened in favour of women—the whole responsibility is thrown by the law on the man's shoulders: he is involved in serious penalties; while the female, although she may be several years older and the inciting party, gets off scot free. This is all the more unjust when you consider, say, that a girl approaching sixteen is often practically a woman, whilst a boy of the same age, for instance, is never more than a child.

But it is when women commit crime that the law becomes so peculiarly tender on their behalf. Since 1831 no female can be flogged under any consideration, whereas men are often flogged for highway robbery with violence, which women sometimes commit; for criminal assault, which, bad as it is, is no worse than vitriol-throwing; and for prison indiscipline of a gross description, of which viragoes are often guilty.

A wife cannot be convicted of any larceny, burglary, forgery, or for uttering forged notes, if the offence is committed in the presence of her husband, on the presumption that she so acted under the coercion of her husband. This is the kind of legal "presumption" that made Bumble declare the law "a bachelor" and "a hass." We are, of course, aware that the "presumption" can be rebutted, but a certain well-known foreign dancer has very good reason to be thankful that the law requires amazingly strong rebutting evidence. It is on this principle, too, of the greater responsibility of males to females, that the court always acts in allotting punishment where men and women are charged together for the same offence. It seems to be an accepted axiom that the man was the instigating party and committed the greater part of the crime. Even where men and women are charged separately for similar offences there is no comparison in their treatment. Women far more often than men get the benefit of the doubt of a recommendation to mercy, and of the First Offenders Act, while the sentences of females are invariably on a lower scale. Mr. Belfort Bax, the Socialist writer, has often given examples of this flagrant inequality before the law. He has shown conclusively that whereas if a man kills a woman in a fit of exasperation he is almost invariably hanged, if a woman kills a man in similar circumstances she is almost invariably acquitted on some whining and mendacious plea. He cites one particularly bad case which was heard at the Middlesex Sessions on the 23rd of May, 1894. Here a wife, who had stabbed her husband so that he was lying in a dangerous condition in the hospital, was released on her own recognisances. Her excuse was that she was drunk at the time. The husband was condemned, however, to pay 5s. a week for her support, at which she grumbled, alleging that he could well afford £1 a week. A short time after she came back and again assaulted her husband. She was this time fined a trifling sum with the alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment!

It must be remembered, too, that female convicts get a remission of a month more a year than male for good conduct, and have not to report themselves similarly on release, an official actually visiting them at their residences for that purpose. Nor is the prison treatment at all similar. No woman can be forced to sleep on a plank-bed, neither is she given any of those degrading, useless and heart-breaking tasks to perform of which we have heard so much in reference to masculine prisoners. Further, although it is customary to put Socialists and others sent to prison for more or less technical and political offences in the Third Division, an exception is made in the case of Suffragettes who are incarcerated in the Second Division, and that under modified conditions.

But to return to the criminal law. Since 1895, when the Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act was passed, a woman cursed with a drunken or brutal husband can obtain a separation on proving ill-treatment at a police court, and compel him to contribute a sum not exceeding £2 a week for her support. She is also given legal custody of any children under sixteen. Men have no equivalent for this, save that under Sub-section 2 of Section 5 of the Licensing Act, 1902, a husband cursed with a hopelessly drunken wife

can get her sent to an Inebriates' Home. Yet surely a man may suffer as much at the hands of a muscular termagant as a woman may suffer at the hands of a ruffianly husband.

Then, to pass to the civil law, there is the Slander of Women Act, 1891. Originally it was a custom confined to Bristol that if a person imputed unchastity to a woman she could bring an action for slander without alleging special damage. Now by this Act a female similarly traduced can bring such an action wherever she lives, but no man can do so unless he is a *beneficed* clergyman. A woman bringing such an action can certainly recover no more damages than costs unless she has specially suffered, but, at any rate, she has the opportunity of vindicating her character.

"But," someone may remark, "how about the divorce laws?" Well, to start with, no woman, however wealthy, can be made to pay damages and costs as a co-respondent; and frequently when an injured husband obtains damages he either sets them aside for the erring wife's benefit, or in some cases they are sequestered by the court. The husband's privileges are really paper privileges, for the terms "cruelty" and "desertion" are made very elastic for the benefit of a wife; and it must not be forgotten that there is this difference between her misconduct and his: she can introduce an illegitimate child into the household for him to keep.

However, it is when you come to consider the law relating to married women generally that you see how privileged women are and in what a correspondingly disadvantageous position men are placed. A wife can pledge her husband's credit, but he can't pledge hers. If she deserts him and gets an order for restitution of conjugal rights it isn't worth the paper it's written on (*Regina v. Jackson*). He is jointly responsible civilly for her tortious acts, such as libel (*Seroka v. Katzenberg*). She can snap her fingers in his face and refuse to do a hand's-turn of work or contribute anything to household expenses or education of children. She is bound to keep husband and children off the rates, if able to do so, and, since the flagrant case of *Pontypool Guardians v. Buck* called Parliament's attention to the matter, her parents as well. But that is the extent of her obligations. She cannot be sent to prison for debt, nor made a bankrupt unless trading separately, and if there is a restraint on anticipation of her property the court will remove it for her benefit, but not for the benefit of creditors. As for her not being allowed to make a personal profit out of money given her for household expenses, the law can hardly be expected to wink at embezzlement.

We have stated that a married woman is not amenable to the Debtors Act, 1869, by which a person can be imprisoned for contempt of court for refusing to satisfy a judgment order if able to do so. It may be added that spinsters in practice usually enjoy a similar immunity. Judge Rentoul, at the City of London Court in 1906, stated, when asked to commit a female trader to prison, that he never committed a woman debtor, and hoped he never should.

In conclusion, by the provisions of an Act passed last year, policemen and park-keepers may confiscate tobacco found on boys under sixteen, but they have no similar powers in the case of girls.

THE DRINK QUESTION

If we turn to the late Dr. Anstie's well-known work, "Stimulants and Narcotics," we find the following passage in the introduction: "The use in everyday life of these substances is not, as some would have us believe, an outgrowth of modern corruption; on the contrary, it is consecrated by whatever sanction

immemorial custom can confer. There is absolutely no period in history, as there is absolutely no nation upon earth, in which we do not find evidence of this custom." Again, Dr. Lockhart Gillespie writes in his "Natural History of Digestion," published in 1898: "It is doubtful if there has ever been in this world a race of men ignorant of the stimulating and exhilarating effects of the products of the fermentation of starch and sugar." Wine and beer are both frequently mentioned in the Ebers Papyrus, 1500 B.C., and it must be remembered that that document probably consists of extracts made from earlier writings, some of which may date as far back as 5000 B.C. To come to the Bible. The "Encyclopædia Biblica" tells us that "With regard to the attitude of the Old Testament to the general question of the use of fermented beverages it is worthy of notice that, while *tirōš* in the Old Testament sometimes denotes the unfermented must, there is no trace in Hebrew literature, from the earliest period to the close of the Mishna, of any method of preserving it in the unfermented state. . . . Throughout the Old Testament the use of wine as a daily beverage appears as an all but universal custom. Even its use to exhilaration is implicitly approved, whilst the value of alcohol as a stimulant in sickness and distress is explicitly recognised. Summed up in the words of Jesus ben Sira, 'wine drunk in measure and to satisfy is joy of heart and gladness of soul.'" With regard to the New Testament, one quotation alone will suffice to prove that "wine" refers to fermented liquor. The words "neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break," etc., would be meaningless unless fermentation were implied. It is drunkenness and gluttony that are condemned in the Old and New Testament, but not wine-drinking and meat-eating, as our modern cranks make out. In fact, any intelligent student of the Bible might well say, with the late Professor Blackie, that the man who dines you but does not wine you is neither a Christian nor a gentleman. Dean Hole evidently held the same opinion. A recent writer has called attention to the fact, so carefully avoided by teetotal fanatics, that history shows that the only nations making any mark in the world are the drinking nations, and that the abstinent races occupy the position of "bottom dog." Furthermore, the ancient Greeks were no mean wine-drinkers, and they could think and express their thoughts too, and the German, whose philosophy, when it dies, goes to Oxford, seldom retires for the night until either wine or beer has given him the *richtige Bettchwere*. There is no exaggeration in the statement that teetotalism, which really has nothing whatever to do with temperance, is one of the most noxious of the many obsessions that are nowadays rushing us along the "downgrade." There is more all-round harm done by faddism than by drink. From a strictly scientific point of view alcohol should, perhaps, be placed among the heavy narcotic poisons, and does, when habitually over-indulged in, produce far-reaching evils; but if it were only half as injurious as some modern pathologists make out, the Northerners would have disappeared long ago. Alcoholic insanity, about which we hear so much nowadays, is a disease that appears in persons who are predisposed to the neuroses, and who have drunk to excess, and it is not so much the alcohol itself as the adulterants by means of which it is "faked" into favour that cause the majority of the cases of neuritis ascribed to alcoholism. So it is with other diseases usually attributed to a fervent worship of Bacchus. Cirrhosis of the liver *does* occur without alcoholism, and if the latter always produced the former the average Scotsman would, indeed, be in a parlous state. When Krupp first started his great works at Essen the only stimulant his employees could

obtain, at a cheap rate, was a vile kind of Schnapps, and the mortality amongst the workers was high and their productiveness low; but directly the great iron-master provided his men with good beer the death-rate sank, and the output rose both in quantity and quality. It is the sophisticated drink that injures even the moderate man. Temperance drinks, too, are not above suspicion, and one can well understand what Lord George Hamilton meant when he said that the only time he ever felt the worse for drink was after attending a teetotal banquet. In Berlin drinking is general and deep, but drunkenness is not common, and the Prussian capital is an example of sobriety to many cities in Britain. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday are not respectively Boozeday, Gorgeday, and Pawnticket-and-ginday with the Berlin as they are with the London working classes. Holidays, too, throughout Germany are times of genuine enjoyment, and the German *Ausflüge*, or excursions into the country, never terminate in the filthy orgies that mark so many English beanfeasts. Mr. James Pollard, who has studied the Berliners, says: "The people are satisfied with light drinks, which they can use in large quantities without intoxication. It is a consequence, partly of education, partly, perhaps, of military discipline, but chiefly of the aversion to what is useless, which is a dominant quality of the modern German mind, that the people are so self-controlled." In the opinion of the present writer, military discipline is the chief factor, for it has become both national and domestic discipline. In consequence of this, German brats do not smoke, and German women do not go on a "gin-crawl" or "bar-loaf" with their children. A well-known authority has computed that 60 per cent. of all cases of habitual inebriety owe their origin to some hereditary taint, the parents of the victims having been drunkards, or insane, or mentally defective, or rheumatic, gouty or consumptive, or afflicted with some more or less constitutional infirmity. In 20 per cent. of the cases the same authority traces history of injury or disease immediately preceding the abuse of alcohol. In 10 per cent. brain or nerve exhaustion was found to be the forerunner of habitual inebriety, whilst insanitary dwellings, bad surroundings and insufficient or improper food accounted for 5 per cent., thus leaving only a small proportion to be classified as "obscure" or "unknown."

Taking all the above facts into consideration, one cannot be surprised that prohibition has proved such a ludicrous failure as a preventive of drunkenness. Indeed, it is only in an age of fads, of sickly sentimentalism and maudlin cant, that legislation against drunkenness could be seriously proposed. Just as reasonably might one try to put down lunacy, rheumatism or earthquakes by Act of Parliament—in fact, the suggestion is only on a par with the famous Chinese Imperial Mandate forbidding the recurrence of an eclipse. Drunkenness cannot be looked on as a *crime*, any more than gluttony; it is a purely *personal* matter—a weakness, a misfortune, a sin, according to the light in which we may choose to view it—but the mere fact of getting drunk can no more constitute an offence against society than does the abuse of tobacco, or a surfeit of plum-pudding. The faddist may urge that under the influence of drink a man is more liable to crime, but this contention is altogether beside the mark; moreover, it is an indubitable fact that the real, hardened, hopeless criminal is rarely, if ever, an habitual or even an occasional drunkard. The fallacy of attempting to establish a connection between drunkenness and crime, or between drunkenness and disease, has been crushingly exposed by the celebrated Dr. Duclaux, who has shown that the worst, the most diabolical, crimes are invariably planned and perpetrated by individuals in the full exercise of their

reasoning powers, and for whom no excuse of mental aberration can be urged. There is no attempt on the part of the present writer to hold a brief for drunkenness; it is a curse to the individual just as is every other sin of material self-indulgence, and as such should be discouraged and fought against. But it is as absurd, and as contrary to all principles of law and justice, to punish a drunkard as such, as it would be to punish the man who injures his constitution by smoking too many cigarettes, or by a too luxurious table. It is only when the influence of drink renders him a nuisance or a danger to his fellow-men that they have any right to interfere. Still more ludicrous is the attempt to restrict or prevent the moderate use of alcohol, on account of the excesses in which some indulge. The fanatics of teetotalism apparently hold—with vegetarians and kindred cranks—that some peculiar virtue resides in the abstinence from some special form of food or drink. To all but the devotees of the sect such a pretension can only appear childish. It is discipline that we want, not inhibitory legislation.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENERAL MEETING, 1ST APRIL, 1909.

DR. D. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., President, in the chair.

The minutes of the general meeting of the 18th March, 1909, were read and confirmed.

Miss Mary Rathbone, Mr. James Montagu Francis Drummond, B.A., and Dr. Marie Charlotte Carmichael Stopes, were admitted Fellows.

Mr. Henry Caracciolo, F.E.S., C.M.Z.S., Mr. John Beavis Groom, and Dr. Anstruther Abercrombie Lawson, were elected Fellows.

Dr. Marie Stopes exhibited several microscope slides and micro-photographs of plant petrifications from Japan. The petrifications are of Cretaceous age, and are preserved as masses of fragments in some degree like the palæozoic "coal-balls." The specimens included a number of new genera and species whose structure throws light on the flora of the Cretaceous period, and in particularly is important in relation to the question of the early Angiosperms. These specimens are the first to be worked on from these beds.

The President congratulated Miss Stopes in the name of the Society, on the successful and important results of her journey and explorations.

Prof. F. W. Oliver and Mr. E. A. Newell Arber joined in the discussion which followed.

Mr. A. D. Darbishire exhibited seven cases of specimens as the results of breeding experiments with peas, illustrating Mendelian Phenomena, and Mr. Arthur W. Sutton showed a large series of seeds, some being results obtained by crossing *Pisum arvense* from the neighbourhood of Jaffa, in Palestine, with varieties of culinary peas, *P. sativum*.

Prof. Keeble and Mr. J. R. Drummond contributed further remarks, and the exhibitors replied.

The first paper was presented by Mr. A. O. Walker, entitled "Amphipoda Hyperideæ of the 'Sealark' Expedition to the Indian Ocean." He explained that the Amphipoda Hyperideæ of the "Sealark" expedition consist of 35 species in 28 genera, none new to science. *Scina borealis*, G. O. Sars, has not previously been found in tropical seas. Most of the specimens were taken in open tow-nets, so the actual depth at which they occurred is uncertain, but an ovigerous female of *Platyscelus armatus* (Claus) was taken "off sounding-lead" at 209 fathoms, which shows that this species deposits its ova on the bottom.

Mr. Walker also showed specimens of Amphipoda preserved for 26 years in pure glycerine, the colour and markings being perfectly retained.

He concluded by offering for the acceptance by the Society a microscope by E. Leitz of Wetzlar, fitted with three powers and Abbé's condenser.

The President moved a special vote of thanks to the donor for his generous and welcome gift, which was carried by acclamation.

Dr. J. Cosmo Melvill gave an outline of the contents of his memoir on the Marine Mollusca of the same expedition. He said that the Marine Mollusca obtained during the Stanley Gardiner expedition of 1905-6 are especially interesting from the standpoint of geographical distribution. Accompanying the catalogue of nearly five hundred species are given tables of comparison with the Molluscan Faunas of nine or ten selected "areæ" of the Great Indo-Pacific region; one curious result of the investigation being that whereas many are identical with species found in Polynesia, or even Japan, the reverse obtains when comparison is made with the more contiguous fauna of the Persian gulf and North Arabian Sea. This last has been made the subject of special study during the past fourteen years and a total of nearly seventeen hundred species chronicled, of which something like five hundred proved new to science. Only one of these new forms (*Peristernia corallina* Melv.) has been found to occur in the Stanley Gardiner collections, made in the more southern portions of the same ocean, and comparatively few of the better known forms are identical. Indeed, the affinities of this collection are, as might be expected, Mauritian.

The Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing and Prof. Dendy added a few observations, and the author replied.

A paper by Mr. E. R. Sykes on the Land and Freshwater Mollusca of the Seychelles Archipelago was formally read, the following abstract giving a summary of the report.

The author gives an account of the land and freshwater shells collected by Mr. Stanley Gardiner in the Seychelles Islands. Nearly all the known forms are included in the collection, and three species belonging to *Ennea* (2) and *Prioniscus* (1) are described as new. A table showing the inter-insular distribution is given and a list of all known forms. The origin of the fauna is uncertain, but the islands have evidently been for some considerable period separated from the mainland.

The last paper was by Dr. W. T. Calman on a blind prawn from the Sea of Galilee, constituting a new genus and species, *Typhlocaris galilea*.

The author briefly replied to questions put by Mr. A. O. Walker and the Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing.

The next general meeting will be held on the 6th of May, 1909, at 8 p.m.

EXHIBITIONS.

1. Mr. E. A. Newell Arber.—The Oecology of Alpine Sempervivums.

2. Mr. James Buckland.—Lantern slides showing plumage birds which are in danger of extermination.

PAPERS.

1. Mrs. Leonora J. Wilsmore, M.Sc.—On some Zoanthææ from Queensland and the New Hebrides.

2. Dr. V. E. Shelford.—The oecological relations of the tiger-beetles.

Ballots will be taken in respect of the following:—Dr. William Henry Lang, M.B., C.M., and Mr. Martin Hubert Fouquet Sutton, as Fellows, and Professor Yves Delage and Magnus Gustaf Retzius as Foreign Members.

CORRESPONDENCE

A REPLY TO THE "OLD FIRM" IN PUBLISHING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We have read with a good deal of interest your scathing criticism of the Publishers' Circle in general, and the Young Publishers in particular, and as we are one of the youngest publishers in the field, we trust you will allow us to reply on behalf of those young publishers to whom we have the honour to belong. In the first place, let us say that we ourselves demur to the suggestion that we are knocking at the door of the literary agent and the author. We think we might rather say that the literary agent and the author are knocking at the door of the Young Publishers—whether it is that they are dissatisfied with the old firm, and hope for better things from the new we do not venture to determine. Be that as it may, we have had no lack of offers from authors known and unknown, and we have had a good percentage of the rejected rubbish of London hurled at our head in addition.

We hold no brief for the "Book Monthly," though we recognise it as a valuable asset to the publishing world, and we are quite prepared to admit that the Young Publisher is not going at once to set up a new standard for literary work; he must walk before he can run; but it seems to us that you overstep the mark when you say that: "In the hands of the Young Publisher English literature cannot exist." It is instructive on this point to compare some of the early lists with the recent lists of a few of the "old" firms. Almost invariably it will be discovered that there has been a progressive improvement in the quality of the literary work put forth. One would almost imagine from your article that the Old Firm was born old. Now, even admitting that your strictures on this point were entirely justified, we contend that the Young Publisher of to-day has as high ideals as the Young Publisher of yesterday, though, like the Old Firm in its youthful days, he may not be able at once to realise his ideals. Another fact must be borne in mind. It is not inherently impossible that the "Young Publisher" who has spent the best twenty years or so of his life with the "Old Firm"—as have several of the Young Publishers—should have imbibed some of the great traditions of the famous old publishing houses, and should strive to emulate the best models in his own business. Of course, the Young Publisher, like other men of business, looks at publishing from a commercial standpoint, and no doubt in his early days he is apt to regard everything saleable as grist for the mill; he cannot afford to be so exclusive as the Old Firm, because he would never become an "Old Firm" himself if he were. "Keep the mill grinding," must be his motto. But when it is asserted that "his 'Successes' are invariably and without exception based on material which is a disgrace to letters," we can only hold up our hands and say, to adapt the words of the famous Flaxman, "Give us time, and we will yet produce works that THE ACADEMY will be proud to recognise," to say nothing of the "Yellow" Press!

Youth, however, is not to be judged by length of days. As Bacon says, "A man may be old in hours though young in years, if he have lost no time." Many of the Young Publishers have shown a vigour and progressive spirit which are likely to entitle them before long to rank with the "old" firms, and a comparison of their lists with the early lists of many of the old-established firms will show that there is a much higher percentage of sound literature in the lists of the Young Publishers of to-day.

The rest of your letter seems to apply quite as much to the "Old Firm" as to the new. It is, moreover, hardly fair to tar all the Young Publishers with the same brush. Of course, there may be unscrupulous and unprincipled young publishers, as probably there are also publishing houses long established who have thriven on the gullibility of authors, but it is our belief that as a body the Young Publishers are aiming to realise the best traditions of the past. *We speak only for ourselves when we say that it is open for any of our authors to inspect our books during office hours.* May we also add that we have many letters in our possession which prove that friendliness and mutual understanding between author and publisher is no chimera. The Young Publisher may be only a shrewd business man, but we hope he is too shrewd not to see that the author's loss is not necessarily the publisher's gain. He ought to realise, and we think he does realise, that to bankrupt the author is not the surest way to success in the publishing field. He ought to perceive, and we think he does perceive, that the greatest successes have been won by those houses who are noted for their honourable dealing. Speaking for ourselves, it

will be the endeavour of this firm to follow in their steps, combining up-to-date business methods with the time-old principles of honesty, integrity, and fair dealing.

Much of the misunderstanding between authors and publishers arises simply from the fact that each views the subject from a different standpoint, and the author, having no practical experience of publishing, is unable to understand the view-point of the publisher. We ourselves have had authors approach us with ridiculous and most unworkable suggestions, and we have personal knowledge of many instances of authors asking for advances, which there was not the remotest likelihood that their books would ever earn. The author has never professed to be a business man, and without bandying accusations of dishonest intentions, it is a fact that he does only too frequently over-estimate the real monetary value of his work, and the publisher, not being a philanthropist by profession, must test the author's merits first of all from a commercial standpoint. Publishing necessarily involves an element of risk, a percentage of all publishing ventures must necessarily partake of the nature of gambles, and the publisher who does not allow a fair margin of profit even on the works of authors of established reputation will soon be neither old, nor young, nor middle-aged. We therefore say, long live the Publishers' Circle, and we would close by repeating our offer that we are willing for any of our authors to inspect our books at any time during office hours.

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WILLIAM BLAKE AND A THEORY OF VERSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I do not know whether it has been noted before that there is something of a definite philosophical theory indicated (consciously or unconsciously) in the playful lines which form the "Introduction" to the "Songs of Innocence." A cursory analysis of the lines, however, gives a close parallel to the line of thought indicated by certain passages in "Intentions." Both Blake and the author of "Intentions" touch on the same theme—the evolution of the lyrical expression. Both are closely similar in idea, although Blake's naive narration might gain acceptance where the prose statement might be rejected as partaking somewhat of wilfulness.

Blake's lines run as follow:—

INTRODUCTION.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:
"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.
"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.
"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Thus it is that he tells us whence the writing of the "Songs." First, the pure music of the "pipe," then the suggestion of a theme, then the wordless music of the theme, then the "singing" of the songs, and last of all, the writing of them. How closely is this succession allied with the passages in "Intentions" concerning the artist who conceives "certain modes of music and methods of rhyme," to whom "the mere form suggests what is to fill it and make it intellectually and emotionally complete"—even as the pure music of the "piping" suggested the theme—to Blake's little listening child. And in the suggestive lines of Blake where the songs are first sung, and then by virtue of their pleasing cadence (and not until then) are written, in this noticeable sequence, we are reminded of the words of eulogy in the Greek method—the test "always the spoken word in its musical and metrical relations." And it was the sense that this sequence so definitely traced out by Blake was so often reversed that prompted the spirited protest against "the tendency in literature to appeal more and

more to the eye and less and less to the ear . . . which, from the standpoint of pure art, it should seek to please, and by whose canons of pleasure it should abide always."

It may have been that Blake had no definite consciousness of enunciating a "theory." It may have been that he had never even mentally formulated one. Still, his own verses would suggest such a method, and the parallel indicated in the foregoing is even the more noteworthy assuming that Blake's tendencies in this matter were instinctive rather than deliberate.

T. W. COLE.

SOME BOOKMAKERS AND THEIR METHODS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Having noticed that you called attention, a little time ago, in the pages of THE ACADEMY, to the scope and possibilities within the reach of unscrupulous bookmakers (I mean the betting bookmaker, not the literary bookmaker), and knowing your usual love for fair play in all matters, whether they be literary, sporting, or otherwise, I venture to address to you an account of my painful experience, which clearly shows that some sort of legislation is necessary to protect people from the wiles of the dishonest section of bookmakers.

Last year I unfortunately began betting with some Jewish bookmakers in the belief that they had a trustworthy status. The first week I lost £20; another week I lost £40. I sent them my cheques on the following Mondays. Then I made a double-event bet, taking £1,000 to £5 Yentoi and Marcovil, for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Both horses won, but when I applied for the money I had won I was unable to get it; and I have since been unable to obtain it. They quibbled and contended that I had no receipt—no written contract. But surely everyone knows that in the racing world, on the racecourse, it is the custom to make bets without receipts and vouchers. It has often been said—and truly said—by racing journalists and others, that the tone of trust and commercial morality in betting is much higher than prevails in the City or the Stock Exchange, because in the former world merely a word is necessary to bind men to a contract which often involves thousands of pounds; whereas in the City or Stock Exchange, signed documents have to pass between the parties before the smallest money contract is binding. It is true in many cases, and it is absolutely true in the case of bookmakers of such unimpeachable integrity and repute, as Messrs. Slowburn, Pickersgill, Hibbert, and Goodson, and a few others, who are towers of strength and honour, as the racing world knows, and who would be worthy ornaments in any walks of the higher mercantile world.

But what protection has one got in the cases of scores of lesser bookmakers, who only pay a small loss, but who instantly repudiate a large bet—when they lose?

Either the Jockey Club or the legislation framers in the Houses of Parliament would do well to frame a complete and final code, thereby putting a stop to the loosest and most flagrant methods, which, at the present time, enable the crooked section of bookmakers to wallow in fur coats, motor cars, asparagus out of season, and Corona cigars, and to bask in the Riviera sun, whilst the defeated punter watches the scavengers clear away the snow and slush from the London streets.

Finsbury Barracks, E.C.

C. HAYES.

ENGLISH QUANTITIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A writer in to-day's ACADEMY speaks of my "rules of quantity." Permit me to explain that, so far from suggesting any, I have all along contended that it is impossible to lay down for English speech any such fixed rules as hold good in classic prosody. That our poets do make some use of quantitative relations between syllables I quite believe; if they did not, either consciously or unconsciously, they would not be getting full value out of their materials. But the predominance of stress-accent in our speech relegates quantity to so subordinate a position that the same syllable can usually be treated as long or short almost at will, and specific rules are for the most part illusory.

Writers of accentual "Sapphics" nearly always fail to make their rhythm sufficiently clear, their accents sufficiently certain. They do not realise that, the metre being unfamiliar and foreign, they must mark it with extra care. Give a non-classical reader such a line as:

Saw the white implacable Aphrodité,

and he can hardly fail to catch the measure. But give him such other ones as:

And with voices tuned to the Lord in music,
or:

Everlasting peace in Thy halls of splendour,

and he will be puzzled. The first two syllables in each of these lines have no natural weight. We force them into the required form, but he will probably make them an *anacrusis*. To ensure the metre being read as intended, the first syllable of each line should be always *strong*, and by preference *long*; the second *weak*, and by preference *short*. Unless a writer does this he is not really "making metre," but is leaving his reader to make it. A glance at Swinburne's example will show that he seldom leaves any possibility of doubtful stress in the first foot, or, indeed, in any other.

T. S. OMOND.

April 24th.

A SUFFRAGETTE MUMMER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—You will in all probability not be greatly surprised to learn that Mr. Forbes Robertson, so far from profiting by the excellent advice which you some time ago tendered to him, is at present taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by a provincial tour, throughout which he is impersonating a doddering, boarding-house Christ, in a blasphemous and illiterate production entitled *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, to deliver harangues at every stopping-place of the most approved Hyde Park description under the auspices of *The Women's Social and Political Union*.

Upon his tub-thumper fustian it would be mere waste of your valuable space to dilate. The solitary fact that he is figuring as a twin-star in the Suffragette firmament with Miss Adela Pankhurst—the poetic and romantic Christabel being doubtless engaged in inciting her compatriots to deeds of derring-do in the shape of ringing bells, flying kites, smashing windows, and scrawling upon pavements in some distant sphere dedicated to her peculiar talents—speaks eloquently for itself.

To reconcile the avocation of a mummer with that of a Suffragette stump-orator is an impossible task, and as a disciple of Mrs. Pankhurst—and obviously also in a secondary degree of Mr. Keir Hardie—it would, consequently, be Mr. Forbes Robertson's wisest course to desist from going "here and there" and "making himself a motley to the view," and frankly adopt the career of a hooligan's knight errant and Socialistic agitator.

Y. D. D.

"THE KING'S ENGLISH."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—When reading the lively correspondence on "The King's English" (Clarendon Press) which appeared in your columns a short time ago, I recalled to mind the pleasure and profit with which I first read Mr. Washington Moon's trenchant criticisms many years ago. Some of your readers will doubtless recollect Mr. Moon's books, the titles of which were "The Dean's English" (a criticism of Dean Alford's "Lectures on the Queen's English"), "Bad English Exposed," "The Revisers' English," and "Ecclesiastical English," all of which are now, unfortunately, out of print. The first two had a very large sale, and I do not think that any book of the same nature ever elicited so many favourable Press notices. If the Clarendon Press, or any other enterprising firm of publishers, were to acquire, and reprint, the two first-named books at popular prices they would do great service to young students desiring to gain a thorough knowledge of the resources of their mother tongue. Mr. Moon is not only an acute controversialist of admirable wit and temper, but is also a great master of clear and forcible English. The "Dean's English," particularly, is so full of wit and wisdom that it is, to me, a perennial source of pleasure, and seldom do I leave home for a holiday without finding a place for the little volume in my travelling-bag.

T. OWEN.

April 26th.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Samuel Pepys. Percy Lubbock. Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.

FICTION

- Willowdene Will.* Halliwell Sutcliffe. Unwin, 3s. 6d.
The Romance of a Nun. Alix King. Rebman, 6s.
Inez, the King's Page. Arthur Maltby. Woodhouse, 6s.
The Terror by Night. C. Ranger-Gull. White, 6s.
Gervase. Mabel Dearmer. Macmillan, 6s.
Cecilia Kirkham's Son. Mrs. Kenneth Combe. Blackwood, 6s.
The Englishwoman in India. Maud Diver. Blackwood, 5s. net.
Side Tracks and Bridle Paths. Lionel James. Blackwood, 6s.
The Veiled Lady. Florence Warden. Long, 6s.
Biddy the Spitfire. John Langfield. Long, 6s.
The Fountain of Beauty. L. T. Meade. Long, 6s.
The Love Tale of a Misanthrope. Ethel M. Forbes. Stock, 6s.
With Those that Were. Francis W. Grattan. Broadway Publishing Co.
The Flying Months. Frances M. Peard. Smith, Elder, 6s.
These Little Ones. E. Nesbit. Allen, 3s. 6d. net.
Rose of the Wilderness. S. R. Crockett. Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.
The Story of Felicity. Mina Doyle. Sands, 6s.
Y. America's Peril. P. A. Vaile. Griffiths, 6s. net.
The Shadow on Mayfair. Robert Halifax. Digby, Long, 6s.
The Arbitrator. Lucas Cleeve. Digby, Long, 6s.
The Girl in the Blue Dress. Richard Marsh. Long, 6s.
Stephen the Man. Henrietta Heilgers. Long, 6s.
Satan, K.C. Marie Harvey. Long, 6s.
The Iron Game. Frances Marsh. Fifield, 6s.
The Necklace of Parmona. L. T. Meade. Ward, Lock, 6s.
The Infamous John Friend. Mrs. R. T. Garnett. Duckworth, 6s.
Holborn Hill. Christian Tearle. Mills and Boon, 6s.
The Captain's Daughter. Helen H. Watson. Mills and Boon, 6s.
Peter Vandy. Edwin Pugh. White, 6s.
The White Sister. F. Marion Crawford. Macmillan, 6s.
Jeanne of the Marshes. E. Phillips Oppenheim. Ward, Lock, 6s.
The Romance of Smuggling. Athol Forbes. C. A. Pearson, 2s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY

- The Geography of the World.* Henry E. Evans. Blackie, 3s. 6d.
A Scientific Geography.—Book VII.: The British Empire. Ellis W. Heaton. Ralph Holland, 2s. net.

HISTORY

- A Brief Survey of the World's History.* Rev. H. G. Rogers. Blackie, 1s. net.
The Reign of Queen Victoria. J. Holland Rose. Blackie, 1s. 9d.
The Growth of Great Britain. F. B. Kirkman. Blackie, 1s. 9d.
The Buried City of Kenfig. Thomas Gray, V.D., J.P. Unwin, 10s. net.
The Story of the Jewish People. Vol. i. Jack M. Myers. Kegan Paul, 1s. 6d. net.

JUVENILE

- Under the Blue Dome.* Rev. John S. Hastie. Allenson, 3s. 6d.
A Mountain Path. John A. Hamilton. Allenson, 2s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS

- High Licence.* Frederick W. Thompson. Macmillan, 1s. net.
Lancelot and Elaine. Morley Steynor. Bell, 2s. net.
Report of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science. Sixth Meeting.

- An Octaval, Instead of a Decimal System.* S. S. Buckman. Simpkin, Marshall, 6d. net.
Technical Electricity. H. T. Davidge and R. W. Hutchison. Clive, 4s. 6d.
The Meaning of Happiness. Laurence Alma-Tadema. Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
Chats on English Earthenware. Arthur Hayden. Unwin, 5s. net.
Home Nursing, with Notes on the Preservation of Health. Isabel Macdonald. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.
The Heart of Scotland. Painted by Sutton Palmer; described by A. R. Hope Moncrieff. A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.
The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the writer of "Confessio Medici." Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.
Beyond Good and Evil. Friedrich Nietzsche. T. N. Foulis.
The Birth of Tragedy. Friedrich Nietzsche. T. N. Foulis.
Thoughts Out of Season—I. Friedrich Nietzsche. T. N. Foulis.
Thoughts Out of Season—II. Friedrich Nietzsche. T. N. Foulis.
Monologues for Recitation. Elsie Fogerty and Amy Nankiwell. Swan Sonnenschein, 6d. net.
Pastel: A Treatise for Beginners. J. R. K. Duft. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. 6d. net.
Wastage of Child Life. J. Johnston, M.D. Fifield, 6d. net.
Socialism and National Minimum. Mrs. Sidney Webb, Miss B. L. Hutchings, and the Fabian Society. Fifield, 6d. net.
Leaves of the Lower Branch. E. B. V. Christian, LL.B. Smith, Elder, 6s. net.
Verse Satire in England Before the Renaissance. Samuel Marion Tucker. The Columbia Press and the Macmillan Company, 1 dollar net.
The Place of History in Education. J. W. Allen. Blackwood, 5s. net.
Yachting on the Pacific, together with notes on travel in Peru, and an account of the peoples and products of Ecuador. Alexander Mann. Duckworth, 6s.
Makers of Our Clothes: A Case for Trade Boards; being the results of a year's investigation into the work of women in London in the tailoring, dressmaking, and underclothing trades. Mrs. Carl Meyer and Clementina Black. Duckworth, 5s. net.

MAGAZINES

- Bird Notes and News, The Dublin Review, The Antiquary, International Journal of Ethics, La Vie Politique, Smith's Sunday at Home, Boys' Own Paper, Girls' Own Paper, Friendly Greetings.*
The Cornhill, La Femme et l'Amour, The Church Quarterly Review, The New Quarterly, The Popular, Ainslie's, The Saint George, Windsor Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, American Journal of Mathematics.

POETRY

- Artemision, Idylls, and Songs.* Maurice Hewlett. Elkin Mathews, 3s. 6d. net.
Vanderdecken; and other Pieces. Gilbert Hudson. Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.
Personæ of Ezra Pound. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
Paestum; and other Poems. Alexander B. Shaw. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.
Idylls of Light and Shade. Laura G. B. Noy. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s. net.
Our King's Title; and England v. Britain. Collie Colville. Walter Scott Publishing Co., 1s. 6d.
A Branch of May. Poems. Lizette Woodworth Reese. Mosher. Rabbi Ben Ezra. Robert Browning. Mosher.
A Few Lyrics. Laurence Alma-Tadema. Elkin Mathews, 2s. 6d. net.
The Story of Glastonbury and the Grail, or the Light of Avalon. Melchior Macbride. Hunter and Longhurst, 4s. 6d. net.
Poems. W. J. Cameron. Longmans, Green, 3s. 6d. net.
Songs of Solitude. Maurice Taylor. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.
With Club and Caddie; Verses and Parodies. E. M. Griffiths; with a few by M. G., B. G., and L. C. H. G. Gibbings and Co., 2s. 6d. net.

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JUNIOR APPOINTMENT IN ADMIRALTY: EXAMINER, EXCHEQUER & AUDIT DEPARTMENT, and ASSISTANT SURVEYORSHIPS OF TAXES; (18—194); 10TH JUNE.

The date specified is the latest at which applications can be received. They must be made on forms to be obtained, with particulars, from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE do not think it worth while to devote any space to a detailed examination of Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. It is exactly the sort of Budget which might have been conceived by a draper's assistant who had been for many years a victim of the "living-in system." In the case of the Licensing Bill and the last three successive Education Bills introduced by this Government of mischievous lunatics we recorded our conviction, as their details became known, that they had not the smallest chance of becoming law, and they have now all been definitely consigned to the rubbish heap. Mr. George's Budget will go to join them, and before many months are over Mr. George will be considering the advisability of once more devoting his energies and his massive intellect to the soliciting business of the firm of Messrs. Lloyd George, Roberts and Co., of which he has been for so long a distinguished ornament. By that time he will have qualified for the pension for which his soul pants, and his proposals to smash up the Constitution of the country, to ruin her trade and to pauperise her population, will be looked back on merely as a bad joke. Meanwhile, those who have money lying idle cannot do better than to invest it in land, in breweries, and in all the industrial and commercial securities which would be ruined if the little Welsh attorney's proposals had any serious chance of being carried into effect. All such securities have gone down in value owing to the failure of most people to realise that these wild-cat schemes constitute the last card played by a desperate and defeated party on the eve of dissolution, and foredoomed to complete annihilation at the polls. Consequently now is the time for anyone who has money to invest, and who does not believe that the whole country, including the House of Lords, has gone stark staring mad, to buy them for all he is worth. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's breakdown in the middle of his Budget speech, and his pathetic wails for milk to sustain his flagging efforts, suggests that the most pressing need of the moment is not Dreadnoughts for the Navy but pap-boats for His Majesty's Ministers.

It is nothing less than scandalous that the Unionist party should have been robbed of a great victory at Sheffield by the intrusion of Mr. Muir Wilson, the

Independent Unionist candidate. By his action, Mr. Muir Wilson has demonstrated his ineligibility ever to be accepted at any future election as the official candidate of the Unionist party. He must have been perfectly aware that he stood no chance of being elected, and that the only effect of his candidature would be to jeopardise the chances of Mr. King-Farlow. In other words, he has sacrificed the party which he professes to support to his own private ends. The result has been that a Socialist, the aggregate of whose votes only represents one-fourth of the whole constituency, has scraped in by a narrow majority. It is hard to understand the blind folly of the two thousand eight hundred Unionists who voted for Mr. Muir Wilson, knowing as they must have done that they were deliberately playing into the hands of the enemy. Another thing which is hard to understand is the apathy in this matter of the leaders of the Unionist party. Why, we should like to know, did not Mr. Balfour write a strong letter to Mr. King-Farlow wishing him success and calling upon all loyal Unionists to support him? At the very lowest computation such a letter printed in all the newspapers must have diverted five hundred votes from Mr. Muir Wilson to the official candidate, which would have been more than sufficient to give him a handsome majority. We are glad to see that in the Stratford election, which has just resulted in a splendid and overwhelming victory for the Conservative candidate, Mr. Balfour intervened in a forcible manner, and completely undid the mischievous intrigues of certain Conservative papers, which were loudly advocating the claims of Captain Kincaid-Smith, the Independent Liberal candidate. The aforesaid journals, including the *Standard*, have been made to look very foolish indeed. For the last fortnight the special correspondent of the *Standard* at Stratford has been writing reams of nonsense about Captain Kincaid-Smith's "quiet confidence" as to the result of the election. Out of a constituency of about ten thousand, the quietly confident Captain Kincaid-Smith has succeeded in securing exactly four hundred and seventy-nine votes. The *Standard* must really try in future to distinguish between quiet confidence and brazen-faced bluff.

Commenting last week on the general question of Mr. Asquith's Bill for disestablishing and disendowing the Church in Wales we reserved the consideration of a particular point to which sufficient attention has not been drawn. The Bill contains a clause affecting the Church beyond the confines of the Principality and Monmouthshire. It provides for the suppression of four Spiritual Peerages open to the Episcopate in England. Peculiar peerages are attached to the Archbishoprics, the See of London, and one or two others in England; none are so attached to the Welsh Sees. The present occupants of the Welsh Sees hold peerages by virtue of seniority in the whole Episcopate. Their peerages are thus incidental as regards Wales, and personal as regards themselves, for they would retain them in the event of their translation to any English Sees. If also either of the Welsh Sees were to become vacant by death or resignation the peerage now held by its occupant would pass to the occupant of an English See. This clause alone gives Mr. Asquith's Bill an essential difference from the Act which disestablished the Church of Ireland. It is a clause which intimately affects a temporality of every See in England to which a peculiar peerage is not attached—namely, the right of succession to a seat in the House of Lords.

A bishop holding such a right in England, who conscientiously favours disestablishment, is thus placed in

a position notoriously anomalous for an honourable man, for if he supports the Bill he will advocate the alienation of the very temporalities which he has sworn to defend. How an honourable clergyman can occupy so equivocal a position passes the comprehension of mere laymen, as long as easy relief from duties which he cannot conscientiously perform is open to him by resignation. But more than one clergyman has accepted episcopal preferment with the deliberate intention of betraying the trust which the acceptance of his office imposed upon him.

Prelates not occupying such Sees, and the minor orders of clergy in England, are in a totally different position. They can, if they please, advocate Welsh disestablishment consistently, if they believe that the alienation of temporalities would be preferable to the constant intermeddling of political Nonconformity in the internal affairs of the Church, both locally and by means of the State. But they would be wise if they weighed the question whether such intermeddling would cease with establishment and endowment. We doubt it, for there are many recusant or non-conforming religious bodies which rarely, if ever, so interfere, either personally or collectively, generally or locally; though they have precisely the same untenable ground for doing so. Roman Catholics, Methodists of many forms, the religious persons popularly called Swedenborgians, and Irvingites, Jews, Mahometans, agnostics and most atheists are content with their own liberty, and reasonably leave that of the Church of England alone. Political Nonconformists seek to curtail it on principle, because it is a protest against the domination towards which they wriggle. We shall be told that we "go too far" in these accusations; we hope so, for we have gone too far before and many of our contemporaries are now quite abreast of us.

Mr. Bottomley makes the following announcement with regard to certain litigation which was pending against him: "All suggestions of bad faith having been withdrawn, matters have been adjusted to the satisfaction of everyone concerned, and I am at length free to resume my public work, which was so rudely interrupted last November." Mr. Bottomley is evidently under the impression that fate cannot harm him, because he has dined. Let him be under no misapprehension. If the Treasury is content to allow the best legal opinion in the country to be over-ridden by the mere breath of a City alderman we, for our part, are not content. It is not seemly that a man like Bottomley should be allowed to publish and scatter broadcast a book in which he asserts that British justice is a foul and mud-bespattered affair, and that he has been prosecuted because of his political views, and that the alderman's judgment in the matter proves that the Treasury had no grounds other than political grounds for prosecuting him. This may be good enough for the Treasury, but it is not good enough for the country. So long as Bottomley's book is in circulation Bottomley libels not only the Government, which is of no great consequence, but English justice, which is still, and always will be, a great affair. No matter what the cost may be, Mr. Bottomley should be brought before some tribunal for these foul aspersions of his, aspersions for which he has already been fined three hundred pounds, and it should be made evident to the people of England that Justice is never afraid. We should advise Bottomley to take out of his book the cartoon which represents Justice covered with mud and with mud in her scales. And we advise him also to withdraw his cock-and-bull tales that he had been prosecuted because he voted against the Licensing Bill. And he must do this at once. Mr. Bottomley has professed in the House of Commons to be very

anxious for the honour and good name of the British Minister at Belgrade. Questions addressed to the Foreign Secretary by a man who lately went out of his way grossly and brutally to insult Field-Marshal Earl Roberts are very pretty, even though they happen to have been inspired by Herbert Vivian, otherwise Jim Crow, who wrote the abominable article about Lord Roberts.

That wonderful "literary" organ, the *Bookman*, has just issued a number largely devoted to an account of the private affairs of Miss Marie Corelli. A good many more years ago than we care to remember we were able to point out in print that Miss Marie Corelli was a young woman of prepossessing appearance and devoted to the memory of Shakespeare. We saw her house at Stratford, and her gondola on the river, and managed to retain our mental balance. What is further, we saw Miss Corelli with a wreath at a Shakespeare celebration, and refrained from going into hysterics over it. So that the *Bookman's* pictures, which include photographs of all sorts of odd people, besides Miss Corelli, do not greatly distress us. Neither does the bulk of the *Bookman's* letterpress. But here is a passage by Dr. Nicoll's young man—none other than the minor poet, A. St. John Adcock—which requires to be challenged:

The superiority of your very superior literary person depends upon his being able to maintain that literature is not for all the world, but is a sort of exotic that can only be cultivated and appreciated in precious select holes and corners. In the interests of this gospel—for popularity is an offence to those who cannot obtain it—no living author has been more persistently maligned and sneered at and scouted by certain sections of the Press—by the presumptuous and struttingly academic section of it particularly—than has Miss Marie Corelli; and none has won (by sheer force of her own merits, for the Press has never helped her) a wider, more persistently increasing fame and affection among all classes of that intelligent public which reads and judges books, but does not write about them.

And our dear little poet goes on to point out that while the critics were condemning "A Romance of Two Worlds" Queen Victoria was sending Miss Corelli congratulatory telegrams about it, Mr. Gladstone was calling upon her also with congratulations, and the Empress of Austria's secretary telegraphed to say that Miss Corelli's books had "afforded Her Majesty many hours of happiness and rest." Now, it is clear that there have never been three finer judges of literature in the world than the late Queen Victoria, the late Mr. Gladstone, and the late Empress of Austria. It is clear that when such people read and admire a book it is a great book, and the author is a great author. We do not suppose that Mr. George Meredith has ever received congratulatory telegrams from the late Queen Victoria or that the late Mr. Gladstone called upon him, or that his books afforded many hours of happiness and rest to the late Empress of Austria. Argal: Mr. George Meredith is nowhere as a literary portent while Miss Corelli is about. When Mr. Adcock puts forward such sophistry for the consumption of the mid-noddies who read the *Bookman* he prostitutes any little gift that God may have given him. And he prostitutes that little gift knowingly and for the few miserable guineas of Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

A visit the other day to the Gaiety Theatre to see the performance of *Our Miss Gibbs*, which is now being played to crowded houses, forced us to the conclusion that there is a great deal more wit and cleverness in this delightful production than in any three of the modern "intellectual" sociological plays by our Shaws, Galsworthys, Granville Barkers, and the rest of them. The reason of this seems to us that whereas these last gifted authors—who, by the way, are

Socialists, male suffragettes, and faddists to a man—endeavour to obtain their effects by a tremendous attempt at realism, the authors of such plays as *Our Miss Gibbs* obtain theirs by caricature. The elaborate realism of the first kind of play defeats its own ends, for it is a realism which is coloured by the fantastic and ill-balanced minds of its authors. Life as seen through the dull green spectacles of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Galsworthy and their like does not resemble real life as a whole, though each component part may be carefully studied from life itself. In any case, the result is apt to be boring, and the pleasure which one does sometimes obtain from it is invariably marred by the violent intrusion of the writer's own particular views and his determination to preach to the audience. A play like *Our Miss Gibbs* (and it is the best Gaiety piece we have seen for years) is a clever caricature of real life, and the result is that the people of the play, for all their absurd antics, are far more like real men and women than the puppets in the Shaw type of play, just as a good caricature of a man is nine times out of ten a better likeness than a photograph. Then, again, the acting at the Gaiety, taking it all round, is better than that of any other London theatre. It is hardly too much to say that every part is equally well acted, the actors and actresses are all stars, while the dancing is excellent, and the number of beautiful girls collected together is amazing. The only thing not quite up to the mark in the present case is the music, but that will probably be improved by the addition of new songs as the run of the piece goes on.

The Coliseum is to be congratulated upon a bill which, if it be not over-exalted in the artistic sense, is, at any rate, sufficient to fill the house twice daily. On Monday the management produced a new "sketch" entitled *Slippery Bill*. We went round to witness this particular item for reasons of our own. That is to say, Mr. Charles Goodheart was to appear in *Slippery Bill*. Mr. Goodheart duly appeared, and did all that was required of him. Our reflections on Mr. Goodheart's association with such a part will probably coincide with Mr. Goodheart's own reflections on the subject, and they lie too deep for tears. *Slippery Bill* itself, however, is a good deal better than the average music-hall sketch, and, needless to say, it is a good deal better acted. If Mr. Goodheart is to go to vaudeville, however, surely something ampler could be written for him. For the rest of the Coliseum programme, it is excellent in its way; though we are afraid that the unblushing imitations of Mr. Fragon offered by a Mr. Le Gros, are not altogether admired by the Coliseum audience.

If the tale of our daily contemporaries is anything like correct, ten thousand quasi-political prisoners in Constantinople is a fair allowance for a strictly constitutional Government to start with. It will be interesting to see how the Mussulmans of Albania and Asia Minor, with our own fellow-subjects in India and Egypt, like the imprisonment or death of a Commander of the Faithful of conspicuous ability and the substitution for him of one who is said to be amiable. We hope that our wise Government has provided against new and acuter problems in the Nearer East. When history can be written without fear of unpleasant national or party disclosures, and presumably not before, unless the knowledge is forced upon us, we shall learn whether the Press generally obeyed official hints in its apparently idiotic attacks on the perfectly legitimate action of Austria and Bulgaria last summer; and whether Sir Edward Grey's policy has had any other than its apparent result, the making of a new enemy in Austria and of ourselves a laughing-stock to the rest of Europe and, still worse, to Asia.

LE RÉCIF DE CORAIL

(De Hérédia.)

BENEATH the seas, the sun mysteriously
Leads on the dawn in coral forest ways
That mingle, in the abysses of their warm bays,
Live blossoms and sea-creatures flowery;
And stained with salt or iodine for dye
Mosses, rough algæ, sea-flowers, urchins trace
A chequer-work of purple on the face
Of wreathèd madrepores and polypi.

With sheeny harness of enamelled scales,
A giant fish between the branches trails,
Indolently, in the translucent shade,
And from his sudden fin of fire, and through
The slumbering, crystalline, immobile blue,
Flushes a glory of pearl and gold and jade.

M. JOURDAIN.

THE MURDER OF JOHN DAVIDSON

WE have received considerable correspondence concerning an article called "The Muse of Commerce" which appeared in these columns last week. Several of our correspondents answer themselves by reason of their violent and unprintable language. One of them who is not abusive at all, and another who is angry to the point of criminal libel, we shall endeavour to answer. The non-abusive gentleman is greatly exercised because we have described Mr. William Watson as "something of a poet" and "a great deal of a journalist." And he adds: "It is a pity that those who are of the same household should fail to recognise each other." We are not of the same household as Mr. William Watson, and if Mr. William Watson fails to recognise us, so much the worse for Mr. William Watson. We have described him as something of a poet, and we see no reason for taking back these cruel words. We have described him also as a great deal of a journalist; and we see no reason to withdraw or to modify the description. Mr. Watson belongs to a different household from our own, inasmuch as he is a poet who has taken his gifts—which gifts we have never denied—into the political market. He belongs to the Liberal party, who once gave him a grant of money, and if he is not a pensioner, he has at any rate rendered the political services which usually help a man to Government money. For several years past Mr. Watson, the poet, has been as good as dumb. Mr. Watson, the journalist, on the other hand, has been fairly busy, and has bestowed upon us such mighty works in pure journalism as "The Purple East," "The Year of Shame," and an "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh." There is no harm in these works to speak of, and, in a sense, they are good journalism; but they are nothing more than journalism, and it is on the strength of them, and on the strength of the absence of any recent work of poetry by Mr. Watson, that we have called him a great deal of a journalist. His late letter to the *Times*, which has brought his name once again before a public that might easily forget him, was a piece of journalism, pure and simple. It contained all sorts of childish charges against the public and against criticism, and if Mr. Watson's intellect told him that it was a letter

which could serve a good purpose we can only say that his intellect is thus proved to be a journalistic intellect, and not the intellect of the poet. It is necessary for us to emphasise the fact that Mr. Watson himself has not complained to us, and that we have not the smallest reason for supposing that the complaint made by our correspondent would be approved by Mr. Watson. Our correspondent is very anxious that we should remember Mr. Watson's good works. We have never forgotten them, and we have no desire to discount them. We have always been willing to suppose that Mr. Watson's six years of silence as poet proper may mean that he has great work on hand or that great work is being meditated. We may be mistaken, and if we are mistaken we shall still reckon it to Mr. Watson's credit that, rather than give us bad work, he has remained dumb. And if he had remained dumb about politics we should have no ground to complain against him whatever; we might even have forgiven him his letter about Mr. Davidson, feeble and unbalanced as it is.

Now, as to our second correspondent. This person puts initials to his letter, which initials we shall refrain from printing. He does not disclose his name and he does not disclose an address. He appears to have taken elaborate precautions to prevent us from discovering who he might be. One precaution, however, he omitted to take; and, consequently, we are in a position to name him if we so desire. Meanwhile, we will take a few of the severer remarks contained in his letter, which he "dares" us to publish:

Now that you have murdered John Davidson I hope you are content. William Watson is wrong: his blood is not on the head of the English public: it is solely on the head of Lord Alfred Douglas. . . . John Davidson's death is as surely placed to your account as the death of any poor murdered wretch is placed to the account of any miserable assassin. "The pen is mightier than the sword!" Good God, yes! But it has been left to you to show that the pen can also be as foul and filthy as the bravo's stiletto. Print this in your fetid rag if you dare.

If we knew as little of our charming correspondent as he imagined we should know when he committed his bold and burning words surreptitiously to the post we should have refrained from printing his letter in spite of his elegant challenge; because, when all is said, vulgar abuse is vulgar abuse, and not a subject for discussion. But through his own negligence in his office as hole-and-corner spit-spitter our friend has put us into possession of certain facts. And we shall, therefore, take the trouble to inform him and his friends that whether the blood of Mr. John Davidson be or be not on our head we shall not hesitate at any time to condemn in these columns such works as the "Testament of John Davidson," which was the last work Mr. Davidson published before his death, and we shall not hesitate to describe them in the only fitting and honest terms in which they can be described—namely, as blasphemous works. Mr. Davidson is presumed to be dead. We are bidden by the wise to say nothing but good of the dead. We shall not speak anything evil of Mr. John Davidson; we know nothing of him personally, and we have never heard anything against his good name as a citizen or as an ordinary man. The fact that a poet leads a blameless life, that his accounts are in order, and that he enjoys the friendship and patronage of such gentlemen as Mr. Grant Richards and the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* is interesting in its way, but it has nothing to do with our sole concern, which happens to be criticism. Our article on Mr. Davidson's "Testament" and our subsequent remarks on his letter to us are extant and may be read by anybody who chooses to refer to them. They were severe articles, but there is not a line in them which we regret or which we should wish to soften or

modify. If Mr. Davidson had come to us before those articles appeared in print and had said to us: "If you print those articles I shall commit suicide," we should have printed them without the smallest hesitation. His only way of escape would have been to withdraw his book from circulation. These will probably be set down to our credit for callous and brutal words. We shall not attempt to defend them, inasmuch as they require no defence. The publication of "The Testament of John Davidson" and the puffs which the book received at the hands of Mr. James Douglas and from such journals as the *Nation* and the *Fortnightly Review* constituted the most traitorous and scandalous attempt to betray and degrade the spirit of poetry that has been witnessed in modern times. We trounced Mr. Davidson for what he did while he was still amongst us. He replied to us to the best of his ability, and we printed his letters until they became unprintable and he betook himself for space to the *Star* newspaper. We told the *Star* newspaper the plain truth about the whole matter, and we told the *Nation* the plain truth. Mr. James Douglas had no answer; Mr. Massingham had no answer. Both of them knew that THE ACADEMY'S view was an absolutely just, proper and righteous view. Neither of them could as much as whisper a denial of it. Yet both of them had done all that in them lay to force this dangerous and impious work of Mr. Davidson down the throats of their unsuspecting readers, and both of them failed to admit their error or to do anything to correct it. And now that Mr. Davidson is dead, what do we find? The *Spectator* has written on the subject; the *Nation* has written upon it; we have had Mr. William Watson in the *Times*, and Mr. this, that and tother in pretty well every other journal that considers itself concerned with letters. And the only moral these marvellous periodicals, with Mr. Watson to help them, find themselves able to draw is, that the late Mr. Davidson was an indifferent poet, and that the difficult question of poets' pensions is a difficult question. We have let them have their say before we say our say. And we say that the moral of it all has nothing to do with either Mr. Davidson's abilities or Mr. Davidson's pension. It is a pure affair of Mr. Davidson's sanity. "The Testament of John Davidson" is the work of either a brute or a madman. Mr. Grant Richards had no business to publish it, and he has no business to continue publishing it. It is a work of pure negation and pure blasphemy, intended, if it have any intention at all, to insult God and to break the spirit and destroy the hope of God's creature, man. It is charitable to presume the author of such a work to have been insane. And for all people who write and for all people who wish to write, and for all people who esteem themselves journalists or critics, or the friends of genius, or the friends of letters, and for all publishers there is this further to be said: That when a man comes to you and says flatly, "I am the greatest of men and there is no God, and there is no Spirit, and there is nothing but matter," you must not shout, "Here is a prophet and a good man," but "Here is an unfortunate man who has lost himself and who is not responsible for what he says," and you must decline to publish what he writes, and you must decline to praise it no matter what beautiful opportunities it may offer you for emolument or advertisement. Any man who has the smallest regard for John Davidson, poet, and the smallest influence with John Davidson's representatives will use that influence for the suppression of "The Testament of John Davidson." And any man who has the smallest regard for his fellows will remember that the *Star* newspaper and the *Nation* and the *Fortnightly Review* have praised and helped to sell an impious book which is discreditable to English letters, to English poetry, and to English publishing.

SOME OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOKS

IN discussing affairs of fifty or sixty years ago and comparing them with those of the present time, the epithet "old-fashioned" must be used with caution and in a qualified manner. It may seem superfluous to emphasise so apparent a truism that the methods which to-day we call antiquated and out-of-date were once the most recent and approved lines of procedure, accepted by competent authorities and serving valuable purposes in their generation, but the obvious is often overlooked, and one of the most difficult mental processes to perform in any way adequately is that of transposing our point of view. We forget that competence is a matter of time and degree, discovery and education; the unprecedented swiftness of modern life is against us; the inordinate accumulation of impressions through the mediums of print, of quicker access from place to place, of telephone and telegraph, baffles us. To be retrospective with any measure of accuracy we have to sweep aside a prodigious array of things which have become integral parts of our daily existence in order that the vista of the past may be unobstructed, and only when this is done can we eliminate from the term "old-fashioned" the suggestion of contempt with which a great many of us are inclined to endow it. On the other hand, it must be allowed that in some instances a kind of humorous surprise, an indulgent censure, is unavoidable when we consider the moods and manners of our ancestors. Analogies drawn from fashion's vagaries are not very safe, since foibles of dress and design may recur at any hour; but never again, it is perfectly certain, will literature return to the style of the earlier years of the nineteenth century. And of children's books this statement is more than ever true.

Only in the last two or three decades, it seems, have we made any urgent attempt to give the mind of the child its fare in an appetising manner. It has been our fortune to chance upon an old packet containing "Literature for the Young," of varying dates, and to contrast it with the boys' and girls' books which come from the enterprising authors of the present day is edifying in the extreme—much more edifying than to read the "Literature" itself. Doubtless mothers have loved and children have played, fibbed, and wept from the beginning of things, but the dreary morality of these astonishing little volumes is calculated to raise a spirit of wonder as to how these mythical mothers, with their endless prosings, appealed to the real flesh-and-blood mothers, and how these very, very circumspect and sedate infants seemed to the children whose emulation they were supposed to inspire. Not that we would infer morality to be an undesirable quality in child or man, but—there was such a flood of it in these fearsome pages! The favourite methods of the writers could be grouped under three or four headings and leave hardly any exceptions. A good boy and girl were introduced, conspicuously well-behaved, veritable moral Maxim guns, primed to the muzzle with virtuous remarks; to them enters presently an exceedingly bad boy or girl, or both, for whom bird's-nesting and teasing the cat are the chief ends of existence. Then the bad boy's behaviour sets off the good boy into a perfect ecstasy of self-righteousness and reproof, and the bad boy, instead of exchanging a modicum of healthy head-punching, and thereby equalising the moral tension, as in the electrical laboratory the positive and negative balls are discharged by contact, professes to be vastly interested. His arguments are, of course, refuted one by one, and he ends by leading a better life, as advertised by selling his collection of birds' eggs and giving the proceeds to the gardener's

golden-haired daughter, who is generally ill in bed and so priggishly patient that we want to box her ears. Occasionally, as a variation, the good boy makes unfortunate slips from the highway of rectitude, and then we have a stern (but very kind) father, or a gentle (but very firm) mother, who reasons with forensic gifts that would humiliate learned counsel. Let us hear the lustrous children in one or two of their speeches. George—it is a favourite name with these writers, and they somehow manage to give it a moral smack—has been hit by a cricket-ball; Walter and his sister visit a farmyard:

"You never told us of your accident before," said Agnes. "Were you much hurt?"

"It was very painful at the time," said George, "but soon got well. It was not worth while to make dear mamma uneasy for such a trifle."

"I hope," said Walter, "I shall never be greedy like these pigs. How they are pushing one another to try to get the best and most. I wish Master Harding could see them; I think it would cure him of gluttony."

"Hush, Walter," said Agnes, "we must not speak ill of the absent. Let us rather learn the hatefulness of gluttony, the pleasure of giving to others, and living together in love and peace."

Georgie (another one) has been discovered in tears because various untoward events have happened, and his father gracefully urges that everything should be told:

"Come, Georgie," he continued, smiling, after a moment's pause, seeing that his little boy still stood beside him without taking the seat he had pointed out, "if you really do not wish to give me this history of your troubles, tell me so, frankly and fairly, and do not seek for false excuses."

"Papa," said Georgie, in some confusion, "the reason why I do not wish to tell you about my misfortunes is, that I am afraid you may not think them great enough to excuse me."

"But, my dear boy, do you think this is honest?"

"I will not deceive you, papa; I will be quite honest, and tell you everything," said Georgie, frankly, sitting down besides him.

He thereupon confesses that the sun was so bright when it "came peeping in" at his window that morning that he rose early, thinking to play with his pet rabbits; that when he went to find Lizzie, his sister, "she was not nearly ready to go to mamma's room to read our chapter," and so he had to wait. That upset his temper, and he cried because he could not reach a basket that was hanging on a hook, and wept again because the said basket tipped up and spilled some cabbages. The conversation upon this exhilarating topic occupies eleven pages of close print, after which poor Georgie is sent in to his lessons.

Little Henry, however, is the most luridly good of this bunch of good boys. He lived in India, and "was taught by the servants many things which a little boy should not know; but the servants, being heathens, could not be expected to teach him anything better; and therefore they were not so much to be blamed as the lady who had undertaken the charge of Henry, who might have been ashamed to leave the child under the care of such persons." She, it seems, was "one of those fine ladies who will give their money (when they have any to spare) for the relief of distress, but have no idea how it is possible for anyone to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and yet want charity." Fortunately the daughter of a clergyman "came to reside for a while with his mamma," and, although he was then but five years of age and could speak only Hindoo, acquired from constant companionship with his bearer, "so diligent was she, that before he was six years old he could spell any words, however difficult, and could speak English quite readily." She told him of a great many things in which a child of

tender years might be expected to take an interest, including "the dreadful hell, prepared for those who die in their sins." Under her tuition Henry becomes a paragon, and a very irritating one. "He never said a bad word, and was vexed when he heard any other person do it. If anybody had given him a rupee he would not spend it in sweetmeats or playthings; but he would change it and give it to the fakirs who were blind or lame, or such as seemed to be in real distress, as far as it would go." And the conversations of this wonderful child proceed on these lines:

LADY: "Can you find me one person who deserves to be called good?"

HENRY: "Oh! I know that I am not good. I have done many, many naughty things, which nobody knows of."

LADY: "Then you think yourself a sinner?"

HENRY: "A very great one."

LADY: "Where do sinners go when they die?"

"Now," proceeds the author, "the lady was pleased with little Henry's answers; but she did not praise him, lest he should become proud."

Shortly after this, she goes away to be married to "a very pious young man of the name of Baron," and Henry, playing the game properly, begins to have premonitions of his approaching end:

"There is a country," said Henry, "where we shall all be like dear brothers. It is a better country than this: there are no evil beasts; there is no more hunger, no more thirst; there the waters are sure; there the sun does not scorch by day, nor the moon smite by night. It is a country to which I sometimes think and hope I shall go very soon. . . . Sometimes I think," said he, "when I feel the pain which I did this morning, that I shall not live long."

The reader is not disappointed; Henry dies beautifully; but the author concludes rather unkindly: "Little children in India, remember Henry, and go, and do likewise."

The bad boy usually is lectured by the good girl. Master Jenkins, of Mrs. Trimmer's "Fabulous Histories," was a very reprehensible character indeed, who stoned dogs, worried cats, and ought to have been soundly thrashed instead of being merely remonstrated with in this way:

"For shame, Master Jenkins!" said Miss Harriet. "How can you talk in that rhodomontade manner? I cannot believe any young gentleman could bring his heart to such barbarities."

"Barbarities, indeed! Why, have we not a right to do as we please to dogs and cats, or do you think they feel as we do? Fiddle-faddle of your nonsense, say I. Come, you must hear the end of my story."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Miss Harriet, "for pity's sake, stop! I can hear no more of your horrid stories, nor would I commit even one of those barbarities which you boast of for the world! Poor innocent creatures! What had they done to deserve such usage?"

"I beg, Edward," said his sister, "that you will find some other way to entertain us, or I shall really tell Mrs. Benson of you."

The bad boy proceeds in his gory narrative, but "Miss Benson and his sister stopped their ears."

The grown-up people of the "Nature" tales are no less alarming than those of the "moral" books. The children put leading questions at appropriate moments, and it is as though the cork had been taken out of a bottle. "Can you tell me, dear mamma, how many eggs the lark lays?" asks Agnes; and off they go:

"She lays," answered Mrs. Melville, "four or five. They are of a dusky colour, and she sits a fortnight before they are hatched. During this time her mate is most attentive, and cheers her with his song. Rising to an imperceptible height, he keeps his beloved partner in view, nor once loses sight of his nest, either in ascending or descending."

"Now, dear mamma," said Agnes, "we are all ready. Will you be so kind as to tell us the history of the grasshopper?"

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Melville. "The insect Walter has found is one of the largest kind that is a native of this country. . . ."

This naturally leads on to the locust, which is the signal for several pages of dissertation and quotation. Mrs. Melville is aided and abetted by a Miss St. Clair, who is just as indefatigable and just as florid in her disquisitions. The children notice a dragon-fly, and this estimable lady responds as at the pressure of a spring:

"They are beautiful creatures," remarked Miss St. Clair. "I like to see them as they dart about in the sunshine, sparkling like gems, their polished wings reflecting the bright beams in which they revel; and darting after their prey with such rapidity, that the eye is unable to follow the mazy intricacy of their flight."

"Every insect is beautiful," said Mrs. Melville. "The garden, field, hedge, rivulet, are all animated with a profusion of beautiful creatures, sporting about, and lightly traversing the air in a thousand directions."

On their return from a ramble one evening, the party "contemplated, with great admiration, the sun just sinking behind the blue mountains in the distance, and irradiating them with a flood of golden light":

"This is the sunset I most admire," said Miss St. Clair. "So peaceful and tranquil, so bright and cloudless. The orb of day descending to the horizon like a large globe of fire, and leaving a beautiful crimson glow on the landscape, a promise of as brilliant a rising on the coming morn."

"I must say I do not agree with you," said Mrs. Melville. "This is a beautiful sunset, but I prefer a stormy one. There is more variety; the clouds are piled one on another in massive grandeur, some of them like mountains of snow, almost dazzling the eye with their brilliant whiteness; others dark, concealed by intervening masses from the cheering brightness of the sun's rays, and frowning in majestic grandeur, like the beetling crag of some stupendous rock. Again, some reflect the rays of the sun, as he descends, in rich colouring, casting on the hills a purple tint, and adding to the beauty of the prospect. Then the glorious lunary is sometimes obscured by a cloud ere he reaches the horizon; but, emerging from his temporary veil, he appears more brilliant from the contrast of the dark shade that for a time surrounded him, and illuminating the landscape with a gorgeous crimson beam, his last gift, he sinks from our view, to cheer other climes with his life-giving influences."

As Mrs. Melville concluded the sun disappeared.

We can hardly blame it. Mrs. Melville is a perfect encyclopædia, and would effectually overwhelm the spirits of the liveliest picnic-party that ever set forth. She is for ever spotting some insect or animal and gushing about it. "On the upper branch of that thorn-tree is a little bird I want you to observe"—this is the sort of remark which comes most naturally to her lips.

The author of the "Fabulous Histories" previously quoted is not content with giving her human characters an impressive conversational equipment; she brings in a brood of robins whose remarks are simply staggering. Young Robin, the "bad boy" of the brood, has been showing off, and the parent retaliates:

"To show you that you are not master of the nest, I desire you to get from under my wing, and sit on the outside, while I cherish those that are dutiful and good." Robin, greatly mortified, retired from his mother; on which, Dicky, with the utmost kindness, began to intercede for him.

"Pardon, Robin, my dear mother, I entreat you," said he. "I heartily forgive his treatment of me, and would not have complained to you, had it not been necessary for my own justification."

A mocking-bird is a secondary character here, and the reader might feel inclined to rebel were it not for the sublime footnote—"The mock-bird is properly a

native of America, but is introduced here for the sake of the moral"! In a flight *en famille*, the robins witness the shooting of a redstart and have a severe lesson, which is "rubbed in" by the ineffable parent in a manner which makes the reader long to wring his neck:

He (the redstart) struggled just long enough to cry, "Oh, my dear father! Why did I not listen to your admonitions, which I now find, too late, were the dictates of tenderness?" and then expired.

"He was shot to death," says the elder robin, "and had you not followed my directions, it might have been the fate of every one of you. Therefore, let it be a lesson to you to follow every injunction of your parents with the same readiness for the future. . . ."

The adults in this book talk, of course, in the same grandiose style:

After her little visitors had departed, Miss Harriet went into the drawing-room, and having paid her compliments, she sat herself down that she might improve her mind by the conversation of the company.

"I have been," said a lady who was present, "for a long time accustomed to consider animals as mere machines. . . but the sight of the Learned Pig, which has been lately shown in London, has deranged these ideas, and I know not what to think."

And the Pig is discussed minutely. At the finish, Master Jenkins, after a career of teasing animals, pulling his schoolmates' hair and pinching their arms, "was despised by all with whom he had any intercourse," and finally was thrown from "a fine horse," which he was "beating and spurring merely because it did not go a faster pace than it was able to do," to be killed on the spot as an awful warning; the rest of the company are fitted out with gifts suitable to their behaviour, and the book closes with genial wishes for her "young readers" on the part of the author.

Such was the children's fare of fifty and sixty years ago. Stories of adventure, of school doings, of life at all resembling the real thing, such as those which flood our bookshops at Christmas, were few and far to seek—almost, in fact, unknown. Ballantyne, Jules Verne, Kingston, Talbot Baines Reed—these names, and others dear to the hearts of boys of the seventies and eighties, were yet to come, and of periodicals devoted to juvenile pursuits and hobbies there was hardly one. Yet, certain as we might feel that a course of reading taken from literature of a type such as that quoted above would engender a race of little prigs of both sexes, it seems to have done more good than harm; there was nothing pernicious about it; it was distinctly—a trifle too distinctly—on the side of the angels. Our fathers used to read it—they had to read it, many of them!—and grew up fine specimens of the Englishman; our mothers pored over it, and lost no charm of sweet and adorable motherhood. The truth is that the human soul, regardless of politics or methods or movements, is essentially liberal, inherently mobile to changes of thought, modifications of manners, alterations of the point of view; in contact with the ever-fresh child-mind, although it may no longer "think as a child, speak as a child," and may have "put away childish things," it expands and adapts itself to the conditions which are new, harmonises with the schemes of a life that seems untraceable to its former heritage. The child's soul is the guardian of the world's faith. True child-likeness—which is very far from being childishness—often preserves a man from hurt and soil in the battle when a cynical acuteness would fail.

It is hardly likely that posterity will feel inclined to scoff at the literature which we now provide in such immense quantities for the children. Taken *en masse*, it is fairly innocuous, and far more calculated to in-

spire nobleness of character than the insipid and stilted brochures of former years, with their caricatures of good and bad children, their didactic fathers and mothers, who might have been wooden models for all the sense of naturalness they conveyed. When, in due course, our own time and century shall have become "old-fashioned," and the children romping in the nurseries to-day shall turn to a tattered pile of high adventures and daring deeds in bindings that once were brilliant, it is more than probable that they will be able to pass them down to the next generation with feelings of pleasure. And, however instructive and harmless Mrs. Trimmer and her contemporaries were, we cannot venture to do that with their books—we should be greeted with howls of derision from the nursery floor, and sent about our business, which would be to bring in something that should pass the young censors as up to standard in excitement and heroism. The old writers were far too fervently anxious about their young friends' rectitude, forgetting that children are never inherently base; forgetting, too, that while a horse may enjoy a feed of hay and be grateful for it, he might resent having a truss of it dropped upon his head!

BURLINGTON HOUSE

SECOND NOTICE.

THE justice of art criticism depends so much on the condition of the atmosphere, especially in the case of large galleries crowded with pictures, like Burlington House, that it is fortunate if later visits do not considerably modify the critic's judgement, since it is generally expressed the first time after a necessarily hasty examination. In the present case the first notice here has to be supplemented, but fortunately very little corrected. As before stated, it was confined to the works which chance rendered most conspicuous, and it may now be added that no consideration was given to names. Comparison scarcely comes within the purpose of these remarks, either between the well and little known artists, or between the earlier and later works of those long before the public eyes. Such comparison is unpleasant to make and but of little use where further development is not to be expected. Consequently some well-known names do not appear here at all. Their omission may be taken to indicate that the particular works representing them this year do not call for special comment of praise or blame.

Returning for a short time to portraits, Mr. Longstaff's portrait of Mrs. Davenport, though not particularly pleasing and a little oily in texture, deserves notice for its clever pose, its vivacity, and the correct balance preserved between the face and its surroundings. Mr. Tuke's little portrait of Miss Ida Hamilton has similar merits and is charming in colour. It is one of the rarer, or at any rate, less expected subjects of a painter from whom we have become accustomed to look for pastoral nudes. These are surely growing too jaundiced; and the effect of light cast by sunlit waters on the two youths in "Companions" is not very agreeable, even if it be true. Mr. Henderson's "Us" is obviously too *intime* to be anything but portraiture. It recalls so clearly the charming work of Kate Greenaway in water colours that it must be called "pretty," rather to its detriment. It portrays nice, lively children, simply dressed in becoming colours, but it illustrates, rather than chronicles them as portraiture should. The excellent little likeness of Sir Charles Holroyd by Lady Holroyd, not an experienced artist, must be noticed for its truth, and the amazing reality which we are happily still justified in expecting from a veteran, Sir W. Q. Orchardson, is

to be found again in the face of "Mrs. Moss-Cockle." This reality is, of course, pre-eminent and cannot fail to strike the spectator immediately. It should have been recorded before, but it so amazed the critic, a tyro draughted to this particular field of observation, that it fell out of the first notice through nervous haste. There are two portraits in the "grand" style, attempts rather than complete achievements, but interesting because they show decided character in the artists: Mr. P. A. Hay's "La Marchesa," not a very pleasant portrait nor very agreeable in colour, but very clever and very successful in the pose and vivid personality of the figure; and Mr. G. F. Bird's anonymous "Portrait," a child in long drapery, rather pleasantly awkward, with an expression of precocious *finesse*. Another portrait by Mr. Nowell must be named as one of the most charming and widely attractive portraits of women, "Lady Bates and her youngest son, Maurice." Mr. Isaac Cohen calls "Fantasy" a portrait pleasing in colour of a woman half reclining in a pale pink-amethyst gown, with the light partly broken by a blind of thin laths. Finally as regards portraiture, Mr. Byam Shaw's group of figures resisting the force of wind is very cleverly drawn and less dangerous in colour than that artist's work often is. It suggests a fresh manner of treating a family group in portraiture; though the picture is not that actually, but a *genre* composition. It has a curious affinity in certain respects to early work by Mr. W. P. Frith.

As regards landscapes, justice must be done to Mr. East by a *repentir*. His landscape, "Amberley Bridge," looks so different in different lights that it is scarcely so good an example of his work permanently—as was implied here before—as another of his pictures, "Lavingdon Water." Among other treatments of snow Mr. E. H. Compton's "Winter in the Bavarian Highlands," with virgin snowdrifts in the foreground; Mr. E. T. Compton's "An Alpine Fastness," in which the snow is solid and realistic; Mr. Harry Adam's "The Valley Road," in which the snow is bathed in sunshine; and Mr. B. E. Leader's "In the Rhine Valley," though a little flat, all deserve notice. In the last artist's "A Moonlit Common," the low tone plays the part of the moon rather ineffectually. For the effects of snow and night Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove's treatment in "With-out" must be commended, so far as its position near the roof admits of trustworthy criticism. Mr. Rimington's "Procession of Boats," on the Dalmatian Lagoons, suggests dusk rather than night. The height at which many of these pictures are hung prevents more definite judgment of several of the landscapes here recorded, and to a certain extent of Mr. Fulwood's successful attempt to extract beauty out of the Medway Valley. He has produced a picture in agreeable cold tones, with considerable decorative qualities. It is one of a fairly numerous class seemingly painted with the view to their hanging in particular rooms, though they are not, strictly speaking, decoration. Others of this sort are Mr. Gardener Symons's "Angarrick," without much aerial perspective, but with a distinct light of early spring about it; and Mr. Dacres Adams's "Park Gates," with figures, which is decorative in design and not unpleasant, though rather *bizarre* in tone. Mr. Julius Olsson's second sea picture, "The Whitby Lights," has a gorgeous dark sky and effects of colour of the Turner type. Mr. David Smith's, "An Essex Farm," is English and green, with well expressed birch trees, and a rather too minutely treated foreground. Among large, somewhat academic, landscapes is Mr. Hughes-Stanton's, "St. Jean, near Avignon," difficultly green with the heavy green of summer, with blue mists rising among distant hills, not very characteristically but carefully painted, well composed, and decidedly a handsome canvas. Mr. Priestman's, "The Valley of the Wharfe," is of the same type, not so

romantic, but more broadly treated, solid and accomplished. One or two canvases which need not be specified, pitched in sombre tones, still suggest the warning that to produce such tones the paint should not be mixed with mould. Even the blacks of Velasquez, for instance, have the black brilliance of the fur of a cat. Happily, there is a distinct improvement in this respect, for it is an error into which quite distinguished modern painters of all kinds have fallen and lain for some long periods together. Mr. Riddell's landscape, "The Footbridge," generally very pleasing, painted in well balanced light tones, is rather subtly affected by this fault.

Among figure pictures, Mr. George Clausen's "The Interior of an Old Barn" must be praised, not because it is his Diploma work, but because it merits praise as a characteristic specimen of his style, and on account of his true treatment of cross lights. Similarly Miss Lomax, in "Tea Time" attempts the double light of a fire and a lamp not without success, though she has not much skill in the treatment of texture. Mr. Arthur Hacker, in "The Gloaming," is misty and sentimental after the manner of Millet, an accomplished piece of painting after his own manner, and so realistic in "The Cowshed" that its greenish-yellow light suggests meadows and the scent of cows. It is a pity that Mr. r. C. Cowper's solid and careful painting in "Venetian Ladies Listening to the Serenade" has not produced the effect which it deserves. His failure to deal with the brilliancy of a Venetian night by means of nearly pure ultramarine is partly but not entirely responsible. In spite of their paint solidity his attractive ladies do not sufficiently suggest their third dimensions. Mr. Hornell's usual group of charming children in *graceful* movement shows his other characteristic also, his whites, brownish-purples and pinks, with that quality of paint which suggests white plaster flecked with water-colour. Miss Anna Airy's large picture, "Gossips," somewhat German in character, is generally well drawn and not unpleasing in colour, but it cannot be called an object of beauty. Beauty, however, is not held of much account in the school of painting to which she does much credit. She has quite sufficient strength to shed such limitations, indeed, it would not be easy to name a woman artist possessed of so much virile talent. No species of mammals vary much more in bulk than old women, so that it would be dangerous, though probably not far from the truth, to affirm that one or other of the old women at the extreme ends of her group are out of scale. The admission of Mr. Denis Eden's "Green Love" into Burlington House at all, is of itself sufficient to show that the Academy is yielding to the well-known influence of certain of its members and is enlarging its borders. "Green Love" is delightfully interesting, fantastic and original, suggestive to those who know it of the work of Richard Dadd, which Mr. Denis Eden has probably never seen. At any rate he is to be congratulated on having struck a note quite new to Burlington House. Except in one detail of his stalwart enchantress his drawing is fine and correct, and his colour, though limited, well contrasted, and he produces a very decorative effect with his well composed design in red, white and green. As to his technique, he has one of his own, by which he contrives to give oil the clearness of tempera.

To critics who regard sculpture as the art least capable in modern hands of expressing modern life, and therefore approach it in its present form with an attitude of mind quite different from that in which they approach it from its beginning until after the debasement of the Italian Renaissance work, Mr. Tweed's portrait-bust of Lady Londonderry in marble will be welcome as a successful example of its modern power. Mr. Tweed has not before equalled the correct model-

ling and vigorous vitality of this bust. Independent of any resemblance to the subject, which the spectator may not be in a position to judge, the bust of itself creates an imperial impression which is very unusual in modern busts. At the opposite pole, but very attractive for its beauty, is the marble head of the ephebe, recalling a sweet-tempered Antinous, which Mr. A. J. Leslie has disguised as "The Muse of Theocritus," skilfully covering the hair with a finely woven winged cap so slightly indicated as not to hide the comely shape of the head. Mr. Benjamin Lloyd has succeeded in producing a graceful, if somewhat rococo, *hermes*, which he calls "The Vintage," a well-modelled half-length female nude, ending as usual in a well-proportioned rectangular pillar. Mr. Harvard Thomas's marble statuette, "Therpsis," close at hand, represents him in an unaccustomed phase not so suitable to him as his more Greek moods, but having decided realistic value. A bronzed plaster by Mr. Francis Jahn, "Diliana," is pleasing and dignified in a severe semi-modern and semi-renaissance manner. Miss Pease's portrait-bust in marble of Miss Janie Stockwell has a somewhat similar graceful dignity of a purely modern kind. Similar again in feeling, quite modern but more ideal, is the girl, Mr. McGill's statuette, "Peace," tall and straight like a realistic caryatid. Though Miss Ada Gell's title, "Kit with the Can-Stick" conveys nothing *à propos* to the skinny urchin whom she has modelled with grace and vivacity, he has a weird and somewhat sabbatic attraction, which his petasus and classic lanthorn scarcely suggest, unless he be taken for the impish *Hermes* of the Homeric hymn. Mr. Alfred Drury's "Panel over Entrance: Royal Insurance Office," attracts attention by its vigorous modelling, in spite of the uninteresting character of its object. Mr. Albert Toft's "Model for a part of the Welsh National War Memorial" is naturally much more interesting. The well posed seated figure clad in broadly treated drapery has a dignity and restrained pathos too uncommon in our public monuments. The face is beautiful and expressive, and the outstretched arms, and the hands particularly, are well modelled. Mr. Goscombe John extracts far more decorative effect out of the uncompromising vesture of a bishop, "The Late Bishop Lewis," than could be expected, in his effective, moderately rococo statue, which is to be erected in bronze in Llandaff Cathedral. Mr. Goscombe John and Sir George Frampton have difficulties imposed on them by modern life, beyond the powers of Phidias and Praxiteles—the late bishop's outstanding side-whiskers, and the posthumous quilted Astrachan-collared coat of Sir George Williams. Mr. Colton's bronze, a tiger, can better be described with the Germans as "pyramidal" than colossal; it is so excessively fierce that it does not seem in earnest. If it is correctly stated that the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest have purchased Mr. Derwent Wood's "Atalanta," his strange taste for semicircular protuberances all over the female form is likely to stimulate criticism of that already freely criticised trust. The number of sculptures has also been decreased this year, to the great advantage of those exhibited, and to the enjoyment of the visitors.

REVIEWS

THE AMOROUS DIARIST

Samuel Pepys. By PERCY LUBBOCK. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)

THE author of the imperishable Diary, which has proved to be no less valuable as a detailed impression of a human soul than as a circumstantial account of the period when it was in process of being compiled,

is a fascinating subject for the biographer's art. Rarely is it given to the world to know thoroughly the private life of a man who occupies an exalted position in national and administrative affairs, but Samuel Pepys, with his astounding enthusiasm for trivialities, his remarkable frankness even when dealing with his own frequent and flagrant departures from virtue, and his cool acceptance of every good thing as a token that he had won the approval of a benignant Providence, presented posterity with a record which for interest and significance is hardly likely ever to be paralleled. We cannot agree with Mr. Lubbock, who has taken his task in hand so ably, when he announces his conclusion that Pepys was a type of the "ordinary man." Many hundreds of his exploits were doubtless very ordinary indeed; for ten years he revelled in setting down in black and white every little trifle of his daily life; his wife's irritating untidiness, the nature of the dinner-joint, the way he hums tunes, and the pleasure derived therefrom, a stomach-ache, a nosegay gathered in the fields—all goes in, mixed indiscriminately with State business, kings and scullions, with a preciosity positively amazing; but in the accepted usage of the term he himself was distinctly no ordinary man. He was extraordinary enough to push his way to the secretaryship to the Admiralty and the representation of a borough in Parliament, and for a hundred years after his death his memory was green in the Navy Department by reason of his talents alone, before ever the great diary came to light; extraordinary, too, it seems to us, in his peccadilloes and his apologetic way of referring to the code of rules which he drew up so carefully and so naively set aside when needful. We do not see how any thoughtful reader of the diary can come to any other decision.

Apart from this one dissension, we must congratulate Mr. Lubbock upon a neat, concise, and well-balanced study of his subject. His opportunity as Pepys Librarian at Magdalen College has been used most judiciously, and all those who are unfamiliar with the somewhat formidable tomes of the prolix original can gather what they require, or we should perhaps say sufficient to whet their appetite for more, from these pages. We know little of the early years of Pepys; "he would have been pained," says the author, "if he had foreseen that the only record of his life there which the college was to preserve, beyond formal notices of his admission and election as a scholar, was the famous entry in the College Register, dated October 21, 1653, in Morland's handwriting":

"Pepys and Hind were solemnly admonished by myself and Mr. Hill for having been scandalously overserved with drink ye night before. This was done in the presence of all the Fellows then resident in Mr. Hill's chamber."

The only other indication of his tastes and occupations at Magdalen is found in an entry in the Diary (January 30, 1664):

"This evening, being in a humour of making all things even and clear in the world, I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which (under the title of *Love a Cheate*) I begun ten years ago at Cambridge; and at this time, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try."

Pepys' actual design in making these voluminous notes during such a long period seems to be obscure:

His lust for reproducing his whole days seems to have been purely artistic. Just as the artist burns to reproduce the moment which strikes him as significant, and when he has done so gives it no further thought, so it was with Pepys, only that with him all moments were significant, and not one could be spared. . . . The Restoration of the House of Stuart, and the loss of the lobsters for dinner, were equally part of his

treasured experience, and equally demanded permanent record. . . . Probably, he felt dimly that an accurate diary would be somehow useful. Still more probably, he would merely have said that he kept it because "it do please me mightily," and in that case he would have shown himself to be more of an artist than ever.

His intense superficiality prevented him from observing that the pictures of his days lacked all perspective. "There is something great," comments Mr. Lubbock, "about this whole-hearted absorption in one thing at a time." On the same page Pepys tells how he went to church one Sunday afternoon in order to see a pretty woman whom he heard would be there, and how annoyed he was when he got there to find an odious dancing-master leering at his wife from the gallery—"all without it even so much as occurring to him that there was any parallel between the two parts of his description: "

His Diary is like a mediæval miniature in the way in which every detail, significant or of no importance whatever, is rendered with equal tone and distinctness. Thus, while we read it critically—constantly, that is, placing it in relation to the larger problems and strifes of the time—it is important to remember that Pepys himself did nothing of the kind. The foreground was all in all to him, relative values were nothing. . . . A pretty woman or an eloquent preacher, an ingenious method of measuring timber, or a chance talk with a one-eyed Frenchman, a new periwig, or a new book, a nightingale, or a Jew's trumpet, it was all one to Pepys.

His devotion to women was as little chivalrous as could be. Of the many he pursued not one was an occasion of any romance whatever. His amorous adventures had no accompaniment of poetry, and he does not attempt to create one for them in his Diary, though the romping and giggling which they entailed are dwelt upon with loving particularity.

His candid way of describing these flirtations is one of the most amusing things in the Diary, as every student of it knows; and his innocent, easily-deciphered cryptogram, used on some rather shocking occasions, makes the acute reader of this advanced century wonder how he hoped to conceal anything by it—"sjo drikd kqifsgs hwepr bhemhridnxd thnse dcovofr," for instance, the one example which Mr. Lubbock includes, does not need much brain-racking to give "so did kiss her behind the door"; and the medley of French and other languages which Pepys constructed for the same purpose is even more obvious. In many ways Pepys was just a jolly, overgrown child.

And at the time all this nonsense was being perpetrated the writer was earning the honour of being called by the Duke of Albemarle "the right hand of the Navy"! Nonsense, we say, for such a great deal of it is; but the nonsense has become so precious by lapse of time that it is sublimated into the finest possible presentation we could have wished for of the life of a man-about-town at that period; a presentation of historic importance, covering a crucial part of national events—the Plague, the Great Fire, and the war with the Dutch. No student of that time can afford to neglect Pepys' material, whatever else he misses, and the thought is bound to come that possibly some person of note at the present day is laying up for future generations treasure of the same description—the record of his amorous moments, his marital quarrels, his quiet hours with books, his walks and talks with his friends. It is possible, but not probable; the pace is too fast nowadays for a man to spend precious hours in confiding such things to a diary. If he did so, he would take it immediately to a publisher, and the first instalment would soon be on the market under the title of "Life's Under-currents," or, perhaps, "Still Waters Run Deep."

Mr. Lubbock has successfully traced the career of Pepys after his meticulous records had been abandoned,

and arranged the facts in a way which leaves us no option but to praise his judgment and his clarity. In fact, to adopt the recurrent formula of the immortal diarist himself, we have read his book from cover to cover, and it "did please us mightily."

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

THE opinion which the unthinking portion of the community holds about any author is a matter of very little importance, considered apart from questions of popularity and finance; the scales of ultimate criticism are neither raised nor depressed by it, and those of contemporary judgment merely vibrate to and fro vaguely in response to the clamour or the negligence of the crowd. The verdict of the minority, however, is not to be ignored in matters of literature, whatever may be the case in commerce or in those affairs of life which depend on figures and their combinations rather than on fancies and their interpretations; it is never worthless, often final—that is, lasting—and always responsible. By it the artist lives or starves; by that of the majority the time-server takes to himself an earthly mansion or drops out of the race. Between these two extremes the work of Mrs. Craigie occupies a position which is not always neatly or justly defended. Mrs. Craigie wrote well, and pleased the critics; she wrote epigrammatically, and a goodly proportion of the reading public became enamoured of her pages. Her style was by no means immaculate; the split infinitive is set down precisely as it occurs to her; her characters, in some instances, converse too elaborately for an effect of ease or facility. But she carries the reader with her, be he pedant or dilettante, by sheer brilliance. It is a brilliance without warmth, the glitter of swift sword-play rather than the glow from sunlit heights, the glint of steel polished and cold, not the dazzle of white-hot metal; but it fascinates, allures, and wins an admiration that is neither meagre nor unstable. Her plots proceed on the lines indicated by the motto with which she prefaces "The Sinner's Comedy": "In Life there are no Unities, but three Incomprehensibles: Destiny, Man and Woman." This is almost equivalent to saying that she followed the lead of all writers of the fiction that treats of human relationships; nevertheless, she had her own original methods of adorning the way. She abhorred, as a general rule, the lengthy, involved, decorative sentence; her phrases were brief and definite, her comments consisted frequently of detached, didactic statements which stimulate the reader into an amusement that is sometimes a trifle grim. In nine cases out of ten the idea of a heartache and an intense longing is suggested, prisoned behind the written words, for irony, sarcasm, and satire are the three weapons, deftly handled, by the flashes of which the stories are illumined. They appear in the author's asides:

Men heap together the mistakes of their lives and create a monster which they call Destiny. Some take a mournful joy in contemplating the ugliness of the idol. These are called Stoics. Others build it a temple like Solomon's, and worship the temple. These are called Epicureans. The Dean of Tenchester was a Stoic.

In the simple telling of the tale they often seem inseparable from Mrs. Craigie's chosen attitude:

Grace had no doubt married for what she considered affection. It was not very deep nor very strong, but it was essentially respectful. Perhaps, too, it was more than half gratitude. Provence was the first man who had ever taken any marked interest in her as an individual; one or two had allowed her to play piano to their fiddle; here and there one

had sent her a book "with the author's compliments"; dancing men, who dined at her mother's, usually asked her for a waltz and the lancers—somewhere at the end of a programme; men who didn't dance talked to her on politics, the theatres, religion, and other grave matters, but not one of them had ever, like Godfrey, talked to her about herself. Until she met him, she had bowed in humiliation and self-pity to her mother's dictum—"Grace was cut out to be a companion to an elderly lady, in exchange for a comfortable home—the sort of thing one reads in the *Morning Post*. She will never make a good marriage." He had given wings to a clay bird: as much gratitude as one could expect from clay, she gave in return.

And they are used, time after time, in the dialogue:

"Girls do not delight me," said Provence. "They appear to have no intermediate stage between the guileless chicken and the coquettish hen. . . . As for marriage, I fear it is a sadly over-rated blessing. Wives are either too much devil or too much angel. Fancy eating bacon every morning of one's life with a blameless creature who was dangling one-quarter of the way from heaven and three-quarters from earth! I should die of respect for her."

"And what if she were too much devil?"

"I should love her horribly," said Provence. "That is the sort of devils—they are so entirely adorable. . . ."

The cut-and-thrust of many of these sentences, and others resembling them, is reminiscent of Wilde. They have the ring of conversations from "*Dorian Gray*"—"Women treat us just as humanity treats its gods. They worship us, and are always bothering us to do something for them." The colour, however, with which that "picture" glows is lacking in Mrs. Craigie's books; to some readers her paradoxes and epigrams seem a shade inhuman. These remarks apply more particularly to the collection of her stories before us at the moment. Much of her other work is more sympathetic—there is a delicate, sad little scene in "*The Gods, some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham*" where Dr. Warre, married, meets Allegra, who belongs to his bachelor life, which will illustrate what we mean:

They had laughed aloud the comedy, and inly wept the tragedy of their fate.

"Good-bye," said he.

"Good-bye," she answered. "Will it be a cold drive home?"

"A very cold drive."

"And it must be a long while before I see you again?"

"Yes!"

"Good-bye. . . . Will there be a large fire in your study? Have you a chair you like?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I suppose she sits near you when you work?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Warre."

"You mean Anne? . . . She has a number of friends; she goes to a lot of parties. She is very . . . bright."

"Good-bye!" This time he did not answer. When he had gone she stole about the room, moved the ornaments on the cabinet, shook the window curtains, and redraped them. She felt the housewife's instinct stir within her. Then she sat down on the floor, and drawing an old letter from her bosom, murmured it without once looking at the page. And she laid her head where Simon's foot had rested, and wept as little girls in the April of sorrow can weep.

This most recent re-issue of Mrs. Craigie's books includes her first novel, "*Some Emotions and a Moral*," "*The Sinner's Comedy*," "*A Study in Temptations*," and "*A Bundle of Life*." They nearly all touch sooner or later the poignant note of tragedy—the tragedy which from the point of view of Mr. Thomas Hardy and his "*President of the Immortals*" may be comedy; which reflection, as Mrs. Craigie tacitly admits, brings small comfort to the involuntary actors in the play. They each betray another notable characteristic of the author which we have left ourselves no space to exemplify further—a peculiar

rapidity of motion in the story, a power of pressing to the point relentlessly, of excluding all extraneous matter, all futilities of conversation or obvious eking out of a situation. They are, in fact, as representative of the writer's more showy side as any that could have been selected; her finer, most sensitive aspect, where the art of fence is not, perhaps, so conspicuous, but the play of fancy is gentler and more seductive, we shall hope to see illustrated in a re-issue of her other stories. For, in a certain dexterity of attack and distinction of style, combined with clear-cut analysis of motives and emotions, the work of Mrs. Craigie can as yet nowhere be excelled, and will hardly, we think, be again equalled among authors of her own sex.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Holborn Hill. By CHRISTIAN TEARLE. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

To introduce the heroine in the first chapter, at the age of seventeen, and then to say "and now, for the reader's enlightenment, we must put back the clock of our narrative;" to proceed to recount the birth of the young lady, afterwards catching up (at the end of 270 pages) with our first glimpse of her; and to conclude with a sweetheart and a prospective wedding when she is nineteen, is rather an antiquated method of telling a story, and a method which some west-country people would term "*back-se-fore*." We have an objection to it; it keeps the reader in expectation of a sudden return to the episode of the opening chapter, which for a hundred pages or so haunts him distractingly. And with this complaint we sum up the fault of the book—it is too digressive, and its transitions are not pleasing. The romance itself is charming and well written. The London of Nelson's day is brought vividly before us with more than usual skill. Many famous names are introduced—Admiral Collingwood, for one, and, less effectively, Boswell and Mrs. Garrick. Considerable humour is shown in the relation of events, and the characterisation is so good that it is a great pity the author did not elect to omit that unfortunately misleading first chapter, and tell his story from beginning to end in a straightforward manner.

A Comedy of Ambition. By A. GOWANS WHYTE. (Melrose, 6s.)

It is not often, in these days of illiterate writers and fatuous plots, that the word of enthusiasm is uttered at the close of a lengthy novel; neither is it a frequent experience among those whose business it is to sample the current fiction to be sorry that a story has ended. But by this remarkably good "*Comedy of Ambition*" the author has placed himself very highly in our regard, and has succeeded in bringing that pleasant enthusiasm and complimentary regret into existence.

The study of the principal character, Jack Gell, who, being intended for the ministry, frightens the prim little Scotch congregation into mild hysterics by an unorthodox sermon, and goes up to London only to become the tool of unscrupulous politicians, is one which must be followed with exceptional interest. To some readers the complications of his career as secretary to a member of Parliament will form the more attractive portion of the book; to ourselves the evolution of his emotional nature under the influence of three women appeals more strongly as a capable and unerring piece of work. His gradual separation from the cold Northern girl whom he thought he loved, his temporary infatuation with a brilliant and subtle

society woman, and his final whole-hearted passion for Nina le Gallais strike us as precisely natural, and there is one chapter of the book, "Nina's Day," which forms an idyll we have read through twice for the pure pleasure and beauty of it. The rather sombre note of the hero's family troubles and political scrapes—for the laughter is very near to tears—is relieved by the introduction of a most charming French family domiciled in London, whose acquaintance Gell makes in quite an unconventional manner:

In a short, right-angled street, which lay within the confused area between Regent Street and Bond Street, he came upon the quaint figure of a child. She was standing bareheaded in a doorway, looking down the street with an intent gaze. . . . Each day as he passed he made a silent appeal to those large dark eyes. . . . One sunny day the child greeted him with a shy smile; and even at that critical moment Jack did not err. He bowed gravely, raised his hat, and passed on.

This is "Babette Angèle Josephine Marie Antoinette de Quedville," destined to become one of Jack's best friends, and she is one of the daintiest and most delightful little maidens we have met for a long time. The de Quedvilles, too, are entirely captivating. Monsieur, making comical and desperate love to his wife; Madame, adoring him and scorning his advances; and both of them worshipping Babette, form a picture which may be scanned many times without the discovery of a fault; the author could have given us a book about this united family alone, and we should not have complained. On the many other points of the story it is impossible to enlarge; suffice it to say that Mr. Whyte has evidenced his mastery of comedy: "the order of the smile, finely tempered, showing sunlight of the mind, mental richness rather than noisy enormity," as Mr. Meredith has put it; and that our readers will not have a moment's regret if they take our own pleasure in the book as forecasting theirs.

DANTE AND MUSIC

PERHAPS there never was a writer who was divided into three such intellectually distinct personalities as Dante. In reading his works we are forced again and again to distinguish between the poet, the man of learning and the politician. These three elements in his thought are represented singly in his three greatest "minor" works—the "Vita Nuova," the "Convito," and the "De Monarchia." But in the "Divina Commedia," his final expression, into which he put as much of himself as is to be found in all his other writings added together, he appears now as one, now as the other, and seems often to drop one personality and assume another with a suddenness that produces an almost shocking contrast. And from our mistaken modern point of view—mistaken, that is, in so far as it is always liable to keep Dante's aims out of our sight, and therefore to cause us to pass unintelligent and irrelevant judgments upon him—it often seems that he has wilfully robbed us of unsurpassable poetry in order to give us information in scholastic philosophy, history, or astronomy. Yet although we feel this deprivation, and may resent the presence of the scientific changelings which have taken the places we should wish to see occupied by the offspring of Dante the poet, at the same time we cannot help being interested in the enormous extent of Dante's knowledge. We say the extent of his knowledge advisedly, for the actual learning, if in itself interesting, may be read more conveniently in the sources whence he drew it. But by the repeated proofs of the wide range of his curious and heterogeneous learning—the harvest of a typically mediæval mind, which thinks in catalogues and enters, as it were, in its books every fact of interest that comes under its

observation—a desire is at least aroused to make an inventory of all that Dante knew. Such inventories have, of course, been made, and it is a commonplace now to point out that technical and accurate allusions, according to the science of the time, can be found in his poem to such matters as astronomy (more perhaps than to any other branch of exact science), geometry, physiology, law and physics, in addition to the two chief arguments which run through the whole poem—namely, theology and politics. But there follows from this an enquiry that is perhaps not entirely futile: What did Dante not know? Were there any distinctly technical and learned subjects, much studied in or before Dante's time, of which he seems to know little or even shows actual ignorance? We think that music is such a subject.

It would, of course, be fruitless to attempt to prove Dante's ignorance of any particular subject merely on the ground that he does not display a knowledge of it. Such revelations of learning are purely incidental, and he must have learned, in the course of his life and his reading, many things which did not interest him sufficiently to make him wish to bring any allusions to them into his poem. But this is not the case with regard to music. We know that Dante was fond of music, and that he had friends among the musicians of his day; moreover the number of times that music is explicitly mentioned in the "Purgatorio and Paradiso" is considerable; it will certainly be an error on the side of under-statement if we put it at five-and-thirty or thereabouts. Now, if we take into account the state of music at the end of the Middle Ages—when secular music had already become separate from ecclesiastical, and had made a good start on its own development; when every part of the study, from the naming of the notes and questions of modality upwards, was treated in a highly technical and theoretical manner; and when the theorists were held in especially high esteem—an examination of those passages in which Dante makes mention of music will almost force us to the conclusion that not only did he know little or nothing of the theory of the art, but was not even a very observant listener.

Music in heaven we have been taught to expect; and Dante does not say anything to contradict popular tradition in this respect. But, to one interested in the theories of antiquity and the Middle Ages, how disappointing are his statements as to the celestial music! In the first canto of the "Paradiso" he had a splendid opportunity of an allusion which, had he been a musician, would have been after his own heart; he hears the music of the spheres. This, he tells us in three densely packed lines:—

. . . . In ruoba che tu [Dio] sempiterni
Desiderato, a sè mi fece atteso,
Con l'armonia che temperi e discerni.

This is a characteristic passage and a good example of the poet's allusive and technical manner of writing. But the allusion is not to anything connected with music, but to the well-known and constantly mentioned theory of the Primum Mobile. Now, it seems hardly possible that, if Dante had cared for such subjects, he could have mentioned the harmony of the spheres without showing belief or disbelief in the theory, still discussed in his time, that each planet in its movement emitted a single note. Moreover, if the theory appealed to him as true, we should have expected him to decide between the opinions, ascribed respectively to Cicero and Pythagoras, according to one of which the planets taken in order from the moon to Saturn gave an ascending scale from A to G, while according to the other it was a descending scale from D to E. Seeing that this grand opportunity is thus passed over, it does not surprise us to find that the

other passages in which music in heaven is mentioned are mostly vague statements that music was performed, amounting to little more than stage-directions. A few instruments are mentioned, and where the wording is sufficiently precise we can tell that Dante was thinking in almost every case of secular song and dance music.

There is, however, one passage in the "Paradiso" which offers a strong contrast to the other vague references to music in heaven. It is in the scene in Canto XXIII., describing the glorification of the Virgin, where it is stated directly and simply that the hymn "Regina Coeli" was sung. And this reference to ecclesiastical music is an instance of the only manner in which Dante mentions music with sufficient definiteness to enable his readers to understand what it was that he heard; for, with one exception, all such references are to the liturgy. The first fragment of the liturgy to be found in the poem is in that most extraordinary of all lines, the first of Inferno XXXIV., which is put into the mouth of Virgil:—

Vexilla Regis prodeunt Inferni.

The shock conveyed by these words is no doubt intentional; as the torments of the lost souls reach their climax, Dante introduces the first words of the greatest of all songs of suffering. At the same time the true meaning of the words, coupled with the splendour of the music to which they are sung, can hardly fail to act as a forecast of comfort and a suggestion that after Hell will come Purgatory. Moreover, we are thus prepared in a measure for the singing by which we shall be arrested here and there in the next cantos of the poem:—

Ahi! quanto son diverse quelle foci
Dalle infernali; ch'è quivi per canti
S'entra, e laggiù per lamenti feroci.

In the "Purgatorio" there are, as it were, regular intervals for music, and as we make the ascent of the mountain we shall hear quite a long programme, from the chanting of simple texts from the gospels to the singing of "Te lucis ante terminum" by soloist and choir. Yet an examination of these musical passages will only lead us to think that Dante had but the vaguest idea of the differences between the various styles of singing employed in the rendering of the different parts of the liturgy. What are the expressions used by him to describe the singing which he heard? "Cantare" or simple periphrases with no more definite meaning in almost every case; and where he uses the word "pregare," referring to the "Agnus Dei," he is not any more precise, but, on the contrary, he is using a non-musical word to describe one of the most musically beautiful passages of the mass. If he had been versed in music, could he possibly have introduced as much of it into his poem and yet treated it invariably in this simple and detached manner? Would he not have brought in some characteristic allusive passages, with, perhaps, dark references to the Modes, and other indications of "inside" knowledge? Would he not have made it clear that he knew the exact nature of intoning, psalmody, syllabic and melismatic chant, hymnody, and a host of other matters? Could he possibly have resisted the temptation to make a technical allusion offered him by the very first piece of music which greets us on the lower slopes of the mountain—the *tonus peregrinus*, which triumphantly breaks the first rule of psalmody by being in a mixture of two modes and having consequently two reciting-notes? It seems next door to an impossibility that the poet who could make an accurate allusion, in one line, to the defect in the Julian calendar should have neglected such splendid openings as lay ready to his

hand in the technicalities of music, if he had been familiar with them.

But we think it is possible to go further still, and to say that Dante attached no serious importance to music. The argument to prove this will be based, as before, upon omissions on the part of Dante, not on any of his statements; but the omissions are so great that they almost amount to an avowal by the poet of his lack of interest in music. In the first place, there is in the "Divina Commedia" no reference to St. Ambrose (unless, as is extremely unlikely, the "avvocato dei tempi cristiani" of Paradiso X. be he), and but one to Gregory the Great, and that containing no hint as to his place in the history of music. Charlemagne, again, was one of Dante's heroes; he was also one of the most eager and influential supporters of the true Gregorian tradition in liturgical music, and it was owing to his efforts that copies of the Roman manuscripts were brought into France and the Roman chant introduced into the French churches. Yet Dante, in referring to him, gives no intimation that he ever bestirred himself in any such matters. Later still, Guido d'Avezzo, Dante's countryman, and the most famous musician of the Middle Ages, the inventor to a large extent of modern notation and of the names of the notes, well known both as choir-master and theorist, author of the "Micrologus," might have received some attention at Dante's hands; yet he is not once mentioned. And so it is with others, men prominent in the history of music, from Boëthius to Thomas of Cellano, are either passed over in silence or else mentioned in quite other connections. Theories and discoveries which were attracting attention in Dante's day, such as those of the "mensuralists," with their "perfect" and "imperfect" time, find no echo in his poem. Musicians, as such, do not share in the rewards which await others in Paradise. The lovers have their place allotted to them in the sphere of Venus, the judges in Jove, the contemplatives in Saturn; but there is no place for the musicians, who yet might surely be considered to have done as good work as the "spiriti volivi mancanti," who are found in the first heaven. In the fourth and fifth heavens are placed the theologians and warriors, those who with their learning and with their strong right hands strove for the unity of the Faith; yet there is no recompense for those countless artists and students who contributed by their genius to the glorifying of the liturgy and by their patient labours to the unity of the Roman rite. Music may be a pleasing accomplishment, but it is not a virtue.

There is one musical passage in the "Purgatorio" to which it is pleasant to return at the end; for in it we see Dante honouring a musician and showing us at the same time a glimpse of his own familiar life; we mean the passage in Purgatorio II., where the poets meet Dante's friend Casella, the musician, who begins to sing:—

Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona
Della mia donna.

This song by Casella has been much discussed, and it was long ago pointed out these "canzoni morali" were never set to music; therefore, adds the commentator, "I believe that this *Amor, che nella mente mi ragiona* was the first line of some ballata or song." But this is an unconvincing explanation, as this canzone, the second of the "Convito," was a favourite with Dante, and he quotes the first line of it in the "De Vulgari Eloquentia." It is also highly improbable that Dante was so ignorant that he did not know which kinds of poems were set to music and which were not. It seems to us that Casella's song must simply be classed with the rest of the music of the

"Purgatorio." Dante's idea, then, in putting these words into the mouth of the sweet singer would have been to show that, as on earth a love-song was sung to a secular tune, so on the shores of the mountain of purification a "canzone morale," a poem of higher class and graver meaning, might be sung to a plain chant melody, whose gravity should be fitting to the place and consistent with the import of the words.

PUN

No satisfactory etymology has been proposed for this word, which appears shortly after 1660. About the same date there was, as I learn from the proofs of the New English Dictionary, communicated to me by the Editor, a synonym *pundigrion*. Richardson derives *pun* from F. *pointe*, which is phonetically impossible. At the same time its correspondence in meaning with *pointe* makes ultimate connection seem not improbable. The *pointe*, name and thing, appears in F. in the 16th century. It corresponds to the It. *conchetto* ("Jadis de nos auteurs les pointes ignorées Furent de l'Italie en nos vers attirées" Boileau), and is, in its simplest form, a verbal quibble; e.g., Furetière gives, as an example, from the theologian Caussin, "Les hommes ont bâti la Tour de Babel, et les femmes la Tour de Babil," which is about on a level with the ordinary Shakespearean pun. The earliest L. dictionaries to record *pun* (Littleton, Coles) gloss it *allusio*, *allusivulus*. Addison defines it as a "conceit," and Boyer (1742) gives "*pointe d'esprit* (pensée subtile, jeu de mots), a quibble or quibbling, a clench, *pun*, joke, wit, witty conceit, or fancy," and "*pun* (or quibble), *pointe*, *pointe d'esprit*, recontre, jeu de mots." The constant occurrence of "quibble" in the 18th century definitions of *pun* (Bailey, Johnson, Dyche and Pardon, Barlow, and the Latin dictionaries) seems to show that the word originally had a somewhat wider meaning, including the idea of making over-subtle distinctions, "clenches" (*Spitzfindigkeit*), as well as of merely playing on words (*Wortspiel*). It. *punto* and *puntiglio* were both used in this sense. Valentini (1834) has "*puntiglio* (cavillazione, sofisticheria), die Spitzfindigkeit, Grübeleien, Wortklauberei"; Cardinali (1852) has "*puntiglio*, cavillazione, sottigliezza nel ragionare e nel disputare," and "*punto*, . . . s'usa anche per cavillazione, sofistichessa, sottigliezza di invenzione, puntiglio." The Voc. della Crusca gives an example in this sense from Vincenzo Borghini (1584), "Voler far forza in su questo sarebbe più presto *puntiglio*, e sottigliezza, che real disputa, e combatter de' nomi, non della cosa." It glosses the word by "cavillatio, *σόφισμα*." Veneroni (1714) has "*puntiglio*, pointille, **Spitzfindigkeit*, *argutia*." Ainsworth (1736) has "*argutor*, to *pun*, to take words otherwise than spoken." There seems to be sufficient similarity in the meaning of *pun* and *puntiglio* to make connection possible, and this possibility appears to be strengthened by the history of the cognate F. *pointe*. Of the two words *pun* and *pundigrion*, there can be little doubt that the latter is nearer the original. An E. derivative *pundigrion* from *pun* is impossible, while the coming, at about the same period, of such clipped forms as *cit*, *mob*, etc., is in favour of *pun* being short for *pundigrion*. I am aware that to derive *pundigrion* from It. *puntiglio* requires a somewhat active imagination. It may, however, have been an illiterate attempt at reproducing the It. spelling. That there is ultimate connection with *punto* I am convinced.

E. W.

*Cf. "*pointiller*, . . . to cut, quip, tax, or take exceptions unto" (Cotg), "to quibble" (Miegé, 1679).

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

A MEETING of the Society will be held at 8 p.m. on Friday, May 14th, 1909, at the Imperial College of Science, Imperial Institute Road, South Kensington.

AGENDA.

Mr. W. Duddell, F.R.S.—"On a Bifilar Vibration Galvanometer."

Messrs. W. P. Fuller and H. Grace—"Effect of Temperature on the Hysteresis Loss in Iron in a Rotating Field."

Messrs. A. Campbell, B.A., and T. Smith, B.A.—"On a Method of Testing Photographic Shutters."

Council meeting at 7.30 p.m.

Proceedings at the meeting held April 23rd, 1909:

Dr. C. Chree, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

A paper by Prof. W. H. Bragg and Mr. J. L. Glasson, "On a want of Symmetry shown by Secondary X-rays," was read by Prof. Bragg. When a primary X-ray strikes an atom, a secondary X-ray sometimes starts out from the place of impact. The experiments described in the paper were made with the object of comparing the intensity of emission of the secondary X-ray in a direction making an angle of about 45° with the primary with the intensity in a direction making an angle of 135° , and therefore turning back almost completely. It was found that in the case of atoms of platinum, tin or aluminium, or of such light atoms as are contained in celluloid, the former was larger than the latter, being sometimes three times as great. Madsen has obtained similar, but much greater, inequalities in the case of the γ -rays. When atoms of copper or iron were tested, atoms which give rise to a very soft radiation, there was little inequality. A similar inequality effect also occurs in the case of β -rays. On the original pulse theory, calculation showed that there should be no inequality of the secondary X-radiation in any case. If that theory were abandoned, as most writers now agreed to do, and the X-rays were supposed to be bundles of energy travelling through space, there did not appear to be sufficient definition of such entities as would enable any comparison to be made between theory and experiment. If the rays were supposed to be material, the facts were generally in agreement with expectation and afforded another instance of close parallelism between the phenomena of the X- and the γ -rays.

Prof. C. H. Lees said that Prof. Bragg had given a lucid account of his theories of γ - and X-rays. His researches would make physicists more careful in accepting the æther-pulse theory. He asked if it was likely that better means would be devised to discriminate between various forms of γ - and X-rays than dividing them into "hard" and "soft" radiations. He thought many discrepancies could be attributed to this want of discrimination.

Mr. C. A. Sadler pointed out that whatever lack of symmetry might exist in the emergence and incidence secondary X-radiations from a plate of a substance which was a source of scattered primary radiations, Professor Bragg's results conclusively proved that such lack of symmetry did *not* exist when the plate was a source of homogeneous radiation. If, then, it was a necessary condition of Professor Bragg's theory that such lack of symmetry should exist with secondary X-radiations, we must either conclude that the theory here breaks down or that these homogeneous radiations are not X-radiations as usually understood. It was to be noted also that the measured lack of symmetry (ignoring the lack of symmetry in the case of homogeneous beams, which had been shown to be only

apparent) in the most pronounced cases was small compared with those obtained with γ -rays.

Prof. Bragg, referring to the remarks of Prof. Lees, said that for precision the actual speed of all electrons ought to be measured. Instead of measuring the speed the penetrating power might be determined.

A paper entitled "Transformations of X-rays" was read by Mr. C. A. Sadler. It has been shown that the members of the group of metals Chromium—Silver emit under suitable primary beams radiations which are homogeneous and which increase in penetrating power with increase of atomic weight of the radiator. Using these homogeneous beams, the tertiary radiation excited by them in other metals has been studied by the author. It was found that the tertiary radiation excited in any member of the group Cr—Ag was homogeneous, and its penetrating power was that characteristic of the radiation from the substance when excited by a primary beam. With any given tertiary radiator it was found that the intensity of the homogeneous type of radiation emitted when the homogeneous radiations from the members of the group Cr—Ag successively fell upon the radiator was inappreciable unless the exciting radiation was more penetrating than that characteristic of the radiator. Defining a quantity k such that the fraction of the energy of the secondary beam passing normally through a thin layer δx of the tertiary radiator which was transformed in tertiary radiation $= k\delta x$, it was found that as long as the penetrating power of the secondary beam was less than that characteristic of the tertiary radiator, k was sensibly zero. When the secondary beam became more penetrating than that characteristic of the tertiary radiator, k increased rapidly to a maximum and then decreased over a considerable range, with increase of penetrating power of the secondary, as a linear function of the ionisation produced in a thin layer of air by the secondary beam. It has been shown that when the characteristic radiation is excited in a substance, a corresponding increase in the absorption of the exciting radiation by that substance takes place. If λ' denote the increase in the value of the absorption coefficient of the exciting beam by the material of the tertiary radiator consequent upon the emission of the tertiary radiation, k/λ' was found to decrease slowly at first and then more rapidly as the exciting beam became more penetrating.

Prof. Bragg congratulated the author on his interesting experiments, and said he could not see any satisfactory explanation of them on the pulse theory.

A paper on the "Theory of the Alternate Current Generator," by Professor Lyle, was read by Dr. Russell. The author points out that the theory of armature reaction as ordinarily discussed by electricians is unsatisfactory, as an important effect due to the mutual induction between the current in the field winding and the current in the armature circuit is neglected. To simplify the problem, the case of a simple ironless single-phase alternator is first discussed. The magnetic field, supposed uniform, is due to the current in a fixed coil connected with a source of constant electromotive force, and the armature is a coil of wire rotated in this field with constant angular velocity. In these circumstances, we may suppose that the mutual inductance between the two circuits varies in accordance with the harmonic law. The differential equations which determine the values of the two currents are easily written down, but their solution presents difficulty. The author gives a method of getting the complete solution. He first assumes that both the currents can be expanded in Fourier Series. He then applies a novel vector method and obtains equations to determine the value of the harmonic of any order in terms of the constant term in the field current. The operators in these equations are infinite determinants,

but he shows how these can be readily reduced to continued fractions. In practice, the resistance of the exciting circuit is small compared with its inductance, and thus the time constant is large. The continued fraction operators therefore rapidly become recurring, and so the equations giving the solution are simple.

The results prove that only odd harmonics appear in the expression for the armature current, and only even harmonics appear in the expression for the field current. The frequency of the induced ripple superposed on the exciting current is, therefore, double the fundamental frequency. The interesting fact is proved that this ripple is asymmetric—that is, the positive half of the wave is of a different shape from the negative half. A simple geometrical method of obtaining the solution is also given.

The author next takes into account the effects of hysteresis and eddy currents. This he does by means of the permeability operators, the use of which he explained in the *Phil. Mag.* for January, 1905. The magnetic leakage of the armature is also taken into account. As a practical illustration of the method, the operation of a small two-pole alternator when supplying a non-inductive load is predetermined. A diagram is given showing the exact shape of the current wave in the armature, the ripple superposed on the exciting current, and their relative phase displacement.

The action of "dampers" in diminishing the heat-losses in the field circuit and the theory of the synchronous motor are also discussed.

Mr. W. Duddell expressed his interest in Prof. Lyle's paper, and remarked that the results which he had obtained were in accord with experiments made by himself and Dr. Marchant some years ago.

Dr. Russell congratulated the author on having obtained such instructive solutions of the differential equations which determine the value of the armature and field currents in a simple generator. The subject of armature reaction has been carefully studied by electrical engineers, and the literature of the subject is quite extensive. He referred in particular to the study made by Professor Blondel in 1900 of the ripples in the exciting current of a two-phase and a three-phase alternator. It was well known that in a single-phase machine the frequency of the ripple superposed on the exciting current by the alternate magnetising and demagnetising effect of the armature current was double the frequency of the armature current. This ripple disappears at no load, but in practice the ripples at no load are often very marked owing to pulsations of the reluctance due to slots in the armature. The latter ripples are much less pronounced at full load as the load circuit acts like a damping-coil; but new ripples due to the armature reaction appear, causing a distortion of the wave-form. As a rule, electrical engineers assumed the existence of a sine wave of armature current and then investigated the ampere-turns to be added or subtracted from the field coils so as to neutralise the magnetising or demagnetising effect produced. In this connection Blondel's two-reaction method was extensively used, as it enabled approximate values to be rapidly obtained. The effect of the reaction on the wave-form of the machine, however, had been practically neglected, and Professor Lyle deserves great credit for his solution. In connection with the parallel running of turbo-alternators it was important, and the theory deserved careful study by engineers. The speaker thought that "dampers" were mainly used to prevent phase-swinging. He agreed with Professor Hopkinson that a similar effect might often be more economically produced by putting more copper on the field windings. The difficulties that arose in connection with perfecting the theory of synchronous motors arose mainly from the difficulty of taking hysteresis into account in the mathematical

equations. He thought that Professor Lyle's work in this direction was most valuable.

Prof. L. R. Wilberforce exhibited a galvanometer of the Broca pattern suitable for general use in elementary laboratories.

SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

ON May 4th, at the Society's rooms, 24 Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., Mr. C. Delisle Burns read a paper on "The Religious Order," Mr. S. H. Swinny presiding.

The religious order, said the lecturer, was the attempt to unite men or women in social service of a spiritual kind. Its basis was the inspiration of its members, not ordination. Its practice in retirement from the world was intended for service to the world. The history of religious orders in the West showed three chief stages. In the first, or Benedictine, phase the order was devoted to influencing the world from outside. In the earlier period the Benedictines stood for culture in general; but after the reforms of Cluny and the Chartreuse, religion came to mean a more purely emotional enthusiasm. The second stage was represented by the Friars, by whom the attempt was made to bring the cloister into contact with the world through preaching. The third and last stage was that during which the Jesuits rose to power and the special object of the religious order became the teaching of the young. With this was connected a restricted meaning of the word "religion" and a controversial attitude towards the Northern interpretation of Christianity. The religious order produced spiritual aristocracies. A tradition of high ideals was preserved, and the aristocracy had a democratic basis, anyone with a "vocation" being enabled to attain to power. The decay of the order was due to the mistake of celibacy, the narrowed meaning of religion, and the severance of the spiritual from the temporal.

CORRESPONDENCE

POETS' PROSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the last issue of THE ACADEMY, amongst the interesting articles which I read, two things particularly caught my attention: the suggestion of your correspondent, who signs himself "E. Owen," under the title of "The King's English," and the following sentence in your article on "The Commercial Muse": "Any man who can write really good poetry can also write good prose."

I fully endorse Mr. Owen's suggestion. I think that something should be done towards helping the working classes in England to improve their language, which is sometimes unintelligible, in spite of the money that is so liberally spent by tax-payers on education in this country.

With regard to your opinion as to men who can be at the same time good poets and good prose writers, I respectfully beg to state that I do not share it. My long experience in connection with philological as well as some other questions, has taught me that Blair is right when he says that, "The rays of the mind must converge to one point in order to glow intensely." When I am told that an intelligent man has attempted to study several subjects, I immediately think of the pocket-knife spoken of by Smiles in his "Self-Help." I shall even go the length of saying that, whenever I see half a dozen letters of the alphabet after a University man's name, I cannot help regretting that such a powerful mind should have been forced into University grooves.

Now, before I speak of poets and prose writers, I will take two examples from animal life to illustrate my meaning:

Is a good racehorse generally a good trotter, and *vice versa*?

Can a flying-fish swim as fast as an ordinary fish, or fly as swiftly as an ordinary bird? As it is with animals, so it is with men. A good violinist is generally a poor 'cellist, and *vice versa*; no artist can expect to excel in both of these instruments; as it is with the different branches of music, so it is with poetry and prose. A good poet, to my mind, is

very seldom a good prose-writer. Let us take at random two of the English writers, who attempted poetry and prose, Walter Scott and Macaulay. When the former read Byron's poetry, and compared it with his own, he decided that he must resign the first place in poetry to his young rival. With regard to Macaulay, if he had kept to verse his prose would not have been, up to the present day, the delight of millions of linguists.

Now, let us speak of French literature. Molière felt, at a certain moment, that he could never be a good poet and a good prose writer at the same time; he gave up verse and wrote masterpieces in prose.

If Voltaire had been a greater poet than he was, we might not have had one of the most delightful works ever written in prose, "Charles XII. of Sweden." As Morley says, "Voltaire is the very genius of correctness, elegance, and grace; but in masculine energy and in poetic weightiness, as well as in organ-like richness of music, Voltaire must be surely pronounced inferior to the great author of Cinna and Polyucte." Corneille, himself, if he succeeded—whilst rendering noble feelings—in using, as Mr. Faguet has it, "le langage le plus mâle, le plus énergique, le plus sobre à la fois et le plus plein qui ait été parlé en France," is it not, perhaps, because, in expressing himself in ordinary prose, he was, say Bessou and Elwall, "un écrivain très inégal, écrivant parfois d'un style pénible et obscur quand il exprimait des idées ordinaires."

In short, let us take two of the greatest poets of the nineteenth century: Hugo and Lamartine. Can their prose be compared to their admirable verse? What is virtue in the latter is vice in the former.

They wrote poetical prose, which may be prized in a speech, but which is certainly a defect in expressing common things in writing. It is quite as bad to write poetical prose as to write verses containing no poetry in them as Boileau did; the former is as ridiculous as a man who puts on his evening dress to partake of a quiet dinner, with only his wife and children as guests; the latter is like the difference between a dahlia and a rose. In point of physical beauty, they may be equal, but its want of perfume will always place the dahlia much beneath the queen of flowers.

To conclude, I beg to say that none of the French writers, who tried both prose and poetry, has ever excelled in prose as Renan and About did.

As a counterpoise to Morley's delight in thinking that Racine taught Fénelon and Massillon "how to make music in their prose," any French critic would feel disposed to say that, "l'auteur du chef-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain," would have been more useful to these very writers, had he taught them how to write in verse masterpieces like his "Athalie."

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

JIMMY DOUGLAS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a recent number of your stimulating paper you administered a well-deserved chastisement to that "star" comedian, Mr. James Douglas. This gentleman has, it seems, a bad habit of treating the readers of the journals to which he has the honour to be a contributor to articles on men and institutions, which to many doubtless appear the quintessence of wisdom, but which are, in fact—as you have demonstrated—the reverse. In one of his recent articles Mr. Douglas turns the searchlight of his erudition on the drama. He rejoices exceedingly that we are within measurable distance of a Repertory Theatre; he warmly congratulates Mr. Frohman on his approaching marriage with the unconventional drama; and he hastens to enrich our already overburdened language with the beautiful term Frohmanity. Then he proceeds in his unmitigated *Daily Mail* way to sketch in the beauties of the drama under its new conditions. Here is what Mr. Douglas, in his own wearisome word-whirling way, asks of the "New" Drama:—

"Give us life neat. . . . Give us. . . the thunder of its wheels in the mire, the music of its hoofs in the mud. . . . Out-Shaw Shaw! Drag into light every new kind of snob and cad, every novel vulgarity and vice." The dramatist must turn to the newspaper for inspiration for, "The journalist is the jackal of the theatre. . . . a spoonful of news contains a sea of drama." He deprecates the waste of human dramatic material. "Why does nobody put Horatio Bottomley on the stage? Or Joe Lyons? Or Mr. Tree? Or John Burns? Or Rockefeller? Or Abdul the Undamned? Or Maud Allan?" (And Heaven knows who besides.) "They

are a joy to me. . . . It is sinful to waste our fellow creatures. . . . Hall Caine. . . . and Marie Corelli are more than ripe for the footlights. . . . Why are they boycotted? . . . And why is Smyth-Pigott, that *chef d'œuvre*, why, oh why, is he ignored?"

In these brief extracts from three columns of unutterable nonsense one thing is obvious, a disposition, shared by many amiable and half-educated critics to regard the new drama in its only possible form as the drama of the dregs. The tendency is the result of the recent revolt against romanticism. It is the outcome of a theory that the function of the drama is to mirror real life, *i.e.*, life as it is, and this in spite of the well-known fact that we, none of us, know what life really is, and the drama can never mirror real life, but life plus the personality of the author, actors, and producer, and coloured by the prejudices and passions of the audience. There are signs, however, that this ill-conceived theory is breaking down. The New Idealism betrays tokens of its proximity. The wave of romanticism is returning, but in a more truly ennobling and original form. It bears on its crest a drama which is, indeed, a national drama, but one which is designed to show us what national life means in its widest and best sense; to perpetuate its finer ideas and ideals; to reveal the memory and aspiration of the race; to express the true philosophy and in this the poetry of national life. This is the drama which the Repertory Theatre will be asked to foster, and not the cesspool of realism which the extravagant and perishable English of such writers as Mr. Douglas would bolster into popularity.

KAIRON GNOTHI.

HOW THE LAW FAVOURS WOMEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There is a curious mistake in the article under this title in to-day's ACADEMY. Referring to the Slander of Women Act, 1891, the writer says: "A woman bringing such an action can certainly recover no more damages than costs unless she has specially suffered." It is really just the other way: she cannot, unless the judge certifies to the contrary, recover more costs than damages. As a matter of fact, a woman suing under this Act not only can, but usually does, recover a substantial sum as damages, without having suffered any special damage whatever.

TEMPLE.

"MALARIA AND GREEK HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your review of my book, "Malaria and Greek History," you blame the Manchester University Press for omitting, in the Bibliography, the Christian names of authors. The fault was mine, and I am sorry for it. I compiled the Bibliography myself, and my only excuse for the omission is that I had no difficulty in finding a book when I knew its date, its title, and the surname of the author. A reference to "Kühn" always means, in my book, that the quotation is taken from Kühn's edition of the Hippocratic "Corpus." This I do state in the Preface.

I should also like to express my regret that in the Preface I lay undue stress upon the decline of the Greeks. My book is mainly concerned with the efforts made by the Greeks to counteract the influence of their unhealthy environment. This theme can be discussed quite independently of the introduction of malaria or of the date at which the race began to decline.

I trust that my faulty treatment of the interesting question to which Major R. Ross first called attention will not do harm to what may prove a valuable branch of historical study. "Ecrire l'histoire de la malaria," writes the Egyptologist, W. Groff, "serait presque écrire celle de l'humanité."

W. H. S. JONES.

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The Bancrofts. Recollections of Sixty Years. Marie Bancroft, Squire Bancroft. Murray, 15s. net.
The Life and Times of Master John Hus. By the Count Lutzow. Dent, 12s. 6d. net.

Six Oxford Thinkers (Edward Gibbon, John Henry Newman, R. W. Church, James Anthony Froude, Walter Pater, Lord Morley of Blackburn). Algernon Cecil, M.A. Oxon. Murray, 7s. 6d. net.

FICTION

- The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes.* T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
The Slave Girl of Agra. Romesh Dutt, C.I.E. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
A Woman of Business. Major Arthur Griffiths. Long, 6d.
The Jockey's Revenge. Nat Gould. Long, 2s.
A Queen of Hearts. Evelyn Everett-Green. White, 6s.
Davina. Frances G. Burmester. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Priscilla of the "Good Intent." Halliwell Sutcliffe. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Somes House. By Alfred Mansfield Brooks. Swan Sonnenschein, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY

- The Annals of Tacitus.* Books xi.-xvi. G. G. Ramsay. John Murray, 15s. net.

JUVENILE

- Stories of the English.* Told to a child by F. Blackwood. 5s. net.

MAGAZINES

The Quarterly Review, St. Nicholas, Katalog, Fortnightly Review, American Historical Review, Century, Atlantic, National Gallery, Beautiful Flowers, Antiquary, Connoisseur, Socialist Review, English Review, Bibliotheca Chemier-Mathematica, Blackwood's, Book Monthly, Deutsche Rundschau, Papyrus, Harper's Monthly Magazine, Empire Review, Papyrus, Scribner's.

MISCELLANEOUS

- Modern Golf.* P. A. Vaile. Adam and Charles Black, 7s. 6d. net.
The Place of Animals in Human Thought. Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.
The Sunday School of To-morrow. G. H. Archibald. Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d. net.
Hampshire. Painted by W. Ball, R.E.; described by the Rev. Telford Varley, M.A., B.Sc. Adam and Charles Black, 20s. net.
Brush, Pen, and Pencil: Tom Browne, R.I. A. E. Johnson. Adam and Charles Black, 3s. 6d. net.
Stock Exchange's Ten-year Record, No. 3, 1909. Compiled by F. C. Mathieson and Sons.
The Education of the Will. T. Sharper Knowlson. Werner, Laurie, 6s.
Essays of Poets and Poetry. T. Herbert Warren, D.C.L. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.
The Biography of a Silver Fox. Ernest T. Seton. Constable, 5s. net.
Polyglot Phrases. Collected and arranged by Lewis Nicholas Worthington. Bell, 5s.
London's Lure; an Anthology: in prose and verse. Helen and Lewis Melville. Bell, 3s. 6d. net.
The Development of the English Law of Conspiracy. J. W. Brown. Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore.
Kant's Philosophy as Rectified by Schopenhauer. By M. Kelly. Swan Sonnenschein, 2s. 6d.
The Science of Speech, an Elementary Manual of English Phonetics for Teachers. By Benjamin Dumville. Clive, 2s. 6d.
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Die Demontischen Papyrus. Der Musees Royaux du Cinquantenaire von Wilhelm Spiegelberg. Vromant and Co., Brussels.

POETRY

- River Music and Other Poems.* W. R. Titterton. Mathews, 1s. 6d. and 1s. net.
A Day with Mary. The Fleming Press, New York.
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LIFE AND LETTERS

MR. R. J. CAMPBELL appears to be getting on rather badly with his new religion. For our own part we are not sorry. New religions are doubtful affairs nowadays, and we have never been able to conceive Mr. Campbell in the figure of a prophet. That he is an ingenious young gentleman cannot be doubted, inasmuch as, while he takes to himself the credit of having put a new religion on the market, he would appear still to be preaching an old religion which was invented by somebody else. According to the hapenny reporters Mr. Campbell has just been telling a vast audience at the City Temple that, "theoretically speaking, materialism is dead or moribund; practically we are enmeshed in it." This is the old, old cock-and-bull story with a vengeance. Mr. Campbell is reported to have said, further, that:

There was none of the old-time confidence in God, none of the old-time sweet hope of immortality, but strange misgivings as to whether there might be a goal of human endeavour or not, or whether they were like a ship without a rudder drifting at midnight on a stormy sea.

Which, of course, is as cheerful as it is untrue. The people who put forward "new" and disintegrating assertions in the name of religion invariably talk like this. They write a book which is destructive of belief and imagine that they have destroyed faith. They observe that a mad poet has proclaimed the non-existence of spirit and the triumph of matter and they say: "There you have the opinion of the world." It does not seem to occur to Mr. Campbell that his talk comes straight out of his own heart. He has shown himself to be full of doubts and "strange misgivings," and while he may be loth to cut the painter, as it were, there can be no getting away from the fact that he belongs to the dinghy, and not to the big ship. Without knowing it, perhaps, he is a materialist of the materialists, and the higher and nobler parts of religion stick in his gorge. He is infected with Socialism, which is simply squalid materialism. He mixes up religion with politics, and he tells us that "poverty and privilege must go," and that "the spiritual unity

of the race is unrealisable until they do go." Which is arrant nonsense. Poverty is the rule of life for quite ninety-nine persons out of every hundred. Even in Mr. Campbell's own walk of life there are many thousands of poverty-stricken persons, who still manage to love God and their fellow-men, even if they cannot drive to their churches in motor-cars. And as for the spiritual unity of the race, it exists and cannot be talked or preached or doggerelised away by any man or any number of men. Mr. Campbell wants to be "practical." He is a benevolent gentleman, and he would be glad for everybody to fare sumptuously and travel smoothly and keep a pew and an air-cushion at the City Temple. It is not to his discredit to be so benevolently disposed. But the Author of the Universe is not so benevolently disposed, which fact makes an end of R. J. Campbell. Mr. Campbell himself is much better off than the Christ, whose Divinity he is understood not to recognise. It is pleasant to find that his modest share of this world's goods has not hardened his heart against the poor. Let him go on loving the poor and thus save his soul.

And as for privilege, Mr. Campbell can no more abolish privilege than he can abolish poverty. He is a privileged person himself, and it is certain that he is not likely to abolish himself. The Socialists cannot abolish privilege, nor do they really wish to abolish it. All they want is a shifting of privilege from, say, the shoulders of the Duke of Marlborough to the shoulders of Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Grayson. And even then they would not be satisfied, and, looking round for fresh fields to conquer, they would demand the privilege of Mr. R. J. Campbell. In point of fact, we are all privileged, if only to the extent of having in our midst a man like Campbell. So far as we are able to make out, there has been privilege since the world began. It is as necessary to human persons as breath is necessary. Mr. Campbell knows that he cannot destroy it, and that is why he squeals. The misuse of privilege is, of course, a different affair. And we should not be sorry to have Mr. Campbell's precise views on this division of a pleasing question. For Mr. Campbell appears to us to have been an expert in the misuse of privilege ever since we can remember him.

The tremendous sums of money realised by the sale of the late Mr. Justice Day's pictures will set the mouths of His Majesty's judges watering furiously. Mr. Justice Day collected pictures in the way of a hobby. He does not appear to have purchased anything that was really expensive. On the other hand, for a capital outlay of probably much less than ten thousand pounds, he acquired "works" which have sold after his death for seventy-five thousand pounds. Which, on the whole, is business. We believe that practically every judge of the High Court has a hobby. Mr. Justice Grantham, for example, is an amateur architect; Mr. Justice Darling is an amateur wit; and it is understood that the Lord Chief Justice of England is a great hand with a part-song, and in his motion like an angel sings, still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim—in a parish church of a Sunday. These are, of course, blameless and human employments. On the other hand, they are distinctly not business. Mr. Justice Grantham's architectural efforts will of a surety never bring to his executors such a plum as seventy-five thousand pounds. Mr. Justice Darling's mirth is bestowed on shrieking ushers and giggling reporters without money and without price, and after his lordship's demise, which we sincerely trust may be long deferred, even the most excruciating of his scintillae will not be worth more than the usual penny-a-line or,

at the most, twopence; while as for the vocal exercises of the Lord Chief Justice we shall be unable to obtain them for love or money one hundred years hence, unless, happily, someone bottles them off in a phonograph. The facts we have stated should give the King's judges pause. There is a little book called "The Breeding and Rearing of Canaries for Pleasure and Profit." We have not "perused" (*vide* bills of costs) this excellent volume, but its title serves to indicate that it is really possible to combine pleasure with profit. And hence we venture with great respect to suggest to Mr. Justice Grantham that a little judicious stamp-collecting will serve his executors more surely than the Grantham style of architecture. Hence it is also that we venture to suggest to Mr. Justice Darling, with equal respect, that there is more money in old china than in old jokes. And to the Lord Chief Justice of England, with still greater respect, we will say, in the pathetic words of Miss Kitty Gordon, now showing at the Pavilion: "Sing, sing, let your heart sing—we don't care!"

The current number of the *Sphere* contains some nasty gibes. By way of inviting the intelligent to be duly fearful of "the All-Seeing Eye of the Camera" Mr. Shorter prints a quarter-page picture of a gentleman who is alleged lately to have robbed a bank, and displays beneath it the appended beautiful legend:

How "D. S. Windell" Avoided the Camera in the Street, but could Not Evade it (though under the Eyes of the Law) in the Dock at Bow Street.

The All-Seeing Eye of the Camera is truly a wonderful affair. Some day, perhaps, the all-seeing eye of criticism will get hold of Mr. Shorter and prove to him that what he may avoid in the *Sphere* he cannot evade elsewhere. Meanwhile, Mr. Shorter puts a pertinent question and proceeds to answer it:

Who also is the "chief" of one "very popular weekly" in this country who is "fond of posing as the guide, philosopher, and friend of the literary aspirant"? This from a correspondent of *The Author*, who has sent him three copies of "a slim booklet of poems which was never even acknowledged in the weekly book lists." Perhaps the author would have had his book acknowledged if he had simply addressed it to "the editor."

The acumen and shrewdness herein displayed delights us all. But there is other matter in the *Author* which in a small way, at any rate, concerns Mr. Shorter in his office as a journalist; the which, as is his wont, he treats with the far-famed Shorter brand of "silent contempt."

We should be sorry, however, to be unjust to Mr. Clement Shorter, but we note that he tops up his current literary letter with a picture of Dante and a notice of what he calls a "Great New Book." Then he proceeds to say his say about the *Quarterly Review*, and on the whole we agree with his say. But the Shorter must ever be Shorter; and our friend's fairly obvious comment on the old *Quarterly* is rounded off as follows:

Personally, I am inclined to disapprove of the signed article, which I would like to see everywhere else but in *The Quarterly*—why would take me too long to tell. Certainly one might have had a little interest in the article on poetry—dull and wrong-headed though it be—had one not found the signature of the Poet Laureate at the end of it.

Now, we happen to have read the Poet Laureate's article in the *Quarterly Review*, and we challenge Mr. Shorter to justify his epithets "dull and wrong-

headed." In point of fact, Mr. Alfred Austin's article happens in the main to be a particularly sound and just article, and in any case it exhibits a knowledge of the true inwardness of poetry and of its true value and nature which far exceeds anything we have ever been able to discover in the writings of Mr. Shorter. Mr. Shorter tells us quite truly that Gifford and Croker were cruel, unfair and deliberately dishonest, and that in his judgment they were horrible people. We will not say that Mr. Shorter is deliberately dishonest; because we believe that he knows no better. But there can be no doubt that when he describes the Laureate's article in the current *Quarterly* as "dull and wrong-headed" he is wittingly or unwittingly just as cruel and unfair as Croker or Gifford ever knew how to be. We are not now discussing Mr. Austin's poetry or Mr. Austin's prose in the bulk; but simply his article on poetry in the current *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Shorter may have found that article dull; and he has a perfect right to say that it is dull if he chooses; but "wrong-headed" is an epithet which Mr. Shorter has no business to use unless he can justify it. Space in the *Sphere* being so occupied with advertisements of Eno's Fruit Salt and the Nugget Boot Polish, we have again to offer Mr. Shorter space in *THE ACADEMY* and our usual rates of payment, if he cares to justify himself in this matter. But he is one of those critics who make wild charges against people, and on being invited to substantiate those charges immediately seek refuge in the beautiful old adage to the effect that silence is golden. "Blame, blame, Clemmy, my boy!"

Our enjoyment of the performance which we witnessed a few days since of "The Earth," at the Kingsway Theatre, and our appreciation of the able acting of Miss Lena Ashwell and Mr. Aynesworth, and the other members of Miss Lena Ashwell's company, were somewhat marred by the feeling forced upon us that the author of the play had written it to fit the political and sociological views of Miss Lena Ashwell quite as much as her histrionic talents. The villain of the piece, the proprietor of the newspaper *The Earth*, and of a vast number of other newspapers and periodicals, is represented as being engaged by means of "his enormous influence" over his vast number of readers in "forming public opinion" against a measure, which is described as "The Wages Bill." We are not given any definite information as to the nature of the "Wages Bill," but we are left to infer that it is the sort of Bill which might be produced by the combined efforts of Mrs. Pankhurst, Mr. Keir Hardie and General Booth; and Mr. Aynesworth, whose brilliant abilities were unable to carry him through a part (that of Trevena) which requires him to indulge in vague sentimentality and generally to look and speak like a fool, represented, we suppose, the hero of the play. That is to say, he is making love to another man's wife under the usual specious pretences, and when the proprietor of *The Earth* tries to blackmail him into abandoning "The Wages Bill," by threatening to expose him to the injured husband, we are invited to admire him because he is prepared to sacrifice a measure which he considers of vital importance to the whole country, and especially to women and children, rather than be instrumental in compromising and bringing disgrace upon the lady with whom he is carrying on an intrigue. Of course, anyone in the position of Mr. Trevena would probably have been obliged to have come to the same conclusion; but there is nothing particularly interesting either in the situation or in the steps which he proposes to take in face of that situation. Lady Killone, whose husband we have been shown in the first act in the figure of a quite improbably red-faced and drunken Irish peer, who grinds his tenants, at this juncture, however,

refuses to allow "The Wages Bill" to be sacrificed to save her reputation, which, considering that her only object in life is to get rid of her husband and live with her lover, is not altogether quite such a high-souled piece of self-sacrifice as the author of the piece and Miss Lena Ashwell would have us believe.

What irritates us about the play is that it is far more of a tract than a play, and that the stupid device is adopted of making all the people who are opposed to "The Wages Bill" rogues and blackguards. At the end of the play one is left with the uncomfortable conclusion that "The Wages Bill," which is evidently a foolish, sentimental, socialistic and probably suffragistic measure, conceived in the brain of a man of third-rate intellectual powers, is to be foisted on the community, while Lady Killone is to be at liberty to continue her little games undisturbed and with an added opinion of her own marvellous goodness and greatness. Another absurdity of the play was the quite unnecessary advertisement given to the prototype in real life of Sir Felix Janion, the owner of *The Earth*. In real life the owners of such papers do not possess any serious influence as moulders of public opinion. They are able to popularise a new form of idiot game or boom into a three days' prominence entirely uninteresting and unimportant people, but that is the extent of their influence. This is not to deny that their publications have a pernicious and degrading influence on the mental powers of their countrymen; but to do their countrymen justice, when it comes to matters of real importance, the opinions of such journals as *The Earth* are absolutely without weight. Nobody takes the least notice of what they say; knowing by experience that they are quite as likely as not to say the exact opposite the next day. It is a great pity that an actress of Miss Lena Ashwell's ability should depart from the real vocation of the actress to indulge in the propaganda of the half-baked foolishness of the shrieking sisterhood and their mewling and puling male supporters. Miss Ashwell's talents are too valuable for the stage.

We have been proffered another apology. This time it is the *Isis*, which, in beautiful type, "greatly regrets that through inadvertence we printed last week in this column an inaccurate and misleading statement concerning *The Academy*." Such is life, and on the whole the thing is becoming monotonous. We have sufficient apologies in the office—printed, typewritten or holograph—to paper a wall. And we shall probably receive a great many more before we pay the debt of Nature. We should like to give notice to all whom it may concern, however, that we have abandoned the principle of turning the other cheek to malicious persons. For the angry spitfire libeller we shall for the future produce from the cupboard the legal stick, which would appear to be the sole instrument where-with he can be taught decent manners. And, in spite of his blubberings and splutterings and protestations that he will be a good boy for the future, we shall not spare him.

We have received a considerable number of letters from persons who approve or disapprove of our articles on "The Testament of John Davidson." In this matter we have as little use for the approval of our correspondents as for their disapproval; consequently, we are not publishing further letters on the subject. But if the individuals who belong to the disapproving faction will send us their names and addresses we shall be happy to print their letters. There is much virtue in "Constant Reader's" card; there is no virtue at all in anonymity when serious affairs are toward.

THE END OF THE DAY

THEN I, when all is dark, shall rise and go
From out the door's sweet shelter. All your love
Will loose about me. I shall leave behind
The warmth, the homeliness of the house, the deep
Rich comfort of live sleep: and turn and bend
My way toward the voiceless deathfulness
Of night, the hill, the place that waits, the bed
That shall be made for me.

Upon that hour
I shall begin my journey when the night
Is nearly spent. And if you should awake,
You will not hear. And you shall never know
How great my fear was, or how many times
I wept, and paused upon the way and yearned
To you for succour, or how glad I was
To go; and yet, withal, how fain to stay.

I shall pass through the swinging doors alone
And step into the night. The garden flowers
Will all be folded; nor the singing birds
I passionately loved will pipe for me
When I step out. They shall not know my feet
Are gone without an echo and can have
No glad returning; I shall wend my way
And none shall hear; and tho' the dusky air
Grow sudden chill, I say they shall not know.

Death will be with me as I cross the moor
Upon his chilly arm my warmth shall lean
And learn to grow a-cold. I shall find out
What way one walks with Death. O, mystic Death,
I shall find out what way one walks with you!

Haply my heart may learn to love the way:
As, 'neath the snow, the earth grows young again,
Blossoms and buds, and waits upon the Spring,
So, near Death's coldness, may my heart regain
Its youth, and wait the springtide. In the grave
I shall be buried like a flower—dumb soul—
Bud—seed—within me, will you wake again
And blossom from my earth?

I shall not turn or look back on the house
With all its quaint-hued windows. When I called
You were so quick to hear and answer me,
It well might happen you would wake to greet
That backward glance. I shall not turn again.
The little house was sunlit: shall I waste
My last look on its shade? My steadfast eyes
I shall direct toward the distant hill,
And that way lend my feet. Haply the brook
Where once we wandered gladly, you and I—
Summer and all its airs encircling us—
May steal the whisper of my steps, and when
The happy days are circled round again
Utter good-bye for me. Then you shall know
How very fain I was awhile to go,
And yet, withal, how fain I was to stay.

There is a little churchyard on the hill
Where one may slumber soundly. Once I scorned
A resting-place so low: that was a day
Of leaping life and love. Now, in the dark,
I shall creep in so softly, nor the wind,
Nor one slight sod once fleetly scorned, shall know
That I have found out my bed.

And when at last
I am a-soundly sleeping, and my love
And joy and pain in all are all forgot,
Your feet may come that way. You will find out
Where I have placed my pillow. You will see
How fair the churchyard is upon the hill,
How gentle is my sleep. And when your tears
Are all run o'er and finished, you shall know
At last—not sadly—tho' I longed to stay,
How good a thing it was that I should go.

A. G. H.

"SAVAGE AND TARTARLY"

THE centenary of the *Quarterly Review*, as is the way with centenaries, has called forth a fair measure of lollipop writing on the part of journals which profess an admiration for the "great house of Murray." All sorts of anonymous and cheerful people have held up pious hands and lifted up pious voices on the subject, and one might imagine from the general tone of awe and eager respect that the *Quarterly Review* of our own day was notoriously a vigorous organ of literary and political opinion. Mr. Murray's centenary number is dated April, and at the back of it there is an article of fifty pages devoted to an account of the origin and early history of the *Quarterly*, which article we are told is "to be continued." And the article is interleaved with portraits of John Murray the Second, William Gifford, Robert Southey, "the Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker," and other celebrities. We hope that the letterpress itself is not the actual handiwork of the present editor of the *Quarterly*. In any case it is an extraordinary effort, and while it has been generally praised, we shall venture to assert that the literary world could have done very well without it, and that it exhibits qualities which are not over-desirable when a journal happens to be giving space to a consideration of itself. In other words, the writer, whoever he may be, is a singularly faithful friend of the house of Murray, and of all persons who at any time have been associated with the *Quarterly Review*. Our friend, for we believe that for a consideration he will be just as friendly to us as he is to the *Quarterly*, looks at life steadily and sees it whole; but he does it always with the assistance of the spectacles of Albemarle Street. It is, of course, common knowledge that Robert Southey was once a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. The gentleman with the Albemarle Street spectacles describes him as follows:

Next on our list of early collaborators comes Robert Southey, perhaps the most industrious and prolific man of letters that England has produced. At the time of which we are speaking he was living at Keswick, the friend and neighbour of Wordsworth, then settled at Grasmere. Literature was his means of livelihood; and the "many mouths" which (as he said) he had to "feed out of one inkstand" imposed upon him a life of laborious toil, which, however, his courage and energy, and the high ideal of literary work which

he always kept before him, prevented from sinking into a mere drudgery. As he wrote to his benefactor, Mr. Wynne, "A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart, are the three best boons Nature can bestow; and God be praised, no man ever enjoyed these more perfectly." Though only thirty-five, he was widely known as a copious and fairly successful writer. Two volumes of "Minor Poems," "Thalaba," "Madoc," some translations from the Spanish, and several other works had already appeared. "The Curse of Kehama" was to come out in the following year. Like Canning, he had begun life as a Whig, he had even been a Republican, but he was now a Tory of the Tories, and was sorely vexed when his revolutionary drama, "Wat Tyler," a work of his youth, was published without his knowledge in 1817.

And we are told further that Southey wrote "close on" a hundred articles for the *Review*, for which he was well paid; that his receipts from the *Quarterly* were his chief source of income; that Gifford had a very high opinion of his prose, and that Dr. Garnet considered him in the light of a practical statesman, who was ahead of public opinion. Of course, we cannot expect the *Quarterly* of the moment to offer us any real estimate of Southey. In the view of the *Quarterly* the fact that he contributed to the *Quarterly* makes him a "man of distinction," and the fact that he is almost as dead as Croker and Queen Anne, and was of little more account than either, must, of course, not be allowed to obtrude itself into the *Quarterly's* kindly and reverent appreciation. We are inclined for our own part to believe that Southey's thirty years' intimate association with the *Quarterly Review* proves, if it prove anything at all, that for thirty years at any rate the *Quarterly* was in a pretty bad way, and was not by any means the great and brilliant organ which the devotees of the house of Murray would fain conjure up for us. Right through the article before us all sorts of useless and undistinguished persons are trotted out as men of parts and genius, simply because they happen to have written something for the *Quarterly*. The names of quite two-thirds of them are entirely forgotten, and the works of the other third, with the single exception of those of Scott, are works which nobody reads, and which have little or no merit, whether literary or otherwise. Nobody in his senses can doubt that the *Quarterly* of this period was just as ordinary and just as humdrum as the *Quarterly* of our own beautiful time, not to say just as stupid and just as far removed from the real issues of literature and government. The writer of Mr. Murray's appreciative article cannot be content to leave with his redoubtable journal even the small reputation for brutality which it managed to achieve by dint of its attack on Keats, and of its treatment of the early work of Tennyson. Mr. Murray's young man actually defends the *Quarterly's* Keats article. "It should be noted," he says, "that the review is limited to the 'Endymion,' which by common consent, contains more of Keats' defects and eccentricities, and less of his essential beauties, than any other of his considerable works." Common consent is rich, inasmuch as it no doubt means the common consent of the writer of the article and Mr. John Murray, with, perhaps, that eminent poet, the President of Magdalen, thrown in. And, in any case, defects and eccentricities, or no defects and eccentricities, there is more poetry in any given hundred lines of "Endymion" than "the most industrious and prolific man of letters that England has produced," with all the editors and contributors of the *Quarterly* to help him, ever wrote in their lives. The Ode to Pan alone was unthinkable beyond the range of any of them; and

that anybody should attempt to excuse or to obtain credit for the *Quarterly Review* out of its Keats' article in the year of grace 1909 is at once amazing and scandalous. Of its treatment of Tennyson the *Quarterly* very naturally desires to plume itself because it really desires to plume itself on everything that has ever happened to it. Let us hearken, and smile:

It is only fair to acknowledge that many—in fact, most—of the critic's objections were justified by the most convincing of tests—that the poet either dropped or altered the incriminated verses. For instance, in "The Lady of Shalott" the half-stanza:

From the bank, and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror—
"Tirra lirra, tirra lirra" (lirrar?),
Sang Sir Lancelot,

becomes in the later edition:

From the bank, and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror—
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

Again, for the half-stanza (as originally written):

Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
To the plank'd wharfage came;
Below the stern they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott,

we have in the version of 1842:

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

In "The Miller's Daughter" the stanzas with which the critic found fault were almost all either omitted or rewritten. The same is the case with several lines in "Eneide." A passage in "The Lotuseaters" (spelt thus originally) contained the line "Like a dreamy Lotuseater—a delicious Lotuseater," disappeared in the later poem, as did also a stanza in "The Palace of Art":

Isaiah, with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic Sea,
Plato, Petrarca, Livy and Raphael,
And eastern Confutzee—

a stanza which to the humorous sense of the critic recalled the lines in "that celebrated Doric idyll," "The Groves of Blarney":

Statues growing that noble place in,
All heathen goddesses most rare,
Homer, Plutarch, and Nebuchadnezzar,
All standing naked in the open air!

But perhaps the most remarkable instance of an improvement due to criticism of the *Quarterly* is to be found in "A Dream of Fair Women," in which originally a stanza ran thus:

The tall masts quivered as they lay afloat;
The temples, and the people, and the shore;
One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly—and nothing more.

On this the critic observes: "What touching simplicity! what pathetic resignation! He cut my throat—nothing more. One might, indeed, ask

what more she would have?" Tennyson took the hint, *showing herein real greatness*;

All of which is truly marvellous and indicates quite clearly that what the *Quarterly* has not done for the enlargement and embellishment of English letters in general and English poetry in particular still remains to be done. Tennyson took the *Quarterly's* hint, "showing herein"—for once in his otherwise dull and squalid career—"real greatness." Let the *Quarterly* take a hint from us. Let it remember that self-congratulation is no part of the business of an honest journal, and that history written from the point of view of the congratulator is always very indifferent history. As we have said, the *Quarterly's* estimate of itself is "to be continued." We shall make no demur. But why, in the name of "The Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker," should it be framed and couched in the manner we have indicated? The *Quarterly* has nothing to lose by frank avowals about its past, and equally it has nothing to gain by salting the particulars with pretty hints as to its own infallibility and its own importance. The rule for people who are lucky enough to attain centenaries is to let other people celebrate them. The *Quarterly's* article would have come ill, excepting in the way of sheer and unblushing compliment, from the *Nineteenth Century* or from the *Fortnightly Review*; but appearing as it does in the *Quarterly* itself it smells to heaven of bumptiousness, snobbishness and unhumorousness. The persons responsible for it must have scorned delights and lived laborious evenings to get it right. One cannot doubt that it is an article which has been cut and hacked and altered and "redone-up," as it were, out of all reason. To get a statement of the facts, which, while being a statement difficult on the whole to controvert is blended with a nice portrayal of the excellence and power and benevolence and wisdom and lordly munificence and vast circulation of the *Quarterly*, must have been a great strain on the energies of the parties concerned. But they have managed to achieve what less painstaking people might have considered impossible.

BURLINGTON HOUSE

THIRD AND FINAL NOTICE.

If the Water-colour Room may fairly be taken as a criterion, the most important point which strikes the observer is the lamentable decay of the English School of Water-colour Painting. Though Burlington House is not, perhaps, ordinarily the place where the state of that art can be judged best, unfortunately the present exhibition emphasises only too pointedly the impression already produced elsewhere. A second characteristic of the collection naturally arising out of the first is the large proportion of drawings actually made in water-colour for no other reason than the artists' caprice or limitations in the use of media. A third characteristic is the high proportion of comparatively good work in water-colour done by women artists. There is no intrinsic reason why the majority of the larger drawings especially, should not have been produced as oil pictures. Among such works are Mr. Henshall's "The Foundling" (845); Mr. Tucker's "Shades of Autumn (858); Mr. Garside's "In Anglesey" (861); with two small drawings, Miss Canziani's "Lago Maggiore" (866) and Miss Kell's much too direct imitation of Burne-Jones's "Thanksgiving" (846). In fact, those most susceptible to improvement, Mr. Garside's and Miss Canziani's drawings, which show considerable merit, would have been better if

painted in oil. Mr. Charles Dixon's "The Embarkation of Henry the Eighth at Dover" (771), though deserving praise for its painstaking elaboration, could scarcely be successful in either medium. It is this ignorance of the possibilities and limitations of water-colour which marks its decay. However, there are exceptions to the prevailing tendency. Sir Harry Johnston, who will be regarded by professional artists as an "amateur," has produced a very pleasing and quite remarkable water-colour, "Awaiting an Audience" (854). A certain preraphaelism in treatment makes it reminiscent of the work of Mr. Holman Hunt, but it has its peculiar merit. Sir Harry Johnston shows himself an artist unconcerned with side issues. He offers no arguments in paint in favour of his superiority over rivals, and expounds no moralities. He works with a single eye to his own perfection. This has done more than prevent him from missing the beauty of his subject: it has enabled him to seize and interpret beauty which is not obvious. The local colour is, therefore, more sincerely expressed in his little drawing of West African life than in yards of Mr. Hunt's elaborate canvases having for their object the realisation of Palestinian life, with ulterior motives. In his treatment of an exotic atmosphere Mr. Phrené Spiers also is successful, in his small drawing, "The Temple of Maharraker" (844) he produces with clear washes of colour the flood of clear light which offers so much difficulty to English artists. In reflected light Mr. Storey's study, "A Spanish Interior, Toledo" (901), though attractive at first sight, does not bear more careful examination. Mr. North's clever contrivances in his little drawing, "Snow" (921), almost beguile the eye into a belief in the truth of his rimeladen atmosphere on a frosty day in snow-time. Mr. William Brock's "Harvest Moon" (778) produces a pleasing and generally true evening effect, but he exaggerates the convention by which he seeks to emphasise the tone; the colours of his two figures in the middle distance are so bright that they strike the eye as false, and betray the convention. Mr. Flint's "A Damsel who made her Captor love her" (795), in spite of faults of design betraying lack of taste and producing inconsistency, is a fairly successful example of bold water-colour treatment on a small scale. Mr. Stanger Pritchard's "Bargain Hunters, Bruges" (833) is a better example, for it shows good taste and more individuality. Mr. East's large drawing, "Amersham" (769), is true water-colour, but he has subordinated his individuality too much to combined reminiscences of Cotman and Constable, and his drawing lacks character. Mr. Anton van Anrooy is a clever aquerellist of figures; his portrait, "Miss Rachael Keith" (786), is an attractive and harmonious drawing in grey tones, if a trifle too watery; his study, "The Lacemaker" (973), is less attractive, but shows even more ability. Though Mr. Stannus misunderstands the uses of water-colour, he deserves praise for his sense of a "swell" at sea in his "Good West Wind" (879). Mr. Moony's "The Lady and the Poet" (811) must be noticed for the sake of a sort of derived originality, and for its bizarre effectiveness. He has evidently been brought up on Mr. Walter Crane's charming toy-books, and has used their decorative qualities pictorially in a manner of his own. The well merited acceptance of his drawing is another sign of Academical expansion. Of Mr. Brockbank's "Cleeve Prior Mill" (777) little can be said, except that it is a water-colour drawing without offence. These drawings fairly exhaust the list of male successes, such as they may severally be conceded to be. Among drawings by women the following should be noticed as the best examples: Miss Hagarty's "Entrance to Poole Harbour" (883) has many of the qualities of the best school of water-colour painting;

it does not reach that standard on account of a failure of unity of tone. It is a pity, also, that Miss Hagarty should introduce a rainbow, for it is an enchantment to painters which leads to a fall. Mrs. Knight's "Cheyne Walk" (828) is a very well toned study of London slush, so realistic as to make the spectator shiver, but it should have been painted in oils—indeed, Mrs. Knight has used her water-colours so that at a hasty glance they produce the effect of oils. Miss Gow's large figure subject, "The Torn Dress" (831), is as good an example of the use of water-colours in clear whitish tones as is to be found in the room. Though a pleasing composition, it cannot be said to show much character. Miss Sawyer's "The Sea hath its Pearls" (837) must be noticed for the artist's good drawing, her harmonious treatment of clear and vivid greens and the quiet humour with which she uses the familiar design of Andromeda for her pretty mermaid reclining on a monstrous marine pet. Finally, attention should be drawn to Miss Nixon's tiny drawing, "Market Day, Etaples" (815), for she shows a distinct power in grouping figures and a vigorous talent for bold treatment, suggesting a profitable study of Wilhelm Maris.

It is too well recognised that the art of miniature painting is dead, for some two hundred and forty reduced portraits catalogued as "Miniatures" to require individual criticism. It must be affirmed, with regret, that, with two exceptions, Miss Laidman's "Ernest Brassington" (982) and Mrs. Cook's "John Francis Barnett" (1069), of which the merits are not very high nor those of real miniatures, these small portraits have no merits of any kind. They have less claim to be regarded as objects of art than daguerotypes, for they have none of the "style" which is to be found in many of those productions. Fortunately the hospitality of the Burlington Fine Arts Club enables anyone really interested in seeing what the art of miniature painting was capable of, opportunity for doing so at the present moment. It is to be hoped that the artists who spend time, patience and eyesight on these popular souvenirs will obtain invitations to visit the club's exhibition, and may be fired with a desire to revive the art. They will realise that their sublimated photography is descended, though sinisterly enough, from the art which produced Holbein's "Mrs. Pemberton" and attained heights which Burlington House cannot now reach in all its rooms.

To judge from the Black and White Room it would seem as if the art of engraving were not only affected, as it undoubtedly is, by cheap processes of reproduction, but seriously threatened. There are, of course, many skilled engravers still amongst us, but the Academy has attracted very few of them this year to Burlington House, and the collection is a singularly dull one. There is no English artist in full practice more experienced in all forms of engraving than Mr. Strang, but he does not appear at his best in his two portraits, "Sir Charles Holroyd" (1235) and "Portrait of a Gentleman" (1257). His "Eastern Woman" (1354) is remarkable for its decorative quality and its peculiar material, apparently consisting of a thin plaster laid on canvas, and in this respect resembling one of Blake's many "fresco" attempts. Among the other more interesting productions, notice is due to Miss Annie Williams's "From a Twelfth Storey, New York" (1300); Mr. Smart's map-like "Château Gaillard" (1315); Mr. Exley's "Place d'Armes, Caudebec" (1250); Mr. Gaskell's two mezzotints, "Corfe Castle" (1252) and "St. Albans" (1280); and for its good sunlight effect, to Miss Spilhaus's "Worship to Allah" (1322).

The Architectural drawings form at the present time the most important section of the exhibition. Owing

partly to the termination of leases, partly to the faulty construction of late Georgian buildings, and partly to the real or supposed exigencies of modern life, there has never been a period of such general reconstruction everywhere, since the rebuilding of London after the great fire. Nevertheless, the Architectural Room is the only really unpopular one in Burlington House. It is visited by the general public with evident repugnance, and only when some acquaintance is exhibiting, or when the design for some new building in a familiar locality is exhibited. The public runs through its task as quickly as possible, and leaves with the vaguest idea of what the projected buildings will be like. This is not surprising, for the connections between plans and buildings is difficult to understand. To express on paper a conception formed in building materials, or to evolve by calculations, plans and pictures an object which will become a useful and beautiful edifice, has always been a rare gift, even among architects. Large numbers of the most beautiful buildings in the world are but amalgams of accretions to which the essentially practical character of the art of architecture has given an artificial nature. They are not the embodiment of a single idea which has ever been set down on paper at one time. To the critic, too, in whom some faculty for transforming plans into buildings must be assumed, the Architectural Room is becoming more and more fatiguing, owing to the tendency to aim at pictorial effect in architectural designs. Among those exhibited this year are many which might take quite a respectable place in the Water-colour Room. Mr. Belcher, the recently-elected Academician, employs a draughtsman for his designs for Lew House (1436) and Talmore Place (1440), with quite a pretty taste for bird's-eye landscape. Mr. Dawber's draughtsman represents his design for Tuesley Court (1429) as a purer landscape, and Mr. Mitchell's draughtsman of his "House at Avon Dassett" should win a local prize for landscape painting, where finish is a requirement. Mr. Mawson's design for a "Garden at Lees Court" (1460) takes an even more prophetic form. This very ingenious example of garden mapping is represented as it cannot possibly appear until some fifteen years after the drawing, when the yew hedges, which are its most striking feature, have had time to grow. Close to these pictures Mr. Haywood's "Competition Design for London County Hall" (1497) unfolds its long utilitarianism, unadorned. No doubt these attractive representations are useful in interpreting architects' conceptions to their clients, and still more in concealing details which their less cultivated taste is likely to revolt from, but they increase the fatigues of criticism, for the critic has to be continually correcting his judgment to different standards of interpretation. Criticism at least would be much facilitated if the landscape designs could be grouped together. Among many designs for public buildings of a strictly utilitarian nature, which need not be specified, since they appear to be still under consideration, Mr. A. Gilbert Scott exhibits his "Design for Glamorgan County Hall" (1525), which it is to be hoped, for the taste of that county, has already been accepted unanimously. It is a dignified, well-proportioned and strongly characterised design, giving evidence of considerable creative power; it has also every sign of being well adapted for its purpose. In this country, always singularly barren of fine municipal buildings, it will be a rare example. The building should stand isolated, for in so far as it is open to criticism, it is of too foreign a character to accord with English architecture if placed in close proximity. Conversely, in the adaptation of western uses to exotic conditions—that is to say, of buildings for western purposes in foreign countries—the collection gives several examples, which show very great advance beyond the gingerbread structures which have misrepresented

western architecture in India and the nearer East—namely, Mr. Schultz's simple cruciform church, "Cathedral, Khartoum" (1610); Mr. Jaggard's "Church near Capetown" (1606); and, in a less degree, Messrs. Kelly and Dickie's "Mission Hospital at Hebron" (1501). Mr. Pite's "English Mission Church, Safed, Galilee" (1558), is too amorphous to commend itself without more intimate knowledge of the local requirements. Among somewhat stereotyped imitations of Gothic, having an agreeable effect, are Mr. Hare's "University College of North Wales" (1372); and Messrs. Oliver, Leeson and Wood's "Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Hexham" (1390), a more idiosyncratic design, gaining much by its position on a broad terrace approached by particularly well-proportioned, shallow, semi-circular steps. Of a similar type, for ecclesiastical purposes, are Mr. Tapper's "Chapel for the Community of the Resurrection" (1567); Mr. Prynne's "St. Wilfrid's Church, Bognor" (1582); and, as additions, Messrs. Gibbons and Son's "New Chancel to St. Chad's Church," Far Headingley (1588); and Mr. Cecil Hare's "New Chancel, St. Stephen's Church, Sninton" (1561). Mr. Walters makes a common mistake in the exterior of his important designs for "Buckfast Abbey Church" (1615 and 1616) by making the caps of his Norman turrets too steep. This is an apparently small detail with which restorers disfigure much original Norman work. Among other faults in detail which strike the eye, are the brick pillars which terminate a low garden wall in Mr. Dawber's "Rebuilding of Nether Swell Manor" (1467), which are much too high; Mr. Lutyen's meaningless brackets below sunk oval windows in his "Garden View of a House at Ilkley" (1411); and Mr. Bidlake's disproportionate chimneys in his "The Knoll, Leicester" (1424 and 1447). In these four cases the faults here mentioned are easily removable blots in otherwise more or less successful designs. Messrs. Silcock and Reay deal cleverly and with good effect, in their "Cornwall County Council Offices" (1491), with the difficulty of a long building situated on a considerable slope. Mr. Maurice Webb has devised an effective way of enclosing a staircase from a hall below, and at the same time lighting both with the same lamps, in his "New Staircase, Brockhurst" (1477). Mr. T. G. Jackson is as accomplished as usual in his "Electrical Laboratory" (1379), on his particular field, Oxford; though he somewhat overloads the porch. Of two designs especially, Mr. Arnold Mitchell's "Chapel at Berndorf" (1570), which he seems to destine as a target for Herr Krupp; and Mr. Hemy's "Design for a Church at Ascot" (1593), little can be said, save that their ideas of proportion are certainly not common. It is a pity that an architect with time for development, of whom much is to be expected, Mr. Greenslade, is only represented by one design, "Collegiate Buildings" (1537), on so very small a scale as to give but a hazardous hint at a finely-proportioned and grandiose mass of buildings. The designs for decoration are mainly for stained glass, and do not show much of the taste which distinguished the late Mr. Kempe's, or of the originality to be found in Mr. Christopher Whall's. The most noteworthy exceptions are Mr. Walter Camm's "Elijah fed by Ravens" (1605) and Miss Camm's "Lucian's Vision of St. Gamaliel" (1612). Mr. Prynne shows an interesting detail in his interior (1582), already mentioned, a hanging Calvary in which figures of the Virgin and St. John accompany the Crucifix. This arrangement is unusual, and Mr. Prynne's design recalls too closely the form of a pendant for the neck.

A final return must be made to the oil-paintings for the sake of two canvases of very different orders and degrees of merit, Mr. Sims's "The Night Piece to Julia," omitted deliberately, and Mrs. Walter Nutt's

"Malay Children, Singapore," omitted by mistake. An instinctive distaste for the shade of blue so conspicuous in the robe of Mr. Sims's Julia drove the critic from the closer examination which his picture deserved. That examination has now been made and reveals many fine passages of colour and design, with much fantastic charm, especially in the attendant children, the rabbits and the white peacock, and a quality of painting rare in many pictures more immediately attractive. Mrs. Nutt's picture requires notice on account of its position, and deserves it for its evident veracity, for the modelled solidity of the brown figures, and for the agreeable treatment of the meadow, half in shade and half in sunlight, bounded by the river with its red-sailed boats.

THE SENSE OF HUMOUR

THAT most precious possession, a sense of humour, is in one aspect the power of so viewing the inconsistencies, incongruities and contrarieties of life that one is moved by them to laughter instead of tears. It is a natural gift, and one is with it or without it, as the fates have decreed at one's birth. Humour is distinct from wit in being a less intellectual quality and implying less brilliancy and imaginative power; it is true that a person cannot be said to be witty unless he has a sense of humour, but the word "wit" originally signified "wisdom," and it still, strictly speaking, denotes more power over words and images; humour being far more unconscious and unstudied. That is, a person may be humorous—namely, pleasant, jocular, lively, amusing—without being in any marked degree witty, which implies a higher mental power; but it is impossible to write of humour without encroaching on the province of wit, and they are, in fact, in the vocabularies of many, entirely synonymous.

"A quick conception and an easy delivery," Pope says of wit—you might define a humorous saying so. But, then, take Pope again:

True wit is nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought, but n'er so well exprest.

There you have a distinction.

"Wit," we are told by another, "relates to the matter, humour to the manner; that our old comedies abounded with wit, and our old actors with humour." No doubt; but it is often more than this, surely. For what would become of any originality in our sense of humour if it is only the faculty with which we appreciate other people's wit? It is true that the delightful humour of an Irishman is frequently due to the limitation rather than to the profundity of his intellect; he has a latent sense of humour natural to him, a sense of fun and irresponsible gaiety of heart, and he often stumbles on his *bon-mots* by accident, as who should say that the worst thing about the influenza is that you are ill of it for such a long time after you get well. But English "bulls" have often longer horns than the Hibernian; thus a London daily paper lately advised Liberals "to rally round each other."

Perhaps the truth is that one can be humorous without being witty, but not witty without possessing a sense of humour. There are also many instances when people do not wish to be, or know that they are, humorous, but are nevertheless "the cause that wit is in other men," as Falstaff has it. Robert Montgomery was not primarily a comic poet, but he becomes sheerly comic when Macaulay writes of him. Humour is, however, entirely a matter of individual taste, and it differs in every class and in every age and generation. Is "Pickwick" still the ideal jest book, the most mirth-provoking story we know? Only, perhaps, to those people who are over sixty years of age.

A truly witty man, provided that he is also kindly, is everywhere a most delightful and stimulating companion, but the humorist may be very far from being so—may, indeed, be a terror or a bore instead of a delight, according as one's taste in humour does or does not happen to coincide with his own. The humorist who is always ready with the sickliest of puns, the clashing, not of any appositeness in the sense, but merely of a jingle in the sound of words, or he who claims as much admiration for a so-called "poem" written in the shape of a jug or with one letter of the alphabet absent throughout, as for the divinest lyric, is almost as trying as the boy who roars with laughter at the sight of an old man slipping over a piece of orange-peel.

The present writer remembers hearing or reading some years ago—the subject under discussion being the difference between a masculine and feminine sense of humour—that there was something so irresistibly funny to a man in any anecdotes concerning whisky or a mother-in-law that the mere sound of the words would make him laugh. This seemed an incredible statement, but after careful observation it is impossible to resist coming to the conclusion that this type of man does exist, and that if you say to one of them: "Now I'll tell you a story about a whisky-bottle or a mother-in-law," his face will instantly wrinkle into expectant, appreciative smiles; and that this man is not always an illiterate or commonplace person is proved by the fact that in his Lectures to the Academy on Spanish Art the late Lord Leighton could quote, amid a tempest of laughter, the perhaps well-known apostrophe to a picture of St. Sebastian: "O Blessed Sebastian, pierced through with many arrows, would that thy soul was mine—would that thy body was my mother-in-law's!"

It may be interesting to consider and compare the opinions of the eminent on the general question. To take humour first, Carlyle says: "Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius; he who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind; an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him." And again: "Humour is a sort of inverse sublimity, exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us." This definition, though it certainly does not cover the whole ground, explains one province of humour, and we can perhaps see a distinction here, where "wit" would not so well apply. Coleridge says: "Humour is consistent with pathos, while wit is not." To illustrate this statement one might quote Oliver Goldsmith's description of the poor author's bedroom:

The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five cracked teacups dressed the chimney board;
A night-cap decked his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

But here, perhaps, the pathos predominates.

Dr. Isaac Barrow has a sentence that certainly does cover the ground sufficiently on wit, but it leaves one gasping and breathless. He says: "Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting

or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wrestling obvious matter to the purpose. Often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language."

There is not much left to be said as to what wit is, after that, one would fancy, except that it is singularly absent from this description of it; but is all this wit as distinct from humour? Certainly not; much of it is applicable to both; the learned divine is not here attempting a distinction, and it is scarcely surprising that people's ideas get a little mixed when the forms of both are so Protean. Addison, too, does not attempt to draw a distinction between wit and humour in his "Six Papers on Wit"; with him, too, the terms are more or less synonymous. He says of humour, in No. 616 of the *Spectator*: "True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights." And he gives in another place the genealogy of both true and false humour: False humour being descended from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who had a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, called Laughter, whose son was False Humour; while Truth, Good Sense, Wit and Mirth were the progenitors of True Humour.

Locke, too, might be quoted here. In the Second Book of his Essay on the Human Understanding, Chapter XI., he says: "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit and prompt memories have not always the clearest judgment or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy: judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully, one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and, by affinity, to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion, wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and, therefore, is so acceptable to all people; because its beauty appears at first sight, and there is required no labour of thought to examine what truth or reason there is in it."

This is very intellectual and sounds a little ponderous; there is not much of Pope's "Quick conception and easy delivery" here!

But we may now turn from definitions and from the conversationally witty man to the writer who makes his appeal to a wider audience. It would be interesting to trace the history of the sense of humour as displayed by its most conspicuous possessors from the days of Plautus, Terence and Aristophanes, by way of Boccaccio, Chaucer, the Elizabethans, the wits of the Restoration, Molière, the Augustans, the early Victorians, down to our own day, and to note in what they differ and what they have in common. Undoubtedly each generation has its own peculiar taste in humour as in everything else, but there are some kinds of situations and characters and, above all, some manner of treating them impossible to define, which

men everywhere find laughable. Cervantes, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Sterne, Addison, Steele, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Charles Lamb, Swift—whose laugh is somewhat harsh—Fielding, Sidney Smith, Dumas, Thackeray, Dickens, Praed, Calverley—what a recollection of wholesome laughter do not their very names suggest!

For even in this decadent age we are not without our kindly jesters who can make us laugh and forbid one to take life too seriously, whilst waiting for the brighter day, which some of us hope is beginning to dawn. The day of the pessimists is over and spent:

When two well-to-do English men or women laugh it is obvious that a misfortune has happened to a third. There is a question which has never yet been discussed—namely, Which has given the most pleasure to the world, fortune or misfortune? The founders of the "Calamity Club" are convinced that trouble kills time—provided it is the trouble of others, etc., etc.

It is wearying to read much of this kind of thing. True humour lies in the possession of an eye for the comedy in common things, and implies some latent dramatic power, some sense of form; yet the same thing will often appear deliciously funny to one person, whilst another will see in it nothing amusing at all; one might take an illustration from Charles Lamb, but we will rather turn to Borrow instead—Borrow, that most delightful of writers, to some people; to others not interesting at all. One quotation is taken from Mr. Lang's essay on Borrow:

"It is, I believe," he says, "the opinion of the best critics that *The Bible in Spain* is Borrow's masterpiece. It very likely is so. At the present moment I feel myself even more than usually disqualified for so grave a consideration, by my overpowering delight in its dear, deluding title. A quarter of a century ago, in all decent homes, a boy's reading was, by the stern decree of his elders, divided rigorously, though at the same time it must be admitted crudely, into Sunday books and week-day books. 'What have you got there?' has before now been an enquiry addressed on a Sunday afternoon to some youngster, suspiciously engrossed in a book. 'Oh, *The Bible in Spain*,' would be the reply. 'It is written by a Mr. Borrow, you know, and it is all about' (then the title page would come in useful) 'his attempts to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.' 'Indeed! Sounds most suitable,' answers the gulled authority, some foolish sisters' governess or the like illiterate, and moves off. And then the happy boy would wriggle in his chair, and, as if thirsting to taste the first fruits of his wife, hastily seek out a streaky page, and there read, for perhaps the hundredth time, the memorable words: "'Good are the horses of the Moslems,'" said my old friend; "where will you find such? They descend rocky mountains at full speed, and neither trip nor fall, but you must be cautious with the horses of the Moslems, and treat them with kindness, for the horses of the Moslems are proud and they like not being slaves. When they are young and first mounted, jerk not their mouths with your bit, for be sure if you do they will kill you; sooner or later you will perish beneath their feet. Good are our horses, and good our riders. Yea, very good are the Moslems at mounting the horse; who are like them? I once saw a Frank rider compete with a Moslem on this beach, and at first the Frank rider had it all his own way and he passed the Moslem, but the course was long, very long, and the horse of the Frank rider, which was a Frank horse also, panted; but the horse of the Moslem panted not, for he was a Moslem also—and the Moslem rider at last gave a cry, and the horse sprang forward and he overtook the Frank horse, and then the Moslem rider stood up in his saddle. How did he stand? Truly he stood on his head, and these eyes saw him; he stood on his head in the saddle as he passed the Frank rider; and he cried 'Ha! ha!' as he passed the Frank breed, and the Frank lost by a far distance. Good are the Franks, good their horses; but better are the Moslems, and better the horses of the Moslems." That boy, as he lay curled up in his chair, dotting over the enchanted page, knew full well, else had he been no Christian boy, that it was not a Sunday book which was making his eyes start out of his head; yet, reckless, he cried 'Ha! ha!' and read on, and as he read he blessed the madcap Borrow for having called his romance by the sober-sounding, propitiatory title of *The Bible in Spain*."

Borrow is a most delightful example of unsought humour; he certainly had not studied Isaac Barrow, Locke, or Addison's "Six Papers on Wit"; his books are only so much the more enchanting! For whatever wit in some of its many varied forms may do, humour, at any rate, cannot exist without this delightful frolicsomeness and lightness of spirits.

A sense of humour, then, is not necessarily an intellectual possession, it is rather a natural faculty apart, a happy disposition or way of viewing life with a gay and light heart. It is coloured by the tastes, the character, the other various gifts of the individual; if he is intellectual his humour often becomes wit, and his sayings and writings may or may not be delightful, according as they are to each person happily or unhappily tinged by his character and opinions. Like Autolycus in the "Winter's Tale," the humorist might sing:

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the way,
A sad one tires in a mile-a.

That is the great secret: to have a light and merry heart, the disposition that looks always on the bright side, "and loves to sit i' the sun," and can teach others to do so too. What do we not owe to the man who can make us laugh, not bitter, misanthropic laughter, but the actual forgetting of our petty cares, worries and disappointments for a time in a sense of genuine amusement. The man who can make good-tempered laughter resound wherever either he or his book goes is a benefactor to his race indeed!

REVIEWS

MEN OF NOTE

Six Oxford Thinkers. By ALGERNON CECIL, M.A.,
Barrister-at-Law. (Murray, 7s. 6d. net.)

HE who attempts the ambitious task of presenting the essential points of a great man's life in a few pages of print, of condensing vapours of diverse criticism into an easily appreciated form, should have a full knowledge of matters and men bearing upon his subject, an ease of literary craft, and a strongly developed faculty of judgment. These qualifications Mr. Algernon Cecil possesses, and in this well-conceived and—for its size—comprehensive volume he has exemplified them in a very pleasant manner. Where so much has been already written about men of fame, such as Newman, Froude, and Pater, it is not lightly that a critic can undertake to write more, and although, naturally enough, a great deal of Mr. Cecil's book consists of quotations and reproductions of previous essays by other authors, his own comments are by no means insignificant and are nearly always judicious and penetrating.

We like best the studies of Walter Pater, James Anthony Froude, and Edward Gibbon. Froude, perhaps, has taken in the world of literature a place more important than he deserves; his inaccuracies drew him into disproportionate prominence, and his style, however beautiful, is not particularly original; the originality lay in the application of it to the dry bones of history, and in that process he is unequalled. "Froude," says the author, "made himself the proprietor of a great tract of English history, and of that possession no man may rob him. Historians may dispute his title-deeds, harry his land, and remove his landmarks, but as long as men are men, agitated by human passion and ennobled by human achievement,

so long will they prefer to hear the story of the Tudor epoch from his voice." Mr. Cecil acutely points out that the historians of the ancient world "had one advantage which their successors have not continued to enjoy":

Their narrative and selection of events passed for the most part uncriticised and uncontradicted in their own age, and lapse of time has rendered criticism and contradiction ineffectual, if not impossible. We may disbelieve their miracles and challenge their conclusions, but there will be no Spartan story of the Peloponnesian war, nor will Tiberius and Nero escape from the clutches of Tacitus. It is a great thing to have had the field to yourself.

The author does not give himself particular pains either to justify Froude or to condemn him, but aims rather at setting forth both sides of the controversy briefly and allowing the reader to form his own opinion. Too much has been written and talked about Froude and his vagaries, but the clearness of this little essay is admirable, and, although it cannot be rated as important or even striking, as a summary of Froude's life, faith and work it will give most readers considerable pleasure.

The short chapter on Walter Pater is more scholarly, more in the nature of definite criticism, and it is here, we think, that the author has hit the mark precisely. Pater is a difficult person to write about at any time, which is, perhaps, why he has inspired one or two astonishing people to light little memorial candles at which his own white radiance must shine down in pity. Not one critic in ten has any sympathy with Pater's standpoint—after making which assertion we would remark that it is quite possible to have that sympathy and yet not agree with him. His work was too compact of gems and gold, too smooth to make an appeal beyond a small circle that is probably not enlarging to any great extent; it lacked the hearty, salutary roughness of humanity; but in spite of this his name will live in English literature. On the subject of his style Mr. Cecil is distinctly good:

Facts with him are so little solid accretions possessed of the primary qualities, are so completely absorbed into the ideas of the writer, that at the end of each passage a man feels as he does at the end of a piece of music, unable to give an account of what has delighted him. And thus Pater's writing does in a great measure realise his conception of high art—the condition of music. And it is because he is thus determinedly metaphysical, because his reason is resolutely enthroned above the stream of consciousness, that his sympathy is so immobile and his style possesses that endless languor, which, as he might have said himself, is like the slow movement of a summer stream when the skies are dark and looming overhead, and the air heavy with a thousand scents. All things are turned to a solemn suspense, and appear lazily expectant; only the water-flies skip playfully and make little ripples on the surface of the water. But the thunder never breaks, and the delicious drowsy afternoon never dies.

His literary career was curious, and the progress of his thought was exceptional:

His mind built for him every kind of intellectual palace, led him through all the halls of fancy, decked with rare and costly ornament, showed him every choice and exquisite work that was done under the sun; and after this sore travail that God had given to the sons of men to be exercised therewith, brought him back at last, chastened and purified, to that same point from which, as a little child, he had started. Yet on those strange and silent seas of thought, where men fetch and carry so many argosies, he had been one of the most adventurous of voyagers and most skilful of merchantmen.

The opening chapter on Gibbon is almost as interesting and keenly put together. Not many men, it is to be imagined, can fix the day and the hour when their life's work was conceived, as could the great historian of Rome:

On the 15th October, 1764, as he sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, he received the commission which, one may hope, comes to all men sooner or later. His life's work was found. "The idea," as he says, "of writing the decline and fall of the city started to my mind."

The majesty of the Roman Empire, and the pathos of its decay, exactly suited the cast of Gibbon's imagination, and he created a style capable of conveying his thoughts to his readers. Anyone can see that he was a consummate artist. It is the supreme excellence of his work that his manner precisely balances the weight of his subject; that all his conclusions are embalmed in choice and appropriate aromas. The Cæsars pass before our eyes in their long procession like the Sultans in the Rubâiyât, each bearing his load of splendour, so alluring in its appearance of immeasurable dominion and dazzling opportunity; yet the mind is never for an instant forgetful of that age-long fabric of Empire, a mere empty shell crumbling into ruin, yet still infinitely impressive in its power to strike terror into the wandering tribes of west and north by its name alone.

We have quoted sufficiently to show that Mr. Cecil is well equipped for his work of sketching for us these "Six Oxford Thinkers." The other three are J. H. Newman, "compared by Froude to Julius Cæsar," both physically and intellectually, R. W. Church, and Lord Morley—the latter, we confess, was rather a surprise. In one or two very minor points we disagree with the writer; for example, when he states that "Scotchmen possess something more than their proper share of the intellect of the age"; and we wish he would not use the words "awoken" and "desiderated." These, however, are of small import compared with the scheme of the book, and we conclude with the opinion that all students of literature in its best sense, and especially those who are interested in the influence of Oxford and its "Movement" on the thought of these men of the nineteenth century, should not neglect this terse and capable critique in the course of their reading.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Modern Goddess. By GERTRUDE M. SAVERY. (Century Press, 6s.)

WE must allow this book a few lines, although it is difficult to say anything good about it. The author quite evidently appeals to an uncritical public—in fact, to a public which will have to be sublimely indifferent to the existence of fine work if it enjoys her book. The hero and heroine will be taken unquestionably to the heart of girls who absorb daily doses of the half-penny *feuilletons*, for in certain emergencies they ejaculate "God! was it a dream?" or "Don't kiss my mouth, for God's sake!" and similar glib inanities with a fervour which we can only stand and admire at a respectful distance. Inverted commas are exquisitely mismanaged on page after page; often it is impossible to tell who is speaking; the dialogue is insipid, without one redeeming touch of brilliance anywhere; the punctuation and composition we will illustrate by a short quotation:

She was tenderness itself as she went to Yvonne's side, "I don't know what the trouble was, childie, but you are too sunny, your nature too great to let it overcome your happiness, and although the sun may not ever seem so radiant, it will shine again for you, you were not meant to live in the shadows."

Cuth was sitting at the fire. . . . They were in their little house in the mountains. . . . Peggy. . . . It was odd how her thoughts were slipping away. . . . She clenched her teeth. The horrible pain was coming again. . . . It was worse this time. . . . Someone was coming in. . . . She waited. The pain was stifling. . . . And she was alone. . . . "Are you asleep, Yvonne?"

It was Dick's voice.

He crossed to the lounge hurriedly, something in the stillness alarmed him.

"Yvonne!"

His voice seemed to rouse her; she struggled up.

"I can't see. . . . I am going blind. . . . Cuth!"

"I am here, Yvonne," Dick said in a low voice. "For God's sake—"

With a faint moan she had fallen back in his arms dead.

We should like to suggest, having regard to the numberless rows of dots in this astonishing novel, that they are a poor substitute for ideas. It is a pity this badly-written story was ever allowed to reach the dignity of book-form. Has the candid friend disappeared for ever?

The Infamous John Friend. By MRS. R. S. GARNETT. (Duckworth, 6s.)

THIS history of the career of John Friend, a spy in the pay of Napoleon, and a man for whom conscience and honour were meaningless terms, is in every sense of the word a powerful one. The character of the determined hero is drawn with quite exceptional efficacy, and the single profound deep of goodness in his heart—his passionate love for his gentle wife—permeates the story from beginning to end, a relief from intrigues and scandals, and a proof that the most unscrupulous and discreditable beings may have compensating virtues which are unsuspected by the world outside. Susan Marny, a waif of the French Revolution (Suzanne de Marny), enters into the complicated web of affairs as the adopted child of the Friends. The opportunity of a visit to Brighton on their part gives the author an opening for a description of that town in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, of which she has availed herself splendidly; the place and its society, dissolute and uproarious, live before the reader in pages which for picturesqueness of detail are admirably written. Susan—her Anglicised name is retained—is adored by the young "bloods" of the drawing-rooms, makes some questionable acquaintances and suffers some troublous experiences; she falls in love at first sight, however, with Will North, a youth of low degree socially, but of generous nature and fairly sharp brains, and the fashioning of the love of these two forms a strand of additional interest in the narrative. Susan is rather too innocent for plausibility; towards the end of the book there is an instance of her simplicity which seems frankly incredible; but for all that she is a brave little maiden and a worthy recipient of the reader's homage. The trial of Friend for high treason is very finely pictured. The story closes with a horribly realistic account of his death by hanging, and in this respect we think that Mrs. Garnett has committed an error in taste; it would have been better to end on a note not quite so gloomy—with the reconciliation of North and his young wife, for example, which occurs just before. However, the whole book is strong and written with conspicuous ability, and readers who do not appreciate it will be difficult to please.

Much Ado About Something. By C. E. LAWRENCE. (Murray, 6s.)

WE might term this book an Iliad of the Fairies. It does not pretend to be true, does not even pretend to be possible, but it is none the less charming, and the author understands how to deal delicately with so light-winged and ethereal a subject. The whole plot concerns the proceedings of June, a good fairy, who comes to London bent on reforming the evils of the great city, fresh from the midnight conclaves of woodland dells. She and her assistant, Bim, a gnome, break all rules and leave the moonlight and the mist, the flowers and the voices, to visit the town and see what is going on, and, with the aid of their magic

powers, they accomplish more in a short spell of hard work than all the societies for the alleviation of misery have done since their formation. But then they went the right way about it—they changed men's thoughts and desires. June's wand is omnipotent; at city banquets, touching the lips of financial magnates, it sets free a contagious eloquence which pleads for kindness and love; the influence spreads until it reaches Parliament, and the whole nation is steeped in a spirit of good-fellowship.

In "Paradise Court," a grim purlieu of the East End, Bim, meanwhile, is busy in his own method. He introduces a violet, and the unusual sight causes a struggle and ends in the demolition of the flower; a primrose next—this time the tiny blossom is defended by everybody, and presently the atmosphere of the court changes:

'Arry Bailey was the instrument of the next progressive step. He had some nasturtiums and was ambitious of getting them to climb in festoons round his window. He used nails, string, language and glue. At last he succeeded. For a time his nasturtiums were the rage. Their blazing colours and rapid growth made them popular. But Bailey, in whom the æsthetic sense must have been recovering after years of hibernation, felt that something was lacking. He smoked three ounces of shag and scratched his chin for hours on end before it dawned on him what it was. Then he said, "By gum"—and proceeded to surprise the Court by cleaning his window. . . . The inhabitants began to feel proud, to give themselves airs, to wash their necks.

It is a very pretty idyll, told with great taste and skill. But the pity of it all is that we cannot lay hands on such fairies and persuade them to come to London.

The Story of Thyrza. By ALICE BROWN. (Constable, 6s.)

THROUGH a certain type of American novel runs a strain of mystical tenderness, the cause of which it is not easy to define. Whether it comes from the language used, the quaint, shortened syllables that seem, even in print, to convey something of the appeal of the spoken word, or from the surroundings pictured, unfamiliar to English readers, we can hardly say; but at any rate the author of "Thyrza" possesses this secret and employs the power derived therefrom with altogether pleasant skill.

Thyrza is romantic; as a child she has dreams of some day being able to play the piano, of having a lover, of taking a part in the great world that lies beyond her mother's little farmstead; she invests every commonplace thing with a halo born of her private visions. Andy McAdam, too, who was to spoil her life, was a bit of a dreamer:

Of all things Andy liked to take a stick for measurement and pretend it was a foot-rule, and he loved to carry a twig in his mouth in the certainty that it was really a nail and that he should presently drive it somewhere, straight and swift. It was his own particular game. The girls, he was sure, never suspected that private pastime. They thought he was simply sauntering about, rebuking their foolishness: whereas he was really having a remarkably good time.

This is the portion of the book that we prefer, with its delightful studies of childhood and its descriptions of the life of the district; we will give a brief paragraph in illustration. Thyrza had been naughty—unkind to one of her playmates:

The day passed and nothing happened. Thyrza looked at least for a thunder-shower, which she had grown to consider an expression of feeling on the part of a capricious God. That was a working theory in Leafy Road. When the clouds darkened in the west feminine conversation took on a conciliatory tinge. No one criticised a neighbour, and no one referred to anything ecclesiastical save in tones of highest reverence.

The habit of life changed. Chairs were set in tumbler, and children were perched on them gingerly, because, though it was desirable that the children should not be struck, it was also unnecessary that the tumbler should be broken. Sometimes all the female members of the family piled together upon a feather-bed, thence addressing adjurations to the male who would sit by the window, and perhaps even smoke his pipe. Thyrza looked for some such significant finish to the day; but the west shone clear and even the winds were still.

Thyrza, grown a fine, slim, imaginative girl, yields to Andy when aflame with the glamour of new-found passion; but Andy is a coward at heart; he marries her sister and leaves her to her lonely life with the child whose upbringing is at once her comfort and her pain. We rebel a little when Barton Gorse, the bookish, friendly, gentle man who had tutored Thyrza in her youth and was always pressing her to marry him, is killed in an accident just as poor Thyrza seemed on the brink of happiness; not that we have any particular inclination to the conventional "happy ending," but we think Miss Alice Brown might have spared that last cruelty of fate. Otherwise the book has that attraction and half-sad laughter which seems peculiarly a property of novels that deal with country life in the States.

MAY

THE days are long past when the Maypole used to be carried riotously through the London streets and erected in the Strand, but the spirit of the Spring-time—which inspired all ancient May revels—still lives. It quickens the life of the city precisely as it vivifies the whole land. The vistas of huge houses and shops are no longer sombre—here and there across them trees rise like green flames to heaven; the squares, so long haunted by the dingy fog-wreaths of winter, are fresh and clear in the breeze, gay with tulips and lilac-clusters, hardly recognisable as the sober spaces we knew a month or two ago. We realise dimly what sunshine can do when it has freedom from the smoky canopy of winter; we feel that only for a few weeks once a year do we really glimpse what our great city might be were it set beneath more fortunate skies. But we do not make any disturbance about it now; it was in the days of old, when we were not so busy learning to fly, learning to annihilate space and time, that the elf of Maytime crept into men's hearts and bade them laugh and make merry with a joy that was not artificial. How enthusiastically they used to commemorate the advent of the "merry month" in those less sophisticated times! The Maypole was a sturdy institution then; drawn sometimes by many yoke of oxen, each animal decorated with a nosegay, it was reared on each village green to become the centre for dances and diversions innumerable. London, in spite of present stolid indifference as far as her inhabitants are concerned, once took a prominent place in the May festivities. "One can imagine," writes Washington Irving, "what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn, and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the morris-dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the Maypole in every part of the city." He regrets even then the decline of the celebrations, and his concluding words might have been written yesterday: "Some attempts have been made of late years by men of taste and learning to rally back the popular feeling to standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes

the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city." An old chronicler puts on record that "King Henry the Eighth, on May-day in the morning, with Queene Katharine, his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a-Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, where, as they passed by the way, they espied a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in greene, with greene hoods, and with bowes and arrowes, to the number of two hundred. One, being their chieftaine, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot; whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled againe, they likewise shot againe; their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, the Queene, and their company. . . . I find, also, that in the month of May the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in Maypoles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, moricedancers, and other devises for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets." One can imagine it, and that is all. A Maypole was set up in Leadenhall Street, in the Strand, at the north end of Drury Lane, and in many other parts of the city, while the select quarter we now know as Mayfair in the eighteenth century owned more justifiable right to its name; an open space extended to Tyburn Lane (now Park Lane), where a chaos of shows was in progress, not unlike Bartholomew Fair. "The sports not under cover were mountebanks, fire-eaters, ass-racing, sausage-tables, dice-tables, up-and-downs, merry-go-rounds, bull-baiting, grinning for a hat, running for a shift, hasty-pudding eaters, eel-divers, and an infinite variety of other similar pastimes."

In the country districts lads and lasses would sally forth early on May-morning to gather and bind the scented blossom; then, returning by sunrise, they would adorn the house with branch and flower, and devote the remainder of the day to sports and fun. Spenser mentions this in his "Shepherd's Calendar":

Youths folke now flocken in every where
To gather May-busketts, and smelling breere;
And home they hasten, the postes to dight,
And all the kirke pillars, ere daylight,
With hawthorne buds, and sweet eglantine,
And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.

Poetical quotation must be strictly limited, for it would take a large volume to reproduce all that the poets have penned concerning May; Herrick, however, sings so quaintly and beautifully to his "Corinna" that we must allow him a representative stanza:

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne;
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe,
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies down'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a-Maying.

There was a regular and definite plan upon which these pastimes were based. First came six young men as woodlanders, with axes upon their shoulders and ivy-leaves twined round their heads; they were followed by six maidens who led a sleek cow ornamented with ribbons and flowers; six foresters succeeded, with bugles dangling from silken strings. A falconer personated Robin Hood, attended by page and butler and ten bowmen; two girls strewed blossoms for Maid Marian, who followed, supported by bridesmaids; then after Friar Tuck and his retinue came the Maypole. The villagers having contributed garlands, the pole was erected amid the blowing of the horns and great acclamations, and the pageant began in earnest, to be kept up for the rest of the day. In the London revels the milkmaids' garlands and the procession of chimney-sweepers used to be notable features; but different localities had, of course, their own customs. At Penzance the musicians of the neighbourhood used to perform at midnight and pay a round of visits not unlike the Christmas manner of carol-singing; special cakes were baked, the west-country junket was in great request, and away they went as day dawned to search for the blossoming boughs. In Wales a garland-bearer was chosen, and the dancers assembled at the village tavern; the company started off to the sound of bell-ringing and visited the hospitable farmers in the district, who offered money to the leader. This personage of fleeting fame was attired as a buffoon, and, according to the old records, acted the part remarkably well. At Hitchin men dressed up as women and assisted by their antics the general joviality; doggerel verses were also sung, curious mixtures of sentiment and religion. In Ireland parties of mummers, with a clown, paraded the villages or visited mansions in the vicinity, and the day terminated with a carousal. At Helston, in Cornwall, "Flora Day," or "Furry Day," is still celebrated on May 11th each year; the young folk dance through the town, starting from the market, headed by the mayor, and the whole place is alive with fun; a very pretty sight it is, too. Several European countries used to celebrate the arrival of summer in some distinct way, generally bearing a great resemblance to the English dancing and singing.

Hone, the benevolent chronicler of multitudinous things, gives a paragraph relating to the river Thames which is not without significance at the present day. "In the beginning of May," he says, "a steamboat for conveying passengers ascends the Thames in the morning from Queenhithe to Richmond, and returns the same day; and so she proceeds to and fro until the autumn. . . . If the day be fine, the passage is very pleasant." Alas, we cannot now go from Queenhithe to Richmond by steamer; but they could in the year of grace 1825! "If the north-east wind blow in May," he proceeds to note, "the nervous reader will experience the uneasiness which is sure to afflict him from that baleful quarter." That platitude we have had good opportunity of verifying during the present month, for rarely has an east wind been known to blow so persistently and so objectionably as it did recently, and the old adage "Ne'er cast a clout till May is out" has been amply supported. We can perhaps find consolation in another proverb to the effect that "A hot May makes a fat churchyard." As a rule, however, May earns its title to be called a "merry month." "Every heart," says Malory, "flourisheth and rejoiceth; for, as the season is lusty to behold and comfortable, so man and woman rejoice, and be glad of summer coming with her fresh flowers: for winter, with his rough winds and blasts, causeth a lusty man and woman to cower, and sit by the fire." And we cannot do better than conclude with the same delightful Malory, in his "Book of the Queen's Maying": "Therefore, like as May month flowereth and

flourisheth in many gardens, so in likewise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world; first unto God, and next unto the joy of them that he promiseth his faith unto. For there never was worshipful woman, but they loved one better than another. . . . But, first, reserve the honour unto God; and, secondly, the quarrel must come of thy lady; and such love I call virtuous love. But nowadays men cannot love, may not endure by reason; for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat soon cooleth; right so fareth love nowadays—soon hot, soon cold. This is no stability, but the old love was not so. . . . And so in likewise was love used in King Arthur's days; wherefore I liken love nowadays unto summer and winter: for, like as the one is hot and the other cold, so fareth love nowadays. Therefore, all ye that be lovers, call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guenever, for whom I make here a little mention, that while she lived she was a true lover, and there she had a good end." It is the very spirit of May, the merry month, and the month of love.

CANON CLEWORTH

ON Monday in Passion Week the death of Canon Cleworth deprived the Church of England of a devoted servant and thousands of churchmen of a trusted and admired leader. Seven years ago Canon Cleworth was an unknown Lancashire incumbent: to-day few names are better known than his, and innumerable prayers follow him to his rest. Only seven years—how short they seem in the retrospect, and how full of splendid work!

Canon Cleworth's opportunity came to him unexpectedly, and it did not at first disclose either its greatness or its difficulty. A few provincial clergymen met privately to take counsel together for the moment's needs. That unreported meeting was the beginning of a crusade, and of that crusade Canon Cleworth was ever the dauntless and unwearying standard-bearer. That handful of north-country clergymen grew into The Church Schools Emergency League—known now and valued throughout the length and breadth of the Kingdom—and the work of the League became the crowning achievement of Canon Cleworth's life. He gave himself to that work with a devotion which—because of its motive, its earnestness, its completeness—may well be called religious. From the first he was the leader of the League—no! he was more than its leader: he was its brain and sword. Many came to his help, but they detracted nothing from his unsought pre-eminence. From first to last the work of the League was *his* work.

Many hard words have been spoken of The Church Schools Emergency League, not merely by its open foes, but by some who should have been its friends. Men in high places have frowned upon it, scribblers have derided it, and prosperous Laodiceans—comfortable amid the fashionable platitudes of the descending middle course—have been roused out of their lukewarmness to denounce it as a band of mere extremists. These things have their reward—a vulgar popularity, a besmirched dignity, a pitying contempt; and Canon Cleworth had his reward—the fundamental mind of the English Church was roused to that magnificent resistance which gave the first rude shock to the self-confidence of the Liberal Government, and has (thus far) saved the Church's schools.

The earliest object of the Emergency League was to assist the trustees and managers of Church schools in

dealing with the difficult administrative questions that arose under Mr. Balfour's Education Act of 1902. Even the early decisions of the Board of Education were disquieting, and a need was felt for some defensive organisation that could act promptly and independently—unhindered by the doubts and fears that made the Church's ordinary machinery insufficient. The Emergency League was intended to be such an organisation, and for two or three years it was entirely engrossed with administrative questions. It first became prominent by its opposition to Sir Wm. Anson's famous Circular (No. 512) forbidding attendance at church during school hours. The advent of the Liberal Government created new dangers, and these brought the League into the forefront of public controversy.

Canon Cleworth saw clearly and admitted fully that in very many country parishes—in "single-school areas" served by Church schools—Nonconformists are at a religious disadvantage, for the only religious instruction therein provided by the elementary schools is of a kind which they cannot accept. He did not, however, propose—as some have done—to remedy this by a general surrender of Church schools. He has sometimes been charged with caring only for "bricks and mortar." The charge is ludicrously untrue. He saw, indeed, no reason for handing over to "Cowper-Templeism" the many millions which churchmen had dedicated to Church education; he saw no reason for infidelity to the trust reposed in us by those who had contributed those millions. Therefore, he was resolute in the defence of "bricks and mortar," but his defence was primarily defence of a religious conception, not of mere property. He was profoundly convinced, not only that religion is an indispensable factor in every-day education, but also that it should be imparted in its completeness—as a discipline of life, and not merely as a preliminary information of the mind—and he rightly believed that, in the present state of public opinion, it could not be thus imparted except under the protection of denominational trusts. Unfortunately, in London, the Church has hopelessly failed to make adequate provision for the education of Church children, and this inclined many influential churchmen to think more of new opportunities than of existing rights. Canon Cleworth was not opposed to "facilities." On the contrary, he desired them. He was never willing—as some at least momentarily were—to permit "parents' rights" to supersede trust deeds, but he made those rights fundamental, and he desired to see full provision made and full opportunity given (in Church schools and in Council schools alike) for the religious instruction of dissentients—for the exceptional teaching of all those children for whom such teaching was desired. For him, however, such facilities (whether for Nonconformist children in Church schools or for Church children in Council schools) were not a denominational privilege to be *bought*—rather did they express a primary civic right that should be *recognised*. Moreover, he felt that Church facilities in Council schools would not be made completely available if they were not supported by the independent tradition and example of a strong body of distinctively Church schools.

These are the conceptions which governed the later work of The Church Schools Emergency League. How successful that work has been Mr. Birrell and his successors in Whitehall, and some in other dignities, know full well. But the success has been dearly purchased. To bring it about Canon Cleworth worked as few men have worked—on the platform, in the Press, by correspondence, in private conference. His devotion to his work was an unreserved devotion, and it brought him to a death which, by its witness for his faith, was almost a martyrdom.

DODGE

THIS word is known only from the sixteenth century, "primary meaning and sense development uncertain" (N.E.D.). The oldest examples (1568, 1575) are intransitive, and the meaning appears to be "to go this way and that in speech or action, palter, haggle, etc." The transitive use is late, e.g., Milton uses to "dodge with" (University Carrier, l. 8) where we should use only "dodge." The noun "dodger" seems to have assumed early the special meaning of "pettifogger, niggard," etc., e.g., "dodger, vitiligator, prevaricator" (Holyoak, 1612), "*chiche-maille*, a dodger, niggard, pinch-penny, penny-father; one that will stand whole houres haggling about a halfe penny" (Cotgrave, 1611). Professor Skeat (Concise Dict.) gives as the original meaning of the verb "to walk unsteadily." The quotations in the N.E.D. do not very clearly illustrate this, and the earliest dictionaries have already the idea of shuffling and dishonesty, e.g., "to *dodge*, illiberaliter se habere" (Levins, 1570), "vitiligo" (Holyoak, 1612), "vitiligare, cavill, wrangle" (Minsheu, 1617), but such an original meaning would correspond pretty closely with the idea of stepping aside or swerving associated with the modern word. Semantic parallels are *prevaricate*, properly "to go a-straddle, to swerve, to shuffle," G. "*ausweichen*, to step aside, to *dodge*," F. "*broncher*, to stumble," e.g., "Il a reçu le coup sans broncher," i.e., "without *finching*, without turning aside." That the idea of stumbling or wavering was inherent in *dodge* appears to be confirmed by Torriano (1659), who gives "*dogge* (cor. *dodge*), vacillare" and "*dodger*, vacillator." Florio (1598) has "*vacillare*, to waver, to be fickle, to stagger, to totte, to moove inconstantly, not to stand sure, to reele or stagger, to shake, to wagge, or waver, to be loose and inconstant." Miège (1679) has "to *dodge*, balancer, être dans l'incertitude." As late as 1727 Sewel has "to *dodge*, wispeltuig (fickle) zyn, zyn woord niet gestand doen, weyfelden (to waver)." If then the real meaning of the word was to waver or stagger (cf. Mod. E. *wobbler* = *dodger*), its immediate source seems fairly clear. Palsgrave (762, 2) has "I tryppe, as a horse dothe that stombbleth nat out ryght, *Je douge*. My horse stombled nat, he did bot tryppe a lytell: mon cheval ne choppyt pas, il ne fit que *douger*, (or *broncher*, un peu." The origin of *douger* is less clear. Cotgrave has "*douger*, to trip; as a horse that stumbelth not outright (an old word)," evidently copied from Palsgrave. The only F. word with which *douger* can be easily connected is the adj. "*doué*, delicate" (L. *delicatum*), a favourite of Ronsard's. It has in O.F. thirteen variants (v. Godefroy, s.v. *delgié*), including *doué*, *dogé*, *dugé*. For the verb *douger* (marked archaic) Oudin (1660) gives only *adelgaçar*, which means "to make delicate, to subtilize or refine." For O.F. *deugier*, Godefroy gives only "traiter délicatement." These meanings are not very near that in which Palsgrave uses the word, unless we suppose that the connecting idea is that of a dainty, mincing gait (cf. the double meaning of "*trip*, to step daintily, to stumble"). Even then the intransitive *dodge* can hardly be derived from a transitive verb. Agag (1 Samuel, XV., 32) does not help us much, for the "delicately" of the Authorised Version is in the Vulgate "*pinguissimus et tremens*," in Wyclif "*moost fat and tremblyng*," and in Luther "*getrost* (cheerfully)." ERNEST WEEKLEY.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES
LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENERAL MEETING, MAY 6TH, 1909.

DR. D. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the General Meeting of April 1st, 1909, were read and confirmed.

Mr. Joseph Pearson, M.Sc., Mr. Edward James Salisbury, B.Sc., and Mr. Frank Hicks were admitted Fellows.

Dr. William Henry Lang, M.B., C.M., and Mr. Martin Hubert Foquet Sutton were severally balloted and elected Fellows; and Professor Yves Delage and Professor Magnus Gustaf Retzius were in like manner elected Foreign Members.

Mr. Valavanur Subramania Iyer, M.A., Madras University, and Mr. William Robert Price, B.A., Cantab., were proposed as Fellows.

The following Auditors were nominated from the Chair, and by show of hands were duly elected: For the Council, Sir Frank Crisp and Professor J. P. Hill. For the Fellows, Mr. G. S. Saunders and Mr. Henry Groves.

Mr. E. A. Newell Arber explained by lantern-slides the oecology of two alpine species of *Sempervivum*—namely, *S. arachnoideum* and *S. montanum*; he pointed out the formation of primitive soil by three methods: (1) from crustaceous lichens; (2) mosses; and (3) decay of coniferous needles. Upon this primitive soil these *Semperviva* flourished and formed groups, which might be regarded as individuals or colonies, but for which he preferred the non-committal term of "pseudo-colony." The stolons, which were emitted from the rosettes, were sometimes of great length before giving rise to a daughter-rosette.

Dr. Otto Stapf followed with some additional remarks, and the author replied.

Mr. James Buckland exhibited a series of sixty lantern-slides received from the United States of America and Australia, in illustration of various species of birds in imminent danger of extinction in consequence of the commercial demand for their plumage as means of adornment. He pointed out the urgency of prohibitive legislation in order to save a multitude of birds, now rare, owing to the reckless slaughter by the plume-hunters.

The first group of slides showed the slaughter of gulls and terns on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, so great that President Roosevelt had intervened by proclaiming certain portions as reservations, and the resultant saving of the terns in these protected sanctuaries. Next were shown the Snowy Herons on the Florida Keys Reservation; the patrol boats for the enforcement of the protective regulations; the grave of a warden shot in the execution of his duty by a bird-hunter on forbidden territory; and the nesting-habits of the Egret in Florida.

Following these came slides of plumage-birds from Oregon, California, and Venezuela, the flightless birds of New Zealand; the Birds of Paradise, Emu, Lyre-bird, various Bower-birds, and home of the Albatross, the Australian Gannet in its rookery, closing with "The cost of a plume," a series of slides showing the effect of the slaughter of the parent birds by the lingering death of the nestlings by starvation; these latter slides had been obtained by climbing with the camera to the top of the Blue Gums, in which the nests were built.

Professor A. Dendy spoke of the remarkable interest of the exhibition, and trusted that the devotion of Mr. Buckland to the cause he had so much at heart would be crowned with success. He referred to the fact that the Council of the Society had done what it could in the good cause by supporting the proposed Bill for the restriction of the importation of plumage into this country. With regard to the flightless birds of New Zealand, they occupied different ground, as the danger to which they are exposed is chiefly due to the introduction of predatory animals into the Dominion.

The first paper, by Mrs. Leonora J. Wilsmore, M.Sc., was communicated by Professor J. P. Hill, F.L.S.. "On some Zoanthæ from Queensland and the New Hebrides." It was read in title by the Zoological Secretary.

The second paper, "On two New Genera of Thysanoptera from Venezuela," by Richard S. Bagnall, and communicated by Lord Avebury, F.L.S., was also formally read.

The next Meeting of the Society will be the Annual General Meeting, to be held on Monday, May 24th, 1909, at 3 p.m.

NOTICE.

The Editor of "The Academy" begs to inform the Secretaries of Learned Societies that he will always be glad to print reports of meetings, provided that they be not more than 750 words in length, and that they reach this office during the week in which the meeting has been held.

CORRESPONDENCE

"MALARIA AND GREEK HISTORY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you allow me to express my regret to Mr. W. H. S. Jones that my criticism concerning the omission of "christian" names from bibliographies should have fallen, contrary to my intention, on an individual writer no more open to my criticism than scores of others? I chose a book published by the Manchester University Press, in reference to which I might condemn the omissions, in the hope that that thoroughly vital University might in the future at least discourage the custom by the example of its own practice, in adding "christian" names. Mr. Jones's supposition that the surname of an author and the date of his book are quite sufficient for identification, is obviously reasonable, *in the case of a library in which all the books are accessible to the reader.* But in the large libraries most used for purposes of reference the books are *not* accessible to the reader. He has no chance of identifying a book from among others ranged before him on shelves: he is forced to hunt out the symbol arbitrarily assigned to it in a gigantic catalogue. If he does not know the author's "christian" name he may have to search many pages crowded with entries until he recognises the book he wants. When Mr. Jones next wishes to refer in the library of the British Museum to a book so familiar to him in appearance and matter as Kühn's edition of the Hippocratic "Corpus," if he does not wish to waste his time and temper he had better discover Kühn's "christian" name, or it will take him six times as long as it need to discover the unknown symbol which is the clue by which an attendant will eventually put him within sight of the book. I am not concealing Kühn's name, I merely call it "christian" for convenience. I do not know what it is, but experience has taught me not to attempt to catch sight of a copy of his edition of the Hippocratic "Corpus" in a large library until I know the name by which his parents called him.

In the second paragraph of his letter Mr. Jones expresses regret that in his Preface he lays undue stress upon the decline of the Greeks. He does not say that he refers to any adverse criticism of mine on that point, and I hope that he does not think that I implied any. On the contrary, he appeared to me, so far as a layman may judge, to emphasise the point no more than was necessary to attract attention to an ingenious and tenable theory and to excite such criticism as would assist him in expanding or modifying it according to his judgment; and I certainly intended to include him among expert investigators of the whole question.

THE REVIEWER of *Malaria and Greek History*.

POETS' PROSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In common with your industrious correspondent, "A French Linguist," I was particularly struck with the remark upon the above subject in your admirable article entitled "The Commercial Muse," but, unlike him, I was so happy as to find myself in exact agreement with the opinion there expressed.

The contrary view which your correspondent upholds in his interesting letter was developed by our English critic, Hazlitt, in a well-known essay, and unquestionably obtains very widely at the present time. Does it not rest, however, on a false

antithesis between the two forms of writing, due to a misapprehension of the real nature of both?

Surely, the true belief on this important matter is that which was held by your correspondent's countryman, the illustrious Flaubert, according to whom poetry is the absolute and best expression of human thought. In this view, prose is essentially writing of the second order, being, as it were, poetry in the making. How inevitably the one finds its fulfilment in the other may be seen in many passages of our most celebrated prose-writers which lack nothing but mere artifice of printing to recommend them as poetry to the reader.

If poetry is indeed the most perfect form of writing, those who achieve it can hardly fail of mastery on the lower ground, and, in fact, the list of poets who have so excelled is too lengthy to recall. The fact that some great poets have sometimes written bad prose must be taken with the fact that some great poets have sometimes written bad poetry, and must be attributed not to any antagonism between poetry and prose, but to the nature of human genius and its unequal and discontinuous expression.

Your correspondent objects that poetry is an improper medium in which to write about common things. I agree: if by writing mere description is meant. It is improper to write about common things at all unless they are thereby deprived of their commonness and given that unique and individual character which alone constitutes life in the world of art. This poetry can accomplish more easily and more effectually than prose.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add that I am led to make these comments in the hope that we may be privileged at some time to receive a fuller exposition of this subject, so vital to the formation of correct taste, from one who, as his published writings manifest, is above all others competent to treat of it in a noble and authoritative manner.

F.

May 10th, 1909.

THE BUDGET AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Why do you lay the blame for the plundering Budget on our alleged Government? I venture to say that the few money-pigs who finance the party in power had far more to do with the preparation of the Budget than any one member of the Government. The persons who should be blamed are the wealthy Englishmen who compel the two political parties to depend on the aliens for funds. The Radicals are in power, and we are ruled by the tools of the Hoggeneimers who finance the party, because when the Conservatives were in power the interests of the party and country were continually betrayed at the bidding of the Hoggeneimers who finance the Conservative party. If wealthy Englishmen whose money is invested in their own country object to being plundered by the puppets of alien tax-dodgers, they should see that the British and patriotic party is not dependent on the aliens for any portion of its funds, and that the party is represented in the metropolis by at least two or three daily and political weekly journals not owned, edited, subsidised, or otherwise controlled by the aliens, nor dependent on the alien advertisers for support. Then when the Conservatives are in power they would remain in power, as the Government would be conducted solely in the interests of the British. Up to the present time fellow-tribesmen of Messrs. Reubens, of Whitechapel, and of Mr. Slater, of Glasgow, have been chosen as Conservative candidates for the next election in a score or more electoral divisions. This is due, in every case, to the need of money to fight the election, not to the lack of a native candidate. From present appearances it would seem that when the Conservatives regain power the country and party will be betrayed over the matter of Tariff Reform just as it was over the matter of restricting immigration. Instead of the great and purely British industry of agriculture receiving protection, it will probably be a number of undesirable industries which have been captured by Yiddish sweaters, and, thanks to Churchill's Anti-Sweating Act, will soon employ none but Yiddish coolies, who will, of course, evade the Act without difficulty. Then the country will be more disgusted than ever. When the election occurs the Conservatives will be defeated worse than ever, and as by then "Our Vinstun" will have become an enthusiastic convert to Socialism, we shall have a half-caste Amurrikun for Prime Minister.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

100 Goldhurst Terrace, Hampstead, N.W.,

May 14th, 1909.

POET AND LAWYER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In "Musings Without Method" in the May *Black-wood* a sarcastic writer on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy remarks: "Though a poet may understand law, no lawyer was ever a poet." Not much method in this musing. Perhaps the writer never heard of Sir Walter Scott and James Russell Lowell.

The musér—we might almost call him amuser—might turn his attention with profit to Mark Twain's new book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" especially the chapter "Was the Author of Shakespeare's Works a Lawyer?" Here Mark says: "I would put aside the guesses, and surmises, and perhaps, and might-have-beens, and could-have-beens, and we-are-justified-in-presumings, and the rest of those vague spectres and shadows and indefinitenesses, and stand or fall, win or lose, by the verdict rendered by the jury upon that single question. If the verdict was yes, I should feel quite convinced that the Stratford Shakespeare, the actor, manager, and trader who died so obscure, so forgotten, so destitute of even village consequence that sixty years afterward no fellow-citizen and friend of his later days remembered to tell anything about him, did not write the works."

Not bad, Mark. Another convert, evidently, to the side of Bacon. G. S.

SEAMAN'S MANNERS.

SIR,—You are one of the few people who have dared to suggest that *Punch* is occasionally brutal. You are quite right, and I would add that he is also occasionally snobbish. In his last issue he exemplifies both faults. He has a picture of an old maid who is teaching a class of small girls, one of whom remarks that a knowledge of geography does not lead to marriage—witness the teacher's celibacy. That is a brutal sort of jest and could only have been made endurable by depicting the teacher a comely person.

In another picture we have a vulgar "lady" complaining that she had been unable to obtain a nice hat at some shop or other (she is wearing a "horror"), and a duchess who is present says, "So sorry we could not please you. That shop is one of my ventures," or words to that effect. *Tableau!* The underlying idea, of course, is that the *parvenue* ought to feel properly crushed. The faces of the company show this. But the *parvenue* had only to say, "I should have thought your Grace would have shown as good taste in hats as in conversation," to turn the tables. In a word, the whole conception is snobbish.

J. H. HALLARD.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

- Elisabeth Davenay.* By Claire de Pratz. Mills & Boon, 6s.
Divided Houses. By F. C. Gardiner. Long, 6s.
Coquette. By Muriel Darche. Long, 6s.
A Running Fight. By J. Helledoren. Long, 6s.
The Diamond and the Rose. By Hope Protheroe. Century Press, 6s.
Joan of the Hills. By T. B. Clegg. Lane, 6s.
Beyond. By Frank T. Bullen. Chapman & Hall.
The Tears of Desire. By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hoskin. Laurie, 6s.
Private Coles, Philosopher. By Scudamore Jarvis. Ousley. 1s. net.
The Wooden Horse. By Hugh Walpole. Smith, Elder, 6s.
The First Law. By Lady Troubridge. Mills & Boon, 6s.
The Quest. By Justus M. Forman. Ward, Lock, 6s.

MAGAZINES

The Bibelot, Putnam's, The Bodleian, The International, Livres Anciens et Modernes, The Salvation Army and Poor Law Reform, Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow Them.

MISCELLANEOUS

An Angler's Season. By William Earl Hodgson. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

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Steel Construction: an Easy Introduction to the Science of Designing and Building in Steel. John Dicks' Press, 6d.
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Antichrist and the Man of Sin. By William M. Stedman. Stedman.
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Children of the Poor. By A. Davies Edwards. Hammond, 1s. net.
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The Jena Campaign, 1806. By Col. F. N. Maude, C.B. Swan Sonnenschein.
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POETRY

- To Our Empire Island.* By James Boddely Keene. Allenson, 6d.
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and "PUBLIC OPINION"**

The Abbot Francis Gasquet, the eminent Roman Catholic
scholar and historian, Abbot-President of the English Bene-
dictines, who is now engaged at Rome on the most interesting
task of revising the Vulgate, sends the following letter to the
Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, dated Feb. 15, 1909, from Collegio
Sant' Anselmo, Monte Aventino, Rome:—

Sir,—I see that many are expressing their
opinions about your paper, and as I have for a
long time now got so much pleasure and profit
from it, I feel constrained to add my testimony
to that of others. Obligated to be away from
England for many months each year on busi-
ness, and with little time to spend on the reading
of papers, I have found PUBLIC OPINION
exactly what I needed to keep in touch with
passing events, and I look forward to the coming
of the post which brings it to me.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

sgd. (Abbot) FRANCIS H. GASQUET.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE dinner of the Council of the Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage took place on Tuesday last at the Hotel Cecil, under the presidency of the Earl of Cromer, and was an unqualified success. Able speeches were made by Lord Cromer, by the two guests of the evening, Lord Curzon of Kedleston and Lord James of Hereford, by Mr. Massie, M.P., Sir Edward Clarke, and the Dean of Canterbury. Lord Curzon was in particularly good form, and his speech with its wit and closely reasoned argument was undoubtedly the outstanding feature of the evening. As far as we are concerned we make no complaints, and we found ourselves in hearty agreement with every one of his Lordship's remarks. At the same time, it might well be argued that in view of the presence of a large number of Liberals, including many Liberal Members of Parliament, Lord Curzon might have moderated his more scathing remarks about the present Government. To one of these Liberal Members of Parliament, namely the Hon. Ivor Guest, the anti-suffrage movement owes an inestimable debt; and a dinner of the Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage was perhaps hardly a fitting occasion on which to "rub in" to Mr. Guest and his fellow Liberals the follies and iniquities of the party with which they are unfortunately connected. However, these be toys. But we should like seriously to suggest to the Anti-Suffrage League that its Press organisation is very defective. For instance, neither the *Standard* of Wednesday, nor the *Evening Standard* of that day contained any reference whatever to the dinner and the speeches made. Yet if we are not very much mistaken the representative of the *Standard* was present and ate a very hearty meal. And the same applies to the representative of the *Westminster Gazette*, which organ of light and leading was equally dumb as far as any report of the proceedings is concerned. The Men's League for Opposing Woman Suffrage wants all the money it can get for the furtherance of its excellent work, and it certainly cannot afford to provide free dinners to hungry journalists, whether they be of the "Liberal" or "Conservative" persuasion, without exacting some sort of *quid pro quo*. The *Standard* professes to be opposed to Women's Suffrage, and it has constantly shown its devotion to the cause by reporting at great

length the sayings and doings of the Pankhursts and other members of the gang which Lord Curzon appropriately describes as "howling dervishes." It is a little extraordinary, to say the least of it, that it finds itself unable to devote even a short paragraph to the side of the question which it professes to uphold when people of the intellectual and political eminence of Lord Curzon and Lord James of Hereford enunciate their views. We sincerely hope that we are not going to have a repetition in the case of Mr. Pearson's organ of the startling change of front indulged in by the organ of Baron Burnham. But we should not be surprised if the same subtle influences which induced the *Daily Telegraph* to execute a complete *volte face* on this question were to operate in the case of Pearson's penny daily.

It seems to be pretty well universally admitted among those who have any claim to speak with authority that the House of Lords not only has the power to throw out the Budget neck and crop, but that it intends to exercise that power. For the past two or three weeks the *Observer* has been pluming itself on its sagacity in prophesying the probability of such an event. We are sorry to rob the *Observer* of its cause for self-congratulation; but we really must point out that no less than five months ago in THE ACADEMY of December 19th, in an article entitled "Supererogatory Tarantara at the National Liberal Club," we made use of the following words:

It is generally understood that the "gauntlet" to be flung down to the Peers will take the form of a Socialistic and confiscatory Budget of the most outrageous description, a hen-roost robbery on an unprecedented scale of predatory magnificence. The Lords having once more outraged the "will of the People" by kicking the Budget contemptuously downstairs, the great Liberal party will then go to the country and demand the lungs and livers of these wicked persons, their blood, or such blood as they may lose, being, as has been already explained by the excitable Mr. Birrell, "on their own heads."

Since then we have on several occasions re-emphasised our conviction as to the probable course of events. So that the *Observer* must make up its mind on this occasion to take a very far back seat among the minor prophets. At the same time we are able to congratulate the editor of the *Observer* on the fact that, unlike the great Mr. St. Loe Strachey, he evidently has the good sense to read THE ACADEMY.

The Government and Mr. McKenna have come very badly out of the affair of Captain Bacon's letters to the First Sea Lord containing reflections on Mr. Bellairs. The whole business is discreditable in the extreme, and the shuffling excuses of Mr. McKenna will not be accepted for a moment by any fair-minded man. Lord Winterton in the House of Commons on Wednesday last asked Mr. McKenna whether he proposed "to observe the ordinary standard of honour," and Mr. McKenna drew the attention of the Speaker to this observation; whereupon Lord Winterton, without waiting to hear the Speaker's ruling, got up and said: "May I say that as my observation was obviously disorderly, of course I withdraw it." For our part we fail to see anything "obviously disorderly" in Lord Winterton's question. On the contrary, it seems to us to be a perfectly proper question to ask, and it is a great pity that Lord Winterton should be in such a hurry to eat his own words. There can be nothing more foolish than to make strong remarks on a matter about which one entertains strong feelings and then in the same breath, as it were, to admit that they were "obviously disorderly." There are occasions when strong remarks ought to be made, and when the courage to

make them is laudable and creditable, and persons who having made such remarks have not got the pluck to stick to them had better make up their minds in the future to hold their tongues altogether. Lord Winterton, who has lately become editor of one of the Harmsworth publications, seems to be rapidly imbibing Harmsworthian methods of controversy. They will not add to his reputation, and their exhibition in the House of Commons is distressing to those who at one time had hopes of Lord Winterton's future as a serious politician.

Referring to some playful remarks which we made last week about the late Mr. Justice Day's pictures and the hobbies of various other judges, we have received a letter from a correspondent who gravely rebukes us and takes us to task for "following the unworthy example of certain disreputable penny and sixpenny weekly papers which never lose an opportunity for making rude remarks about judges." Our correspondent goes on to assure us that he has the highest esteem for THE ACADEMY and the greatest admiration for its "bold and brilliant attitude." Our correspondent is most kind, but the compliments of a gentleman who is capable of so completely misunderstanding us as he does do not afford us unmixed contentment. We did not think that it was possible for any of our readers to mistake our perfectly harmless and good-natured persiflage about Mr. Justice Grantham, Mr. Justice Darling, and the Lord Chief Justice for "rudeness," and we have far too much respect for these eminent men to suppose that they themselves would have so interpreted our paragraph if they happened to read it. There is no judge on the Bench for whom we entertain a more sincere admiration than Mr. Justice Grantham; he is a fine gentleman in the truest sense of the word as well as a remarkably able and fearless judge. The ill-bred sneers directed against him from time to time in certain of our less reputable contemporaries can in almost every case be directly traced to the malignance of disappointed litigators, and as such they are beneath contempt. We have an equal respect and admiration for Mr. Justice Darling and the Lord Chief Justice, and that we should be impelled by the letter of a professing admirer of THE ACADEMY to say so flatly and definitely is almost an absurdity. There are some things which really ought to be taken for granted by people who profess to be one's friends.

We have received further letters from people who are anxious to argue the question of imperfect rhymes and to justify them by quotations from the best poets. Curiously enough, one of these letters emanates from Oxford and another from Cambridge. The efforts of our correspondents are wrong-headed and perverse, for, say what they will, a bad rhyme remains a bad rhyme even if it can be proved to have been used by Shakespeare and Milton and other great poets. Elderly, white-bearded gentlemen at our two great seats of learning may sit through the midnight watches in the turreted chambers of venerable buildings, with all the weight of classical knowledge and classical traditions at their backs, rhyming "flower" with "paramour" till all is blue, but we shall not cease to protest against such violations of the poetical art and to deplore the misdirection to budding youth which is implied in such senile aberrations and deviations from the true path of poetical rectitude.

The Dean of Westminster is a powerful person. It lies within his prerogative to decide whether the honour of being buried in Westminster Abbey shall be accorded to a man or not. He has refused to receive the ashes of George Meredith; and he will give no reasons. The usual reason as to limitations of space

would not avail in this case; because the ashes of even the greatest of us can take up very little room indeed. So that we are left with the high and dry fact that, for some reason or other, George Meredith is not considered by the Dean of Westminster to be quite "worthy" of such *post mortem* distinction as the Dean has it in his province to bestow. Perhaps Mr. Meredith's peculiar views about marriage, expressed by him in an interview with a hapenny reporter—and not in his books—perhaps it is these views which have influenced Dean Robinson's decision. Apart from the higher rights and wrongs of the matter, Dean Robinson is a bold man, inasmuch as his refusal to receive into the Abbey Mr. Meredith's ashes is made in the teeth of the desires of the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir William Huggins, and the Authors' Society. If the Dean would always be as difficult as he would appear now to be Westminster Abbey might indeed become the place of sepulchre for truly great Englishmen only. However, we expect that George Meredith will be very content at Dorking, even as Algernon Charles Swinburne rests himself comfortably at Bonchurch. And we can quite see that the Dean of Westminster may, in the course of time, want all the space he can muster for the accommodation of the mortal remains of those authors whose sales so enlarge the souls of Mr. Shorter and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. On the other hand, let not these gentry be at all puffed up. Probably all of them, in spite of the portents, will have to make shift at Kensal Rise.

We note with feelings suitable to the occasion that Mr. Swinburne has left an estate valued at nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-six pounds five shillings net. The enlightened and intelligent newspaper press of the penny plain and hapenny coloured varieties has commented prettily on the fact, and points out with great acumen that, when all is said, poetry of the right sort is "a paying proposition." We are afraid, however, that Mr. Swinburne's nineteen thousand pounds net was not altogether the result of the sale of his books. If he made five hundred a year out of poetry, even in the later years of his life, we should be surprised. Of course, no reasonable poet should desire to compass more. And we do not think that Mr. Swinburne cared twopence whether he made money or not. We have known him refuse lump sums which any writer in the world, except Swinburne, would have jumped at. The trouble about literature as a profession at the present moment is that the larger number of persons engaged in it feel themselves to be outraged because they can never hope to be millionaires. The other day we had the spectacle of the *Saturday Review* howling horribly over "the bitter, lonely life" of a pensioned poet who could not afford "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant." The *Saturday* would have us believe that it was the duty of the people of England either to buy this poet's works in quantities which would have enabled him "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant," or to increase his pension from a hundred and fifty pounds to such a sum as would have enabled him "to entertain a few friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant." Apparently, therefore, a thousand a year is the least sum which, in reason, you can offer to a poet. And the *Saturday* goes on to talk of the reviewers who are earning fifteen hundred a year. Do they earn it on the *Saturday*, one wonders? It is singular that never by any chance does the competent poet call loudly for money. If we remember rightly, Tennyson's pension was a hundred a year. It may have been a hundred and fifty, or it may have been two hundred. In any case, for the best part of his life Tennyson was a poor man.

And his poverty delayed his marriage, and no doubt prevented him entertaining his friends at the Criterion Restaurant. Yet he managed to hide it, and he always wrote in the tone of a gentleman of large property, even after he came into his pension. It is all a question of breeding and sound poetical parts. A man who puts his hand into the fire for the sake of poetry gets burnt, but he does not want anybody's pity or anybody's tears. A man who puts his hand into the fire for the sake of poetical rewards gets burnt and makes a fearful noise about it. In justice to the *Saturday Review*, we ought to mention that the *Saturday's* article is signed by the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*. This explains everything, excepting the fact that the *Saturday* has printed the article.

The *Saturday* must learn to refrain from cant in literary affairs. Nothing in the world can make the public buy poetry or prose which they do not want. Before you can induce them to buy poetry you must teach them to want it. They have been taught to want certain poets, as, for example, Shakespeare, and, for that matter, Tennyson. But it will be found that even the sales of Shakespeare and of Tennyson are as a molehill to a mountain compared with the sales of some of our "clever" novelists. So that the work of education is either a difficult affair or it has been grossly mismanaged. For ourselves, we lean to the opinion that it is grossly and flagrantly mismanaged. We believe that, in spite of the wholesale corruption of the public taste which nearly every newspaper and nearly every publishing house has attempted for the sake of gain, the public taste is far sounder and far surer than it is imagined to be. And we also believe that the public's slowness in taking to its bosom this, that, or the other poet is proof positive that the public possesses taste, and that in a blind and stumbling way it recognises that the chiefest danger of letters is not apathy or failure of recognition, but swiftness to hail fools on the bare and interested word of boomsters and persons who are out for profit.

From *John Bull* we cull the following poetic gem:

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true!
Then give to the world the best you have
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.
Give truth, and your gifts will be paid in kind,
And honour will honour meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet!

Surely the last two lines are a little personal? They suggest Bottomley smiling at Vivian and Vivian smiling back again at Bottomley. Or a little deal in smiles between Mr. Odhams of the *Guardian* and Mr. Elias of the *Hairdresser's Review*. Smiles apart, however, we have not by any means finished with the "secret history" of the Bottomley affair.

The *Isis* has apologised again, and has paid damages and costs. This is as it should be, though it makes us yawn. We shall now hope to lie down in peace with Oxford and Cambridge for at least a fortnight. It seems, however, that there is a newspaper called the *East Anglian Daily Times*. This paper has made serious imputations against us, and of course, it has apologised, and is going to apologise still further. Life is a tiresome business; anger is short madness, and pride goeth before a fall. We do trust that we shall not have to chronicle more than half-a-dozen apologies during Whit Week.

THE CHARMED POOL

(From the French of Albert Samain.)

My heart is as a charmed pool that trembles,
The secret haunt of birds and foliage frail,
And where the silver flight of sylphs assembles
In the clear eve, when blossoms fade and fail;

The dreaming moon her paleness images,
The Dawn her warm feet in its crystal dips;
Its margin sighs eternal harmonies
From the tall reed-pipes' unappeased lips.

M. JOURDAIN.

"MERE NERVOUS DEGENERATES"

THE *Daily Mail* of yesterday publishes an article entitled "The Phantom Airship." The article is dated "Berlin," and it is signed "Northcliffe." It is an article which purports to be on the side of reason. The author commences by pointing out that "Accounts of phantom German airships alleged to be flying over England and the North Sea . . . are placing England and Englishmen in a ridiculous and humiliating light before the German people." In support of this statement we are favoured with a quotation from the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*:

Things which are being said and done in England in these days strike us Germans as magnificent material for farce and comedy. But the ridiculousness of it all is only one side of the matter. Madness is also dangerous. If we had to deal only with poor lunatics who hear a guilty conscience knocking on water, in the air, and under the earth and water, and label it "German danger," it would not be necessary to waste a single word.

What stands out conspicuously is the lack of any sturdy resistance to these hallucinations in the English public. There are certainly millions of Englishmen who are not only not participating in this mad procedure, but who wholly abhor it and are deeply chagrined over it. But they remain dumb. We miss the voice of shame and anger with which a great nation should command the propagators of such witchery to keep silent.

With a view no doubt to obliging the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten* the *Daily Mail's* correspondent, Northcliffe, proceeds to raise "the voice of shame and anger" which our German contemporary so misses, and he raises it to the following beautiful effect:

There is nothing quieter in the world than a powder magazine the second before it explodes. A spark falling suddenly in the midst of public temper can convert long-gathering exasperation into a conflagration. It is dangerous sparks of this kind which Englishmen term untoward events—events which nobody could foresee, which, without warning, come to pass and stir and excite popular passions with elemental fury.

There has certainly been no lack recently of symptoms indicating what has been resting on the English national mind. For the most part our idea of good taste has simply been offended by what has been gossiped about nefarious German plans. In the consciousness that these tales are mere phantasies we shrug our shoulders. The invasion danger, the 40,000 waiter-spies, the air-

ship cruising over England at night, compel our ridicule. . . .

Germans, who have so long been accustomed to regard Great Britain as a model of national deportment, poise, and cool-headedness, are beginning to believe that England is becoming the home of mere nervous degenerates.

We are compelled to assume that the Northcliffe who signs this article is none other than our old friend Alfred Harmsworth, commonly known as Baron Northcliffe of the Isle of Thanet. There is a faith somewhere which is big enough to remove mountains. There is a charity in this office which is big enough to assume that Lord Northcliffe's article is inspired by the most honest and patriotic motives, and that Lord Northcliffe is writing in the absence of a knowledge of certain facts with which he might reasonably have been supposed to have acquainted himself. The *Daily Mail*, which is now convinced that the "invasion danger, the forty thousand waiter-spies, and the airship cruising over England at night, compel our ridicule," and the *Daily Mail* which believes that "the Germans are beginning to believe that England is becoming the home of mere nervous degenerates" is owned by a company called The Associated Newspapers, Limited, of which company the aforesaid Lord Northcliffe is the Chairman and principal shareholder, and by an extraordinary coincidence this same Associated Newspapers, Limited, owns and conducts and prints and publishes a paper called the *Evening News*. On Thursday of last week the *Evening News* came out with half a column headed "The Illusive Airship." "To-day," says the *Evening News*, "we have received signed statements from the persons who say that they have actually seen it." On Saturday of last week the *Evening News* had a column and a half on the subject, together with a large map showing in black type the names of places where the airship is said to have been seen. On Monday of the present week the *Evening News* had three-quarters of a column headed "The Ghostly Airship—Its Week-end Visit to Lowestoft—Observers' Stories." On Tuesday there was another front page column. On Wednesday there was a column and a half of front page, headed "The Secret Airship," and sub-headed "Distinctly Seen" and "Clouds of Witnesses," and on Thursday there were two front page columns in which "the spectral ship" was reported to have been seen near London and to have visited Southend, Norwich and Monmouth. And on Friday the *Daily Mail* produces Lord Northcliffe's beautiful article. Now we assert that the *Evening News* has deliberately worked this airship business on the lines of the scoop; we assert that it has given a serious colour to the details and signed statements which it has raked up at great expense, and that the whole business, in so far as it can affect Germany, is the creation of the *Evening News*. We do not say that the *Evening News* invented the original rumours or that its signed statements are not *bonâ fide* statements. But we do say that if, as Lord Northcliffe would have us believe, the affair has assumed a dangerous international aspect that dangerous aspect has been created by the *Evening News*, and that this has been done not in the interests of the public, but for the mere purpose of selling newspapers. If, as Lord Northcliffe asserts, the airship compels ridicule, why have his journals been taking it seriously and dealing with it as the principal topic of the moment for over a week past? And if England has become the home of mere nervous degenerates to whom in the name of goodness are we to attribute their nervous degeneration as exhibited in the matter of this airship, if not to this very *Evening News* and to this very Lord Northcliffe who now lifts up his voice in shame and anger on the subject? The bare fact that Lord Northcliffe can write with un-

blushing effrontery what he writes in yesterday's *Daily Mail* the while his other journal, the *Evening News*, is engaged in manufacturing or elaborating the self-same scares and phantasies and foolish fictions and inflammable rumours and pin-pricks of which he complains is an appalling commentary on the Harmsworth methods and the absolute contempt which the Harmsworths have always shown for the mere nervous degenerates they have succeeded in creating in this country. Lord Northcliffe cannot have it both ways. He cannot make hapence out of scares and then turn round and have us believe that he is a patriot and that there is wisdom in anything he may have to tell us. If Germany is so mad as to take a serious view of the airship scare and if the scare is, as Lord Northcliffe asserts, calculated to provoke war and "its incalculable consequences" the blame does not rest with the English people or with its leaven of Harmsworth-bred nervous degenerates, but with the *Evening News* and Lord Northcliffe. In point of fact, there will be no war and there will be no complications. Germany is not ripe for either. You can fool the public most of the time, but not all the time, and if Lord Northcliffe is not very careful he will very shortly discover that there is a limit to the patience and stupidity of even nervous degenerates.

GEORGE MEREDITH

GEORGE MEREDITH is dead, and for thousands the bright hours are saddened in the shadow of that unexpected news. It is not that many of them knew him, or that they can claim the sorrowful distinction of a personal grief—they may never have seen his face, never have heard his voice, never have communicated with him in any way; but his presence, the splendid knowledge that he yet was among us and was able to recognise the homage of those to whom his work was precious, seemed to sustain a kinship of thought, a subtle communion of the spirit, which is the secret treasure of the truly great man given from the circle he has made his own. It is true that in the normal course of human affairs George Meredith could not have lived for many more years; well and happily had he exceeded the allotted span; but the end came suddenly, and the shock is the more keenly felt. That his illness did not take the form of an interminable, weariful time of pain we may be thankful; he preserved his intellectual prime to the last, and saw the efflorescence of the spring he sang so beautifully:

Out in the yellow meadows, where the bee
Hums by us with the honey of the Spring,
And showers of sweet notes from the larks on wing
Are dropping like a noon-dew, wander we—
Or is it now? or was it then? for now,
As then, the larks from running rings pour showers;
The golden foot of May is on the flowers,
And friendly shadows dance upon her brow.

To say, as has been said in numberless fugitive columns during the past week, that English literature suffers an irremediable loss with the death of this great novelist is beside the point and carries not even the saving impulse of truth. Literature, once enriched, retains her wealth for ever; one by one those fine souls who gave her of their best and purest pass away, but in the nation's memory—that unceasing and unbroken memory which bridges generation with generation and links past centuries to ages yet unborn—their words are imperishably enshrined. The inviolable condition is that sincerity of purpose must have brought these winged messengers to birth, noble aims nourished them, fine perceptions selected their arrangement and fixed the central idea from which, as beams from a star, they shall radiate and burn. Given such

attributes, the inspiring genius may vary as do precious stones—sapphire and ruby, emerald and diamond, amethyst and topaz, different in degree but united in their splendour. "Nature," said Carlyle, "does not make all great men, more than all other men, in the self-same mould. . . . Many different names, in different times and places, do we give to great men; according to varieties we note in them, according to the sphere in which they have displayed themselves." An indomitable truth and fidelity to his own instincts was the prevailing characteristic of George Meredith in his chosen realm of fiction; he *knew* he was right, whatever the world said, and that time would eventually crown him with the hero's laurel, sign of honourable victory. "Assured of worthiness," he wrote in his sonnet entitled "Internal Harmony," "we do not dread competitors":

. . . we rather give them hail
And greeting in the lists where we may fail:
Must, if we bear an aim beyond the head!
My betters are my masters; purely fed
By their sustinment I likewise shall scale
Some rocky steps between the mount and vale;
Meanwhile the mark I have and I will wed.
So that I draw the breath of finer air,
Station is nought, nor footways laurel-strewn,
Nor rivals tightly-belted for the race.
Good speed to them! My place is here or there;
My pride is that among them I have place:
And thus I keep this instrument in tune.

In tune, to the very last, the incomparable instrument stayed, and it will be to those who loved him a happy remembrance to set against their loss that to the latest week of his life the brain was clear, the outlook unclouded, the recollection facile and scarcely dimmed.

It is difficult for the younger generation, to whom the name of Meredith is so familiar, to realise that his first work—a volume of poems—was issued in the year made notable for English letters by the publication of "Pendennis," that "Shirley" had not long been in print, that "Bleak House" had not yet appeared, and that in France Chateaubriand had only been dead for three years. The fiction of this country at that period and in the following decade was in a state of transition—we might almost say a state of chaos, but it was a chaos illumined by dazzling flashes from several quarters. "Adam Bede" was to manifest its author's strength and win for her an undying name; Tennyson was to strike the sweet-sounding bells of "In Memoriam" and send their mellow tones echoing down the age; Browning was to produce the laborious "Paracelsus." By the launching of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" in the year 1859, Meredith, then thirty-one, puzzled the critics and took his stand—though not as yet his ultimate position—as a novelist who refused to pander to popular taste, who wrote in a style for which there was no standard of comparison available, and whose line of progression would be evidently set severely apart from others of his kind. The reception of the new departure was not flattering. One reviewer criticised it as full of faults, wearisome, affected, didactic, a book for men only; another buried it under the obloquy of being "untrue to life." We need not concern ourselves with this sort of thing now; very possibly the aspersions of these superior literary gentlemen were perfectly sincere at the time, and it is the fate of a writer or artist who has the pluck to set up a standard of his own to be judged by men who naturally cling to the criterions to which they are accustomed; but posterity has effectually reversed their condemnation. By many readers, chiefly, we think, the more youthful among his admirers, that book is considered his best. This is neither the time nor place to enter upon any protracted discussion of Meredith as a stylist, or of his literary methods; we have re-

cently appreciated and criticised some aspects of his work in prose and poetry in these columns; but it may be noted that not until the appearance of that masterpiece of comedy, "The Egoist," in the year 1879 did he receive anything approaching a wide approval. His curious style was essentially chosen for his personal pleasure; it had inconsequences, aberrations, discords—consecutive fifths in prose, we might term them—which only a minority even among the more literary and gifted of his readers could perceive to be deliberately and daringly introduced with an absolute disregard of public opinion. Placid enunciations of immature sentiment never found their way into the pages of this "master of us all," as R. L. Stevenson called him. The love-making of his heroes and heroines was never stupid, never gross, never fatuous, never sickeningly sweet; it abounded in the intensest passion—the demand of body for body and soul for soul—but never in the faintest degree was it soiled and degraded by eroticism in phrase or in suggestion. "Sentiment you do not obtain from a Damascus blade," he writes in "Harry Richmond," and the parallel is not inapt as applied to his own work; love, hearty, vehement, pure, he delighted to portray. What inimitable pictures we have of Richard Feverel, in the toils of love for the first time!—

His heart was a lightning steed, and bore him on and on over limitless regions bathed in superhuman beauty and strangeness, where cavaliers and ladies leaned whispering upon close green swards, and knights and ladies cast a splendour upon savage forests, and tilts and tourneys were held in golden courts lit to a glorious day by ladies' eyes, one pair of which, dimly visioned, constantly distinguishable, followed him through the boskage and dwelt upon him in the press, beaming while he bent above a hand glittering white and fragrant as the frosted blossom of a May night.

While the heart would pause and flutter to a shock: he was in the act of consummating all earthly bliss by pressing his lips to the small white hand. Only to do that, and die! cried the Magnetic Youth; to fling the Jewel of Life into that one cup and drink it off! He was intoxicated by anticipation. For that he was born. There was, then, some end in existence, something to live for—to kiss a woman's hand, and die! He would leap from the couch, and rush to pen and paper to relieve his swarming sensations. Scarce was he seated when the pen was dashed aside, the paper sent flying with the exclamation, "Have I not sworn I would never write again?" Sir Austin had shut that safety valve. The nonsense that was in the youth might have poured harmlessly out, and its urgency for ebullition was so great that he was repeatedly oblivious of his oath, and found himself seated under the lamp in the act of composition before pride could speak a word. Possibly the pride even of Richard Feverel had been swamped if the act of composition were easy at such a time, and a single idea could stand clearly foremost; but myriads were demanding the first place; chaotic hosts, like ranks of stormy billows, pressed impetuously for expression, and despair of reducing them to form, quite as much as pride, to which it pleased him to refer his incapacity, threw down the powerless pen, and sent him panting to his outstretched length and another headlong career through the rosy-girdled land.

For virility of prose and clarity of construction has any succeeding writer equalled this splendid, nervous English? And the tender, half-shy impulses of Evan and Rose, in "Evan Harrington," are as simple and as delicate as any love scene in the other more famous volumes:

Then these lovers talked of distant days—compared their feelings on this and that occasion with mutual wonder and delight. Then the old hours lived anew. And—did you really think that, Evan? And—O, Rose! was that your dream? And the meaning of that bygone look: was it what they fancied? And such and such a tone of voice: would it bear the wished interpretation? Thus does Love avenge himself on the unsatisfactory past, and call out its essence.

The humour which interpenetrates all the novels is on too titanic a scale to be taken to the heart of the

average reader, who prefers farce and comic bodily exigencies to emergencies of mental states that require some powers of concentration of thought for their clear apprehension. The comedy inherent in such figures as Sir Austin, even while his iron rule leads to the bitterest tragedy, eludes the popular ear. When, for instance, the immaculate baronet discovers from the "lofty watch-tower of his System" that his son has been relieving his overcharged feelings in the ancient and honourable manner of lovers, "his wounded heart had its reasons for being much disturbed":

"Surely," said Lady Blandish, "you knew he scribbled?"
 "A very different thing from writing poetry," said the baronet. "No Feveel has ever written poetry."

"I don't think it's a sign of degeneracy," the lady remarked.
 "He rhymes very prettily to me."

A London phenologist, and a friendly Oxford Professor of poetry, quieted Sir Austin's fears.

This energy of satire never degenerated to rancour even in Meredith's most fierce and censorious moods. It informed his dislike of narrowness, bigotry, and Puritanism with a scathing, subtle, yet withal good-humoured disdain which was far more poignant than the bludgeons of downright didactic declamation could have been. It also led up in its more exalted expressions to the blemishes of intellectual obscurity that must be admitted here and there to exist; but be it noted that the faults are always those of depth of thought and idea, not those of shallowness—and here is the great gulf fixed between him and the crowded scribbles of the present day, who by ornate embellishment and a pedantry of decoration seek to conceal the fragility of their anæmic conceptions. He spared no weapons of scorn for the weak and false and morally frail, and it is as if at times his pen was clogged by the burden of his contempt.

As a poet, George Meredith is assured of a high place among the singers of England, but more by reason of a few exquisite poems that visibly separate from the body of his work than by reason of a large output of any exceptional poetic attraction. As we pointed out in these pages a short time ago, the very qualities of brimming idea and prolific metaphor which so astound the reader and make his prose so wonderful militate against the production of rhythmic verse. The exceptions, the undeniably great poems by which his name will live, can be briefly numbered. "Love in the Valley," with its haunting measure, represents perhaps the highest point of pure poesy that Meredith attained, and its last stanza, with its simple assertion "heaven is my need," touches the heart:

Could I find a place to be alone with heaven,
 I would speak my heart out: heaven is my need.
 Every woodland tree is flushing like the dogwood,
 Flashing like the whitebeam, swaying like the reed.
 Flushing like the dogwood crimson in October,
 Streaming like the flag-reed South-West blown;
 Flashing as in gusts the sudden-lighted whitebeam;
 All seem to know what is for heaven alone.

"Modern Love" is his greatest work, in the general acceptance of the word great; this, again, we must not enlarge upon. "Melampus," "The Lark Ascending," some portions of "A Reading of Earth," and a few other poems form the posy from this garden the fragrance of which will be immortal.

George Meredith cared for no man's praise or blame. Never once did he stoop to the petty self-advertisement that is as the breath of life to so many lesser men. The fineness of the world was in him, while from his modest retreat among the hills and woods he loved so well he followed the doings of that world and moved day by day in his circle of content. The praise or blame of men is still less to him now; it is left for us

to pay our tribute of sympathy and sorrow to those bereaved, and to hold his name in affectionate remembrance as one to whom trials made life a splendid thing, buffetings were cause for brave, free laughter, and one whose motto might be well written in his own indomitable words: "Let life be torn and streaming like the flag of battle, it must be forward to the end."

"THESE THREE"

It is hardly possible to read through carefully the series of magnificent letters which the Apostle Paul sent to the Churches at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Philippi, and other recently-formed congregations of the saints, without coming to the conclusion that the writer was one of the most energetic and indomitable persons of his time. Undisguisedly he glories in the faith that is in him—the faith which checked his sinister career so suddenly and sublimely when on the dusty road to Damascus there "shined round about him a light from heaven." The "threatenings and slaughter" with which he had previously been filled are transmuted by some mysterious spiritual alchemy into an ardent desire for the conversion of men, and whereas before he brought death and disgrace to their bodies, now he strains every nerve in order that their souls may live. He exhorts, warns, reproaches—it is astonishing what a modern note occurs in some of these passages. "Now in this that I declare unto you," he says to the quarrelsome Corinthians, "I praise you not, that ye come together not for the better, but for the worse; for first of all, when ye come together in the church, I hear that there be divisions among you; and I partly believe it. . . . What shall I say to you? Shall I praise you in this? I praise you not." With a superb egotism he declaims time after time his confidence in himself and his belief: "I therefore so run," he writes, "not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air"; and in another place, "As the truth of Christ is in me, no man shall stop me of this boasting in the regions of Achaia." In curious contrast comes an occasional self-distrust, as though his impetuous nature had betrayed him into saying too much—"I am become a fool in glorying; ye have compelled me; for I ought to have been commended of you: for in nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, though I be nothing." The immeasurable joy of it all breaks through irrepressibly again and again. "Now thanks be to God," he cries, "which always causeth us to triumph. . . . We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." And this is the man who stood by, witnessing and consenting to Stephen's martyrdom; who "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women committed them to prison"! It is one of the most wonderful instances of the complete diversion of fiery vigour and ill purpose into a diametrically opposite channel of which we have any record.

This restless, reckless spirit, however, had its calmer interludes, and it was when under the influence of one of these brief tranquillities in the battle that some of his finest periods were penned. Faith and hope are the masts and sails of his vessel, charity—that is, love—is its precious freight, and for what splendid havens "eternal in the heavens" this prince of dreamers steered we are told with a repetition that never wearies. "We look not," he says, "at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Here was his

faith in its primal and intensest form—that belief in the journey's ultimate success and glorious end which to-day seems to many men quite impossible and untenable. Here was his hope, its divine and human aspects indivisible as the root and stem of the perfect flower; the exalted and inspiring hope which is to-day scorned by many who apparently have no need of an "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth into that within the veil."

It would seem that the rapidity with which we live in the present age renders a certain type of mind independent of spiritual matters. An engagement for every hour of the day, be it business or pleasure, leaves little time to spare for the consideration of "things unseen." "It is a secret," wrote Emerson, "which every intelligent man quickly learns, that beyond the energy of his possessed and conscious intellect he is capable of new energy (as of an intellect doubled on itself) by abandonment to the nature of things; that besides his power as an individual man, there is a great public power upon which he can draw, by unlocking at all risks his human doors, and suffering the ethereal tides to roll and circulate through him." And if it be objected that these sentences are somewhat ornate and indeterminate, we can reasonably condense them into one assertion—that man stands in a definite relationship to the infinite. The realisation of this is not constant, like the bodily sense of touch or of sight; it comes and goes irresponsibly, born of a moment's experience, a fleeting transfiguration of the material, visible world. Even Shelley in his ardour admitted where he could not prove—in doing which, we conceive, poets rise from the sphere of the artist to that of the prophet and interpreter of mysteries:

The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Floats though unseen amongst us—visiting
This various world with an inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower;
Like moonbeams that behind some piny mountain shower,
It visits with inconstant glance
Each human heart and countenance;
Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
Like memory of music fled,
Like aught that for its grace may be
Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

The faith and hope which inform these stanzas, and those of many another poet, are directly in line with that imperturbable faith and hope of Paul, differing only in degree and in clearness of definition, and the more we realise the beauty and the simplicity and the strength of the proud apostle's words, the more heavily seems to press the question: Are we losing in these later years the spiritual sense?

In the physical realm it is common knowledge that an organ consistently neglected or unused becomes atrophied; the injured arm or leg, compelled to stillness, shrinks and wastes away. In the region of intellect the parallel holds good; the mathematician, the anatomist, the astronomer often encourages one gift at the expense of others, which gradually sink below the normal in effectiveness. Precisely so the spiritual sense, the sense by which we retain our hold on those shining dreams that have been the inspiration of prophets and priests and poets from the earliest ages, may be cultivated or discarded, enhanced or vitiated beyond all remedy. This sense is no fantasy of the imagination. It is as much and as explicit a part of our nature as the bodily sense of sight, or of hearing; indeed, between these there exists a fundamental analogy, since the spiritual sense is that function or instinct of the soul by which we are enabled to perceive—it may be but dimly—the lands that lie beyond the bounds of space and time, to hear—it may be but

faintly—the voices of the infinite. The ancient mystics apprehended this subtle bond connecting the known and the unknown; the prophets of old were familiar with it—the "Vision of Isaiah" is full of suggestive passages; the Apostle Paul, as we have seen, lived to proclaim it, having become cognisant of it in no ordinary manner; and in later times many devout men—Saint Francis, notably—have illustrated in their lives its influence and perseverance. What scope do we allow it to-day?

The spectacle of a world wherein this faith, this divine elation of spirit, was permitted to descend into oblivion: where this hope, the super-vision of the soul, was dulled, and where charity, born of faith and hope, was crowded out, would be a pitiful one. Angels could hardly visit such a world. Peace must for ever shun its atmosphere of gloom. Love could scarcely enter within its borders; only passion, wearing the mask of love, could receive a welcome there. The wrangling of the market-place would be its offering of praise to the Most High; the sound of faithless, and therefore meaningless, prayers would rise only to insult the heavens; its ruinous temples and lovely, violated shrines could but mock the God whom once they honoured. No sweet spirit of pity could ever work in happy ministrations to the weak, the wounded, or to those who had fallen weary by the way; only the shades of anger and contempt and despair would move uneasily among the throng, spurning to yet more sombre depths of sorrow the souls already forsaken and forlorn. The thousand blooms of spring would put forth their pure petals and their delicate colours in vain for eyes that viewed them indifferently; the luxuriant summer would spend its fragrance and its balm for naught; autumn harvests would be garnered without joy, and through the dearth and silence of winter would shine no fore-running gleam to tell of the new birth close at hand. No strange delight would thrill its dawns, and from its sunsets the dream would be withheld; even the stars, ranging in the dusk for their nightly march across the sky, could flash no bright message to it. And at the end, when having forgotten love, and with faith and hope deflowered, its puny company travelled into eternity, one tremendous question would ring its knell of dismay—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

It is quite in accordance with his plan that St. Paul should allot less space to the subject of hope than he does to those of faith and charity. Hope is a recurrent state of the soul for which man is irresponsible; it "springs eternal in the human breast," is born of the least things—a word, a glance, a touch, will call it into radiant being. It dies very hardly; indeed, it may be said to be imperishable while life lasts—a statement so widely admitted that it has passed into proverbial form. For if a man is absolutely destitute of hope the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the sun and stars are darkened; he is to all intent and purpose dead already, soul-dead, and often he will hurry his body out of existence as the last desperate measure he can take to render himself in harmony with a universe which seems to him hopeless. The life of man is one long fugue on the theme of hope, often overcome by discords apparently without resolution, often modulating into strange keys, surprising by mutinous, inexplicable phrases, sometimes faltering to a whisper of fugitive music, but always held and braced to coherence by the theme, although it may be that frequently only the skilled musician can trace that theme at all. Truly says the apostle "we are saved by hope," for lacking it, we die.

Here appears, then, the line of demarcation between hope and the other two transcendent attributes. We may live without faith, or without love; they are acts, not states; we can deliberately despoil our souls of

them and still possess happiness enough to render life worth the living—a blind, starved, ghostly sort of happiness it is at best, the mere vague reflection of the sun-ray from base metal, dull and without beauty or warmth, but sufficient to save the body from destruction—not the soul. For the saving of the city of Mansoul there must be the faith which “subdued kingdoms, stopped the mouths of lions,” and the love which “suffereth long, and is kind”; for the saving of the soul, that is, in hourly freedom from evil thoughts, conceptions, and desires, the preserving it from taint of contact with things inimical to its purity, things perilous to its sacred, inborn passion for God. So sure is the apostle of this that time after time his magnificent declamations sound in our ears; he can hardly forsake this great subject of man’s correspondence with the divine through faith and love. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,” he says; and with this verse he leads up to the more comprehensive exposition, where he designates for all time the place of love in this trilogy of indispensable things: “And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have an faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.” The thought is bound to occur that few present-day experiences can in any manner approach this fervent outpouring of belief. A long way in front of St. Paul are we in art, in science, in education, in all that goes to make our secular sphere habitable and pleasant; a long way behind him in our hold on these “things unseen” which were to him so intensely real, so supremely dear, so tightly bound like three golden threads into the very texture of his life. We are proud of our accomplishments, our tenacity, our money: “charity envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up”; we drive hard bargains at every opportunity, and spread sails to every little breeze of scandal: charity “doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil”; we are irritable and nervous: charity “beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” But St. Paul, gentle even in his exhortation, true for all the imperfect centuries that were to come as he was for his own “beloved,” the Corinthian citizens of that day, wrote unerringly and keenly his final summing-up of the whole matter:

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

REVIEWS

SIR REDVERS BULLER

Sir Redvers Buller. By LEWIS BUTLER. (Smith, Elder & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the life of a very remarkable man, who almost reached greatness. It is written with great devotion, as most biographies should be written, and Captain Lewis Butler carries us through his work (which is only 115 pages long) very easily, and although an enthusiast for his hero he tells the tale of his life with much discretion and reserve. Sir Redvers Buller was one of the best-known and most discussed men in the British Army—and that means in England, for the Army has roots which reach far. With his great physique and dominant personality, he was always a

factor in the society in which he lived, and he early impressed the man in the ranks so vividly that he was nearly as well known in farm and cottage, especially in his own county, Devon, as he was among those of his own class. Redvers Henry Buller was the son of a Devonshire squire, M.P. for a division of the county, who owned the Manor of Downes, and was born on 7th December, 1839. His independence and forcefulness early developed themselves. He went first to Harrow, but proved too difficult for masters of the great school on the hill and was transferred to Eton. Captain Butler thinks that a difficult boy was more humanly handled at Eton in those days. Anyhow, Buller ran the usual course there until he was gazetted to the 60th Rifles. At Eton he was for a time the fag of a boy of greatest distinction, the Reverend Edmond Warre, lately Headmaster of the College. And so a career began which certainly lost nothing from its cradling and training. Downes, Eton and the 60th Rifles are a good start to any boy. The green brigade based on Winchester are the very purple of the British Army. Few regiments turn out so many good officers. In that brigade men of promise seldom miss their way. We are told that from the outset Buller proclaimed his independence, for he dined at mess the first night in his travelling suit. We are not told whether the subalterns imposed any penalty for that independence after dinner.

In India and China the early days were spent, but it seems that character did not really begin to take shape until Buller joined a battalion in Canada. There a strong man found natural interests and obstacles worthy of his steel. He became an expert woodsman and boatsman; the rudiments of his river lore had been learnt at Eton and developed themselves in Canada. He came there, too, under the command of Colonel Hawley, a very practical soldier, with the traditions of Craufurd’s Light Division (of Peninsular days) strong in him. He first offered Buller regimental advancement, an acting adjutancy. The young soldier replied, “But I don’t know anything about soldiering. I know something of woodcraft.” Hawley told him it was quite time that he should take to soldiering and that he would teach him. And so Buller became a serious soldier. Soon after he got his company the Red River Expedition took place, the first of Lord Wolseley’s successes, and here Buller’s physical strength, waterman’s skill and handiness brought him first prominently forward. He could navigate his boat better than a Canadian voyageur, and carried his men along by his vigorous personality. Wolseley recommended him for a brevet-majority, but as there had been no fighting promotion was given to his seniors.

The Ashantee Expedition of 1874 first gave him real prominence. He was Intelligence Officer to Sir Garnet Wolseley and seems to have very early mastered the folk-lore and fetishes of the wild pagans of West Africa, besides showing conspicuous gallantry. This time he was amply rewarded with a brevet-majority and a C.B. It is good to go on active service after a prolonged period of peace.

The war in South Africa—in the Transkei in 1878—found him on service again, and he raised and organised the Frontier Light Horse—a very heterogeneous collection of waifs and strays, surfboatmen, farmers, engine-room hands, and all that can be found along the coasts and inland towns of South Africa. Buller brought this corps from King William’s Town through Natal to the northern border of Zululand in time for the war which ensued in 1879. No man rendered more signal service during the Zulu war than did the hero of this book. At Inhlobana Mountain, on the eve of Sir Evelyn Wood’s brilliant victory at Kambula, he won the Victoria Cross over

and over again. At and after Kambula he was hardly less prominent and at the final battle of Ulundi his services were very brilliant. The Brevet-Major who landed in the Cape early in 1878 became a Colonel and A.D.C. to Queen Victoria at the end of 1879. In 1882 the campaign against Arabi Pasha, which put Khedive Mohamed Tewfeek firmly on his throne after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, saw Buller Chief Intelligence Officer, and two years later, at Teb and Tamai in the Suakin country, his services were pre-eminent. But perhaps Buller's finest feat of arms was the withdrawal of the desert column from Metemmeh after the death of that heroic son of Winchester, Herbert Stewart. And then followed 14 years of peace. Redvers Buller was in turn Deputy Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and Adjutant-General. His powers of administration were exceptionally high. He called into existence the Army Service Corps, for the supply and transport work of the Army, and so did yeoman's service, and he greatly modernised the tactics of the Army. The mistake of Buller's life was made in 1893 when he was offered and refused the post of Commander-in-Chief of India. Had he then gone to new fields we do not think that he would have been superseded by Lord Roberts in 1900 in South Africa. He had been long enough in the office chair and it was time to be in the saddle again. In 1895 a great act of self-abnegation was practised by Sir Redvers. The time had come for H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to retire from the post of Commander-in-Chief. The Liberal Government of the day would not give the post to Lord Wolseley, but offered it to Buller, who actually refused it. He gave evidence of a really fine spirit of chivalry and fairness. Lord Wolseley had done more to make Buller's career than any other man. He felt that Wolseley was the right man for Commander-in-Chief and so refused the great office himself. The Queen said to him, "You have refused to be Commander-in-Chief. You have made one." From Adjutant-General Buller went to Aldershot and contributed much to the development of that soldiers' school. The author alludes to manœuvres on a large scale held in 1898, where Buller discovered the qualities of Sir John (then Colonel) French as a cavalry leader. This is a little bit pathetic, for Sir Redvers discovered something else on those manœuvres (not mentioned by Captain Butler). He discovered a vastly superior tactician to himself in H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught (on that occasion at least), who was pitted against him.

Then comes the South African War of 1899 to 1902. The story of it all is very fresh on our minds. Captain Butler holds his brief strongly for his hero. But it is rather pathetic reading. His very defeats are extolled as instances of Buller's individual qualities. No one will deny the magnitude of the task with which he was confronted when he reached Capetown. His plan of campaign, approved at home, was to conduct a punitive expedition through the Orange Free State to Pretoria. But, alas! northern Natal was already invaded and Sir George White was hard held and soon was beleaguered. The whole tale of that struggle to reach Ladysmith is told at not too great length, until finally, after five attempts, Hlangwane Hill was taken and a passage effected, covered by the fire from the hill. But on the day of the first battle at Colenso Sir Redvers was implored to make Hlangwane the pivot of his attack. He declared it was on the opposite side of the river. But the Imperial Light Horse had it almost in their grasp (with the Fusilier Brigade standing unengaged not far off) when they at last had to retire from their attack. The resolution (or want of it) which decided on the abandonment of Colonel Long's guns is held up almost to admiration as one which no British general had dared to face for

a hundred years, and the summing up by the German General Staff on the Colenso operations is ignored but not denied. The German Staff view was this: "That most gallant British Army of Colenso was never defeated. One man only was defeated—the General in command." All through this history of those sad days we read of a most fatherly care for the lives, and comfort even, of his men. The Army was wonderfully supplied and the medical arrangements were nearly perfect. We hear of the men going whistling back to their good food after defeat, and we hear the failure to pursue after the relief of Ladysmith (generally considered criminal) again defended so as to feed the hungry garrison. It may be said, in fact, that Buller's conduct of those operations were administratively free from fault—he only failed to beat his enemy. His over-anxiety for the lives of his men, which he evinced so often, gives some credence to a story well known. When he was chosen to command in South Africa a very gallant general who was his senior in rank offered to serve as his second in command. When pressed for his reasons he said, "Under Buller's somewhat rough exterior there beats an over-tender heart. He will never stand seeing his men killed. He will want an old friend to stiffen him up."

Many of us were surprised to see Buller sent back to the command of Aldershot when he returned from the war. But all will share the author's indignation at his summary removal from that command by a War Minister who was singularly unfortunate whenever he placed his unaccustomed hand on a point of discipline. A pedagogue makes a bad War Minister. His removal to the India Office did not find him any happier, and infinite harm was done by his publication of the Curzon-Kitchener correspondence.

The excellent taste in which "Redvers Buller" has been written should ensure it a wide publication. It will convince nobody. But then, most opinions are quite unassailable as to the question of Buller's conduct of the campaign ending in the relief of Ladysmith. One side, and probably the majority, strongly condemn it in most of its details. The other thinks, with Captain Lewis Butler, that their hero could do but little wrong. All will read with pleasure the record of his earlier triumphs.

"FAITH WITHOUT WORKS"

The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the Writer of *Confessio Medici*. (Macmillan, 3s. 6d. net.)

It is impossible to read this searching indictment of a form of fanaticism which has unfortunately obtained standing-room in our midst without a feeling of profound sadness. Emanating from the irresponsible brain of a woman who claimed to have the power to raise the dead, who presumptuously set herself on a level with the Divine, and who scribbled such a heterogeneous jumble of pseudo-metaphysical and pseudo-religious rubbish that it is charitable to suppose she was insane, this curious creed has gathered to itself many thousands of adherents, wealth, and a measure of influence which is astonishing, and while at the first glance there is a good deal of humour in the records of "healings," there is depression in the knowledge that people of education and respectability can be found willing to subscribe to the tenets of "Christian Science," and indignation at that wicked neglect on their part of mortal disease of which we find an occasional glimpse in the daily papers. The audacity of the "Scientists" is sublime, and, as the author remarks with admirable taste, "What concerns us is the parody, by Christian Science, of the Christian

Faith." Its supporters deny nearly all accepted opinions and proven facts, even deriding the fundamental laws of sex:

In 1875 she (Mrs. Eddy) said: "Spirit instead of matter will be made the basis of generation. Matrimony must lose its present slippery footing and find permanence in a more spiritual adherence." In 1888 she said that marriage will come to an end when people have learned that "generation rests on no sexual basis."

One or two quotations from the text-book of this extraordinary woman will amplify the point of view assumed; but it is only fair to note that some of the "followers" refuse to go the whole way with their leader:

Bones have only the substance of thought which formed them. They are only phenomena of the mind of mortals. . . . Sickness has been fought for centuries by doctors using material remedies; but the question arises is there less sickness because of these practitioners? A vigorous "No" is the response deducible from two connate facts—the reputed longevity of the Antediluvians and the rapid multiplication and increased violence of diseases since the Flood. . . . The hosts of Æsculapius are flooding the world with diseases, because they are ignorant that the human mind and body are one. Obedience to the so-called laws of physical health has not checked sickness. . . . You say a boil is painful; but that is impossible, for matter without mind is not painful. . . . Man is indestructible and eternal. Some time it will be learned that mortal mind constructs the mortal body, and with its own materials. Hence no breakage nor dislocation can really occur. You say that accidents, injuries, and disease kill man; but this is not true. . . . A little girl, who had occasionally listened to my explanations, wounded her finger badly. She seemed not to notice it. On being questioned about it she answered ingenuously, "There is no sensation in matter."

We should like to have had three minutes alone with that little girl. And it would be interesting, in view of the above dogmas, to observe their author's behaviour immediately in front of a motor-omnibus, shall we say, charging down Piccadilly. "Outside of this Science," she says again, "all is unstable error. . . . I was only a scribe echoing the harmonies of heaven in divine metaphysics." But in another place she makes the most damaging admission that "No intellectual proficiency is requisite in the learner."

A large amount of the huge volume wherein these doctrines are expounded is composed of meaningless combinations of impressive-looking words. What can pedant or board-school boy make of this, for instance: "The divine metaphysics of Christian Science, like the method in mathematics, proves the rule by inversion. For example, there is no pain in Truth, and no truth in pain; no nerve in Mind, and no mind in nerve; no matter in Life, and no life in matter; no matter in good, and no good in matter." Or again: "Mind is substance. The earth's orbit, and the imaginary line called the Equator, are not substance. Divest yourself of the thought that there can be substance in matter, and then the movements and transitions now possible for mortal mind will be found to be equally possible for mortal body. Then being will be recognised as spiritual, and death will be obsolete." The author of the book under review has made the neat point with regard to the fascination of this sort of futility that "We all of us love a bit of philosophy." There is a certain type of temperament to which anything a trifle abstruse or factitiously obscure appeals almost irresistibly, especially when religious or mystical matters are in question.

In his opening chapter the writer reasons in a manner which may bring a smile, but which is genuine and serious withal. "There is comfort for all of us," he says, "in mathematics, more comfort than we can see at first sight. The propositions of Euclid, and the

multiplication table, seem so far from any kind of religious fervour. Yet, as surely as the heavens are telling the glory of God, and the firmament showing His handiwork, so two and two, making four, and the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, being equal, are eloquent of Him." This is an absolutely true and a perfectly defensible analogy in pursuit of his argument for simple reason. Until we reach a higher plane of development than that which we at present enjoy we must live by the steady light of common-sense, not by the inconsequent flare of wandering fires; and common-sense indicates that broken limbs are not set, cancer is not cured, wounds are not healed, by prayer and faith alone. Far be it from us to scorn the aid of—even the necessity for—prayer and faith, but the cool, clever hands of the surgeon, the keen eyes and fine diagnosis of the physician, are among those splendid "works" without which faith is dead and prayer is nullified.

Two hundred instances are given of "cures" effected by "Christian Science," and the author has spared no pains with his analysis of their rationality. We alluded to a certain humorous aspect—superficial, of course—in this list; here is one instance outside it:

The *Daily Telegraph*, August 31, 1907, quotes a story from a Christian Science publication of a little girl who read "Science and Health" to a lame sparrow till it flew away. . . . Miss Feilding gives a long account of a London lady who, when the curtains of a mantel-shelf caught fire, treated them by thought, while somebody else quenched them with wet cloths. . . . Mrs. Eddy herself says that she has made an apple tree blossom before its time—"brought out one apple blossom on an apple tree in January when the ground was covered with snow."

We presume the early primrose and the belated swallow are "precipitated" from some concentrated "thought" on the part of an experimentalist. Let us look at case 117 in the list itself for its touch of delightful, unconscious comicality:

117. Mr. E. "I woke up one morning with a pain so severe that it frightened me." Was put to sleep in half an hour by the reading aloud of *Science and Health*. Later "a most serious nervous disease which had grown no better for seven years left me entirely." Later, on a steamer, was not seasick. "I had never been sea-sick before, but when everyone around me began to be ill I was very much afraid I should be too."

Very many of the testimonies are just as worthless and vague, if not so funny. Stripped of extraneous detail by the calm examination of the indefatigable author—who wrote personally to many cases—the "cures" of serious diseases are in every example shown to be not proved. Numerous patients were illiterate; and even educated sufferers cannot define their own ailments precisely, as every doctor is aware—they perjure themselves "not wilfully, but from sheer inability to be accurate." "What is the good," says the writer pertinently, "of proclaiming that Christian Science heals diseases which get well of themselves? Time heals them. Here is a girl with a cold in her head: she is healed 'through the realisation of the omnipresence of Love.' Was there ever such an insult offered to the name of Love?"

It must not be imagined that the author is obstinately blind to the other side of the question. He admits most fairly the feasibility of Christian Science—i.e., mental treatment by suggestion (which every cheery doctor uses effectively on each visit to an impressionable patient) in hysterical cases and in some merely functional disorders; but when organic disease is present common-sense must step in:

When Christian Science says that accidents are unknown to God Common-sense answers that, anyhow, they are not unknown to us. When she says that germs exist only in mortal

mind Common-sense offers to inoculate any Christian Scientist with anthrax or tetanus. . . . It comes to this, that she is an old offender. Common-sense has convicted her a dozen times, and is tired of seeing her name on the charge-list. Always she appeals against her sentence; carries her case into the High Court of Medicine, Religion, and Philosophy; conducts it herself, a most wearisome orator, before the Supreme Court of Absolute Reality. Always the decision of Common-sense is upheld, and she has to pay the costs of the appeal.

The writer acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Lyman Powell's more comprehensive work on the same subject, but it is pleasant to be able to say that he has carried out his own lengthy task with originality, energy and daring. His determination on the one hand not to mince matters, and on the other hand to be equitable, even when considering the dangerous and scandalous methods of treatment reported to be in use for serious afflictions, is worthy of great praise, and we recommend any reader who is curious or hesitant as to the status that "Christian Science" creeds should occupy in a normal mind to invest in this excellent book. It is a concise exposition of the state of affairs, and ought to do much good in a direction where good is sadly needed.

WILL-POWER

The Education of the Will. By T. SHARPER KNOWLSON. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE credulity for which our curious modern system of education is partly responsible is well illustrated by the floods of books and pamphlets dealing in psychological jargon with aspects of business, health, or conduct which pour from the Press. They sell in thousands, and the trail of the American is over them all. Their blatant catch-penny titles often proclaim their quality—"Every Man a King," "Dollars Want Me," "Have You a Strong Will?" "Success is For You," are a few taken at random, and we have had the pleasure of indicating the worthlessness of one or two of them in these columns. "I am writing this book," says the author of one of the most popular of the above manuals, "for the sole purpose of dragging you, or, rather, making you drag yourself, up from the dead level." Of course, he is doing nothing of the sort; he is putting into practice, with admirable astuteness, his knowledge of man's gullibility, and writing the book for the sole purpose of seizing the propitious moment and selling by huge editions.

We opened Mr. Sharper Knowlson's treatise with some little uncertainty as to which side of the fence the author had chosen for his position, for the title, in conjunction with his name, seemed to bear more than a hint that he had joined the crowd of charlatans whose efforts may not do much harm (since they are assuredly optimists of brilliant hue), but whose clamour engenders no small irritation. It is, therefore, pleasant to record that he steers along a fairly central and judiciously-selected line—that, while he emphasises legitimately the fact that a great deal of good can be accomplished by circumspect training of the will-power in cases where it is weak by nature or has been undermined by excess, he does not imitate the outrageous assertions of the "New Thought" fanatics. We may not all rise to such summits of self-control as Pascal, who determined to solve an intricate mathematical problem when tortured by an excruciating toothache, and of whom it is said that the pain disappeared "because his attention was concentrated upon another train of thought," but a certain degree of mental improvement is at everyone's disposal. Mr. Knowlson has arranged his ideas on the subject in a confessedly popular style, and has drawn sufficiently from the works of famous psychologists in

illustrations and extracts to substantiate his conclusions and render them interesting. It does not strike us, however, that his book was particularly needed; we seem to have seen in other volumes at various times so much that is similar. The author proceeds on the well-known lines that assertion and confidence in the truth of our assertions will help us over the numberless stiles of life, whether the difficulty be insomnia, stage-fright, dipsomania, or literary sterility, and in the appendix he gives a series of formulæ to be repeated aloud in case of need which really cannot be read without laughing—a contingency, by the way, that Mr. Knowlson genially admits. The power of auto-suggestion is emphasised all through these pages. For example:

The man who feels he cannot pass a public-house without an irresistible temptation to enter and drink to excess must tell himself that he *can*, and proceed to walk past the place of temptation; a student who is conscious of a strong inclination to shirk an important duty, the result of which negligence will cost him dear, as he well knows, is to say he can resist the inclination, and at once proceed to perform the allotted task; a city man who tries to assure himself that grave responsibilities devolving upon him do not exist should admit they do exist and go out boldly to meet them; the ailing individual should not act as if he were ailing, and the man apparently suffering defeat should maintain the spirit of a conqueror.

This sounds very plausible, but if we have incipient influenza and face the east winds the science of self-control, or any other science save that of self-preservation, will cease to interest us in a very short time; while to maintain the spirit of a conqueror when being trodden upon is a kind of mental gymnastics possible to few. The author is in error when he states that "imagination and will can cure certain fundamental disorders," and adds that this "has been proved without a doubt"; he here confuses "functional" with "fundamental." He is right, if not definitely useful, when he encourages all sufferers from whatever form of debility to "try, try again"; in this heartening programme of his he is so persistent that he reminds us of Miss Tox with Mrs. Dombey in his unremitting desire that his readers should "make an effort." We are afraid, however, that any attempt at "popular" psychology is bound to be abortive; the people who will read this volume and understand it are those who will hardly need to put in practice its directions; they will probably be sane, healthy, normal persons, whose powers of self-control are equal to dealing with most of life's little emergencies, and whose instincts in a mental crisis would send them to the family physician.

THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION

The City of Jerusalem. By COLONEL C. R. CONDER, LL.D., R.E. (Murray, 12s. net cash.)

THE author's family offers an example of the persistency of particular tastes in many members through several generations. The name of Conder until quite recently was best known for a highly intelligent love of travels, undertaken chiefly for the sake of art criticism or archæological research. The first of these objectives is remarkable, because the family was early associated with a rigidly Evangelical Protestantism, iconoclastic in sentiment. Fortunately for the literature of travel, the exclusion of ornament from the service of religion did not involve in the family mind any shyness in studying its secular history. It might have done so, if the earlier writers in the family could have foreseen that the cultivation of the taste for art would eventually produce so exotic a flower as the quite mundane art of its most creative son, the artist Charles Conder. Colonel Conder is too good an antiquary to allow religious conviction to interfere with the accu-

racy of his reports, but he shows in his historical references a family sympathy, such as is legitimate in a historian, with the masters of Jerusalem, in proportion as their successive religions were least discordant with Puritanic sentiment. He shows this sentiment quite plainly, though not at all offensively, and it is curious that so much of his energy should have been spent on researches in a city almost as much transformed by the triumphs of one standard of taste in religious art over another, as by the ravages of time and war.

Colonel Conder tells us in his brief preface that he has set himself a task, which surely no one could perform. He attempts to epitomise in some three hundred pages the topographical history of a city constantly inhabited for forty centuries, in accordance with the results of recent investigations, which have themselves created quite a large body of literature. To this he has, of course, contributed personal and often perilous exploration and a large number of learned writings. It must be remembered that some twenty antagonistic races have ruled in Jerusalem, ranging from Hittites and Jebusites of the age of Melchisedeck to Ottoman Turks of the present day, and have adapted its natural conditions to their peculiar requirements. It will not then be surprising if Colonel Conder writes quite appropriately of "precipices traceable, in places"; and of Sir Charles Warren as having "discovered" an ancient valley, in an inhabited city. Accumulations of rubbish which have raised the natural surface forty, eighty or ninety feet do not need special remark, they are so common, and much Herodian masonry has completely disappeared, which remains in other parts of the city show, must have been of gigantic proportions and construction. The site of Jerusalem seems to have fulfilled the prophecy: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low." If Colonel Conder had a much stronger faculty than he actually possesses, for presenting buried topography to the eye in words, it would be impossible for him to give a succession of clear ideas of Jerusalem, on account of its complete and frequent transformations. The only way to obtain such ideas would be to stand with him on the spot, and refer to a series of double maps drawn according to the discoveries which he has assisted in making. The value and interest of this book lies rather in Colonel Conder's descriptions of particular constructions, and in his historical allusions. He wastes little space in circumlocution, and consequently manages to include a great amount of interesting matter, which can only be noticed here and there.

The inquisitive reader cannot entirely dispense with the learned and expensive books mentioned by Colonel Conder and included in his bibliography, nor indeed with the author's own previous works, for he sometimes forgets to explain himself sufficiently. When he quotes several letters from the Amorite King of Jerusalem to the Pharaoh of his period (the fifteenth century before Christ), derived from the Tell Amarna Tablets, the inquisitive reader expects to learn more about the provenance of the tablets themselves, since Colonel Conder has written a book on them; but he is disappointed. It is a satisfaction to light on any traditions established by exploration, and the imaginative reader will be glad that the traditional site of the Holy of Holies, accepted by Jews, Christians and Moslems alike, is corroborated. The Sakhras rock has been identified with the "Stone of Foundation" still visible in the time of Herod within the Holy of Holies, and with the *lapis pertusus*, described by the Bordeaux Pilgrim of the fourth Christian century as the place where the Jews of his period were accustomed to wail over the departed glories of their race. The rock is pierced by a shaft communicating with a cave below, which has every sign of having been excavated for a

granary in connection with a threshing floor, in fact with "the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite." In the same chapter, "On the Hebrew Kings," Colonel Conder describes the tunnel of the earlier Pool of Siloam (another place familiar to readers of the Bible), which was excavated during the reign of Hezekiah. Colonel Conder himself explored the tunnel, and was the first to take an impression of the celebrated inscription on its walls. Of this he gives a reproduction. In the chapter "On Ezra and Nehemiah" he gives one admirable clue to the puzzling question of topography, pointing out that the main streets of the city are identical in direction, certainly since the rebuilding of the city by Hadrian in 135 A.D., and probably since its rebuilding by Nehemiah in 433 B.C. This would be a great help to the elucidation of the six plans, of different periods, which Colonel Conder provides, if they could only be placed one above the other.

In noticing, concerning the Greek Age, how early Greek ideas and Greek architecture dominated even Hebrew priests, he is characteristically careful to reiterate a previous warning, remarking that Hyrcanus, like Solomon before him, broke the Mosaic law by representing lions in his palace; for he considers that such adornment "in all times, was the sure sign of superstition creeping in." He, of course, notices the coinage of Simon Maccabaeus, one of the rare remains of this period, but he does not express the disapproval, which might be expected from him, of the sacerdotal monarchy established by the Maccabees. He chronicles without reserve the fact that very few of those patriots escaped assassination by their own countrymen, which alone discounts the accuracy of Tacitus's single sentence in praise of the Jewish race: "Among themselves there is an unalterable fidelity and kindness always ready at hand." In fact, Colonel Conder shows no disposition to conceal the savagery and treachery which characterise the race side by side with the most heroic virtues. He again shows his historical sense, in recognising duly the administrative ability of Herod the Great, and his benefactions to the city by the grandeur and extent of his building operations. His description of the magnificent masonry, composed of dressed stones twenty feet long and in some courses six feet high, still to be seen in the great outer wall of the Haram enclosure and in "David's Tower," gives a good idea of the magnitude of Herod's works. An illustration of the different methods of building to be found in Palestine is a useful addition to this and similar descriptions.

In writing of the Gospel sites, Colonel Conder cannot resist making the now familiar observation concerning the early Christians' absorption in spiritual ideas (or, in other words, in Evangelical Protestantism), and their consequent disregard of the scenes and accompaniments of Christ's life. "The first Christians," he says, "turned their eyes up to heaven, not down to the earth. They thought of the return of their Master, not of the Way of Sorrow, the Place of the Skull, or the empty tomb." Colonel Conder writes with his usual moderation, but such observations are made to point to the supposed superiority of the many and various "pure" forms of Christianity over those forms which such writers term "superstitious." With this view always before them, they miss the significance of facts. Persons who valued so highly objects which had merely touched the body of Paul, and the mere shadow cast by Peter, are wholly unlikely to have disregarded places and objects closely associated with the Body of Christ Himself. Moreover, they believed that such curative power, spiritual and physical, as was exercised through such apostolic objects, was also exercised by reason of the descent of the Holy Ghost through the whole body of the faithful collectively, and in many cases individually. They also

realised that the local importance of the events which took place in Jerusalem was merged in their universal importance. Otherwise the local church of Jerusalem would have remained to die on those sites, rather than have carried with it to Pella the powers with which it was itself endowed. In this connection the "transference of the Holy Places" by Popes, to which Colonel Conder merely alludes, is made a cause of reproach by other writers, as if they supposed that the power "to remove mountains" resided entirely in the mountains themselves.

One common error may be mentioned, which can only be regarded as a slip of the pen of so learned a writer as Colonel Conder. James the Great is, of course, the son of Zebedee, beheaded by Herod Agrippa in the year 44, and not James the "brother of Jesus who was called Christ," martyred in the year 62, who should be called "James the Less" in Colonel Conder's allusion to his martyrdom. A more serious mistake is in a note on page 210, in which Colonel Conder states directly: "Cyril [of Jerusalem] was a semi-Arian." The early semi-arianism of Cyril is exceedingly doubtful, his later orthodoxy is certain.

Colonel Conder's testimony must be noticed on a much-debated question of authority: the credibility of Josephus. He entirely acquits him of any deliberate misrepresentation of facts in order to flatter the Romans, and after a very careful examination of the sites which he describes, pronounces him to have been honest and well informed. The custom of the following period, that between the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus and its rebuilding by Hadrian, for Jews and Hebrew Christians to take their dead to be interred at or near Jerusalem, suggests the origin of later pilgrimages. A supposed road to the Cross was traced still later, when Christians had no longer to follow their own *via dolorosa* to their own calvaries. Colonel Conder gives full credit to the sincerity of Macarius, the Bishop of Jerusalem who discovered the Holy Sepulchre which is still venerated, though he denies its genuineness. He is very likely quite sound in his objections, but he does not sufficiently explain the necessity of one of the grounds for his conclusion, namely, why the tomb of Joseph of Arimathaea must have been of Greco-Hebrew construction, and could not have been of Romano-Hebrew. His later chapters dealing with the city under Byzantines, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Latins are equally interesting with those concerning Scriptural history and the early period of the Christian Church, but they cover periods and events less familiar to the majority of general readers. One of the chapters, that on the Latin Kingdom, should entice to the study of Colonel Conder's book upon the subject.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Tears of Desire. By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE novels of these two indefatigable collaborators are nothing if not exciting—exciting, we would interpolate, to those who possess a taste for this particular class of fiction. Given two beautiful women living together, who are cousins bearing the same Christian and surnames, and a man in love with one of them who has not declared his passion, and possibilities begin to dawn. The man is abroad; he writes beseeching Eleanor Challis to come out and marry him at once; Eleanor Challis—the wrong one—wires accepting—and there you are! The scene of meeting at Naples, the despair and silence of the man, the arrival of the other Eleanor (with her flaming hair and baleful eyes and wicked fascinations, *bien entendu*) to compli-

cate matters, the marriage, and the "situations," which fly to the pen of the popular novelist—all are here, and the tangle proceeds to tighten and then to unravel in the time-honoured way. Frankly, it is impossible seriously to criticise this sort of story. The errors are the usual ones of stereotyped phrases, some bad spelling—"omniverous" and "assinine"; twelve lines on page 70 are repeated word for word on page 120, and so on. The strong, clean-shaven face is here; sudden pallors, smothered cries, fierce hungers, scorching breaths, trembling hands, and damp foreheads sprinkle the pages as per the regulations. But we can in fairness say that in execution and plot the book is an improvement on the last one from the same authors that we noticed in these columns.

Davina. By FRANCES G. BURMESTER. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

THE most accustomed novel-reader will hardly care to be interrupted in the perusal of this excellent story, but the thought will perhaps occur to him or her, as it does in some stage-plays, how much misery and desperate complication would have been avoided had two or three of the characters met for five minutes' straight talking in the shadow of a critical *impasse*. However, the book has to be written, so that solution of the ghostly difficulties would never do, and, of course, it does occur in real life that for want of a word in season happiness is marred for years, so we must register our remark as a mere comment and not as a grumble. For as a matter of fact the story of queer Davina, half school-girl, half woman, is cleverly told, and, although other people have more to do with the actual motion of the plot, she appears time after time with her pungent aspersions on affairs in general, and we find ourselves liking her at the last. In the beginning, it must be admitted, her queerness was against our appreciation of her fine character. The study of Bertha, the woman whom Joe Lawson marries under the impression that he has caused her deafness by an accidental blow, is acute, and the account of the deceptions which mutually ensue forms by far the most important portion of the tale. We cannot spare space to outline the theme, but will simply add that we do not think our readers will be disappointed with Miss Burmester's latest novel.

Elisabeth Davenay. By CLAIRE DE PRATZ. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE character of Elisabeth Davenay is not one which will make a very strong appeal to a large circle of readers. She was as much English as she was French, and a woman of "advanced" ideas with regard to her compatriots' position in the scheme of civilisation; it must be recorded, however, to her credit, that she would never have joined the purple and green alliance had she lived in this country, nor would she have considered the *féministe* cause aided by the distribution of handbills from rockets, the blowing of trumpets, the annoyance of legislators, or other farcical demonstrations of irresponsibility. Her method was far wiser. She kept her attractiveness, her womanliness, her fascination; she dressed well, talked well, found favour in the eyes of men, and allowed them to visit her rooms and argue point by point the situation, with no ulterior motive. So, making many friends and a few enemies, she had no dreams of love, she set passions, home, and all the possibilities of maternity willfully beyond her horizon, and went straight ahead in her career until the call of politics became so urgent that she had to resign her professorship of English at the *Lycée* and assist in the launching of a paper devoted to the emancipation of women. Then, of course, comes love, and the discovery that, after all, she is but as others of her sex, importunate for the

wonder of life when her soul descried its mate, tranquil, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," when her lover's arms are round her. The clash of her ideals with the reality shocks her into a state bordering on despair. The finish of the struggle is an unnatural one. We quote from her farewell letter to André Nortier, the man who has won her heart:

Therefore I renounce love, dear one, and though I cannot be sure that I shall always care for you thus I am at least sure that no other human love can now enter my heart. I have given to you the entirety of my emotions, but I must work out my life-problems alone. If I linked my future with yours I should hinder you too, as you would hinder me . . . because love would mean more to us both than action. I go to work for my sisters in England; you, too, must work here for the freeing of your fellow-men. We shall both be serving the same great ideal, for nations have no barriers when all men love the cult of humanity. Good-bye, dear love, make those around you happy, and live your own life as far as it lies in your power. . . .

Thus we are left with no final solution to this problem, and the curtain falls while yet the play is proceeding. It seems as though the author shirked a little the wrenching of Elisabeth from the ardent pursuit of freedom, or else that she tacitly acknowledges that there is no satisfactory way out when this difficulty presents itself but that of surrender to the claims of love and motherhood. For, clearly, Elisabeth is unhappy, and, having once seen the heavens opened, her work will not fill every need of her life.

In spite of lengthy dialogues introduced from time to time in scenes which bear more than a suspicion of having been "arranged" in order that certain characters may air their views, the story is not dull, nor does it strike us as having been written in deliberate advocacy of the *féministe* cause. If it has been so intended, the ending stultifies it, for few girls will care to emulate Elisabeth's Spartan code of philosophy. As a study of Parisian life among these enthusiastic souls, and as an exposition of their points of view, the whole book is admirable, and it accomplishes the delicate task of being outspoken on matters of sex without ever transgressing the boundary of good taste. Elisabeth and her experiences, being the pivot of the whole movement, naturally monopolise considerable attention, but the motives and ideas of her friends give them individuality and are successful in holding the interest when the reader might feel inclined to be a trifle impatient with the heroine and her theories. The book is very fine in its character-study of the girl, and is distinctly one to be read by thoughtful persons; one, also, which will possibly enlighten them on some exigent questions.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS, MAY 11TH, 1909.

PROFESSOR E. A. MINCHIN, M.A., Vice-President, in the Chair.

Mr. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.Z.S., exhibited a series of specimens, from the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, of adaptive structures for the respiration of air in some Aquatic Invertebrates and tropical Freshwater Fishes.

Mr. R. J. Pocock, F.L.S., F.Z.S., the Superintendent of the Gardens, exhibited the skin of a monkey representing a new subspecies of *Cercopithecus*, brought by Captain Boyd Alexander, F.Z.S., from Lake Chad. This he proposed to name *C. tantalus alexandri*, separating it from the typical *C. tantalus* from Nigeria because the whiskers were very long and almost wholly white, a character in which it approached the Abyssinian species *C. aethiops*.

Mr. W. F. H. Rosenberg, F.Z.S., exhibited a rook in which the upper mandible had overgrown the lower to a remarkable extent. This abnormality was evidently caused by an injury to the tip of the lower mandible having deprived the upper one of the opposing surface necessary to check its growth.

Professor William Ridgeway, M.A., read the following papers, communicated by the Secretary, entitled: (a) "On hitherto unrecorded Specimens of *Equus quagga*"; (b) "Differentiation of the Three Species of Zebras"; (c) "On a Portion of a Fossil Jaw of one of the Equidae"; and illustrated his remarks with a series of lantern-slides.

Mr. R. Lydekker described a female deer skin obtained by Captain Malcolm McNeil from Sze-chuen, which he regarded as representing a race of the Hangul distinguished by its very pale colouring; for this the name *Cervus cashmirianus macneili* was suggested.

Mr. E. C. Chubb, F.Z.S., presented a paper on "The Batrachians and Reptiles of Matabeleland," based upon specimens in the Rhodesia Museum, Bulawayo.

The next meeting of the Society for scientific business will be held on Tuesday, May 25th, 1909, at half-past eight o'clock p.m., when the following communications will be made:

1. Dr. J. G. De Man.—Description of a new Species of the Genus *Alpheus* Fabr. from the Bay of Batavia.
2. R. Lydekker.—On the Skull of a Black Bear from Eastern Tibet, with a Note on the Formosan Bear.
3. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.Z.S.—The Anatomy of the Olfactory Organ of Teleostean Fishes.

The following communication has been received:

G. C. Shortridge.—An Account of the Geographical Distribution of the Marsupials and Monotremes of South-west Australia, having special reference to the specimens collected during the Balston Expedition of 1904-1907.

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first of the afternoon meetings of this Society for the present session was held at 70 Victoria Street, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 19th, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the Chair.

Colonel H. E. Rawson read a paper on "The Anticyclonic Belt of the Northern Hemisphere." In a previous communication the author brought forward some facts regarding the anticyclonic belt of the southern hemisphere, derived from an examination of the South African records from the year 1841 to 1906. He found that the indications of a cyclical oscillation of the belt to and from the equator over South Africa were strong enough to encourage the belief that an analysis of Australian records on the one side and of Argentine on the other would prove that all the action centres of the atmosphere were moving together over this wide area, and that a similar oscillation existed in the northern hemisphere. Colonel Rawson subsequently found that investigations of Mr. H. C. Russell and Dr. J. W. S. Lockyer supported his conclusion that there is a period of about 9.5 years between the greatest north and greatest south position of the anticyclonic belt in the southern hemisphere, the double oscillation thus taking nineteen years. He has since extended the enquiry into the movements of the action-centres in the northern hemisphere with a view to ascertaining whether they show any similar oscillation to and from the equator, which is not to be explained by seasonal changes of position. Dealing with the Nile floods, he draws the inference that the high pressure systems which affect North-East Africa are farther north when the floods are in excess, and nearer to Egypt when they are deficient. He also made an analysis of the tracks of the hurricanes which

passed north and south of Manila Observatory, and found that these throw an interesting light upon the oscillations of the action-centres of the atmosphere.

A paper by Mr. A. Walter, of the Royal Alfred Observatory, Mauritius, on "Errors of Estimation in Thermometric Observations" was read by the Secretary. In examining the returns from a newly inaugurated series of second-order meteorological stations in Mauritius it was noticed that a large percentage of the thermometer readings were in whole or half divisions. This led the author to analyse the returns, and he gave in the paper the frequency curves of the "tenths of estimation."

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

"ALL GIFTS ARE NOT GIVEN TO ONE."

—Macaulay.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to be allowed, through your columns, to convey to your correspondent, "F.," my grateful acknowledgments for his kind and flattering appreciation of my literary efforts. I prize his remarks much, firstly, because of the sincerity which runs through them; and secondly, because I consider them as one of the most pleasing rewards that I ever received for my long and unremitting labour.

But now, discarding my personality, I must repeat more precisely that, if most critics admire (a) Racine when he says of the rising sun:

"L'astre dont la présence écarte la nuit sombre," etc.,

(b) de Vigny, when he imparts his impression at the sight of the sun at sea:

"Le soleil souriant dorait les voiles blanches," etc.,

(c) Leconte de Lisle, when he draws a picture of the dawn of day:

"L'aube aux flancs noirs des monts marchait d'un pied vermeil," etc.,

not one in twenty critics will ever feel disposed to recommend the following poetical prose:

"L'aurore ouvrait avec ses doigts de rose les portes de l'orient,"

as a substitute for the simple sentence:

"Le soleil se levait."

And if a good many critics admire (a) Victor Hugo, when, speaking of Nature after sunset, he says:

"Le rayon du couchant laisse un adieu plus doux," etc.,

(b) Sully Prudhomme, when, in speaking of evening twilight, he expresses himself thus:

"Le crépuscule aux fleurs mêlait ses améthystes," etc.,

(c) Maurice Bouchor, when he paints so gracefully the effects of the setting sun on Nature:

"Lorsque sur le soleil majestueux et las
La porte d'or du riche Occident s'était close,
Tel qu'un hortensia fleurissait le ciel rose,
Nuancé de vert pâle et teinté de lilas," etc.

very few will appreciate this too flowery sentence in prose:

"Le soleil couchant tendait sur l'horizon une bande d'un rose tendre, qui flottait comme une écharpe aux doux balancements des flots";

to which many will certainly prefer the following expression, so simple and so natural:

"Le soleil se couchait."*

I compare the former to the gaudy costume of the toreador and the latter to the sober dress of the gentleman in the true acceptance of the word.

Referring to Hazlitt, I beg to state that my critic must have read this author's "Lectures on the English Poets" a long time ago, since he seems to have forgotten that this very writer gives to the word "poetry" a score of queer and original definitions, amongst which I will choose two: *beauty and interest*. When he says, for instance, that there is poetry in "Robinson Crusoe" he very likely alludes to the *beauty*

which really exists in Defoe's unpretentious style; and when he speaks of the poetry which is to be found in the childish game of "Hide-and-Seek" he no doubt means that there is great *interest* in that game. And there is, as far as I remember, in one of the first twenty or thirty pages of his volume of "Lectures on the English Poets" a footnote written either by Hazlitt himself or by his editor, which runs as follows:

Poets are in general bad prose-writers, because their images, though fine in themselves, are not to the purpose, and do not carry on the argument.

In connection with Flaubert's opinion of poetry I beg to say that, however great may be my admiration for verse, I do not consider it as "the absolute and best expression of human thought." Simple, clear, and elegant prose, like that of About, for instance, conveys one's thoughts more clearly and more concisely than French poetry will ever be able to do, on account of its rhymes, which cause the ideas sometimes to take a different path from the one that the poet originally assigned to them in his mind before he set his pen to paper.

Regarding the "illustrious Flaubert," as my critic calls the author of "Madame Bovary," I am in a position to say that I do not share "F.'s" great admiration for this writer. I cannot bring my mind to consider Flaubert as "illustrious," for the following reason: The difference which I find between the loose style of his letters and the concise one which he displays in his novels leads me to believe that his reputation has been greatly over-rated. Do what I will I cannot expel from my mind the idea that his best works were submitted for correction to some clever brother writer or critic before he had them printed, because the difference between the two is immense; his letters do not rank above those of Ponsou du Terrail, whilst his novels can be put on a par with the best productions in French literature. "La langue de ses lettres," says Emile Faguet, "est copieuse, abandonnée, négligée jusqu'à une affectation de négligence et de trivialité, décousue, surchargée, violente, emphatique et débridée. Celle de ses romans, est châtiée, surveillée, calculée. On peut dire avec assurance que littéralement tout y a été corrigé, tout raturé et écrit à nouveau. Sa correspondance fourmille de fautes de français, et, pour ce qui est du style proprement dit, est souvent défectueuse jusqu'à en être choquante, etc. Comme peintre de portraits (dans ses romans), il est supérieur à Balzac. Ses paysages sont des hallucinations précises. Depuis Chateaubriand, on n'avait pas su peindre les choses de la nature avec cette prodigieuse netteté, cette extraordinaire adaptation de l'expression à l'objet."

Let us now take Flaubert as a critic. My humble opinion is that he used to judge of literary productions with a biased mind. For instance, what confidence can anyone place in a critic who says:

"La fable des 'Deux Pigeons' m'a toujours plus ému que *tout* Lamartine?"

This sweeping judgment is quite as bad as Lamartine's criticism on Lafontaine's masterpieces:

"Douze vers sonores, sublimes, religieux d'Athalie, m'effaçaient de l'oreille toutes les cigales, tous les corbeaux et tous les renards de cette ménagerie puérile."

But to be fair both to my critic "F." and to Flaubert I will quote a passage from one of this French author's novels, so charming in its elegant simplicity, so true in its faithful picture of home-life amongst the working classes. His hero has come back home from work at night to meet his wife and child, whom he finds asleep. He walks on tiptoe in order not to wake either, and his affectionate look goes from one to the other; then he stops in front of his little girl's cradle and begins to think of her future:

"Charles les regardait. Il croyait entendre l'haleine légère de son enfant. Elle allait grandir maintenant; chaque saison, vite, amènerait un progrès. Il la voyait déjà revenant de l'école à la tombée du jour, toute riieuse, avec sa brassière tachée d'encre et portant au bras son panier; puis il faudrait la mettre en pension; cela coûterait beaucoup; comment faire? Alors il réfléchissait," etc.

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

POETS' PROSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The discussion raised by your essayist's remark about the prose of verse-writers is peculiarly interesting and important. The real point seems to be precisely as expressed

* Extract from "Salammô" (page 2, line 31), by Gustave Flaubert.

in your article, viz., "a man who can write really good poetry can also write good prose"; rather than the one which your correspondent, "A French Linguist," appeared to be discussing, whether a man can be both a great poet and a great prose-writer. To this question, which is very different from the other, your correspondent's negative may perhaps be allowed, for its discussion would turn largely upon individual differences, such as whether Milton can be considered as great both in verse and in prose.

But to my mind there can be no doubt that there is something in the nature of genuine poetry and of the genuine poet which brings it to pass that he instinctively and inevitably writes fine prose; and this in spite of the vital differences between the two media both in structure and inspiration. One might almost say that here is a method of detecting a spurious poet: if he writes bad prose he has not the immortal flame. It might be possible to argue that there is a peculiar character about this prose which makes it distinctively "poets' prose"; there is, for example, a singular harmony between the verse and the prose of Wordsworth and of Gray respectively. The same may be said of the writings of that last of the Titans, whose loss is still fresh and sore, the late Mr. Swinburne. But the main proposition holds good.

It is notable that the converse is by no means true: a great *proseur* is not of necessity a good poet. Writers so diverse as Lamb and Ruskin may be cited where many examples might be given; whilst as for some consummate masters, like De Quincey and Pater, I do not know that they wrote verse at all.

There is much cogency in "A French Linguist's" argument that a man who attempts to use both media of language is apt to spoil himself for both, or at least to fall short of greatness in either. The names of Charles Kingsley and Alexander Smith might have been sure of a richer immortality than can be theirs had they developed one medium exclusively. On the other hand, it may be that these writers and their like accomplished just such work as they were capable of, and that exclusive devotion to any one muse might not have brought the crowning compensation.

One more point remains, which was raised by your second correspondent, "F.," who cites Flaubert's opinion of poetry as the supreme and absolute expression of human thought. Without disputing the thesis I always find something a little invidious in this comparison of prose and poetry. Surely it is better to say that both are high and noble voices; but their tone and effect is different as they themselves are different. They are the voice of speech and the voice of song; the voice of song has a wider compass and is more fit to express strong feeling, "the depth and not the tumult of the soul"; the voice of speech is cunning or powerful to persuade the intellect. Each in its own way beguiles the ear; there is, as everyone knows, a rhythm of prose and a rhythm of poesy, as different the one from the other as walking is from running, and the one as beautiful and as noble as the other. Should we not therefore speak of these voices, which have each its separate strength and charm, as of equal in honour, co-ordinate in dual sovereignty?

May 15, 1909.

G. LOWTHER.

MALARIA AND GREEK HISTORY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I thank the reviewer of "Malaria and Greek History" for his very courteous letter. Let me say that the second paragraph of my reply did not in any way apply to him. But I am constantly receiving criticisms to the effect that the Greeks did not deteriorate in the fourth century B.C., or that there is no proof that malaria caused the decline. I would reply that, even though this be true, malaria is an important factor for the historian to consider. Many habits of the Greeks were due to the desire to counteract the influence of an unhealthy environment, and it can be proved to demonstration that malaria caused the desertion of fertile tracts of country, brought premature old age, and gradually killed off the fair-haired portion of the population.

An article bearing upon the question of immunity to malaria has just appeared in "Janus," an international journal of medical history and geography, and I should be very grateful if you could publish a short analysis of it. The writer, Dr. Oito Effertz, a governmental vaccinator in Mexico, attempts to prove that the virulence of an infectious disease is not absolute, but relative, being the resultant of two factors varying according to the country in which the disease is endemic and the people who are attacked by it. These factors are:—(1) The virulence of the microbe, which differs in different

countries; (2) the extent to which the patients have become immune through natural selection. In other words, the microbes, as the result of their struggle with men, gradually increase in strength; natural selection evolves more powerful micro-organisms. On the other hand, a race of men is evolved more capable of resisting them. The resultant represents the malignity of the disease, and it will vary as the factors vary. Dr. Effertz then notices two remarkable facts: (1) African malaria is deadly for Europeans, but very mild for Africans; (2) American malaria is deadly for American Indians, but mild for Europeans. He infers (a) that the African parasite has grown more virulent during the thousands of years it has been in Africa; (b) that the American parasite is much less virulent, having been recently carried to America. The African negro has won his battle; the European has partly won it; the American Indian has yet to win it. The European is superior to the American parasite, but inferior to the African parasite. The Indian is inferior, the African negro superior, to both.

Dr. Effertz applies similar reasoning to syphilis and yellow fever. He shows that the Spaniards could not have carried out their conquests if the continent had been as fever-stricken as it is now, and, as a matter of fact, history tells us little about fever in those days. Malaria was probably brought over from Europe; it now kills over 50 per cent. of all Mexican Indians. America, by way of return, gave syphilis to Europe. I offer no comment.

I am, Sir,

10 Brunswick Walk,
Cambridge.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. S. JONES.

May 18th, 1909.

OLD FRIENDS OF MR. LE QUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a recent issue of THE ACADEMY, one of your correspondents challenged a statement wherein Mr. William Le Queux claimed to have been an "old friend" of the late Wilkie Collins. The distinguished author of "The Woman in White" died in 1889, at the age of 65. A glance at the autobiography of Mr. Le Queux as published in "Who's Who" will show, on a comparison of dates, that the claim of old friendship is obviously absurd. But it is, perhaps, illusive to take Mr. Le Queux quite as seriously as he seems inclined to take himself. The statement to which your correspondent called attention appeared in "Printers' Pie" of 1908. In the issue of that weird miscellany for 1909 Mr. Le Queux claims yet another "old friend." Mr. Le Queux seems to be what, on the Stock Exchange, they would call "a bear of Old Friends." The "old friend" is, on this occasion, a mere bank manager. But had he been a king he could scarcely have entrusted the worthy Le Queux with a more weighty mission. This is the manner of the writer's opening:

"One morning, a couple of years ago, on presenting an order to the manager of a well-known bank in the Strand—who happened to be an *old friend of mine*—I received from him the most magnificent string of pearls that I have ever seen. Consisting of three hundred and eighty perfectly-matched pearls of great size, it was the historic string which had belonged to Catherine the Great, and had been given by Napoleon to Josephine. It was a royal heirloom which I had been asked to take to Rome, its value being about forty thousand pounds."

That which follows is mere "shocker" undisguised and unashamed. It can have no interest for readers of THE ACADEMY except in so far as it suggests an interesting psychological problem. The problem is this: May not the continuous production of "mystery stories" superinduce a mental condition in which the patient finds it impossible to discriminate between fact and fiction?

Apart from psychology, however, one is delighted to welcome another "old friend" of Mr. William Le Queux.

Yours truly,

O. K.

THE BUDGET AND THE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of this week a letter appears in which the writer very opportunely points out the likelihood of Tariff Reform being utilised by certain persons for the purpose of protecting those industries from which Englishmen have been ousted. It is well that Englishmen should know that the leading spirits in the anti-sweating movement are pro-alien to

a man—I might say to a woman. If these people were sincere they would attack the root of the evil—viz., the importation into this country of poverty-stricken aliens. This, however, is not their idea at all. Their motto is protection of sweated industries, with free importation of the human material, without which sweating would be difficult, if not impossible. You will find little desire on their part to protect any industry which is still a source of employment for Englishmen. In that direction they are all Free Traders.

Those who have looked well into this question are convinced that no scheme of Tariff Reform can assist the British worker unless it is accompanied by an Alien Exclusion Act. High prices and no better assurance of employment will be of no use to the British worker, but render his last state worse than his first.

P. VARNALS.

15 Swanage Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

May 17th, 1909.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Perhaps it is worth while to point out that in last week's issue the writer of the article entitled "The Sense of Humour" quotes some fifty lines from Mr. Augustine Birrell's essay on George Borrow, but inadvertently attributes them to Mr. Andrew Lang. They may be found in the former author's book, "Res Judicatae," at page 123.

T. J. ABRAHAM.

[We have also received another letter pointing out our contributor's slip.—Ed.]

"DODGE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I don't think it possible to connect the word "dodge" with the French "douer." According to the "English Dialect Dictionary" a northern variant of *dodge* is *dadge*. On the other hand, the English equivalent to a French *douer* would be *dudge*; compare the French *souple*, *souffrir*, *tourette*, *courant*, *couteles*, *mouton*, *glouton*, *bouton* with their English equivalents. If *dodge* had been of French origin the French verb would have been *doger* not *douer*; compare our *lodge* with the French *loger*. It would be difficult to find any example of an English short *o* representing a French *ou*; the word *cover* is not an exception, as the accented vowel is pronounced as the *u* in *button*, the *o* being written before the *v* (or *u*) simply from graphic considerations.

There is no doubt that the word *dougé* in Cotgrave, said to mean "small, fine, little, slender, thin," is derived from the Latin adjective *delicatus*, which in Ducange is glossed "subtilis tenuis." The O.F. forms were *dougé*, *deugé*, *delgé*, *delgié*. For the last form see Chanson de Roland 3389, "l'herbe . . . verte et *delgié*" (l'herbe verte et fine). I am afraid the origin of the word "dodge" remains a mystery.

A. L. MAYHEW.

21 Norham Road, Oxford.

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Popular; British Health Review.

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The Royal University of Ireland. Examination Papers, 1908. University Press.
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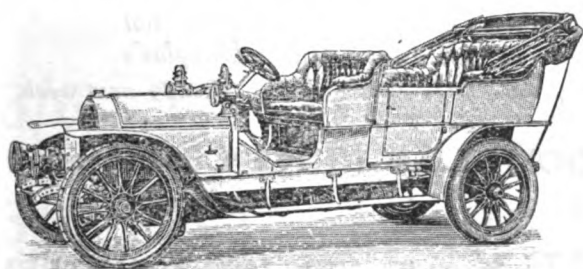
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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE *Star* and other radical papers have been making all sorts of impertinent comments on the action of the Duke of Norfolk in selling his Holbein picture for £60,000. We do not notice that these amiable organs of opinion have given anything like the same prominence to the fact that the Duke has just made a free gift to the town of Sheffield of a park of the same value as the picture he has just sold. That is Democracy all over: take all you can get without gratitude and without thanks, and never lose an opportunity for abusing and belittling the giver. The Duke of Norfolk has quite as much right to sell his picture as the editor of the *Star* has to sell a book out of his library. The difference between the two cases is merely this: that whereas if Mr. Parkes of the *Star* were reduced to the pass of selling his library it is safe to assume that the proceeds of the sale would pass into Mr. Parkes's own pockets; in the case of the Duke of Norfolk the £60,000 produced by the sale of his picture has gone to the Catholic Church Schools. The Duke of Norfolk has probably no use whatever for the gratitude or respect of the class of people who read the *Star* and similar newspapers, but when a gentleman of his position and character sacrifices one of his most cherished possessions for the purpose of raising money to endow the schools of his own church is it too much to expect that he should be protected from rancorous abuse and spiteful innuendo? Apparently it is. What a commentary on the minds of the people who are so anxious to make us believe that their only anxiety is to secure "justice for the masses" and "freedom for the enslaved people" is hereby provided! Truly, by their fruits ye shall know them.

George Bernard Shaw is very indignant because the Censor has declined to license the performance of Mr. Shaw's new play, which is touchingly entitled "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet." And naturally Mr.

Shaw has rushed into ill-considered print on the subject, or, to use the pompous language which Mr. Shaw will no doubt prefer, has "issued a statement to the Press." According to the author of "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," "the decision whether a play is morally fit to be performed or not rests with the King absolutely." This will be news to the King, and Mr. Shaw's thinly-veiled sneers about the King's faith and the King's confidence in his own judgment are worthy of your true Suffragette-minded man. Mr. Shaw knows as well as most people know that the responsibility of having dared to "turn down" "Blanco Posnet" rests with the Lord Chamberlain, who acts on the advice of Mr. Redford; but it no doubt suits Mr. Shaw's exaggerated idea of his own importance that people should imagine that His Majesty took a day off from the affairs of State for the purpose of reading "Blanco Posnet." Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, saith the poet, though the poet, of course, never saw a Derby Day. But the uneasy state of kingship is at any rate mitigated by the fact that it does not happen to be the King's duty to read Shaw's plays. Of course, Mr. Shaw's remarks about the King were set forward especially for the American market. The play is unfit for performance in England; consequently it must be boomed for foreign parts.

So have we profit
In losing of our prayers.

And, having indulged in impertinence to the King, Mr. Shaw naturally proceeds to be impertinent to the English people. He pretends to labour under the delusion that the people of England, or, at any rate, a large section of them, imagine that the "Merry Widow" presents "a complete, satisfactory and edifying view of human motive and destiny," which, of course, is bunkum. We have never seen the "Merry Widow," nor do we propose to gaze on it; but we have seen Mr. Shaw's play, "Getting Married," and we should like to wager that, whether the "Merry Widow" presents a complete, satisfactory and edifying view of human destiny and motive or not, it presents a much decanter and honester view than did Mr. Shaw's "masterpiece."

With his customary obliquity of assertion Mr. Shaw assures us that he does not know why "Blanco Posnet" has been declared unfit to exist. Then he goes on to say that he does know. Here are his own words:

I repeat that I do not know why the play has been declared unfit to exist. It is a very simple and even crude melodrama, with absolutely no sexual interest whatever. It represents a little community of violent, cruel, sensual, ignorant, blasphemous, bloodthirsty backwoodsman, whose conception of manliness is mere brute pugnacity, and whose favourite sport is lynching. Into this welter of crude newspaperised savagery there suddenly comes a force—not mentioned in "The Merry Widow"—to which they give the name of God, the slightest regard for which they make it a point of honour to despise as mere weakness of character. That force nevertheless, at the crisis which is the subject of the drama, makes them do its will and not their own in a manner very amazing to themselves, and, I should hope, not altogether unedifying to the spectators.

I am given to understand that the introduction of this force into my play as a substitute for the simple cupidities and concupiscences of "The Merry Widow" is the feature that renders the play unfit for performance. It was precisely the feature which made the play worth writing to me. What is called the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts; in fact, the only one that makes really good drama. But our royal rule is that conflict with God cannot be permitted on the stage. Except when the name of God is taken altogether in vain, by way

of swearing, the Divine Antagonist must be spoken of, even by the most hardened and savage outlaws, with the decorum and devotional respect observed by our Bishops.

This is the ancient and fish-like Shaw method. In the *New Age* Shaw poses as a Freethinker and a Bible-smasher. In "Blanco Posnet" it seems he is to teach us something about the Divine nature. And he is to convince us that "the struggle of a man with God is the most dramatic of all conflicts," and that it is an admirable subject for a crude melodrama by Mr. Shaw. For our own part, we can only say that if Mr. Shaw knew anything about God, or cared twopence for the idea of God or the integrity of that idea in God's creatures, men and women, he would never have tried to make money out of "Getting Married."

The fact is that Shaw is a Suffragist from the top of his scalp to the tips of his toe-nails. He is the cunning and the subtle enemy of the natural decencies. There is a natural decency about marriage, and Shaw and his gang are, of course, irked by it. For the last five years at any rate they have been labouring and shrieking hard to get rid of it. What they want is free love. The Censor has given them yards of rope, and they have strained every inch of it. In the name of high thinking they have descended into the kennels and stews and dark corners of intellectuality, and pretended to discover there wisdom and honour. And now, if you please, it is to be the turn of the natural decency which is in every man's heart with regard to the Divinity. "God," says Shaw, "will at least make a fine subject for a play—that is to say, for a crude melodrama. There will be money in it if you can shock people enough, and here goes." The natural and considered views of mankind on this subject are nothing to Shaw. There are to be no sanctities when Shaw is about, and we are to make a mock and a raree show of the Holy Spirit in order that Bayswater may giggle and Shaw may add a few more paltry pounds to his banking account. We note that Shaw will publish "Blanco Posnet" in England. There is no Censor to prevent him; but there are laws against blasphemy, and if "Blanco Posnet" should turn out to be a blasphemous work the law should be set in motion, not only against Shaw, but against his publishers. Shaw and the people who hang round him make a great outcry when prosecutions are suggested. But if anybody stole Mr. Shaw's watch or broke into Mr. Shaw's house there would be a prosecution. As a good Socialist Shaw should admit that the thief or the burglar was probably hungry or required money, and that consequently there could be no real harm in the theft or burglary. The harm lies in the fact that the culprit has broken the law. If Mr. Shaw or his publishers choose to break the law, why should they not be punished? Of course, it may be that "Blanco Posnet" is not sufficiently objectionable to bring it within the blasphemy laws; in which case we shall have to put up with it, just as we have had to put up with "Getting Married." Really, what Bayswater wants is not "The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet," but the showing-up of George Bernard Shaw.

Of course, the Anarchist section of the Press has come out very strong over "Blanco Posnet." Mr. Redford's action is described as "a menace to freedom," and "an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of thought." We are disposed to believe that the freedom of Mr. Shaw can be very well curtailed without damage to society, and as for his liberty of

thought, he is welcome to think what he likes provided he does not attempt to thrust the result upon people who do not want it. One of Mr. Shaw's friends ululates as follows:

The Press is not free; it is shackled with business considerations. And authorship is mainly a study of what will sell. A Miltonic fervour is not to be expected of either journalists or novelists in the mass, and so the revival of the censorship is a real menace. For who else should care much? What is to inspire Parliament with any respect for literature, or any thought of its old and glorious traditions? It is possible that a conspicuous martyrdom would do it, and Mr. Bernard Shaw might be willing to go to gaol, if he could, for a defiance to the King's official; but I do not know the theatrical proprietor who would go with him. Martyrdom is not business. So, being helpless, Mr. Shaw keeps his temper, and our free nation sees him gagged without a care.

Well, THE ACADEMY is free, and business considerations do not concern it, and in the opinion of THE ACADEMY the censorship of Shaw is an admirable affair. And as for Bernard Shaw going to prison or being more disposed to martyrdom than the average theatrical manager, the notion is preposterous. We believe that Mr. George Edwardes would just as soon go to prison for principle's sake as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Bernard Shaw will never go to prison for principle's sake, for the very simple reason that, outside money-making and sensation-mongering, he does not know what his principles are. He declines even to limp the streets with the Suffragists, and as for prison—brr! it would not suit him. All the same, if "Blanco Posnet" in book form is blasphemous enough we hope the authorities will consider the question and be careful not to have it tried by City Aldermen. To have done three months for what he conceived to be principle's sake would send Mr. Shaw down to posterity much more gracefully than his plays will. Up to the present he has done nothing which is to the credit of either his principles or his sincerity.

Vanity Fair has been at it again. In the course of a "poem" about Swinburne, our contemporary's poet, Crowley, gives us the following sublime stanza:

So, Swinburne, sleep! That which is written is written.
I will not weep. The torch of song is snitten
Into dry stray leaves elsewhere doomed for sure
To damp decay, Victorian manure,
Miasmal squelch, black slough to mire the Sun,
The stink and belch and snivel of Tennyson!

Surely Mr. Frank Harris must have known Tennyson, even as he knew Swinburne, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Robert Browning, George Meredith, and possibly Mrs. Aphra Ben. "The stink and belch and snivel of Tennyson!" And yet we read on another page of our contemporary that "through *Vanity Fair* advertisers have an unrivalled opportunity for reaching . . . the cultivated classes of the United Kingdom, the Continent and throughout the English-speaking world." Crowley rounds off his effort with the bald statement: "There is no God," which comes rather richly from the founder of that redoubtable religious brotherhood, the "A. A." or 'Appy 'Arrises. That Frank Harris has a real taste in poetry, however, is amply indicated by the fact that he publishes opposite Crowley some lines by a Miss Oyler:

Do you see the breakers falling,
Thund'ring madly on the shore?
We can hear the sea-birds calling
O'er the ocean's sullen roar,
And the air with brine is freighted
And the foam flies high and free:
Ev'ry nerve's exhilarated
When the wind blows off the sea!

Watch, a wall of foam—a hollow,
And the seaweed sweeps away,
For the waters bid it follow
In their train of silver spray;
With the rattling shingle giving
Vent to wild, unbounded glee.
Surely life is worth the living
When the wind blows off the sea!

We wonder what Mr. Harris's friend, George Meredith, would have thought of this dithyramb? It is infinitely to be preferred to Crowley, truly; but "the cultivated classes in the United Kingdom, the Continent and throughout the English-speaking world" will think their own thoughts about Frank Harris's powers of poetical judgment, which, as a matter of fact, would seem to be just about as bad as Mr. Shorter's.

News from the inner court of things!

The idea of a John Bull League is catching on all over the country. We hope to have everything in readiness at the end of the summer. The League will take a short cut through every other existing organisation—applying the one test of Common Sense to all the problems of the day, and uniting in one great composite body all who—ignoring the platitudes of priests and politicians, and putting aside all cant and self-righteousness—are prepared to think for themselves, act for themselves, and rely upon themselves. Instead of thinking so much about the next life, its members will make the most of this; instead of looking to the Government for everything, they will endeavour to govern themselves; the world will be their country, mankind their brethren—to be worthy men and women, their religion; they will not be any less sinners than others—but they won't be "miserable" ones. The League will be inaugurated at a great meeting in London, and after that meetings will be called in every large town, and local branches formed. It will be a political body without party, and, we hope, a religious one, without creed. The members will be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean, and that then their souls will look after themselves.

Thus Bottomley. We take it, of course, that the chair of physical development will be given to Professor Vivian, and that Professor Bottomley will occupy the chair of moral philosophy. We quite agree that the readers of *John Bull* need to be taught to keep their bodies healthy and their minds clean. And as for their souls, when you come to think of it, Bottomley does well to disclaim responsibility. In the next paragraph our friend the philosopher speaks of "the *Rex v. Bottomley* scandal." "Scandal" is good.

Mr. Douglas Ainslie has been writing to *T. P.'s Weekly* about *T. P.'s* criticism of "The Song of the Stewarts." Here is *T. P.'s* reviewer's reply:

[I do not think that Mr. Ainslie has quite understood my reason for quoting the "prosaic" lines that he mentions. I did not wish to prove that he was a prosaic writer, but that his choice of subject-matter inevitably condemned him to treat in poetry themes which are obstinately prosaic—so far as modern writers and readers are concerned, at all events. We know that Homer sometimes nods; there is, I suppose, no such thing as a poet who has not written dull lines. But these faults are the faults of the poet; whereas the dullness of such lines as

" . . . and from William descend

The Earls of Arundel whose bloods with the Dukes of Norfolk blend

By the marriage of Mary the heiress with the Duke whose life hath end

In the days of Queen Elizabeth,"

is the fault of the form which Mr. Ainslie has chosen.—THE REVIEWER.]

Which leaves us without doubt that *T. P.'s* reviewer's knowledge of "form" is vast.

VILLON

THEY threw me from the gates: my matted hair
Was dank with dungeon wetness; my spent frame
O'erlaid with marish agues: everywhere
Tortured by leaping pangs of frost and flame,
So hideous was I that even Lazarus there
In noisome rags array'd and leprous shame,
Beside me set had seemed full sweet and fair,
And looked on me with loathing.

But one came

Who laid a cloak on me and bore me in
Tenderly to an hostel quiet and clean;
Used me with healing hands for all my needs.
The mortal stain of my reputed sin,
My state despised, and my defiled weeds,
He hath put by as though they had not been.

S. S.

SYCORAX AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE

THE other afternoon, taking our life in our hands, we ventured to walk into the very jaws of the lion as it were. Recollections of the fate suffered by Orpheus at the hands of the Mænads circled around our devoted head like so many bats; we thought of Scylla, we considered Charybdis, we mused on the syrens, and we remembered the foul witch Sycorax, as we passed dauntlessly over the threshold of Prince's Skating Rink and entered the ominous precincts of the Suffragist "fare," which is now in "full swing." Three ladies of sour aspect at the gates recalled visions of Cerberus; but with honey cakes in the shape of shilling entrance fees, we propitiated this terrible trinity, and found ourselves plunged into the very heart of "the monstrous regiment of women," engaged in their priest-like task of selling chocolates, dolls, ungraceful and unmentionable garments and what-nots in the furtherance of their noble scheme for collecting money for the Suffragist cause. Our determined efforts to maintain an innocent, not to say cherubic, expression of countenance were only partially successful; but we rejoice to say that their failure extended apparently only to the male portion of the camp, and their more or less masculine supporters among the female element. Briefly, Sycorax, who with age and envy had grown into a hoop, suspected us from the first, and Sycorax represented about three-fourths of the ladies present. Her cruel suspicions were apparently shared by a gentleman with a black moustache, a blue serge suit, a ferocious aspect, and quite abnormally large feet, who carefully dogged our footsteps as we wended our way round the "exhibition." Our sagacious readers will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the women Suffragists have been reduced to the pass of providing themselves, in case of accidents, with a male "chucker-out," which is very creditable to their common-sense, while throwing a lurid light on the state of their consciences. Ladies who are not female Suffragists, when they are engaged in the joyful task of presiding at the stalls of bazaars and jumble-sales, do not as a rule find it necessary to invoke the assistance of ex-members of that fine force, the police, to protect them;

and that the particular ladies who are presiding over the present Suffragist exhibition should feel it necessary to employ such aid is a caustic commentary on the state of affairs which would be produced if, as Heaven forbid, they succeeded in obtaining the votes for which their souls hanker. It also provides an amusing illustration of the hopelessness of the struggle to upset the laws of Nature in which our good friend Sycorax is engaged. All law and all order rest ultimately on physical force, and physical force is male and not female, and even poor Sycorax, for all her screams and protests, has to admit it; and while she is engaged on the one hand in promoting an "exhibition" of foolishly irrelevant trifles, which constitutes, taking it altogether, an impudent defiance of man, on the other hand, she thinks it necessary to call in man to protect her from the possible results of this impudent defiance. Half a dozen men could walk into the women Suffragists' exhibition at Prince's Skating Rink, turn all the women out, make hay of the exhibits, and put a stop to the whole proceedings, including the heavy-footed parade of the gentlemen from Scotland Yard, in about five minutes. The fact that there are not half a dozen men in London who would think twice about doing such a thing proves the utter futility of the exhibition, and the contempt with which the whole movement is regarded by men of every class and every kind. Nobody takes the least notice of the exhibition, and on the occasion when we were present we should like to wager that there were not ten people present who had paid for admission; while the trade which was going on was, as far as we could see, entirely confined to the sale of tea and cakes, which were being consumed in alarming quantities by hordes of women, interspersed with an occasional sheepish hobbledohey. Our eagle eye, sweeping rapidly but carefully over the whole assembly, was able to discover the presence of only three pretty girls, and the prettiest of these came forward and offered us a box of sweets in the prettiest manner imaginable. We were cut to the heart by the impossibility in which we found ourselves of buying her sweets, owing to the fact that the money so expended would have perforce been devoted to the purposes of furthering an object which we so heartily abhor. But if the young lady in question has sweets to dispose of, either for her own benefit or for that of any other charitable or meritorious cause, we shall be prepared to buy them in bulk if she will call at this office; for we feel that she and her like by their mere existence afford the strongest argument which can be brought against the woman's Suffrage movement, and the strongest proof that the movement is ultimately ordained to complete and irreparable failure. It is all very well for Sycorax to proclaim that men are brutes and tyrants; that she does not want them; and that she is determined in future to be independent of them. But unless she can persuade girls and women who are not of the Sycorax brand to aid and abet her, her protests and her declamations will not even be listened to. She has had the sense to see this after a great many years, and she has reluctantly been obliged to call to her assistance the young, the pretty, the womanly, and the charming of her sex. A certain section of these ladies have responded to her call, and for a few months they have enjoyed the excitement and the novelty of the whole business; but the novelty is a thing of the past, and the excitement becomes every day less and less. On the other hand, the ordinary natural instincts of womanhood are implanted in their breasts; and as time goes on they do not wear off or become less. On the contrary. Consequently, the moment a man who is not a male Suffragette appears on the scene, they come up and offer him sweets (God bless them) to the confusion of Sycorax, and the putting out of countenance of the professional chucker-out whom she em-

plays. We said just now that it would be an easy task for any half-dozen men in London to go and break up the women's Suffragist Exhibition and make hay of the exhibits. A much easier, and at the same time a much more agreeable plan, would be for half a dozen men of what the advertising columns of the newspapers describe as "good appearance and address" to go round and make love to the young women in the exhibition. Inside of a week they would all become members of the Anti-Suffrage League; Sycorax would be left lamenting, and Caliban would be out of a job.

REVIEWS

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

England and the English, from an American Point of View. By PRICE COLLIER. (Duckworth and Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

Americans: An Impression. By ALEXANDER FRANCIS. (Melrose, 6s. net.)

It is salutary for us, both individually and nationally, that on occasion we should obtain a glimpse of ourselves as others see us from some more reputable and responsible source than a German comic sheet or a visitor's letter to one of our papers, and we welcome such glimpses, only making the condition that they should come as reflections in a mirror, not in a distorting-glass. To the foreigner (excluding the American from that term) we are something of a puzzle; we always have been, and always shall be; he sees only the surface machinery of English life, and rarely comprehends the motive powers of character and social interplay that drive it. Language and temperament form effectual bars, and we are to him a people to be watched, criticised, laughed at or sneered at as the case may be, but rarely to be understood. With the Americans the problem becomes less complicated; year by year they invade our metropolis, and a fair proportion of them are enabled to explore that sanctum of the Englishman's cherished secrets, his home, thus arriving at a more satisfactory idea, on the average, of the national characteristics. When they write about us—they must be driven to do so in sheer retaliation for the volumes we have written on them and their country—they show as a rule a level-headedness which proves that observation has adjusted opinion. We do not refer, of course, to the comments on English men and matters which leap from volcanic headlines in the blatant daily Press of their cities.

The author of "England and the English" has contributed a very distinct and reasonable account, on the whole, of his experiences and impressions during lengthened periods of residence in this island. He gets in some shrewd hits here and there, but never places one "below the belt" as far as we can see, albeit he is by no means always correct. His errors are those of misinformation or ignorance or exceptional personal happenings, and never arise from wilful embellishment or disregard of truth. For example, in describing the average private hotel of London, he says:

The rooms are damp, a small grate-fire mitigates the gloom of the sitting-room, but bedroom and dressing-room retain their damp-blanket atmosphere throughout our stay. A tin tub is brought in in the morning and evening, and you bathe as a protection from the cold. A sound rubbing with a coarse towel takes the place of a fire, or steam heat. No doubt many people die in becoming accustomed to this method of keeping warm, but those who survive have conquered for themselves the greatest empire extant.

Not many hotels, we fancy, would pay expenses for twelve months if this were a representative state of

things; the aspersions might be true of a few dingy buildings in the Euston Road or down some shabby side-street of Bloomsbury, but the argument is the fallacious one familiar to logic from an individual case to generalities. Again, "Nowhere in America does one hear so constantly the nasal twang as in England," an assertion questionable in the extreme; "as in the Mile End Road" would have been more correct, perhaps. And this is really nonsense:

The complexions of the English have often been exploited for our benefit. The damp climate and the exercise out-of-doors produce the red, they say. But on examination it proves to be not the red of the rose, but the red of raw beef, and often streaky and fibrous at that. The features are large and the faces high-coloured, but it is not a delicate pink, it is a coarse red. At a distance, the effect is charming, bright, refreshing; but close to, often rather unpleasant.

Such a libel on the fair faces of incomparable English-women cannot be allowed to go unchallenged, especially in the season—a walk in Bond Street or in Piccadilly on any of these brilliant mornings would disprove it completely. And there are mistakes over one or two questions of salaries. We will pass on, however, to note some more pleasing aspects of the book. The author is diametrically opposed—and emphatic in his opposition—to the idea so prevalent among foreign citizens that the Englishman is "dull"; he is, *au contraire*, "a very cheerful and boyish person"; he "makes a business of keeping young"; it is only our slowness and steadiness and tenacity, our innate faculty of taking things coolly, which tempt the superficial adjective; and a neat point is made here, although the pronouns are somewhat hardly used:

The people who have produced Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swift, Sterne, Sydney Smith, Charles Lamb, and Robert Louis Stevenson may well laugh at any accusation of their lack of intellectual humour; while the people who have gobbled the wealth and commerce of the world for a century may look on with some amusement while other nations call them dull. . . . The English genius is not for analysis, but for action. He seeks to act, to do, to accomplish, and the first necessity is to get people, or things, or horses, or ships, or balloons, or motors, steady. They cannot start, they cannot be controlled, without steadiness. They demand this quality above all others in their statesmen, their soldiers, as well as in their horses. There is no talk of glory as in France; no constant vision of self-advertisement, and of self-advancement by means of the reporter's pen and camera. England expects every man to do his duty, that's all. The glory and the advertisement may take care of themselves.

An admirably critical balance is preserved when the author compares and contrasts American with English institutions and customs, and he freely condemns his own country's methods where necessary; the pernicious influence of a rapid-fire Press, for instance, is censured with judgment:

The dusty chatter of the newspapers is working upon the mental make-up of mankind. . . . Too much comes pelting upon minds untrained to analyse and incapable of sifting the grain from the chaff. The more generally educated, and the more generally curious mentally, are those who suffer most from this dust-cloud of the newspapers. Men who are only intelligent enough to keep in one way, and to do one task, and to serve one master, are diverted, excited, made discontented, and led astray, by this enormous variety of news, which comes to them every day, but which concerns them not at all. . . . Many people are like children, to whom it would be a mercy to keep them in ignorance of many of the grosser happenings which fill the papers.

And on the succeeding page there is a capital bit of good-humoured banter at our expense:

Englishmen, however, still take their newspapers into their confidence, and have a naïve way of writing to them on all sorts of subjects. If an Englishman rows down the Thames

and stops for luncheon at an inn and is overcharged, he promptly writes to his newspaper, and later on his first letter is followed by others, in which the comparative merits and cost of light luncheons on the Continent, in Canada, in Central Asia, in Seringapatam, in Kamtschatka, and everywhere else where Englishmen have eaten and drunk—and where have they not eaten and drunk?—is discussed at length. This goes on till we have a complete international history of mid-day gastronomies. Then the editor writes at the bottom: "We cannot continue this correspondence," and the affair is over.

This, and some other paragraphs in the same style, are sufficiently near to the truth to be amusing without a trace of annoyance.

In the matter of self-reliance and a certain national average of strength, the deduction is made that our manner of permitting youth to associate with age, combined with our public-school system, induces these qualities, with the result that "the English lad is in many respects a man. He is far more to be depended upon, a far more companionable person, and much more at home in the world" than the French and German youth. "If the three of them go out to the Colonies we all know what happens. The French boy keeps the books, the German boy attends to the foreign correspondence, and the English boy manages both."

The conclusions which are finally arrived at are not altogether favourable to our conceit of ourselves as a nation. Here and there a weak place in our armour is indicated; the slow incursion of an alien element in our population is one—"those who are leaving England are Saxons and Celts, while those who are coming in are Teutons and Jews." America, however, as we shall note when considering the complementary volume, has a much more pressing immigration problem of her own. With the definite statement that England has reached a point from which her decadence may be prophesied we cannot be expected to agree, and some of the sentences on this subject are distinctly amusing:

It is almost laughable to think what would happen should America or Germany start to build ships against her. England would be bankrupt in ten years, her population would emigrate to Canada, South Africa, Australia, and the United States, and the lonely island would become a fourth-rate Power, used principally as a playground by Americans.

Would she? We really think not! A Government with some sense of responsibility would be in command before matters became critical, and "things would happen" of which these airy commentators have little notion; the Devon sea-kingdoms have descendants among us yet. One other astounding slip we must pause to note, in the interests of all good Americans who read this book; the author alludes to Mr. Rudyard Kipling as "the greatest Englishman of letters now living"! And at the time those words were soberly written George Meredith was living, Swinburne was actively with us, not to mention Thomas Hardy. We hope—indeed, we know—that such an unbalanced judgment will not be supported by many Americans of any pretensions to literary equipment.

With the reservations we have noted the volume is a very happily composed compendium of remarks upon our island kingdom and its manners and customs, pungent without being ill-mannered, written—and we regard this as a compliment—in English of good parts and entirely free from slanginess, showing a capacity for analysis and inference quite above the average level of books of this class. Chapters on "Sport" and "An English Country Town" deserve special mention, but we cannot stay to illustrate their good points; and a short account of the Irish question rounds off a most interesting summary of the state of affairs in these dominions at the present day—from an outside point of view.

With curious opportuneness Mr. Alexander Francis issues his "Americans: an Impression" within a few days of the above book, so that in setting one against the other we can perhaps arrive at a fairly clear apprehension of the salient features of the two great nations which are united so closely by the tie of a common language, though often separated leagues apart in thought, feeling, and method. We notice that part of this second book was written in America, part in England, that it was revised in Russia, that the preface is dated from Calcutta, and that the author has lived in Australia and in South Africa, so that in all conscience his pronouncements ought to be cosmopolitan enough and free from bias. When we add that he has toured Europe, drops occasionally into Greek, and possesses a smattering of Yiddish, it will be seen that something in the way of book-making may be anticipated which shall carry a little more worth than the random jottings of a visitor's notebook; and we are not disappointed. With no disparagement to the work of Mr. Collier, this volume is scholarly to a degree, and investigates questions of temperament and national character in a manner that is distinguished and penetrating; a considerable logical faculty, the power of building up conclusions by precise and careful sentences, is also present in exceptional force.

Climate, perhaps, has had a good deal to do with making the American alert, pertinacious, and a trifle impatient; he is not, superficially regarded, a particularly attractive person as a rule; but we find that whenever he can Mr. Francis speaks a favourable word for him. The self-assertiveness of the people is due, he thinks, rather to superabundant vigour than to vanity; this makes them "impressible and volatile and disposed to run to extremes"; and while it is undeniable that their practical side has developed at the expense of their artistic capabilities and high intellectual output, a deeper life still exists "which has suffered no permanent evil from the gusts of commercial passion with which its surface is constantly swept." "A humble heart," he says, "has always been beneath their bluster and brag." His analysis of this undue boastfulness is very pretty:

It is easy to believe that to wield any kind of influence over the masses of an enormously democratic community in whom ultimate power lies, an individual must make his expressed opinions much more pronounced than his inward convictions. Therefore, when the nation, after its first years of national inexperience, which were characterised by unreasonable optimism, was in danger of growing diffident in face of its great and increasing responsibilities and tasks, its leaders made conscious exaggeration, in order to maintain the nation in a just appreciation of its powers; and the people, slow to see through the exaggeration, were quick to make it their own, and then were inevitably driven to spend themselves that they might make sure of the wealth, and to throw themselves into violent motions that they might make sure of the powers, which they had been told that they possessed. By this process, without gaining the assurance that they sought, they lost the secret of silence, dignity, and repose; and more than ever it seemed necessary, in order to impress the people, to resort to noise and effort, to act and effect. Then was the era of brag.

At the present time the author is of the opinion that bragging in America is in danger of becoming a lost art; an opinion with which we can hardly coincide.

Mr. Francis appears to have fraternised with the American student to an extent which few strangers outside the professorial staffs can manage, and as a consequence we have chapters on the American educational system which are thorough, and, when expedient, severe. Perseverance seems to be the dominant note of the young man who decides to "get on," and we are treated to the mythical but instructive story of the self-supporting student "reading from a volume of Xenophon which he held in his right hand, while with his left he sold socks, suspenders, and collar-buttons to the undergraduates." On the whole, the collegiate apparatus in vogue in the United States

seems to be the best available when the immense discrepancy between the aims and desires of so huge a number of determined young men is taken into consideration, but the method of awarding the degree is open to revision. This honour goes "not for final proficiency in a coherent and well-balanced course of study, but for a pass in four subjects in each of four successive years, the whole number of subjects being in some colleges as disconnected, even as chaotic, as the student may please." The severity of disapproval, however, is reserved for the wonderful combination of ferocity and a bastard kind of sport which obtains under the denomination of "College Athletics." The importance attached to physical struggles between different colleges is altogether disproportionate to their value, and the motives which induce these often pitiable displays are of the poorest—"to command the esteem of their fellows and excite the admiration of the public" is the negation of sport as we regard it in England, and "to get their college into the limelight" is not much better. Over here we defend the game, as such. One revealing glimpse came to the author on his travels. He had yielded to the request of some victorious students for a congratulatory address; but afterwards the men explained that their extreme elation was due to the fact that one of the competing colleges had "meanly enticed their trainer from them by the offer of a higher salary than their college could afford to pay." It is a pity that the ordinary common-sense of the students does not save them from that sort of degradation, although, of course, we realise that many honourable exceptions must be made from this sweeping condemnation.

The question of the millions of aliens who seek the land of freedom, refugees from Russian despotism, Italian poverty, and other evils, is the subject of another capable inquiry. The immigration problem is becoming serious; last year 1,200,000 strangers settled in America; the descendants and successors of the seventeenth-century immigrants have become the natives of to-day; "and the new native, who was the immigration problem to the Indian, finds the new immigrant a problem to himself." The tremendous influx of families whose members are to a large extent non-combatants, neither equipped mentally nor physically for the fight which needs stamina and pluck, must in the long run have a weakening effect on the nation in spite of its size and resources, but we cannot spare space to quote from the very pertinent pages which Mr. Francis devotes to this important topic. We note with pleasure that he holds sound views on the matter of Socialism—"the most precious thing in the world," he remarks, "is the individual mind and soul with unfettered capacity for service and growth"; and with this we must conclude our glance at these informative volumes. Of the two, the latter probes more deeply into causes and discusses more finely and acutely the pressing problems of the day; its style is more literary, its results more profoundly significant and interesting. The former has a popular style, and a hasty reader might be inclined to give it precedence in point of entertainment. People of both nations will read both these books, and people of both nations will doubtless find that they can pick fairly large holes in each; but we welcome them as contributions to the elucidation of national behaviour and national characteristics which deserve to be widely circulated and gravely considered on both sides of the dividing ocean.

FIFTY YEARS OF IT

Fifty Years Of It. By the RT. HONBLE. SIR JOHN H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland. (William Blackwood and Sons, price 10s. 6d. net.)

"THE year 1909 should have seen the celebration of the jubilee of the Volunteer Force." So begins Sir

John Macdonald's Introduction, and though the Territorial Army has taken the place of the Volunteers that new home army could not have been called into existence if the many thousands of Volunteers who have joined it had not done so. Thus Sir John Macdonald has every right to say "that the present year may be justly held to be the jubilee year of the Force which General Peel brought into being in 1859."

There is no living man, and there never has been one, so well qualified to tell of these fifty years, no one more capable of doing so than is the learned and gallant author. He was one of the very first enrolled in the Citizen Force in Edinburgh in 1859, just before he was called to the Bar; and, of course, he joined the Advocates' Company—No. 13. He writes: "I got no shilling, but was informed that my uniform must be made by the selected tailor of the company, and would be handed over to me on payment of so many pounds, shillings and pence sterling." Thence on he served in every possible grade (except Regimental Sergeant-Major) until he commanded, as Brigadier-General, the Forth Brigade, and finally retired in 1902. But he became Honorary Colonel of the Motor Volunteers in 1903, and now is still serving, because he is the Chairman of a Territorial Association. Sir John does not disguise a very justifiable pride that his career is a proof that Volunteering was no obstacle to professional progress. While advancing through the non-commissioned ranks to a commission, and through the junior commissioned ranks to command, with unusual rapidity, he also in process of time became Lord Advocate and then Lord Justice Clerk. In him history repeated itself. For the Volunteers of Edinburgh at the time of the Napoleonic wars were commanded by Lt.-Colonel Charles Hope, who also became Lord Advocate and then Lord Justice Clerk, and retained his command while holding these offices. Sir John remembers as a boy seeing him hopelessly paralysed but still in his carriage, attending every review of troops in the Queen's Park, Edinburgh.

In "Fifty Years Of It" we learn to know very thoroughly our Citizen Army. The Volunteers were organised first as companies only—and companies enrolled from the professional and tolerably well-to-do classes alone. They paid every penny of the cost of their uniform, arms and equipment. Then followed artizan companies, who were armed by Government, but they had to clothe themselves, and each man paid 10s. on enrolment and £1 in instalments. We are told that no case occurred of defaulting. Very soon regiments were formed, and Macdonald's company became part of the Edinburgh Volunteer Rifle Corps, afterwards to become the Queen's Rifle Volunteer Brigade. With much humour the earlier companies are sketched. Men of all ages joined them, and men too old to care to show themselves in uniform to their wondering (if too admiring) fellow-citizens used to come to the drill ground in multi great-coats and silk hats, disguising the Queen's livery underneath. But, young or old, they worked in those days with a will and generally averaged more than one drill a day. The author's first distinction was to be the Colour-Sergeant on the right of the 4th Artizan Co. on the right of the Edinburgh Rifles, and thus to be the first Volunteer that the Queen inspected when she reviewed the Scottish Volunteers in 1860. But the book is so full of detail both of Sir John Macdonald's career and of the careers of the officers of the Queen's Brigade and of the doings of that most distinguished corps that if we began to quote we should fill column after column.

Royal and other reviews, manœuvres, camps of exercise, regimental drills, rifle practice, and war training are all described in the minutest details. It is all evolution and progress. We begin with stiff barrack-

square drill, with invectives hurled at it by the gallant author. Then looser and more comfortable movements. "Sham fights" gradually develop into manœuvres. Some of the most sham of sham fights are humorously reproduced. Shooting and the progress in skill at arms, which soon attended rational training, show us how the Citizen Army in that most essential branch of soldiering in some cases led the Regular Army. Sir John Macdonald, from the very beginning of his career, was a rebel against old cut-and-dried stiff drill. Without any doubt he has influenced as much as most of our Army generals the rescue of our soldiers from a multitude of useless movements. To the old-fashioned soldier of the 'sixties and 'seventies he was a detested Radical. The Royal Duke who was so many years Commander-in-Chief, seeing a movement performed on a parade which he had forgotten that he had sanctioned, was heard to mutter: "That will be that — Scotch lawyer again." But by all the most progressive soldiers, such as Lord Wolseley, Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Henry Brackenbury (who were his contemporaries), his common-sense ideas were very welcome and very generously acknowledged.

But the book is too long. Manœuvres are recorded with detail worthy of a campaign. The incidents of a field day are lent the importance of those of a battle. We do not venture to dispute the importance of most of the points in Infantry training for which Sir John Macdonald struggled—and successfully struggled—but he repeats his arguments in favour of them too often. First he begins with a full brief against the extreme of step drill under which he became a soldier, and he is an able counsel for the prosecution. But as in his long career drill book after drill book appeared without the progress that he hoped for, after each new Book (the "Book" he always calls each of them) he argues out his case afresh with voluminous quotations. The arguments are nearly always sound, the quotations from great captains are quite unimpeachable; but when we hear it all over afresh about four times (more than once the same quotation being repeated) it becomes rather wearisome. In 1886 the author wrote a pamphlet, "Common-sense on Parade, or Drill without Stays." In the book of Infantry training published in 1902 he claims that 146 out of 178 points of reform urged in that pamphlet had been included, and he shows much due pride and gratitude. Rifle training had his keen support from the time that he got his commission in the Queen's Brigade (The Blacks, from the colour of his uniform). He became a member of the Council of the National Rifle Association while he was a Captain and was the origin of the organisation which trained the Scottish Volunteer team to such a very successful career in international rifle shooting. A lighter side of Wimbledon is recorded on page 295, when Sir John Macdonald earned his last fee as a pleader. A young officer was tried for stealing a halfpenny from a young lady. The Lord Advocate was counsel for the prosecution, and the poor subaltern was convicted. The next morning her host reminded the fair litigant that she had not paid her counsel his fee—and so we read: "She did, putting her lips to my cheek, simply and prettily." Happy Lord Advocate!

The last stage of this career was a very gratifying one. Three companies of the Queen's Brigade went to the war in South Africa and acquitted themselves well. And Sir John Macdonald commanded 4,000 Volunteers in a special training camp for a month. His Brigade orders at the beginning of the training obtained a warm eulogy from Lord Wolseley, and he had every right to the pride which he owns he felt when he received his first pay as a soldier, as part of a force which made the despatch to South Africa

possible of an army larger than has ever moved 7,000 miles over sea. For the first five days of this camp the Brigadier attended morning parades, then went to Edinburgh and sat on the Bench all day, returning by train at night! Well may Sir John Macdonald claim that "this was, perhaps, an unprecedented combination of duties in the world's history, and scarcely possible in any other country but our own." Scarcely, indeed! But, thank Heaven! it is possible in our country. What would have become of us if we had not always had men imbued with some of Sir John Macdonald's spirit and patriotism? Long may he sit on the Bench. Long may he live to give his skilled services to the country as Chairman of a Territorial Association; and let us join him in his "expression of an earnest prayer that the nation may be roused to a sense of its duty to provide an efficient system of defence against invasion, and not be content till it is no longer a sham that can deceive nobody except those who, from motives of selfish ease or false economy, practise an unpatriotic self-deception."

SHORTER REVIEWS

Samson Unshorn. By REGINALD TURNER. (Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 6s.)

It is a rare thing to find in a book which confessedly is devoted to the study of one person's individuality such a consistency of keen character-drawing as the author has given us in his account of the career of this modern Samson. James Maxwell, the hero, too careless of other people's opinions to be welcomed universally, yet too full of animal spirits and a certain warped friendliness to be actively disliked, is introduced to the reader at a critical point in his boyhood: the headmaster of his school has delicately suggested to the home authorities that James should be "removed" at the end of the term to save the disgrace of a definite expulsion. This decides the amiable couple whom the lad has hitherto regarded as his father and mother to tell him that he is really only their adopted son; with this admission, his character receives the impulse which sets it going defiantly to the end. Realising his indebtedness, he determines never to give his foster-parents cause for sorrow, and succeeds in completing his education at school and college.

Then come days of hesitation. His acute mind observes that people buy what they want in the way of literature, not what is good for them, and after going through a short training in the editorial office of an evening paper he begins his brilliant though not very creditable career as purveyor of snippets to the public. With a sublime indifference to literary aims he starts a journal on borrowed capital:

How It's Done was the title of the modest weekly, and a fortnight after publication it adopted the popular abbreviation and called itself *H.I.D.* It was the first result of Maxwell's observation and study. It professed to tell, in snappy paragraphs, all the secrets of the civilised world. "How It's Done" in the kitchen, the library, the boudoir, the Army and Navy and Civil Service, the pulpit, the prisons, the laboratory, in the provinces, the Colonies, on the Continent, and in Utopia, were only some of its divisions. The paper had special articles on "How Fortunes are Made" (read eagerly by people who would never make them); "How Businesses are built up"; "How Courage is developed," and so on. Experts wrote on "How It's Done" on the Railway, in the Factory, in the Air.

Fireside Fancies, Happy Sundays, The Half Holiday, followed in quick succession, leading to the crowning achievement of *Daily Opinion*, a half-penny addition to London's great news-sheets. The parallel to the actual state of affairs in London at the present moment

is obvious, and the whole of this portion of the story is excellently written, bearing traces of inside knowledge and acute deductions. Maxwell's creed is summed up in this statement to a friend who endeavoured to argue with him:

A journalist is not a voice, the voice of a prophet, but an echo in which people hear themselves speaking. A newspaper—as my newspaper—is a record of what the world is saying, not an example of what it ought to say, or a forecast of what it will say. Only—and this is important—it must give the impression of speaking for itself; its only claim must be that sensible people will agree with it. It need never state that it is merely agreeing with sensible people.

We need not follow in detail the plot. When love comes to this Samson, and he finds that he has encountered a woman with a will as domineering as his own—a lady of title—the wooing is troubled, and in quite a masterly way the author has painted the courtship of these two. Things go all awry; Lady Gertrude marries another suitor, and Maxwell rather soberly weds a girl from his office, a winsome, affectionate little creature whose motherhood opens out new vistas of thought for the self-centred hero. In the end she dies, leaving him with a son, and the restraint of these latter scenes with his wife come near to being the best part of the book. The story is told simply and straightforwardly, in some places almost pugnaciously, and attempts no elevated or embellished style; this is quite consonant with the modern business setting of the chief events. The first two chapters hardly indicate the quality of the matter which is to follow, but after this introductory period the author seems to get into the swing of his task, and the reader is in the grip of strong interests and a vigorous set of men. The theme is fresh, capably dealt with, and a standpoint of impartiality is assumed that makes for unity and convinces at every turn of the narrative.

The Perjurer. By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. NORRIS is an adept at the craft of novel-writing, and never fails to reward the attentive reader. If we had to define his most prominent characteristic we should be inclined to say it was the knack—almost the art—of omitting all those superfluous sentences, all that padding in conversations, scenery and comment, which tempt the immature writer to eke out his tale to the regulation number of words. This latest story from his careful pen is no exception to the rule; it moves well from start to finish, and keeps to what we might term the "Norris level"—which is a very creditable level, if not an exceedingly high one. The perjury which gives the book its theme does not occur until over two hundred pages have been passed, but events lead up to it cleverly. Colonel Julyan, at the inquest on young Lord Lavernock, swears that he, and not another man, sat up playing cards with the dead man one night; by doing so he shields the lover of Helen Monk, the heroine, for Lord Lavernock, after losing heavily, had committed suicide in his bedroom, and a certain moral guilt rested upon whoever induced him to play for high stakes. This is, of course, a bare statement of the central incident of the book, and it is not to be imagined that the general tone of the story is gruesome; on the contrary, there are some very pleasant passages of humour. The introduction of a frivolous actress, secretly married to the good-for-nothing Lavernock, occasions a neat paragraph:

In this frankly idiotic piece she had two rather catching songs and a dance. The rest of her part was insignificant, or, to speak more accurately, she had none. What happened was, that from time to time somebody tickled her or gave her a sly dig in the ribs. She then doubled up and became convulsed with laughter, which communicated itself to her fellow-performers, spread in ripples across the footlights, gained

stalls, boxes, pit and gallery, and culminated in a universal roar of hilarity. Apparently this was one of those subtle strokes of humour so dear to the British heart. Age cannot stale nor custom wither their exquisite monotony.

The love affairs of Susan Bligh, spinster, and Surgeon-Major Spurling, confirmed bachelor, are delightful. Mr. Norris adds to his list a worthy successor in this book.

Where Every Prospect Pleases. By EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR. (Blackwood, 6s.)

THIS extraordinary book is quite apart from anything which hitherto has come under our notice. It rambles on in a disconnected, happy-go-lucky fashion, with neither plot nor interest of any appreciable value, dealing with absurd people who never do anything in the least degree probable or say anything in the least degree witty. The scene changes from England to Ceylon, and the tag of the title sufficiently indicates to a discerning reader the sort of fare he may expect, for the phrasing is stereotyped, and the consistent attempts to be funny are simply exasperating. Eighty pages are devoted to describing the proceedings of the saloon passengers *en voyage* to Colombo; not one of these people but would be a fit subject for a strait jacket. A sailor is dragged into the scene and given the name "Litelfare" merely for the sake of an obvious and silly pun. The chief character is by way of being a ventriloquist, and acts the clown in that and other ways on every possible and impossible occasion. He shows some members of a dinner party the steps of a dance, and this is the sort of thing that happens:

Next instant the extraordinary spectacle presented itself of three elderly gentlemen, without the accompaniment of music, solemnly jigging round the drawing-room. Mr. Tanqueray, the mentor, showing the way with all the lissom grace of a springbok, while the General and Archdeacon, their eyes glued to the ground, conscientiously and with the respective ease and agility of an elephant and a dancing bear, proceeded to follow suit.

The author is under a great misapprehension if he thinks that this style of writing and this sort of concoction is either amusing or instructive, and we are sorry to see him descending to the elaboration of such a hapless, witless, weariful tale.

THE NINTH SYMPHONY

Wenn sich meine Musik verständlich macht, der ist über allen Jammer der Welt erhaben.—BEETHOVEN.

(FIRST MOVEMENT.)

WOULDEST hear the very voice of mystery,
Inviolate silence speak?
It calls to thee,
It falls to thee;
Drops, drops on thy heart like coming rain upon the face,
As the sparse shower against the cheek.
Listen! thou art as a familiar where no foot hath been;
Thou lookest in where not an eye hath seen;
Thou art a guest in the forbidden place.
Wailing in the pained stillness breeds.
The night-wind never breathed it on the pine,
Never mixed of it the plaint of faded weeds;
Kindred has it none where pale grass waves,
And no stars shine,
And wet autumn drenches unremembered graves:
*To-morrow and to-morrow
The darkness and the sorrow;
The wail along the bitter way
Of the children of a day!*

(SECOND MOVEMENT.)

As the mists of morning go,
Fled all that woe;
Summer morn sends here
Her players, happiest of the year,
Skilled in lilting measures, fit to run
With nimble dancers i' the sun,
Such as once did of the dew-ball sup,
And house them in the acorn-cup,
Anon to foot the moon-washed knoll behind
The while Titania gave her ringlets to the wind.
Not for long the airy round
Followed of fairy sound;
In giant and in god grows jealousy,
So exquisite the elfin jollity.
Back into the day
The tricky dancers fade away
Before hoarse revel blasted forth
As from the throat of Thor and all his North,
Or from Thessalian skies the hour such mirth
Shook heaven, men heard it on the earth.

(THIRD MOVEMENT.)

Hark! a low voice sings
Of humble human things
The heart unto itself doth say,
And some other hearkens vainly, far away,
Bolder, now, it grows a shepherd's tune,
Who must for love forget his sheep;
Piping with the bird of June,
Waking and in sleep.
That summer stress
Of loitering loveliness,
Iterative bliss!
June's own minstrelsy it is:
Leafy, ineffable melodies
Persuade the silences.

Lead us, pastoral passion, lead
Down courses of the phantom seed
Wandering the autumn wind to lay
Its little life away;
Convene the tones, half odour and half sound,
Commended of the comfortable ground.
As when the winds in evening leaves begin,
Draw the deft caressing bow
Along the velvet, vespers violin;
Put the smooth flute to the mouth,
And the woolly horn; blow as the warm winds blow.
Breathe as the soft wind steals
Upon the wild-flower when it feels,
At eventide, first kisses of the South.

(FOURTH MOVEMENT.)

Star-shed melody
As of glimmers of the sea!
Master, out of mortal reach
That utter voice, that mother speech;
Nor thine these strains it went before,
Spreading, dawn-like, to more and more.
Too vast, sublime,
For place and time.
Nature, her generant self, hath so imbued
With speech the locked and stolid wood;
Quickened the vulgar string
To what the thrushes sing;
Made the dumb brass brave
With splendour of the stellar stave;
Ay, Nature stoops to ravish once again
Unused ears of men
With snatches from the everlasting strain
That did the wandering worlds into their circuit draw:—
Life's hymn, her rhythmic order, voiceful law.

Earth from the murk of night
 Once more leaps into light!
 All things, from sky to clod,
 Rejoice again, they sing:
Be still and know that He is God!
 Earth, brightened by this riper day,
 Proudlie runs her mounting way;
 Voices on all the air
 Wake gladness there:
Have thou the quiet that is sight.
What He builds up shall none destroy;
Go thou the path, and eat thy bread with joy!

Cherubim
 And seraphim,
 On sheer, unwearied wing,
 Take up the song
 High as the heavens, strong as the heavens are strong:
The enduring soul shall unto gladness grow;
Faith shall no question make;
Desire her thirst shall slake;
Love shall have and know!

J. V. C.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE PUBLISHERS

(BY A MINOR NOVELIST)

I AM not going to write any more novels. Before the London publishers as a body commit suicide, or file their own petitions in bankruptcy, I will explain the reason prompting me to take this serious step. In five words it is as follows:—

Novel-writing does not pay.

This is my fixed and unalterable belief. I would like to lose it, but as one who has ten novels to his credit (or discredit, as uncharitably inclined readers may assert) I cannot do so and at the same time retain a reputation for truthfulness.

Let me go into details. They may not make things very clear, but they ought to go some way towards showing why it is that publishers as a class wear fur coats and own motor-cars, while the majority of novelists live in garrets.

It seems a long time since I wrote my first book; yet it was only nine years ago. The volume ran to nearly 100,000 words, and represented the labour of many months. When this work, which I fondly regarded as a masterpiece, was finished, I sent it off to a literary agent, with instructions to sell it for a large sum, and then with the airy confidence of the beginner sat down to indulge in happy speculations as to the result. This, when it came, was not quite what I had anticipated, since it took the form of a demand for a fee of five guineas. However, having at this date more guineas and less knowledge than are now my lot, and thinking that literary agents probably followed the same business methods as money-lenders, I forwarded a cheque. At the end of eight months the agent returned the manuscript, accompanied by a letter stating that he could not "place" it. He did not, however, experience a similar difficulty where my five guineas were concerned. At any rate, he contrived to "place" them beyond recall. Still, and to do him justice, I am prepared to grant that he did take a certain amount of trouble to effect a sale, for he furnished me with the names of eleven firms to whose "readers" the book had been submitted. Judging from the condition of the opening chapter when it came into my hands again, I fancy that some of these experts must have thought they had been asked to pass a critical opinion upon the book's merits as a doormat, instead of as a literary production.

After this somewhat unsatisfactory experience I

resolved to act as my own agent and save preliminary fees. Accordingly, as soon as the soiled pages were neatly re-typed I sent the volume off on its travels anew. The first four houses declined it, as did also the fifth. This one, however (that of Messrs. Macmillan, by the way), appeared to have given it more attention than the others, for the MS. came back with this helpful observation in blue pencil on the margin of one of the pages: "There is no such word as 'certainly' in the English language." Having erased this thoughtful criticism, I despatched the book to Messrs. —. Here, to my surprise, it met, after two months' suspense, with acceptance.

By this time my dreams of amassing a large fortune from Literature had long since disappeared. Hence, when I received an offer of £40 down for the entire copyright, I accepted it gladly. It was not much, perhaps—especially when it is remembered that I had paid one five guineas for typing and another five guineas for the abortive efforts of an agent to dispose of it; still, the book was a first book, and nobody else seemed inclined to offer me fourpence for it. All the same, I do not think Messrs. — made a bad business deal, or lost money by their enterprise. At any rate, the book went out of print almost immediately, and two impressions were sold in America. It also received over a hundred laudatory reviews (the *Spectator* giving it a column and a half), and three bad ones. Accordingly, I cannot consider that it was really so ill-written or uninteresting as to justify its refusal at the hands of the first sixteen firms to whom it had been submitted.

Although I only obtained £40 for this book, its publication certainly did me good, as I promptly obtained £60 worth of commissions from enterprising editors to write articles on the same subject matter. It also induced another firm to commission me to write a small volume in similar style, but of about half the length. The price offered me for this second book was £50 down on account of a 15 per cent. royalty. I received the money, but as no further payments were ever made I presume that the sales did not reach a satisfactory figure. Yet, once more the reviews were certainly all that could be desired.

My third effort, written in the following year, was an ordinary "society" novel. Presumably, it was very ordinary indeed, as seventeen publishers in succession declined it. Only one of this number, Messrs. Arrowsmith, had anything to say about it, and this was that their reader had been "amused." As this achievement seemed scarcely worth striving for, I burned the manuscript, and enjoyed a brief rest from my literary labours. A few months later, at the beginning of 1903, I felt sufficiently refreshed to complete another novel. Although the scheme was somewhat ambitious, its merits evidently failed to impress the publishing world, since fifteen firms refused it. Nothing daunted, I then re-wrote the book and sent it to a second literary agent, who, according to his advertisement, devoted "special attention to the work of new authors." Possibly I was too "new." At any rate, after paying Mr. Agent a guinea for his good offices and waiting in hopeful anticipation for several months the typescript came back to me like a boomerang. Thereupon, I revised it again, and submitted it to four other publishers, on my own account. From Messrs. Constable alone among these I had a word of encouragement, but nothing more. However, there was still one publisher left in London. This was the firm of Messrs. —, to whom the volume was duly submitted. As I heard nothing about it for more than twelve months I then concluded that I was never likely to do so, and accordingly applied myself to the writing of a fifth novel.

This time I thought I would give the Army a turn, and accordingly produced a story of a military nature,

with a gallant young hero performing desperate deeds on every page, and sentiment oozing from each paragraph. It seemed, however, that my military novels were not going to prove more successful than my society ones. At any rate, ten firms declined the opportunity of bringing it out. Alas, however, the eleventh firm to which it was submitted, the luck changed, as this one accepted it on a 15 per cent. royalty. Unfortunately, however, for my high hopes of deriving a large profit from the book, the firm happened to be insolvent at the time the agreement was made. At any rate, when I applied for payment I was blandly referred to the liquidator. After considerable difficulty and a long delay I eventually extracted about £16 from this source. The story, however, had been so well reviewed that the *Sheffield Weekly Telegraph* gave me ten guineas for the remaining rights, and brought out a cheap paper-covered edition. Of the original six shillings edition no copies are now left, as the "Times Book Club" recently bought up the entire unsold stock as a "remainder." This important work is now, accordingly, out of print. Consequently, readers who want a literary feast will have to go to the British Museum.

At the commencement of 1905 I had completed my sixth novel. It ran to over 100,000 words, and struck me as being rather brilliant. The publishing world, however, evidently thought otherwise, as thirteen firms declined the chance of bringing it out. Thereupon I began (despite an encouraging criticism from Messrs. Hutchinson) to lose faith in its brilliancy myself. However, I sent it off to Messrs. —. Here it met with prompt acceptance, the terms offered being a payment of £20 on publication, and a further £10 on a sale of 750 copies. Without undue boasting I think I may fairly say that the book "caught on," for it was out of print in three months, and a sixpenny edition issued a few months later also achieved a similar result. The reviews, too, were so laudatory that, as in the case of my first book, several magazine editors promptly commissioned me to write articles and stories for them. Altogether, I netted over £70 from this source.

Having made something of a success with a theatrical novel, I wrote a second one. The agent to whom it was confided sold it to Messrs. —, charging me 10 per cent. for doing what I could very well have done without his assistance. However, I wanted to be saved the trouble of hawking the MS. round London. The terms arranged were £30 for all rights. Apparently, this book, like its predecessor, also did well, for it went out of print in a little over three months.

The Stage as a source of inspiration being temporarily exhausted, I now returned to an earlier love and wrote another military novel. When five publishers refused it, I began to take a dislike to the MS., and accordingly placed it in the hands of an agent. This expert submitted it to seven more firms without success, and then received an offer from Messrs. —. I accepted it, if only for the reason that when I myself had sent the book to that house a few months earlier it had been declined. The terms arranged were a payment of £25, on account of a 10 per cent. royalty. So far, the said royalties have proved an illusion, as at present—just a year after publication—they have not materialised. It would appear, therefore, that if I have not made a fortune out of Messrs. —, they have certainly not made one out of me.

With eight books to my name I now began to think that it was high time I made a little money out of my literary output. Accordingly, when at the beginning of 1907 my ninth work was ready for an expectant world I cast about for a firm with more liberal

views on the subject of payment to authors. I did not, however, meet with much success, as seven publishers were so blind to their own interests as to refuse the novel on any terms at all. Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., however, wrote me a most encouraging letter explaining why this particular work (a society novel) did not suit them, and asking to see a second effort. The eighth firm, Messrs. —, however, proved less exigent, as they brought out the book on a 17½ per cent. royalty, and paid me £40 down. Shortly afterwards I received about £8 extra, derived for the most part from the sale of 500 copies to a Colonial publisher anxious to acquire superior fiction at a cheap rate.

My tenth effort was commissioned by a newly started publishing house, the terms being precisely the same as those just mentioned. I did not, however, do so well out of it, as, after a preliminary payment of £40, nothing more ever came to me. According to the statement of account delivered six months after publication, the total sales were about 1,200 copies. A Colonial edition, however, is in preparation, and time may yet show that there is a huge public awaiting me across the seas.

Still, in my despondent moments, I rather doubt it.

Just after this last work burst upon a comparatively unresponsive world I received a letter from Messrs. —, accepting a novel which I had submitted them more than a year earlier, and had long since forgotten. The terms were £30 on publication, to cover a sale of 800 copies, with additional payments of £10 on the sale of each subsequent 300 copies. As this particular book had been not only once declined by Messrs. — altogether, but also by twenty-four other firms, as well as being returned by an agent with the remark that it was quite "unsaleable," I naturally accepted the offer. Up to date the number of copies sold has been somewhere about 900.

My next novel, the tenth I had written, was also commissioned, and therefore did not entail the trouble of finding a home. The firm with which I now dealt was that of Messrs. —. Presumably, they had a certain amount of faith in me, for they invited me to write them a novel of not less than 60,000 words, undertaking to pay £50 on delivery of the manuscript, as well as the usual royalty. Inspired by this offer, I set to work briskly and in due time produced a book. As I wished to give plenty of value I made it 90,000 words in length. Before despatching it, however, I thought I would try to dispose of the serial rights. Accordingly, and without any hope of success, I sent the manuscript off to *The Sheffield Weekly Telegraph*. Within a week I received and accepted an offer of £100 from this source.

It used to be a theory of mine that, after one had published, say, half a dozen books, there would be no difficulty in getting all one's future work not only taken up without hesitation, but also handsomely paid for. Experience, however, has not borne out this comforting theory. At any rate, although my name appears on the cover of ten volumes, I still have one book on my hands which I wrote last year and for which I can get no offer of any shape, sort, size, or description whatever from any publisher in London. Indeed, only a single firm appears even to have nibbled at it. Their comment was as follows: "Very well written, and quite worth publishing. Unfortunately, we fear it would give pain to the theatrical profession." This does not strike me as an entirely sufficient reason for declining a book that is thus certified to be "very well written, and quite worth publishing." However, there it is, and the masterpiece accordingly remains on my hands. If anybody still wants it I am prepared to let it go for a £5 note.

In the course of my adventures among the publishers I have had some rather curious experiences;

and the more I have seen of their methods the more I have felt inclined to marvel at them. On one occasion, for example, I received a letter from the head of a certain firm, saying that he was "interested" in a new book of mine, and asking me to write him one in the same style. I replied that it would have been more to the point if he had shown the "interest" he now professed by accepting the book when I sent it to him six months earlier. This view of the case, however, elicited no response. When the same thing happened a second time, about a year later, a suspicion began to force itself upon me that the manuscripts submitted to this particular house did not meet with quite the consideration to which they were entitled.

On another occasion a publisher who had brought out a novel of mine asked me to call and see him with a view to discussing terms for a second. After some little preliminary talk on the subject, he heaved a plaintive sigh and then remarked, "You will be sorry to hear that I did not make much more money than you out of your last novel." When I had recovered somewhat from the first shock of this announcement, I inquired why, considering he had not written it, he should imagine he was entitled to make even as much. Thereupon he cast a pitying glance at me and observed in withering accents, "My dear sir, you are talking like a novice."

Of course, this may have been the case. Still, I fail to see it.

The average publisher dearly loves to pose as a patron of letters. Yet, despite all their fine talk about encouraging beginners, I firmly believe that it is almost easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a young author to get a first book taken up solely on its merits, and to make money out of it. He will receive plenty of offers to print it at his own expense—even the leading houses dabble in this sort of business—but he will be particularly lucky to find a firm who will take the risk and pay him enough to meet the cost of his typewriting bill. Indeed, the senior partner of one big firm was, the other day, quite candid to me on this point. "Unless a man is well known and has made his name as a novelist, it is no good," he said, "for him to bring us a book. We don't want it. When he has made a reputation, let him come to us." This is all very well. Yet the policy seems a short-sighted one, for, if authors are to wait until they have first made a reputation they will never get their books published at all. When, however, I expressed this view, my informant merely shrugged his shoulders and murmured something about the impossibility of arguing with people who did not understand "business."

Such, then, is the tale of my achievement in the direction of book-writing as a means of a livelihood. And what does it all amount to? Nothing very encouraging, I am afraid. In ten years' time I have had ten books published. While no single one of them can be accounted a failure, and several have enjoyed quite respectable sales, yet the financial profit to myself has been less than £500. Surely, this is a poor result. The same amount of industry and brain expenditure applied to almost any form of commercial pursuit would probably have brought me twenty times as much money. In moments of expansiveness my publishers attempt to console me with the assurance that I have also acquired Fame.

Well, I could do without it.

This, then, is why, after due reflection, I have decided to give up novel writing and to devote the remainder of my life to keeping ducks in the country.

DODGE

IN THE ACADEMY (May 15th) I suggested that E. *dodge* represented a F. *douger*, "to stumble slightly" (of a horse), recorded by Palsgrave and Cotgrave.

Mr. Mayhew (ACADEMY, May 22nd) rejects this etymology on the grounds that a Northern dialect variant of *dodge* is *dadge*, and that F. *douger* would give *dudge*. He does not attack the semantic arguments I put forward, so I will confine myself to the phonetic objections. If *dadge* is the original form and *dodge* a dialect variant (cf. dialect *catch* for *catch*), my conjecture is obviously all wrong. But, as *dodge* is the only literary form, it is much more likely that *dadge* is the variant. Also, from the examples in the E.D.D., it is by no means clear that the dialect *dodge* (*dadge*), apparently "to saunter aimlessly," has anything to do with *dodge*, "to waver," and, later, "to evade." It is quite true that Mod. F. *ou* corresponds regularly to E. *u*; but the examples quoted by Mr. Mayhew are, I think, all words which occur early in the language, and show the regular Norman *u* for O.F. *o*, later *ou*. A less normal development might occur in the case of a word which is only recorded late in the sixteenth century. I do not, however, think that Palsgrave's *douger* is a correct form, and I quite agree with Mr. Mayhew that it can hardly be connected with O.F. *dougié*, delicate. Palsgrave's spelling is notoriously eccentric, but I do not think that he invents words. His *douger* is probably his own, or his printer's, mistake for some O.F. word recorded, if at all, in another form. Godefroy has a verb *doquier*, *dokier*, "se dresser, en parlant d'un cheval" (?), in a passage which I do not quite understand:

Puis r'a une lanche empoignie,
Mais chilz a cui il doit jouter
Si consillier li vont loer
Qu'il voit *doquier* au chevalier
Bien puet parmi lui tresbuchier,
Ensi a chelui cangeroit,
Millour cheval u mont n'avait;
Et chilz dist que bien le fera.
Atant cascuns lance empuingna,
Et lor viennent tout abrievé;
Chilz a son cheval surmené
Qu'il le cuida faire *dokier*.
Onques ne li puet adrechier,
Li chevalz au traviens aloit.

(Sones de Nansay, M.S. Turin).

I think these lines are corrupt, but it is clear that *doquier* refers to some swerving or dodging manœuvre of a very artful kind. The text is obviously from a Picard or Walloon original, and the F. form of *doquier* would be **dochier*. We have E. *grudge* for older *grutch* (O.F. *grouchier*), and I think it possible that *dodge* may represent an older **dotch* and Palsgrave's *douger* be a misty recollection of **docher*. This is, I admit, very conjectural. As to this O.F. *doquier* I suggest that it represents O.Du. *docken*, given by Kilian as a variant of *duycken*, "to duck," Cf. G. *ducken*, and *Duckmäuser*, an artful dodger, spelt *Dockmäuser* by Hans Sachs (Kluge). In Binnart's Biglotton (1676) *duycken* is glossed "latebre, delitescere, abdere se, latebras quærere, diverticula quærere," the last of which might very well be rendered *dodge*.

E. W.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the rooms of the Sociological Society, 24 Buckingham Street, W.C., on May 24th, Mr. R. H. Tawney, of Balliol College, Oxford, read a paper on the Theory of Pauperism, Dr. C. S. Loch presiding. The lecturer analysed the doctrines laid down in the Report of the 1834 Poor Law Commission, pointing out the significance of the Commissioners' assumption that distress was not due to industrial causes, but to defects of individual character worked upon by a bad system of relief administration. He contrasted this with the admissions of the majority of the recent Poor Law Commission, noting that out of the 670 pages of the

Report no fewer than 136 were given up to an analysis of the industrial causes of distress: an analysis such as we looked for in vain in the Report of 1834. To the earlier Commissioners, poor law relief was merely an administrative problem. They aimed at making relief unattractive and ineligible, and in so far as the existing poor law system had any philosophical basis at all, that basis was the leading doctrine of the 1834 Report; yet the proposition that distress was due to personal causes was almost as untrue in 1834 as we know it to be to-day. The lecturer characterised the conception underlying the Report of 1834 and the present system as a gigantic historical blunder. Proceeding to examine the main conclusions of the Majority and Minority on the last Commission, the lecturer stated that he had been led to prefer the findings and recommendations of the Minority.

CORRESPONDENCE

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Recent texts of the plays lend the weight of their authority to perpetuate what I believe to be erroneous decisions of former editors, this in cases where the correct reading or meaning is reasonably obvious. The following summaries of textual criticism are respectfully submitted for whatever value they may have by way of illustration:

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 88-9.

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stained steel.

May not "of" be understood to signify in consequence of, though, as in "What shall become of this?" (*Much Ado*, IV. i. 211)?

Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 234-5.

'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

I believe we have here a characteristic Shakespearean play upon words. "Question," from *quaerere*, to seek; "exquisite," from "ex" (out) and *quaerere*. Thus we have "exquisite" contrasted with "in question."

Romeo and Juliet, I. ii. 101-2.

But in that chrystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid.

I do not think this means, as Clarke suggests: "Let there be weighed the little love your lady bears you against the charms of some other maid." We are not told that she bears him any love at all. But, considering her love as a thing in supposition, and estimating the desirableness of it, could it be won, we may understand "Let there be weighed the value of your lady's love against the value of the love of some other maid."

Romeo and Juliet, III. iii. 26.

hath rusht aside the Law.
(Folio.)

Instead of "rusht," I believe we should read *thrust*, the error, for the most part, being explained by the theory of absorption. The *th* of *thrust* was absorbed in the preceding "hath," the mis-hearing of the compositor who set up from dictation further changing *hath thrust* into "hath rusht."

Romeo and Juliet, IV. iii. 28-29.

It occurs to Juliet that the sleeping potion may in reality be poison, administered by the friar to put her out of the way, but she repels the thought by reasoning—

and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
(Second Quarto Folios.)

In the First Quarto we find Juliet moralising as follows:

Ah, I wrong him much,
He is a holy and religious man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

Steevens, followed by many editors, constructed a text by adding to the revised version of the Second Quarto and Folios the last line of the First Quarto, reading:

and yet, methinks, it should not,
for he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

In the First Quarto the consideration leading to the rejection of the thought of poison is one of morality—it is wrong to suspect the friar; in the subsequent Quarto and Folios, however, the consideration is one of pure reason—the suspicion is rejected because it is not consistent with the proven character of the friar. In the text composed of the reasoning later version and the closing line of the moralising First Quarto version we have a confusion of thought which must be apparent at a glance. Juliet's mind is keyed up to such a pitch of desperation that the ethical point of view—the sentiment of right and wrong—is entirely out of place, and the instinct of self-preservation is in full control. The evidences of careful revision in this instance are so unmistakable that there would appear to be no justification for making up a text.

Romeo and Juliet, V. iii. 170.

This is thy sheath [stabs herself]; there rust, and let me die.
(Globe.)

The First Quarto reading is—

Rest in my bosom, thus I come to thee.
[She stabs herself and falls.]

The other Quartos and the Folios read "rust" (practically as in Globe).

Even without the strong support which "rest" of the First Quarto lends to the conjecture that "rust" is a misprint, I think there is good cause for so regarding it. Dyce properly says, ". . . at such a moment the thoughts of Juliet were not likely to wander away to the future rusting of the dagger. . . ."

For the fleeting moment that Juliet has at her command she will keep in her heart the means of death furnished by her dead lover. She knew that discovery was near at hand, and feared that delay would frustrate her purpose—"yea, noise, then I'll be brief." (L. 169.) It would be impossible that she should think the dagger would be permitted to rust in her bosom, however truly she might say "Here rest," as indicating that she did not care to withdraw it after the thrust. For the dagger to rust would require some time, but "rest" could be true of even a moment, that moment being subject to her control.

Julius Caesar, I. ii. 154-5.

When could they say (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompart but one man?

Rowe changed "walks" of the Folio to *walls*. Discussion has dealt only with the literal meaning of "walks," but it seems to me that "wide walks" has a larger significance, and that we should understand that the poet refers to spheres of action. Neither "walks" nor "walls," in the usual sense, could fairly be said to encompass Rome's greatest man. Much of Caesar's life was spent abroad in conducting the enterprises in which the Roman power was engaged, and therefore outside the walls of Rome.

And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

(I. iii.)

"Wide walks" gives this idea of far-reaching spheres of activity, encompassing the military and administrative genius of the Romans.

Julius Caesar, I. iii. 126-130.

for now this fearefull Night,
There is no stirre, or walking in the streetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Favours, like the Worke we haue in hand,
Most bloodie, fierie, and most terrible.

(Folio.)

Omitting "like the work we have in hand," which is virtually parenthetical, we have the clear statement—

And the complexion of the element (sky)
Is favours (appearances) . . .
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

the last line modifying "favours," the predicate. No emendation for "Is favours" is necessary.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 219.

Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Viola has met with opposition from Olivia's attendants, and with seeming reluctance on the part of the lady herself to grant an interview. As Viola has a message to deliver she now

says, in effect, "Tell me your mind as to your willingness or unwillingness to hear the message that I bring." As the message has not been delivered, the request cannot be for an expression of Olivia's opinion of the message. Olivia's reply is proof, if any be needed, that this is the right explanation:

"Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office."

Olivia tells her mind, that is, expresses her willingness to hear what Viola has to say.

Twelfth Night, I. v. 251-3.
but we will draw the curtain and show
you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was
this present: is't not well done? [Unveiling.]

Rightly to understand the words "such a one I was this present," I think we have only to construe them as the usual formula for exhibiting one's own portrait. If in later years Olivia were to draw the curtain and show her portrait when a young woman, we should expect her to say, "Such a one I was in my youth." Now, playfully using this form of expression, she says, "Such a one I was this present."

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 74-5.
The imposition clear'd

Hereditary ours.

Warburton explains: "That is, setting aside *original sin*; bating the imposition from our first parents, we might have boldly protested our innocence to Heaven."

But it was not original sin that Polixenes was disclaiming for himself and Leontes. He makes the plain distinction between hereditary (original) sin and that which might have been of their own commission. Warburton confuses the thought in stating "imposition from the offence of our first parents." It is not original sin that constitutes the imposition, but the sins, if any, committed by Polixenes and Leontes, these sins being imposed upon original sin. I should read—

"The imposition cleared (the adding to, imposing of anything upon, original sin having been cleared by our boldly answering 'Not guilty') hereditary ours (only the sin which was hereditary could be imputed to us)."

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 146-50.

POL. What means Sicilia?
HER. He something seems unsettled.
POL. How, my Lord?
LEO. What cheer? how is't with you, best Brother?
HER. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction.
Are you mov'd (my Lord?)

(Folio.)

The Folio reading is manifestly wrong, and Hamner's suggestion that the line, "What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?" belongs to Polixenes, instead of to Leontes, has been followed by nearly all the modern editors. It seems, however, to have been overlooked that there is a further confusion in the distribution of the speeches quoted above, and that a portion of this line ("What cheer?") and the preceding words, "How, my lord!" should be given to Hermione, as a continuation of her speech, when she turns from Polixenes to express wifely solicitude for Leontes. "My lord" is her habitual expression in speaking of, or addressing, her husband (see lines 40, 61, 65, 87, and 150 in this scene and elsewhere in the play). The form of mutual address used by the two kings is "brother." Since the Folio distribution of the speeches in question is admittedly wrong, we should be guided in their rearrangement by the characteristic utterances of the speakers. It will be noticed that

How, my lord!

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

as usually assigned to Polixenes, contains two distinct addresses and inquiries—"How, my lord! (first address); What cheer? (first inquiry); How is't with you (second inquiry), best brother?" (second address)—in view of which fact and the characteristic utterances of the speakers, I should distribute the speeches as follows:

POL. What means Sicilia?
HER. He something seems unsettled.—How, my lord!
What cheer?
POL. How is't with you, best brother?
HER. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

While recognising the propriety of restoring "How is't with you, best brother?" to Polixenes, there seems something

incongruous in the two expressions "my lord" and "best brother," coming from one speaker, as in the arrangement suggested by Hamner, implying, as they do, different relations or character of intimacy, besides the fact that one of them is redundant.

Winter's Tale, I. ii. 157-8.

and so prove,

As ornaments oft do's, too dangerous.

May we understand "do's" as being a contraction of *do us*—"and so prove, as ornaments oft do (prove to) us, too dangerous"? The "us" includes the king among those to whom "ornaments" (an allusion to the queen) oft prove too dangerous.

Winter's Tale, V. i. 12.

LEON. Bred his hopes out of, true.

PAUL. Too true (my Lord).

Theobald gave the closing word of the king's speech, "true," to Paulina, in which he is followed by nearly all the modern editors. I think the change is uncalled for. The old dictatorial spirit of Leontes is gone, the Folio reading of this line giving us an insight into his changed character. Cleomenes, whose speech opens the scene, makes an assertion, beginning with—

Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A Saint-like sorrow:

which Leontes does not feel to be merited. In contrite refutation, the king speaks of the excellent qualities of his lost queen, and at the close turns to Paulina for sympathetic confirmation. Paulina's "Too true, my lord," is the proper reply (by intensified repetition) to the king's question—"True?" The only correction necessary in the Folio reading is to show "true," the closing word of the king's speech, as an interrogation.

Othello, I. i. 21.

A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;

Grant White rejected the theory of any allusion to Bianca, and she is the only woman named (and that in jest) as a possible wife of Cassio. If we take into consideration the circumstances leading up to the conversation between Iago and Roderigo, I think we need not be at a loss for the true meaning of the line. The marriage of Desdemona is the subject discussed. Among Cassio's supposed disqualifications it is not intended to include, according to Iago's evil thought, the fact that, in view of Othello's having a fair wife, it is unsafe to retain such a man as Michael Cassio in the close relation of lieutenant; that such a circumstance, in itself, is almost enough to damn him for the place?

The thought is perfectly characteristic of the speaker, and is quite after the poet's manner in thus early striking the keynote of the play. Iago proceeds later to work out the plot covering the supposed intrigue between Cassio and Desdemona, in the light of which this line, with the meaning here assigned, is very significant.

Othello, I. iii. 262-6.

Vouch with me Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat the young affects
In my defunct, and proper satisfaction,
But to be free, and bounteous to her mind.

(Folio.)

The "Globe" reading, which changes "my" to *me*, is the one most generally accepted, "In me defunct."

Othello first speaks for himself—

Vouch with me, Heaven, I therefore beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,

then states his attitude towards his young wife—

Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my defunct and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.

The "Nor" should have prevented the supposition that Othello was continuing to speak of himself, in case "young affects" presented any difficulty. Lines 264 and 266 seem clearly to refer to Desdemona: "Nor to comply with heat the young affects . . . But to be free and bounteous to her mind," the line "In my defunct and proper satisfaction" being parenthetical, and meaning "In the fact of my deadened or weakened capacity for personal satisfaction."

It seems incredible that these lines should have been a stumbling block to critics, beginning with Theobald. Those who retain "my" of the Folio give a wrong reason for doing so, and the correct reference of "young affects" is invariably missed.

Othello, IV. ii. 107.

DES. 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet,
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

To explain this utterance as a protest is not in character, since the first line is thereby given a touch of irony, something far removed from Desdemona's nature. The entire speech is one of self-reproach. " 'Tis meet that I should be used so, very meet. How have I been behaved (my conduct in deceiving my father), that he (Othello) might stick the smallest opinion (favourable judgment, degree of credit or esteem) on my least misuse? " "How have I been behaved that even my least misconduct should merit any the smallest degree of indulgence on his part? "

As You Like It, II. i. 50.

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend.

The indifference of a passing herd to the sufferings of one of their kind is touched upon later, but the present passage is distinct from the later one, and has an entirely different bearing. Recollecting the well-known habit of deer to go in couples, I believe that this line refers to the desertion, through fright, of her unfortunate companion by the doe. "Velvet," as descriptive of the soft coat of the female, and "friend," as indicating the attachment of the mate, are highly significant. The earlier usage of the word "friend" in this connection is, of course, undisputed.

Hammer's emendation, "friends," for the singular form of the Folio, seems unfortunate.

As You Like It, III. ii. 204-7.

Good my complexion! dost thou think, though
I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet
and hose in my disposition?

While agreeing with Malone that "my complexion" here means "my female inquisitive disposition," critics stop short of recognising the application of the entire expression, "Good my complexion," to Celia. "Good" is here used without the name of the person addressed—"Good (Celia who art of) my complexion (a woman, and therefore of like impatience to learn such a love secret) dost thou think (that my present garb changes my disposition)?" "My complexion" takes the place of Celia understood, so that "Good my complexion" is the address. Rosalind cannot be supposed to express in the words just quoted the wish that her complexion (blushes) will not betray her, for Celia has already said, "Change you colour?" In any event, her love for Orlando is well known to her dearest friend, as she is aware. The indefinite manner, waving of the arms, in a stage position at some distance from Celia, with which some actresses utter these lines is amusing. It seems to me that one must imagine Rosalind, in a very fever of impatience, at close proximity, coaxing Celia to divulge the secret.

Love's Labour Lost, II. i. 45.

Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes.

The attempts to cure the defective rhythm of this line overlook the many proofs that the text was set up by hearing and not by seeing. I believe it is plain that as has been lost after "Arts":

A man of souveraigne parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in Arts, as glorious in Armes;

meaning, of course, "as (he is) glorious in arms."

Love's Labour Lost, V. i. 37-46.

ARM. Men of peace, well encountered.

HOL. Most military sir, salutation.

MOTH. [Aside to Costard.]

COST. [Aside in reply.]

MOTH. Peace! the peal begins.

In mock recognition of the military form of the exchange of courtesies between Armado and Holofernes, Moth, I believe, instead of the meaningless "peale" of the old copies, uses the word *parle*.

King Lear, III. vii. 59-65.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up
And quench'd the stelled fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd:

The most difficult textual problem of the play has been said to lie in correctly answering the question, To what does "else" refer?

I should read, "All cruels (cruel things, agents of cruelty) else (other than the cruelty of that 'stern time') subscrib'd (forgiven)." The idea to be brought out is the extreme cruelty of the storm, which done by saying that every other form of cruelty in comparison, even that of wolves, at that "stern time" sank into insignificance, and that they were entitled as living creatures to shelter. Also, compare IV. vii. 36-8:

Mine enemy's dog,

Though he had bit me, should have stood that night

Against my fire.

Which further conveys the idea that the ferocity of "that stern time" overtopped "All cruels else."

Regarding the question whether we should understand the address to the porter to be "Good porter, turn the key, All cruels else subscribe" (following Furness, and reading "subscribe" of the Folios), or take the address to be "Good porter, turn the key" (reading "subscrib'd" of the Quartos), as "else" would seem to refer to a part of Gloucester's speech ("that stern time") not included in the address to the porter, it would not seem proper to include in that address the line in which "else" occurs—"All cruels else subscrib'd."

EDWARD MERTON DEY.

BURNS'S POEMS FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. T. F. Henderson recently contributed a volume of "Selections from Burns" to a series of English works published at Heidelberg. He seems to have had many difficulties with his printers, and he gives a page of *errata*, which, however, does not nearly cover all the shortcomings in the book. This is particularly mentioned now because, from the state in which things are left, the student new to the subject seems likely enough to be perplexed over the form of the poet's name. Mr. Henderson is made to speak variously of "Burns's prose," of "Burn's Edinburgh publisher," and even (curiously enough) of Robert Aiken's "skilful elocution of Burns' M.S. poems." After the prevalent fashion, he provides the book with introduction, notes, and glossary, giving in all three sufficient reason for comment, apart altogether from the defective printing over which one stumbles at every turn. Being an antiquary and not a literary critic Mr. Henderson is disposed at all hazards to find such crude material as his author presumably, probably, or possibly utilised. This tendency, unfortunately, leads to various unnecessary and even irritating remarks. "Possibly suggested by an older song;" "c.f., 'The Piper o' Dundee';" "various verbal resemblances, accidental or not, to lines in other ways, have been pointed out"—these and similar observations, mainly superfluous under any circumstances, are surely altogether out of place in a compilation prepared for the academic use of the foreigner.

Besides his antiquarian bias, Mr. Henderson is deferential towards the memory of his coadjutor, the late Mr. W. E. Henley, and therefore he loyally does what in him lies to bring Burns down from his pride of place. In the essay with which he accompanied the Centenary Edition of the poet's works Mr. Henley thought it necessary to enlarge on the presumption that the man for whose literary bequest he had assumed sponsorship was, after all, only a peasant. Mr. Henderson in his introductory excursus consequently labours this point, strenuously assuring his Continental neophytes that "his humour is essentially peasant humour" and that "as a poet of Nature, also, Burns, on account of his peasantry, has a place of his own." Supporting the earlier of these contentions he quotes four similes bearing on rural life, and adds: "Such metaphors are quite a feature of his verse." But there is no need to go further than "Tam o'Shanter" for significant figures that are true for the whole range of humanity. There is, for example, the stern, waiting woman "gathering her brows like gathering storm"; there is the perfect summary of tipsy exuberance of feeling in the words, "Tam lo'd him like a vera brither"; there is the splendour of supreme and irresponsible individuality rolling through the line, "Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious"; and there is the impressively picturesque and varied imagery of the familiar passage on pleasures. No doubt Burns was reared within a rustic environment—he was a peasant, if a farmer and gauger may rightly be called so—but it was not because of his social position that he had these superb visions and saw these genuine and abiding characters. It was the poet of imagination all compact, and not the plodding, ambitious, imitative peasant who compassed what Mr. Henderson calls metaphors, and also

produced those descriptive touches which he patronisingly assigns to "his peasant mastery of Nature's idiosyncrasies." Surely anyone familiar with the country, whether gentle or simple, would be likely to notice what the critic says "could have been portrayed only by the imagination of a peasant." A nobleman with gun on his shoulder might have made all the remarks Mr. Henderson quotes for his purpose about hirplin' hares, blackening trains of crows, and such familiar denizens of the moorlands as pairtricks, gorcocks, curlews and plovers. It would not have surprised her friends had the lass of Ballochmyle referred to "restless rattons," "a wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," and "winter hurtling through the air the roaring blast." Nor surely is there anything very remarkable, whether coming from the mouth of a peer or that of a ploughboy, in such statements as "The rising moon began to glower," and "The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree," both of which, in Mr. Henderson's view, proclaim the peasant origin of Burns. There would be some suggestive confusion in genealogy if inferences regarding birth and upbringing were to be drawn from the allusions of English poets to the moon. Meanwhile, the compiler's German constituents seem likely enough, under his guidance, to form some very erroneous opinions regarding the powers of observation and expression possessed by the upper classes of the Scottish people. They will also be unfortunate if they should receive from their guide, as they may well do, the impression that Burns, instead of being, as he was, a strong, independent, and towering poetical exponent, was merely a ready and nimble wit with serviceable powers of adaptation. Above all, they will be miserably disappointed if they turn from him, as they may do after what they learn in these pages, to seek higher ridges of Parnassus in the company of Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and Robert Fergusson.

While fairly exhaustive and generally accurate Mr. Henderson's glossary ignores points that will inevitably puzzle foreigners, while it includes some indefensible definitions. Students, it may be noted, are prone to commit explanations to memory and to take texts for granted. An army officer has been heard to say that in passing into his profession he disposed of "Macbeth" through his familiarity with the notes appended to the Clarendon Press Edition of the play. Avoiding Shakespeare, he had kept close to the commentator, the result being all that he fondly desired. Similarly, the German aspirant to English knowledge may absorb wholesale Mr. Henderson's information without troubling about his author. If so a statement early in the glossary may keenly stir his powers of philosophic speculation. "Be," Mr. Henderson succinctly avers, means "alone." If assimilated apart from the context, as it may be, this absolute pronouncement may have a decidedly moving influence. Burns, the ardent and impulsive learner may reflect, must have passed into subtle depths of thought in his interpretation of life, gripping in his own way the conclusion reached by Matthew Arnold when he said that "in the sea of life existed . . . We mortal millions live alone." So, with these accredited synonyms for use, he may advance to wrestle with Hamlet's "To be or not to be" and the Ancient Mariner's pathetic "Alone on a wide, wide sea." Thus Mr. Henderson may propel his followers towards an infinitely alluring and perilous quest, while simply attempting to explain the poet's appeal to Satan to "let poor bodies be." The fault of the glossarist in this instance lies in his regard for a prosaic literalism. As syntactical authorities could tell him, the complement here is inevitably wrapped up with its governing verb. The one cannot be defined without the other. Like the poet's cloud, the whole expression must move together if it move at all. Had he recognised this, the Editor might have avoided a foray into indefinite space and a prompting to wild flights of speculative metaphysics. Several other lapses are less easily explained away. Mr. Henderson may possibly have a defence in reserve for what he says of "brackens," "braik," and "clatter," but he can offer no excuse but one for the assertion that "cheep" means "to peep." Yet this is all the explanation that he vouchsafes regarding the statement in the lyric "To W. Creech," "He cheeps like a bewildered chicken." Mr. Henderson may not know that nestlings are often called "cheepers" by the adventurous boy who raids the spring hedges, otherwise he would have recognised that "cheep," which is a variant of chirp, has rare phonetic excellence. The definition "Hallan, a partition wall," provokes remark. It is too general, for a hallan is the particular partition which fronts a cottage doorway, and serves to make a hall. Various other interpretations—such as those given of "lick," "mim," "out-oure," "sonsie," and others—tempt one to linger, but a conclusion may be made with the definition given of "sumph." Mr. Henderson's view of a sumph is that he is "a churl." But the

differences between the two characters are fundamental and decided. The churl, in spite of positive and negative blemishes and defects, may be a remarkably clever fellow, while the sumph is simply a dunce or blockhead. In his case, says the Shepherd of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, there is "want o' sense, a want o' feelin'—in short, a want o' sow!—a deficit which nae painstakin' in education can ever supply." Thus he is one of the hopeless members of society, which cannot in all fairness be said the churl.

Had Mr. Henderson prepared his book for home use it would not have been necessary to draw attention here to its deficiencies in critical perception, its misleading suggestions, and the inaccuracies of its vocabulary. It seems imperative, however, on the part of everyone who respects English literature, and who is jealous for the reputation of its foremost representatives in the councils of the nations, to enter a strong protest when a manifest injustice is done among foreigners by one of ourselves. The German is not likely in any case to overrate English men of letters, but he should not be assisted towards depreciation by editorial labours applied in this country. Presumably he desires to study Burns at first hand with the aid of an expert, and it is surely the duty of the selected guide to set his author in the best light possible. While there is no need to eulogise beyond what is warranted, every sponsor should be absolutely fair, and he who undertakes to introduce Burns should find abundance to say of his merits without laboriously magnifying the faults he has in common with all mortals. He should not strive to show, against the practically unanimous opinion of the literary world, that his author has been generally over-estimated, and that his exceedingly partial compatriots have never been able to see the defects, the limitations of outlook, the initiative and adapting qualities which he and another have been sufficiently learned and acute to discover. To do this under any circumstances is a gratuitous and possibly a very injurious proceeding, but to do it with a foreign audience is to snatch an advantage where criticism with regulating hand cannot immediately follow. After all, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, the function of criticism is not to diminish an author's importance but to report the best that he has thought and said in his time and place. This is what concerns posterity in general, and it is this, above all, for which credit should be sought for a poet from nations other than his own. The inexpert foreigner cannot detect mere theories, and with these as the only pabulum available he naturally gratifies his appetite for knowledge. He has taken what he could get, and he may go through life believing that he has a final estimate, while he is cherishing the discredited argument of a special pleader. Such an unfortunate result is seriously aggravated when, as in the present case, it is not only poetical achievement that is at stake, but also a form of language over which the unwary are prone to stumble and meet disaster.

SCRUTATOR.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE ABROAD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Our friends the enemy are never tired of pointing to the supposed triumphs of the experiment of Woman Suffrage out of England. Eminent politicians, who themselves helped to thrust the enfranchisement of women on their respective countries, appear on platforms and expatiate on the beneficent legislation and purification of political life that has resulted therefrom, and twit England with lagging behind. Apparently "White-robed Innocence" has descended to dwell in those fortunate spheres. Waiving the question that there can hardly be any true comparison between the kingdoms, dependencies, and states referred to—some of them small or thinly-populated, or with only parochial concerns—and a mighty country like England, with its huge Indian Empire—waiving this unassailable vantage-ground, the facts as to the success of Female Suffrage are either absurdly exaggerated or nonexistent.

We will start with a reference to New Zealand, which, as the first home, Colonially, of Female Suffrage, is perhaps the most frequently referred to. It is New Zealand which has been offering to send us Dreadnoughts and the Suffragists have not forgotten to remind us of that fact, but they say nothing of the circumstance that Female Suffrage in New Zealand has synchronised with a decline in the birth-rate, or as to the dubious way it was obtained, which, according to Mr. Harold Spender, in the *Daily Chronicle* for Sept. 7th, 1906, was "by the heroic policy of the wife of a prominent statesman in refusing to allow her husband to go to bed until he promised to give way on the question"—in other words, nagging him into it.

In the *Times* for August 18th, 1906, appeared an excellent letter, which is too long to give in full here, from Mrs. Emily Nicol, of Auckland, N.Z. In it she says: "For all the good Female Franchise has done New Zealand, the Motherland could very wisely let it alone. While it has certainly not improved politics, it has by no means improved the social status of women. Very much the contrary. The gallant chivalry of old has departed to give room to the numerous social disabilities we are enduring through the incoming of the vote. Whatever gain we may have had through legislation—and there is every reason to believe that that same gain would have been ours irrespective of the vote—has been more than counter-balanced by our loss socially, which has really made us largely the losers by the franchise—a loss many women in New Zealand are bitterly regretting to-day." She goes on to state, as so many others in the Colonies and America have done, that the women's vote fluctuates, that they mainly vote in large numbers only on some particular issue, such as Local Option, and that therefore the figures often given are fallacious. In conclusion, she says: "Although having taken the most active interest in connection with the franchise ever since its inception, and in a letter which I received from our deeply lamented Premier [i.e., Mr. Seddon] at the last election, he said I had little to learn in election matters. I would vote to-morrow for Female Franchise to be erased from our Statute Book."

In the United States of America there are four kinds of franchise: tax-paying suffrage; school suffrage; municipal suffrage; and full suffrage. In only one State—Kansas—is there municipal suffrage, and this has answered so badly that the people of the State absolutely refuse to enlarge it. Of the 46 States in the Union, twenty do not give women any form of ballot, and it must be remembered that they regard the bestowal of the ballot so lightly that in some of the States it is given to aliens who have been in the country only six months, and have merely declared their intention of becoming citizens.

Four States have the full suffrage—Wyoming, Colorado, Idaho, and Utah. In Utah the Mormon influence predominates, and in 1898, with the aid of the women's vote, a leading Mormon, Mr. Brigham Henry Roberts, who was possessed of three wives, was elected a member of the National House of Representatives. Under the pressure of strong popular resentment and indignation, which found expression all over the country, the House excluded him from its membership by a vote of 268 to 50. Another Utah Legislature, elected in part by women's votes, chose as United States Senator, Mr. Reed Smart, an apostle of the Mormon Church and a member of its Presidency. The Senate was flooded with petitions for his unseating.

Wyoming, after thirty years of Woman Suffrage, kept on its statute-books a law licensing gambling-houses and collecting a revenue from them for the public treasury. In Wyoming also, as Mr. Belfort Bax points out on p. 115 of "Essays in Socialism," every public office is filled by a woman, except, mark you, that of police-constable, and a man can perform no legal act without the consent of his wife, as also more recently in New Zealand. In addition, in Wyoming, the verdicts brought by the female juries against male offenders have been often of so vindictive a ferocity as to amount to a public scandal.

But it is the failure of Female Suffrage in Colorado which is the most glaring. Judge Moses Hallett, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, when the State was a Territory, said in an interview, as reported in the *Denver Republican*, of the 6th April: "If it were to be done over again the people of Colorado would defeat Woman Suffrage by an overwhelming majority." Another authority—Mrs. Caroline Corbin—says: "Instead of purifying politics, it has developed bribery from a casual incident to a wide-spread necessity."

In Denver, on one occasion, the women supported Mr. Shafroth, who was running on the Democratic ticket. In several districts they "swelled his vote" to such extraordinary proportions that it amounted to 90 per cent. of the total vote, and in some instances his majority exceeded the entire registered vote. How did they accomplish these wonders? They stole official ballots and "prepared" them in advance. They "padded" the polling lists and "stuffed" the ballot boxes. They bought votes and set gangs of personators—lady personators—in motion. Finally they organised and instituted disturbances at the polls to frighten timid voters away, and give opportunity to "stuff" the ballot boxes and "monkey" with the count. These things they not only plotted, but did, and when Mr. Shafroth was put in possession of the proofs of their activity, he refused to retain a seat in Congress secured by such deeds. The matter was investigated at Washington, and in

a deposition made by Mrs. Beatrice Muhleman, formerly a clerk in the Colorado Legislature, she testified that she, in company with Miss Alma Beswick and a man named Grainger, procured 125 of the official ballots of Precinct 1 of District F. They took the ballots to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where they engaged a room, which was paid for by Miss Beswick. They pulled down the shades, closed the blinds, and locked the door, and then proceeded to "prepare" the ballots. The ballots were then numbered to correspond with numbers on the poll-list, and were thus made ready to be dumped into the ballot-boxes. Miss Beswick is given the credit for inventing a plan for disturbance at the polls in order to give opportunity for the dumping of the prepared ballots, and the names of several lady personators are mentioned.

Small wonder that a short while back we were informed that Republicans and Democrats in Colorado had alike agreed not to nominate any more women as candidates for the Legislature in that State, and to annul as soon as possible the Act of 1893 giving them votes, thus thrusting them back out of political life altogether. They have been found to be most fanatical partisans, to engage in faction fights, to have introduced hysterics into politics, and to be unable to take clear views of party politics or great issues.

In Norway and Finland, of course, female enfranchisement is very recent, though already a Bill is before the Norwegian Storting to legalise Adult Suffrage universally, thus putting female voters in a majority of about 60,000. In Finland 24 women already sit in the Diet, though our English Suffragists say they don't advocate female membership of Parliament. Among the Acts recently passed in Finland is one to raise "the age of consent," thus throwing more responsibility on men, and taking it away from women, a course liable to involve great injustice.

Altogether, we think sufficient has been said to show that Woman Suffrage is not the unqualified blessing in other places the Suffragists declare it to be.

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John Cave. By W. B. Trites. Treherne, 6s.

The Perjurer. By W. E. Norris. Constable, 6s.

Henry in Search of a Wife. By Alphonse Courlander. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

MAGAZINES

Atlantic; Gunter's; Akademos; The Century, Nov.-April, 1908-1909; *Mercure de France; Girl's Own; Boy's Own; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Scolia; Travel and Exploration; Open Review; Smith's; Cornhill; Ainslee's; Beautiful Flowers; National Gallery; Century.*

MISCELLANEOUS

Every Woman's Own Lawyer. By G. C. Whadcoat. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 4d. net.

The English Woman. By David Staars. Smith, Elder, 9s. net.

Chaucer's Legend of Good Women. By H. C. Goddard. University of Illinois.

The Bower Manuscript. Edited by A. F. R. Hoernle, C.I.E., Ph.D. Government Printing, India.

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Short Extracts from Old English Poetry. Edited by O. T. Williams, M.A. Jarvis & Foster, 1s. 6d. net.

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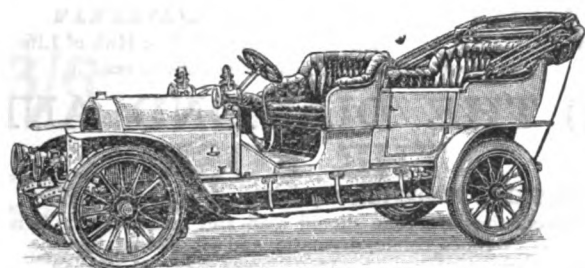
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LIFE AND LETTERS

THE great Mr. St. Loe Strachey, who has introduced the cocked hat into journalism, is now endeavouring to introduce the same proud head-gear into the sphere of religion. In other words, Mr. Strachey and the *Spectator* have decided that the Order of Confirmation is a thing of no importance at all, at any rate when it comes to be compared with the circulation of the *Spectator*. The *Spectator* is largely read by Nonconformists, and one of these, a lady, has written to complain that the vicar of the parish in which she resides has refused to admit her to Communion on the ground that she has not been confirmed. Here is the Rubric in the Prayer Book at the end of the Order of Confirmation: "And there shall be none admitted to Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed, or be ready and desirous to be confirmed." The lady in question has not been confirmed, and has no intention of being confirmed. Consequently, the vicar had no power or right to admit her to Communion, and her attempt to get up a grievance on the point is a piece of unblushing impudence. Mr. Strachey knows this just as well as we do, but rather than run the risk of hurting the feelings and losing the support of any of his numerous Nonconformist readers he throws over the authority of the Prayer Book and plainly states that "Worship in the National Church is free to all members of the nation, and such participation in its services includes the resort to the Communion for all baptized persons, provided only that they are not excluded by the Rubric which forbids resort to the Lord's Table to open and notorious evil livers." Which is as much as to say that Mr. Strachey arrogates to himself the right to pick and choose according to his own pleasure and fancy among the Rubrics, and to say this one is valid, but the other is not, and may be disregarded. It is high time that Mr. Strachey were made to realise that he has no such powers and no such authority. We hope he will be made to feel this in his tenderest part—namely, his circulation. A journal which for the sake of gain or to avoid possible loss

flouts the laws of the Church and endeavours to undermine and bring contempt on her authority is not one which can commend itself to loyal churchmen. All such people who are readers of the *Spectator* should give Mr. Strachey clearly to understand that he will lose their support if he cannot make up his mind to draw some sort of line to his "broad-minded tolerance." All through the late education controversy the *Spectator* supported the enemies of the Church, and it has now got to the pitch of saying practically that there is no church at all in the spiritual sense, and that it really makes no difference whether a man conforms or not. This is a despicable creed, but it is also a dangerous and deadly creed, and a paper which is using all its influence to promulgate such ideas is a dangerous paper. Mr. Strachey has, of course, a perfect right to his own views as to the best methods of building up and maintaining a large circulation, but he has no right to pose as a loyal churchman and to claim loyal churchmanship for the *Spectator* while he is spreading his subversive and insidious doctrines. If Mr. Strachey is a Freethinker or a Nonconformist, and if the *Spectator* is to be run on Freethinking or Nonconformist lines, let him say so flatly and frankly. He cannot have it both ways.

For now the poet cannot die,
And leave his music as of old,
But o'er him ere he yet be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry.

Thus Tennyson in the black mood. The scandal and the cry, however, would appear to be over and done. What we do now is to rush in with ridiculous memories and fatuous reminiscences. Swinburne, our beautiful gossips and chroniclers of small beer have managed to forego. He would never permit them to know him in anything like an intimate way; consequently details as to his preference for strawberry jam and the colour of his bath gown have been spared us. With Meredith, unfortunately, it has not been so. In his later years Meredith became a very human and fatherly old gentleman, and allowed himself to succumb more than once to the blandishments of the Whitefriars Club. We do not remember that he ever graced the proceedings of that club by his presence. But he certainly did the next worst thing, which was to allow the club to come to him. The inevitable result is before us in the shape of "Some Memories of Meredith," by Claudius Clear, of the *British Weekly*:

On July 19th, 1900, the members of the Whitefriars Club, with many of their friends, had the rare pleasure and honour of being the guests of George Meredith at Box Hill. We lunched together in the hotel, and afterwards walked to the little cottage up through the smooth gravel path, and straight through the further garden, where the poet sat waiting for us. Admirable was the easy tact with which he managed to greet all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen. His quick eyes immediately singled out anyone who was in danger of being left out. I think the visitors were impressed by the noble head. . . . Equally were we struck by his conversation. Every single sentence was pointed and scintillating and characteristic. There was some little trouble in providing enough cups for all the invading party; we had been discussing some trouble then brewing in the East, and Mr. Meredith exclaimed, with a bright look: "I was just telling you there were troubles in China." I especially admired the deep and courteous interest he took in the different people who were presented to him. . . . I remember he discussed with the author a poem that had just appeared in one of the weekly papers. He seemed quite familiar with names and books which might have seemed not important enough for him to notice. A shy girl, overcome by the honour of actually beholding the author of the wonderful books in their dark blue covers, was beckoned by his imperious hand and told to sit next to him. He graciously gave permission

for the party to visit the little summer-house where he wrote so many of his books. The literary pilgrims were made to feel that they were conferring an honour upon him by their presence. . . . Mr. Swinburne at his own table and in his own house was a model of courtesy, but he did not seem to show any special knowledge of his guests. He took them as guests, and therefore entitled to the best that he could give them. Meredith had all Swinburne's courtesy, but he had the graceful and lovable art of making the humblest author feel that he knew him in his works, and was individually interested in him. Swinburne was a great reader of the newspapers, and was aware even of little things in contemporary literature, but I fancy Meredith far surpassed him in this, and he had also the art of recalling his knowledge, and the kindness to use it.

Fancy that now! Imagine "all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen" with Shorter leading on. Think of the visitors being impressed by "the noble head"; and consider the "bright look" with which Meredith must have said: "I was just telling you there were troubles in China," when a cup was smashed. And think how nice it is of Dr. Robertson Nicoll to admire, "especially" the "deep and courteous interest" which Meredith took in the different people who were presented to him, and how wonderful it was that a shy girl should be beckoned by his imperious hand and told to sit next to him. It is a thousand pities that Dr. Robertson Nicoll did not publish these exquisite memories in Mr. Meredith's lifetime; for we rather fancy that if he had the Whitefriars Club would have been made the subject of a few lines of Meredithese, which would have served to crumple it up for at least a fortnight. We can assure Dr. Robertson Nicoll that, in spite of what he was made to feel, the visit of all the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen to George Meredith conferred about as little honour upon him as Claudius Clear's crapulous account of the proceedings now for the first time published.

Of course, we quite recognise that Claudius has simply been doing his best to be interesting. The fact that he succeeds in being merely silly, is, perhaps, not his fault. Evidently he has a great memory for small things, and no memory at all for larger things. He remembers, for example, that the visitors were "struck" by George Meredith's conversation, and that "every single sentence was pointed and scintillating and characteristic"; yet he remembers none of the sentences themselves, and fobbs us off with the barely permissible persiflage about troubles in China, which is neither pointed, scintillating, nor characteristic. Of course, a great man in his garden chair, with a crowd of fearful and wonderful ladies and gentlemen from the Whitefriars Club bobbing and scraping round him, cannot be quite at his best. The pity of it is that a journalistic member of "the large and varied company of ladies and gentlemen" should fail to perceive that a man's privacy is his privacy, and that you have no real business to print after his death what you would have deemed it indiscreet to have printed during his lifetime. We note, further, that Dr. Robertson Nicoll professes to have a knowledge of Mr. Swinburne "at his own table and in his own house." And we note with infinite satisfaction that when Dr. Nicoll or his informant was at Mr. Swinburne's table Mr. Swinburne managed to treat him "as if he had no special knowledge" of him.

However, in the next column Claudius manages to tell us something which is interesting, if Claudius has remembered it rightly. He says that Meredith told him that one of his favourite passages in poetry was

the following lines from "In Memoriam," and that he, Claudius, "will never forget the vehement emphasis" which Meredith laid on the lines italicised:

Be near me when my light is low,
When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;
And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,
And men the flies of latter spring,
That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,
To point the term of human strife,
And on the low, dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

"The last quotation," adds Claudius, "led him to talk about personal immortality":

"You believe in it?" he said. "But for my part I cannot conceive it. Which personality is it which endures? I was one man in youth and another man in middle age." He then moved his stick in the ground and said, "I have been this and this and this. Which is it that is immortal?" I ventured to remind him of what John Stuart Mill said about the persistence of the ego. He said, with some vehemence, "I do not feel it. I have never felt it. I have never felt the unity of personality running through my life. I have been"—this with a smile—"I have been six different men: six at least. No," he said, "I cannot conceive personal immortality."

The *English Review* for June contains the usual batch of poetry. We are glad that the editor is doing his best to bring together some printable verses month by month, though we cannot always congratulate him on his taste. For example he prints four poems by John Galsworthy, one of which contains the following lines:

The sea joins Heaven,
This green turf joins the sea
From dawn till even
The sun, the grass and we!

Marvellous! Particularly as the note of exclamation after "we!" is the poet's own. Not satisfied with this much, he gives us another strophe:

The southern wind-drift
Shepherds her flocks of scum,
And squanders, spendthrift,
Her fragrance and her hum.

"Scum" and "hum" are really beautiful when you come to think of them. We are inclined, on the whole, however, to suggest that if Mr. Galsworthy cannot do better than this, he had better stick to his Suffragist fiction-writing. Another poet of the *English Review* is a gentleman of the name of Ezra Pound. His verses have all the appearance of having been written by Melchizidek Hundredweight. They begin in the manner of Mr. Crowley:

Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace,

which is pretty fair for a beginning. Mr. Pound evidently desires to appropriate for himself what is left of the mantle of Robert Browning. At the same time he forgets that there is a good deal more in Browning than mere ejaculation and eccentricity of interjection.

For the rest we chronicle with some satisfaction that the *English Review* has actually gone the length of publishing a sort of impressional essay which will

make the Suffragists cry "pshaw." The paper in question is by a Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Olive Garnett, and while in places it comes dangerously near mawkishness, we think that on the whole it is to be preferred to the saw-tooth utterances of the average raspy advanced female, and we are glad that the editor of the *English Review* has had the pluck to print it. We could wish, however, that he had softened down the author's expressions of admiration for beards and male ears with "faint down" on them. On the other hand, as she assures us that she "*knows*" that "happy married life is the crowning aim and glory of the average woman's existence," we must forgive her, and hope that she may never fall into the clutches of the scraggy sporters of the mauve, white and green.

The *Book Monthly* is concerned about what it calls "the novel crisis." And the editor has written round to various popular writers for their opinion of the sevenpenny novel. Naturally, he has received many novel replies, which, of course, he prints. One gentleman airs himself in the following strain: "I am glad you have written to me on the question of the price of novels as it is one on which I hold strong views." We should think so. Another novelist—a Baroness, by the way—feels, if you please, that "the author is the last person in the world to judge of the price at which a novel should be retailed to the public." There is humility for you. Of course, if your popular author can sell a novel out and out for say a thousand pounds, the price at which it should be retailed is perhaps no great matter from the author's point of view. But when it comes to the favourite single hundred pounds on account of a fifteen per cent. royalty, there is something to be said for deliberation. A sevenpenny copyright novel of the length of the ordinary six-shilling novel cannot in the nature of things be made to pay, unless the author's enormous sales are a fact and not a simple figment of the aspiration. And authors who are of opinion that the sevenpenny novel will not injure the sale of their six-shilling volumes have only got to wait to discover the truth. In certain circumstances cheap editions may improve an author's sales for the time being; but sooner or later they are bound to injure him most seriously. People will not pay six shillings for what they may reasonably hope to obtain for sevenpence without much real waiting. In all these movements for the cheapening of literature good, bad or indifferent, one cannot trace the smallest desire on the part of anybody to better the condition of the author; for when benefits are to be reaped it is the publisher and the public who are to reap them, and the author who is to be sacrificed at the harvest festival. We should advise authors who have the smallest regard for their own interests to hold out steadfastly against further blandishments of the cheap literature-mongers. When you write from seventy-five to one hundred thousand words on the off-chance of getting a remote fifty pounds for your labour, you are committing the unpardonable sin, no matter how bad an author you may be. There are numbers of novels published at six shillings which have been bought out and out for under fifty pounds. A reduction of the standard price to two shillings or two and sixpence, with publication at sevenpence after two years, would mean that the publishers pay the author less and less for his work when it is bought out and out, and make smaller and smaller advances when publication is on the royalty basis. The two-shilling novel is not yet definitely decided upon; for all that certain publishers are already making its possible advent an excuse for small purchase money and small advances on account. Practically the game is in the hands of the authors, if they will only have the sense to play it.

SONNET

From the French of Ferdinand de Gramont.

ALL are not born for facile ways, to tread
Roads trod by every foot; the Lord did frame
Those sojourners in the wilderness that claim
Free airs, and pathways to the mountain-head.
Wild hearts, the city they contemn; instead
They drink the torrent, the woods' tent of green
And living roof of heaven their only screen;
The shadow of a yoke their free brows dread.

Halted all day on some high mountain-crest,
Upon the cup of solitude they feed,
And though far men murmur at their pursuit,
The Lord hath said: "Let no man them molest.
Mine is their exile, sterile or full of fruit,
And from the bit their reinless necks I freed."

M. JOURDAIN.

THE GOOSE-BOY

I DRIVE the geese along lush holms,
Through the sombre fen;
No hind I meet nor maiden sweet
To bid good-den:
The louring clouds have over-blown
Eve's western flare,
But sad and low a dying glow
Yet lingers there.

One doleful blast, as I plod on,
Distant and harsh
From swine-herd's horn is faintly borne
Across the marsh.
Back to the lonely grange I drive
My master's geese;
And still do pray that after day
Night shall bring peace.

S. S.

COCOA AND THE CENSOR

THE *Nation* has hastened to the rescue of Mr. George Bernard Shaw. The *Nation*, as our readers may not be aware, is a sixpenny review, edited by Mr. Massingham, formerly of the *Daily Chronicle*, and is understood to be financed by a Mr. Rowntree, who, if we mistake not, is a Quaker, and manufactures excellent chocolate at York. We take it that Mr. Massingham is a Nonconformist and a Liberal and a Suffragist and all the rest of it. The third party to the transaction with which we are about to deal is Mr. Shaw himself, who, according to his own showing, is a Bible-smasher and a Socialist, not to say a concocter of melodramas. Mr. Shaw has written what he is pleased to call a crude melodrama, and we learnt last week that the licenser of plays had refused to permit this melodrama publicly to be performed. It now transpires that the licenser of plays passed Mr. Shaw's melodrama in the crude or cocoa-berry lump, but desired that certain doubtful ingredients should be removed. In plain words, Mr. Shaw has informed the *Nation* that Mr. Redford objected to two passages in the play. With reference to one of these passages, Mr. Shaw assures us that no difficulty could have occurred. According to the *Nation*, the passage raised a question of taste, on which Mr. Shaw was willing to meet Mr. Redford's views. "It seems to us," says the *Nation*, "outspoken, rather than gross"; which is nowadays your true Nonconformist way of putting things, and warrants us, though we have not seen the passage, in assuming that it is, in fact,

"gross" rather than "outspoken." The passage which Mr. Shaw refuses to expunge is said by the *Nation* to be essential to the heart and meaning of the play. And our contemporary is of opinion that, in asking Mr. Shaw to extirpate it, the Lord Chamberlain's Office has outraged the decencies. Here are the words which have so much to do with the heart and meaning of Mr. Shaw's play:

BLANCO: Take care, Boozey. He hasn't finished with you yet. He always has a trick up His sleeve.

ELDER DANIELS: Oh, is that the way to speak of the Ruler of the Universe—the great and almighty God?

BLANCO: He's a sly one. He's a mean one. He lies low for you. He plays cat and mouse with you. He lets you run loose until you think you're shut of Him; and then when you least expect it, He's got you.

ELDER DANIELS: Speak more respectful, Blanco—more reverent.

BLANCO: Reverent! Who taught you your reverent cant? Not your Bible. It says, "He cometh like a thief in the night"—aye, like a thief—a horse-thief. And it's true. That's how He caught me, and put my neck into the halter. To spite me because I had no use for Him—because I lived my own life in my own way, and would have no truck with His "Don't do this," and "you must do that," and "You'll go to hell if you do the other." I gave Him the go-bye, and did without Him all these years. But He caught me out at last. The laugh is with Him as far as hanging goes.

The beauty and dignity and literary distinction of these words will be obvious to every good Nonconformist. The *Nation* describes them as an effort on the part of Mr. Shaw "to think in terms of the dramatic," and it goes on to favour us with the following piece of sophistry, which we hope will be properly admired by the Nonconformists and Quakers of that ancient seat of the cocoa industry, York:

Having regard to all that the Censor has done and all that he has left undone, let us also mark his resolve to treat as mere blasphemy on Mr. Shaw's part the artist's endeavour to depict a rough man's first consciousness of a Power that, selecting Blanco as it selected Paul and John Bunyan, threatens to drag him through moral shame and physical death, if needs be, to life, and not to let him go till He has wrought His uttermost purpose on him. Mr. Shaw naturally makes Blanco talk as an American horse-stealer would talk. But how does Job talk of God, or the Psalmist, or the author of the Parables? Nearly every one of Blanco Posnet's railings can be paralleled from Job. Listen to this:

The tabernacles of robbers prosper, and they that provoke God are secure, into whose hand God bringeth abundantly.

He removeth away the speech of the trusty, and taketh away the understanding of the aged.

He taketh away the heart of the chief of the people of the earth, and causeth them to wander in a wilderness where there is no way.

They grope in the dark without light, and He maketh them to stagger like a drunken man.

* * * * *

Know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with His net.

He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass, and He hath set darkness in my paths.

He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone: and mine hope hath He removed like a tree.

Is this blasphemy? Is not Mr. Shaw's theme and its expression a reflection of Job's, save that in the one case a bad man speaks, and in the other a good one?

We have always contended that cocoa was a dull and soul-destroying drink; and it appears to us that here we have another pitiable example of the depths which can be plumbed by persons who blunt their faculties with this deadly brew. Mr. Massingham dare not say that the words he quotes from Job are blasphemy, any more than he dare say that the words he quotes from Shaw are not blasphemy. He begs the whole question when he likens Shaw to Job and when he likens Shaw's hero to John Bunyan and Saint Paul. In point of fact, Shaw is no more like Job than he is like

Jupiter, and Shaw's hero is no more like John Bunyan or Saint Paul than he is like Mrs. Pankhurst. To discuss the theological aspect of Job's writings with people who cannot see the difference between "Blanco Posnet" and "Pippa Passes," and who pretend that Mr. Shaw's play is similar in theme to the "Pilgrim's Progress," would be to insult the intelligence of our readers. There are plenty of passages in the New Testament which your atheist can quote with wonderfully specious effect when it suits him. But that a Nonconformist should suggest blasphemy against poor old Job, in order to bolster up the reputation of Shaw as a God-fearing man, would be altogether too ridiculous if it did not happen to be scandalous. We are not concerned with the blasphemies of Job or the sins of King David or the wickedness of John Bunyan or the wickedness of Saint Paul, but with the catch-penny and doubtful devices of George Bernard Shaw. We can quite readily conceive that a man of Posnet's character might speak of the Deity in the terms in which Mr. Shaw makes him speak of the Deity. What is more, we can conceive of such a man speaking of the Deity in even fouler terms. Mr. Shaw has drawn the line somewhere. He knows perfectly well that men of the type of Posnet are capable of using, and do use, epithets before the name of God which are unrepeatable. If Mr. Shaw is the true artist the *Nation* imagines him to be, and if the heart and meaning of his play are involved in the absolute coarseness of Posnet, why has Mr. Shaw kept the worst from us? He draws the line—and very properly. Unfortunately for him, however, he draws the line a great deal more slackly and loosely than the average decent person, and quite apart from what Job may have said, we are not going to have Blanco Posnets mouthing their coarse and indecent theological views across an English stage. Perhaps Mr. Massingham would like to read the passages which he quotes from "Blanco Posnet" in the next Nonconformist Sunday School. Or, conceivably, Mr. Rowntree might like to rise in meeting and read the same passages to the excellent Quakers of York. Neither Mr. Massingham nor Mr. Rowntree would condescend to any such reading. Why should they, then, complain because Mr. Redford recognises the advisability of preventing some unfortunate actor or other from bawling them to a respectable audience at a theatre? Of course, from the Nonconformist and Quaker point of view, people who go to the theatre are damned to begin with; so that a few words more or less from Mr. Shaw may not appear to be of great consequence. But even people who go to theatres have a right to be protected against unseemliness, and we are heartily glad that Mr. Redford has had the courage to exercise the powers of protection which are in his hands. It is interesting to note that the only other journal which is calling vigorously for Mr. Redford's removal because he has stood up for decency, is the *Daily News*, which is also a cocoa-fed and cocoa-supported sheet; besides being the chief organ of political Nonconformity and Socialistic Liberalism. There is a great deal of virtue in cocoa.

THE SINS OF THE "SATURDAY"

THERE would appear to be something peculiarly ripe about the State of Denmark. The other week a great poet paid the debt of Nature. Immediately that excellent trade organ, the *Athenaeum*, burst into print with an estimate of the great poet from the exalted and discriminating hand of one of the colleagues of "Captain Coe," of the *Star*. We reproved our misguided contemporary for this extraordinary lapse, and our words do not appear to have been wasted; for the *Athenaeum's* eulogy of the late George Meredith, who has died since the great poet died, took a fortnight to produce, and is not signed by the colleague of

"Captain Coe." But while Mr. Rendell would appear to have profited by the lesson we offered him, Mr. Hodge, of the *Saturday Review*, continues his froward career, and has lately served up to his readers an article concerning a recently deceased poet from the pen of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*. At the time the article in question appeared in the *Saturday* we commented upon it in suitable terms; and, apparently, with a view of justifying himself, Mr. Hodge has since printed a number of letters which have been addressed to him on the subject by outside persons. In these epistles, one need scarcely say, the article of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* is described as "admirable," "moving and eloquent," "excellent and moving," "just," "fearless and unexaggerated," and so forth; so that we make no doubt that Mr. Hodge now regards the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail's* article with proper pride, and in the rosy light of what Carmelite House would call "a scoop." And what is more, he no doubt imagines that the common persons who had the temerity to confess themselves unimpressed by the brummagem and cheap sentiment of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* are utterly confounded and confuted by the present pretty show of correspondence. The facts, however, remain where they were; and we regret that we should find ourselves still entirely unable to congratulate the *Saturday Review* on its manner of dealing with them. It is, perhaps, too innocent in us to expect from a journal of the *Saturday's* reputation a fine regard for letters and for the integrity of letters. Friendships and the capturing of the ear of the grounding sentimentalist must always weigh with the *Saturday* when these affairs happen to be balanced against letters. An oily deportment and expressions of choking sympathy are doubtless more necessary to our contemporary than a proper opinion about poetry and the poetical decencies. Your minor poet A. commits himself to unseemly and blasphemous statements and devotes a whole blank verse composition to their development. B. points out that this has been done. A. dies or disappears, and the *Saturday Review* hires the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* to produce a pathetic article, in which it is explained that A. has been scandalously treated and cruelly neglected, and that the poor man had not sufficient money to entertain his friends to dinner at the Criterion Restaurant. And a fortnight later persons of the name of Wheeler, Legge and Coutts, together with a person who signs himself "A Mourner for the Old Order," are brought on to tell us how grateful they are to the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* for his eloquent and moving article. We should have imagined that the *Saturday Review* knew better. But with the colleague of "Captain Coe" producing panegyrics on Swinburne for the *Athenæum*, and the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* whimpering in Mr. Hodge's organ because his friend was short of money, we cannot expect the correspondence in that organ to be over-wise. Leaving out the main question, which we shall not discuss further than to assert flatly that John Davidson received a good deal better treatment both at the hands of criticism and at the hands of the State than his talent warranted, we should like to deal with some of the minor matters raised by the *Saturday's* correspondence, and in dealing with them we must premise that we do so because they seem to us to be important, and because the editor of the *Saturday Review* appears to consider them negligible. Correspondent No. 1 is an entertaining being. He says: "As to reviews, is it Utopian to look for a time when the anonymous reviewer will carry as little weight as the anonymous letter-writer?" The *Saturday* apparently has not the pluck to answer this childish enquiry with an honest "No." The *Saturday's* reviewing, like the

Athenæum's reviewing, and the *Outlook's* reviewing, and, to drop from the sublime to the pompous, the *Spectator's* reviewing, is all anonymous. We are not concerned to assert that it is other than honest reviewing. But we do assert that there are grave reasons for supposing that the editors or proprietors of these journals dare not have it signed; for the very simple reason that whatever weight it possesses is due to the old reputations of the journals we have mentioned, and that the people who do the work are persons of little or no importance in the department of letters. When the *Athenæum* allows an important article to be signed, the signature is a revelation—it is the signature of a colleague of "Captain Coe." When the *Saturday Review* allows a "scoop" article to be signed it is with the signature of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail*! What skeletons in the way of signatures may mop and mow in the reviewing cupboards of the *Spectator* and the *Outlook* Heaven alone knows! In any case, if the names of the actual working reviewers on the literary weeklies were to be divulged, much less printed at the foot of their notices, the polite world would at least be amused. Persons who write and persons who publish will tell you that reviews make no difference; broadly speaking, they tell you the truth; consequently, it is not Utopian "to look for a time when the anonymous reviewer will carry as little weight as the anonymous letter-writer." Mr. Hodge's correspondent goes on to suggest, like the babe that he is, that reviews are anonymous because reviewers are cowards and delight to express their resentment through a mask, which "conceals their identity." Mr. Hodge makes no demur. In point of fact, there is not a reviewer in London who does not pant to sign his remarks, acrimonious or otherwise, as the hart pants after the waterbrooks. But his editor won't let him, which is the fly in his ointment, the bitter in his sweet, the moth in his dinner-jacket and the scrawl in his inner-parts. In an ideal world everybody would sign. In a mundane world nobody signs; but it is not from modesty, and still less from cowardice. We are quite willing to admit that there are reviewers in the world who can be a trifle more malicious because of their anonymity than they would be without it. But, in point of fact, there is scarcely any malice in anybody's reviewing, and the little extra is readily discerned and passes by one more or less as the idle wind. The fault with most reviewing is that it is too tender, too chicken-hearted, and too given over to the proclamation of geese for swans. A very great deal of it, indeed, is written purely with an eye on the publishers, who, taking them in the rough, will inevitably refuse to advertise in journals which do not "work in with them" over reviewing. Of course, the editors of all literary papers are persons of honour in this regard. We shall not deny it, and we shall not assert that they consciously permit the publisher to control their reviewing columns. But it is an absolute certainty that the reviewer who insists upon saying the truth about modern books when he is invited to review them, seldom gets invited. He is voted "too severe" and said to lack the *suavitor in modo* which the manners of the time demand. However, this is a subject which could be developed at great length, and, fascinating though it be, the *Saturday's* other correspondents are waiting.

Letter-writer No. 2, a gentleman of the name of Legge, adventures on the following observation:

During the past few weeks the patronising impertinence of successful mediocrity, and the self-satisfied dogmatism of anonymous ignorance towards an unhappy man of genius, have made an appropriate epilogue to the tragedy. . . . Perhaps the contention of these sages is true, that Davidson was a failure. At any rate, his failure was a greater thing than the success of many other men.

Again the editor of the *Saturday Review* makes no demur, and this time we think quite rightly. If any persons have contended that John Davidson was a failure they have plainly written themselves down for foolish persons. For our part we believe that Davidson expressed every ounce that was in him to express up to the time of his disappearance, and we have yet to learn how a man who could always find a publisher and always find an editor, and who received one hundred and fifty pounds a year from the State could be considered to have failed. There is not a poet in England to-day who, on being informed that Mr. Asquith had been graciously pleased to put him on the Civil List to the tune of a hundred and fifty pounds per annum, would not consider that he had achieved success of the most comfortable kind where poetry is concerned. We can put our hands on at least two better poets than John Davidson to whom a hundred and fifty pounds a year from the State would mean all the difference between contempt and recognition and between poverty and competence. If ever a man had reason to thank his lucky stars, that man was John Davidson. A poet who sets out with a passionate longing for the sales of Miss Marie Corelli must never consider himself a failure if he does not get them. It is no good searching the empty cash-box of Poesy for gold pieces. The Muse is bankrupt and besieged by duns, and it is nobody's fault. Neither does she require us to be sorry for her. Her possessions and the possessions of her proper followers are necessarily and eternally different from the possessions of Mammon. She gives of such gifts as she has to rich men as well as to poor men; and she is not altogether likely to love the poor man who desires to make himself rich or even competent with her assistance. We do not wish to suggest by these words that Davidson was a poet for money's sake, or that he spent his life in a desire to make himself snug. He went wrong in a far more serious article—that is to say, he was infected with too much love of notice. It is now being argued by people of the stamp of the ex-literary editor of the *Daily Mail* that recognition is as necessary to the poet as breath, and that it is a debt which the public owes to any person who can produce passable verses. We do not agree in the least. Recognition may be presumed to be pleasant and even inspiring, but it is no part of a poet's business to covet it or to allow the desire for it to develop into a passion. He must tear such a desire out of his heart and keep it out at all costs. Recognition has never been, and never can be, an affair for the poet himself. And it is not an affair for his friends, at any rate in their human capacity of friendship. We do not think for a moment that John Davidson's friends ever failed him. We are glad to believe that they loved and admired him and did for him all that it was possible for them to do. Furthermore, we do not believe that he ever had either enemies or detractors; there was no conspiracy to hold him down; there was no conspiracy of silence against him. There was nobody in England who failed to praise him for the good parts of his work. But apparently his position among his fellows did not content him. He could not point to any poet, other than Swinburne, and possibly Meredith, who was, on the whole, receiving a greater share of recognition and emolument than he was himself receiving. We always regarded him as a comfortable, happy, contented man. And, in spite of what he has written, we should doubt very much whether his disappearance had anything to do with either lack of recognition or lack of means. In any case, the public is not to blame, and it is ridiculous of the *Saturday Review* or any other journal to say otherwise. Cant is of no use to any of us, even if it reaches us by way of the *Saturday Review*. We should advise our contemporary to be a little more

concerned for poetry and a little less inclined to dabble with personal and sentimental affairs. We have not enquired into the treatment meted out to John Davidson's work by the *Saturday Review* at the time when John Davidson was still amongst us. We should like to wager, however, that it was not treatment which commended itself entirely to Mr. Davidson's friends. On the other hand, if the *Saturday Review* praised Davidson's poetry in ample and sufficient terms, Davidson must have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been praised by a journal whose contempt for poetry is notorious; and it seems a little odd that the *Saturday* should complain. And if the *Saturday* blamed him, as it may well have done, it is equally odd that it should now put on the aspects of the outraged and the shocked.

THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER BOOK—III.

HAVING reviewed in our former articles certain radical changes which it is proposed to make in the Prayer Book, we shall now notice some further alterations suggested. Two of these are of importance; the rest are for the most part trivial, and very often in the nature of concession to weak-minded faddists. In an open letter to Mr. W. H. Hill, Lord Halifax has pointed out that "The Ornaments Rubric is only too plain. Revision is advocated, not as an escape from ambiguity, but as an escape from its plain obligations." This is only too true; and since the prosecution of a priest for wearing the legal vestments is now felt to be impossible, it is sought to place restriction on the use of vestments by saying that "they shall be recognised as lawful under proper regulations." As might be expected, these "regulations" are not defined, so that provision is thus elaborately made for embittered strife; these blind guides labouring under the fond delusion that they are making a way for peace. At the same time, what is really unlawful is to be made legal, and given the first place—viz., the wearing of "the surplice with stole or scarf and the hood of his degree." Here it may be noted that anything more ludicrous than emphasising an academic hood as an Eucharistic vestment can hardly be imagined, especially when it is remembered of how many divers and wondrous colours and shapes the hoods of many academies are composed.

The last paragraph but one of the present directions concerning the Service of the Church reads thus: "And all Priests and Deacons are to say daily the Morning and Evening Prayer, either privately or openly, not being let by sickness, or some other urgent cause."

It was proposed to substitute "reasonable" for "urgent." The reason for this change was candidly stated in Convocation last month by the Archdeacon of Leicester: "The relief it would afford was," he considered, "even more needed now, when the duties of the Parish Priest were so complicated and exacting." This is truly an amazing method of excuse from primary duty. Mothers' Meetings, Bands of Hope, Finance and Sports Committees, *et hoc genus omne* are more important for a priest than Bible Reading and Prayer. We should have thought that the dignitaries who inspire rubrical change would have been mindful of the Priests' Ordination vow, "to be diligent in Prayers, and in reading of the Holy Scriptures." Our observation is that the men who are most scrupulous in having daily services are the town clergy, who have the greatest calls on their time; but in any case the reading privately of an office can take only ten to fifteen minutes. (It is satisfactory to

record that Convocation rejected the proposed alteration.)

We find ourselves fully in accord with one suggestion: that the Table of Lessons for Sundays, especially the Lessons from the Old Testament, should be revised. A great many chapters now read might be omitted with advantage—merely cruel episodes in the history of a cruel and semi-barbaric people. The Prophecies and the Books of the Apocrypha afford a wealth of choice for spiritual edification.

We cannot but agree with the alteration in the coarse-spoken Exhortation at the beginning of the Marriage Service, with its unseemly reference to the "brute beasts that have no understanding," yet which, poor creatures, only follow the laws of God in propagating their species, and maintaining life in the world.

A speaker at a recent public meeting in London declared that in this Exhortation "the Church of England declares with no uncertain voice that she adheres to the teaching of the Catholic Church and of the Bible that the single life is the higher one, by speaking of those who marry as 'such persons as have not the gift of continency.'"

We should like to know where is this authority of the Church or the Bible for this audacious statement. We are well aware of the personal opinion of St. Paul, given to meet special emergency, as he expressly informs us. Further, is it not manifestly absurd and illogical, first to inform people that "marriage was instituted of God in the time of man's innocence," and almost in the same breath to state that "it was ordained for a remedy against sin"? It would require a casuist indeed to reconcile these contradictory propositions. It is wisely suggested to omit the whole of the second clause in the Exhortation.

A want of liturgical knowledge is shown in a new Table to regulate the Service when two Feasts or Holy Days fall upon the same day. One example will suffice. When the Festival of the Annunciation falls upon a Sunday in Lent, Good Friday or Easter Day, it is simply suggested that the Collect for the Annunciation shall follow the Collect of the day. Nothing is said as to the transference of the Festival to another day, and thus we are left with a sort of nod to a great Festival on a Fast Day like Good Friday, a curious incongruity. In the Holy Communion office the Rubric ordering a sermon to be preached is altered so as to make the sermon optional. This practically upsets the Reformation Settlement, by which the Holy Communion (not Matins) was regarded as the chief service of Sunday, and therefore the only service in which a sermon was ordered, when the largest number of people would naturally be present for worship.

Further, a new Rubric is to be inserted, which is simply a most unwarrantable licence to make the first half of the Communion office an entirely separate service without any Communion. This is an altogether mischievous suggestion, for which there is no precedent in the Catholic Church.

In the Baptismal office the words "in the vulgar tongue" are to be omitted in the exhortation to godparents to teach children the Creed, etc. This is a charming and thoughtful concession to the sensitive. How rude and unkind to tell the moneyed and well-dressed people of Suburbia to teach their children in the "vulgar" tongue! But the revisers are inconsistent. Why do they not suggest another concession? Instead of saying "this child" to ask: "Hath this young gentleman (or lady) been already baptized?"

And certainly the title of another office should be altered to "The Churching of Ladies."

Here we may observe in passing that when the banns of several couples are to be asked at the same time, the Curate is to say, "If any of you know

cause . . . why these persons *respectively* should not be joined together." Seeing that this word is often now used by clergy in publishing banns, and that it is generally heard and understood as "*respectably*," we should have thought it would be wiser (if not kinder) to leave the Rubric as it is. In the Order for the Burial of the Dead, instead of the direction that the office is not to be used for those who "have laid violent hands upon themselves," the order is "for any that die . . . in the commission of any grievous crime." This suggestion shows an amazing absence of insight and foresight. How are the words "grievous crime" to be defined? And who is to define what is a grievous crime? Here is certainly a road to bitter trouble for relatives and all concerned, resultant from the possible vagaries of parsons possessing more conscience than common-sense, more scruples than common humanity.

In "Another Order for the Burial of the Dead" there occurs a very mild prayer for the departed, so timid that we almost wonder that an additional petition for pardon is not added lest it might have been wrong so to pray.

There has been much talk for years, and academic discussion in Convocation, about enriching our Prayer Book. These nervous, would-be revisers have done nothing of any real value in this direction. But they have suggested dangerous and far-reaching changes, involving questions of doctrine and practice, which would probably lead to deadly strife, if not rupture in the Church. One good work they have accomplished: they have shown what is best avoided, and, chiefly, the risk to the Catholic Faith in any revision at the present time.

REVIEWS

PRACTICAL IDEALISM

Idealism as a Practical Creed. By HENRY JONES, LL.D., D.Litt. (Maclehose, Glasgow, 6s. net.)

If we turn to the severely impartial pages of the dictionary for a definition of "Idealism" (since it is well to be clear as to the meaning of our terms before we discuss their bearing upon life) we find, among other sentences which are *hors concours*, "tendency towards the highest conceivable perfection, love for or search after the best and highest"; looking farther, we note that an Idealist is "one who holds the doctrine of Idealism; an unpractical person." He is thus labelled somewhat gnatuously, and, considering that the words derive from a Greek root meaning "to see," this seems rather a curt way of dismissing the Idealistic school of philosophy; but we need not feel discouraged. People of kindly heart and fine insight and strong faith like Professor Henry Jones—we would that there were more of them—are not to be lightly brushed aside as "unpractical persons" without a word or two of protest, and in this case Professor Jones has collected these lectures, delivered in defence of his creed, into a book which we should like to place in the hands of every pessimist, provided that he could read plain English and possessed an intellect capable of grasping thoroughly the close reasoning here set forth. It is close reasoning—we must acknowledge that such volumes are not easy to read; the mind must be alert to note and remember each premiss to appreciate satisfactorily the sequent conclusion; but then, books of philosophy are not written for children.

Of necessity, the author does not attempt to draw up any final rules of belief or to confine his "credo" within the rigid barriers of a sentence or two. Philosophy is not a doctrine: it is an attitude of mind—

"the experience of the world becoming reflective, and endeavouring to comprehend itself; hence a final philosophic theory is not to be attained, and a fixed system is not to be sought." For all his pertinent arguments, his thesis has to admit the existence of a "great Perhaps," in the nature of things human; for not until we perceive a century or an era from an enlightened perspective can we fit together the links in its various conceptions of the universe, as expressed in the works of its mighty men of valour—poets, prophets, philosophers. "No thinker is great," remarks the author, "and no man is potent in action, save by virtue of the might of his times; as no word has meaning, and no musical note or architectural curve has beauty, except in its place":

Great men appear in great ages, and they are creatures of what they create. They come in "the fulness of time," their messengers sent before their face, into a world which is waiting for them. They are the consequences of vast upheavals, products of the world's stress and strain, pushed upwards from beneath by the pressure of mute social forces which have been long mustering. For this reason great men come, not singly as a rule, but in groups, like highest peaks in a mountainous region. The greatest of them does not stand alone, nor does he rise abruptly from the level plain. His base is on the tableland of some vast public emotion, and around him are companions less in magnitude only than himself.

Beginning with a remarkably good series of three essays on "Freedom," Professor Jones proceeds, as many others have done before him, to examine the position of Wordsworth and Browning in relation to the problems of modern belief, and his analysis, though naturally not exhaustive, is cogent and provocative of thought. "Wordsworth must still be regarded as a deliberate idealist and a very great one," he says. The contrast drawn between the two poets is clear and intimate:

When a poet is at his best there is a certain inevitableness in his work. He is driven by his moods as by a strong tempest. He is not always the master of his own conceptions. He says things greater than he knows; and often enough it is only the slowly maturing experience of later times which can bring out and make good his meaning. . . . No two great poets differ more from one another than do Wordsworth and Browning; yet their mission and their testimony were the same. They triumphed by virtue of the same convictions. Browning's expression of the unity of man and Nature in God was not so inevitable as Wordsworth's. It was more articulate and defined and punctuated; but it was less like the circumambient atmosphere, or the open eye of universal day. The unity of man and Nature for Wordsworth was temperamental, and it expressed itself in moods that were common to both; in the same gladness, love and peace; the notion of the Spirit within them was tranquil, like the deep breathing of a strong man asleep. But Browning's intuition of their unity was acquired. We feel that he had sat at the feet of modern science, even though he transfigured its lessons. We hear from him of the unity of the structures of visible things. He brooks no break in the ascent from lowest being to man's endowment; but he delights to mark its stages.

To return for a while to the essays on "Freedom," where the logical element appears at its best, Professor Jones points out how really complicated is this apparently simple conception, as are those of the psychologist's outfit, Mind and Reason and Will. "This simplicity is all false appearance. These ideas are simple only in the sense in which the seed of a plant is simple: its complexities are hidden, and its powers are asleep; it requires the whole scheme of Nature, earth and sea and sky and the revolving seasons, all in one conspiracy, to bring them forth." Through the early stages of civilisation, from that of the Greeks upwards, the rise of freedom—actual bodily liberty, at first—is traced; and the unanswerable question as to man's freewill takes its place in the discussion. "To do such things justice we require both

'Yes' and 'No.' It is true, in a sense, that the child is the man; but it is also true that he is not the man, and that his sole business, his life through, is to become the man." Human reason, of course, forms the fascinating subject of many pages, and it is curious to note here, as an aside, that precisely as in fiction we cannot do without Mr. Henry James, so in the domain of philosophy essayists depend for some of their points upon his brother of Harvard; in no less than four recently published treatises he is quoted and valued.

The art of ratiocination is dear to the young philosopher: "he is like the puppy-dog—he must tear things to pieces while he is teething"; and with this Platonic metaphor the author alludes to those men who appear at certain periods, "on the way to wisdom and not yet arrived." They bring trouble in their train; they have a good conceit of themselves, and would set the cosmos dancing to their own tune. "They will adopt no belief except that which approves itself to them as true; they will obey no law which they do not think just; they will lend themselves to no purpose which they do not themselves approve; and they have no misgivings, for the world has shrunk into the measure of their thoughts, and they know not that their minds circle within a larger system." Continuing, we have the description of the tardy progress of these ideas of freedom in thought. "There are no leaps in morals and politics, any more than in mathematics. It is as vain to try to superimpose an enlightened social polity on a savage people as to expect a beginner in mathematics to solve problems in the differential calculus. . . . If you cannot prove the truth of the things of the spirit to the natural man, no more can you prove or disprove a complex physical truth to an uneducated mind. A little child can make nothing of an advanced mathematical formula." And finally the logical results of the partial state of freedom to which our present condition of civilised life has attained are exemplified and discussed.

Throughout the book, however, the thing that strikes us as especially admirable and courageous is the author's insistence on an apparent paradox—the practicability of the visionary's outlook on the universe; and as this is precisely what he set out to prove, his matter and method must, from our point of view, be pronounced an unqualified success. "Man is never at his best," he remarks, "except when he is in touch with ultimate issues," and for the attainment of those ultimate issues the mind of the dreamer is a necessary equipment. "I do not wish you," he remarks, "to conclude that the poetic version of the world is the true version. But, on the other hand, I should like to warn you against what we know is the greater danger—namely, the assumption that the only version which can be true is the prose version." Again, addressing his students at Sydney University, he says:

Your city sparkles like a gem under your clear skies—with all its defects, a fair thing in the midst of loveliness. May I ask without presumption whether at times you pause, so that its beauty may pass into the soul and saturate it with joy? I do not judge you, for I do not know. But one thing I do know—that no man and no nation was ever truly great which did not commune with the quiet of the world—sometimes by means of reflective contemplation, as in the East; sometimes by means of Art, as in Greece and Mediæval Italy; more frequently by means of religion. Israel's greatest statesman was called forth from the land of Midian, where he tended sheep.

It was ever so: the man who gets the most out of life is he who cultivates the receptive attitude of mind, whose strength comes through quietness; which is by no means to predicate him as an idler or a non-combatant, be it clearly understood. "The structure of things is spiritual," and the office of Morality, Philosophy, Art and Religion is to reveal.

They elicit the music that is already there, like the wind amongst the pines. *Morality* does not make a man his brother's keeper: it reveals the brotherhood which had been ignored. *Philosophy* does not devise. It discovers. The presupposition which underlies all its efforts is that the truth is there, if it could only get at it, embedded in the very nature of things. *Art* is not artifice. It holds the mirror up to Nature, and the beauty of Nature passes into its face. *Religion* does not invent its God, it finds Him: and, at its best, it finds Him everywhere.

This seems to us excellently expressed, and worthy of all praise. Indeed, half the value of this volume lies in the trains of thought suggested by many well-considered sentences, perceptions which lead on almost involuntarily to personal investigation—a good test of the worth of a writer's matter. The objections of rationalism the author treats with respect, realising that all of them cannot be adequately met; but he need hardly have gone to such lengths to prove his own case. Rationalism and Idealism will never be reconciled. How can they be? They are on either side of a double-tinted wall, arguing as to its colour, and we will go farther, and say that the analogy holds good in that to some degree they are both right. The practical man must have a creed, though it be a poor thing; but the idealist aims higher, and is better off in the end. For one of his fundamental decisions is a threefold cord—that good will prevail, that "God's in His heaven," and that "all's right with the world," as far as men will allow it to be so; believing such a serene creed, he may well strive to assist the general welfare by bringing it down a little from the realm of dreams to the level of earth. And if only all idealists could accomplish this as successfully as the author of the book before us, the world might become a sweeter place to live in.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Netta. By FRED M. WHITE. (Ward, Lock and Co., 6s.)

"SUDDENLY Lady Langworthy grew silent and almost rigid, and Netta felt, rather than saw, Gordon Falmer approaching. As she looked up she seemed to see two lightning sparks flash from his eyes." Aha! We know him—the villain, of course. But, no; it cannot be, for he "dies with awful celerity" on page 39. Perhaps this is he: "A man sat writing, a neat-looking man. . . . His hair was red, his eyes met nothing squarely, they were grey and shifty and cunning, with queer lights in them at certain times." Those queer lights are suspicious. Stay—we must not do him an injustice, for villain No. 1 comes to life again on page 92. Aha! We scent hidden documents and secret societies and all sorts of creepy things, and our perspicacity is proved correct, for "papers" have to be found in order to clear somebody's character, and Netta is the girl to find them; she rises to her feet on page 52, her eyes flashing and her breast heaving—"But it shall be done," she says between her teeth. "It shall. For your sake, my darling, I would do more terrible things than that. I will not leave this house till I know whether those papers are here or not." Brave creature! A pair of dice is the "sign" of the secret society, and a wonderful fluid which has the power of suspending animation explains the peculiar behaviour of villain No. 1. Within about thirty pages "that which before had been a motor-car was a mass of crumpled metal"—struck by lightning; the red-haired gentleman is blinded by the same flash; Netta plays a melody on her violin which makes Falmer (a) start; (b) his face go white; (c) his muscles stand out in knots; and (d) beads glisten on his forehead. To recapitulate all the extraordinary things

that happen in this extraordinary novel would—dare we say it?—weary our readers. We shall merely observe that Mr. White's fertility is amazing, and that his plot will prove very exciting to those who can read such a book as a means of pleasure. Unfortunately, we *have* to read it.

Leaves of the Lower Branch; the Attorney in Life and Letters. By E. B. V. CHRISTIAN. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

THE attorney, until about fifty years ago, seems to have been a very unfortunate person. He was the man to be abused by litigants when things went wrong; he was villified in literature, and accounted of small repute in society, so that the craft of the law as far as he was concerned suffered from much ill-considered wit and unmannerly objugation. "What doctors were to Molière, what mothers-in-law are to the singers of the music-hall, that practitioners of the law are to the world at large," says the author on his first page; and his task has been in an exhaustive manner to trace these "leaves of the lower branch" (though not necessarily "shady" branch) through their vicissitudes in fact and fiction, so that the reader may learn a little more about the poor, maligned lawyer and his fate. Very interestingly it is done. He begins with a learned inquiry as to the plausibility of the immortal breach-of-promise case "*Bardell v. Pickwick*," and asserts, to the complete astonishment of the uninitiated, that those two smug and specious worthies, Messrs. Dobson and Fogg, have been dreadfully misunderstood—that, in fact, they were in the right after all, and were scrupulously honest and hard-working men of law! He substantiates this defence by legal demonstration, so we naturally dare not cavil very extensively with his verdict, but it is so great a reversal of the opinions to which from our youth up we had adhered that the shock almost takes away our breath. Proceeding through "*The Attorney in the Poets*," in which chapter Theobald, the hero of Pope's *Dunciad*, assumes the position of honour in more senses than one, since he appears to have been very hardly treated by the indefatigable manufacturer of couplets, Mr. Christian deals with "*The Novels of the Law*," "*Bleak House*," of course, is the most famous of these; Samuel Warren's "*Ten Thousand a Year*" and Anthony Trollope's "*Orley Farm*" come next, while there are various other novels not unknown to fame which make a strong point of legal affairs.

After discussing many aspects of the attorney, we come to "*The Attorney as Man of Letters*," and, as may be imagined, this section takes up a larger number of pages. The list of lawyers, if we include those who subsequently abandoned the law for other professions, and still made a name in literature, would fill a column, and we must refer our readers to the book itself if they desire more detail. The pages that describe the life of Horace Smith are extremely interesting; in fact, the whole volume is entertaining and well worth reading, if only for the sake of its information on the careers of famous men. If there are mistakes, we have found no glaring ones, and we can be sure that the task of compiling such a tome was no light one.

Mrs. Gramercy-Park. By A. R. GORING-THOMAS. (John Lane, 6s.)

THE American lady who is the heroine of this exhilarating novel differs from a good many American ladies (of fiction, of course), and we had almost added from most heroines, in that it is impossible to be bored by her company. She is slangy, impetuous, ambitious, extravagant, but she is always delightful. She simply

coruscates. Before we quote two or three of her pungent comments on England and the English people we must explain that she has, in her own expressive phrase, "money to burn," and that she comes over here with a meek little lady companion, determined to enter society and to spy out the land. In fact, "the Atlantic had been crossed for the specific purpose of watching the English Aristocrat get very drunk, cheat at cards and talk in epigrams."

She wanted to see him behave as he is generally depicted as behaving in the social and dramatic literature of the United States. Mrs. Gramercy-Park wanted to hear him say "By Jove," and "bally," and to see him wallow in a wild and wicked luxury. She was prepared, if the luxury included a good time for herself and the epigrams were not too humourlessly English, to marry a specimen aristocrat.

Her first experience with a family at Streatham, which she fondly hoped would afford a glimpse into the gilded halls of wicked baronets and wily dukes, is a pathetic failure; she merely meets the usual "arty" cranks who affect a mild bohemianism, are strenuously witty, and cultivate "spooks." By judicious manœuvring, however, she does become a guest at various lofty places, and her desperate attempts to fathom the English mind, and, afterwards, to bind herself to a gentleman by proposing to him in a most barefaced manner, form an amusing medley—sometimes a trifle too much on the absurd side, we must admit. Mrs. Gramercy-Park herself, and her remarks in her letters to a friend, are irresistible. "I just feel about English jokes," she writes, "as most people would feel about walking barefooted in a dark room where some carpet-nails were lying around point upwards." She likes the hotel servants so much that she tips them every time she sees them, "to make sure that they shall go on doing it." The other characters are good; Mr. Harden, who expostulates with a friend to the effect that "if you marry a fool you're miserable, and if you marry a clever woman you don't know where you are," is one of the best. "Livin' with a clever woman," he says, "is like livin' with a mustard plaster. It's so damned irritating." And we must not omit Mousie Turton, Mrs. Gramercy-Park's companion, who outstrips her patron by having the sheer luck to nurse a little boy through a fever and marry his father, who shortly after becomes a duke. The way the acquaintance of these two, which began on board ship, is extended we must not expatiate upon; it is ingenious and not improbable; but its *dénoûment* drives poor Mrs. Gramercy-Park raving with jealousy, and we leave her vowing that she "has not begun yet," that she will "buy a duke or a Serene Highness" and "make things hum in this old town." For which we do not part with her on the best of terms. Still, as one of her suspicious intimates remarks: "What's the use of disliking a person who has seventy thousand a year?" Her lively personality carries the book through without one dull page.

The Wooden Horse. By HUGH WALPOLE. (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.)

It is not often, among the general run of novels, that the setting of the story matters a great deal; too frequently the scenery is a mere necessity—things evidently must happen somewhere; but into this remarkably fine book the author has managed to weave the very spirit of the west country until the craving to see the "Delectable Duchy" once more, and to hear the cadence of Cornish voices, is almost overwhelming—at any rate, it is so to one who has already seen and heard these things and come under their magic spell. We feel sure no casual choice determined the stage for Mr. Walpole's characters; he knows the haunting

charm, the in-dwelling mystery of western moors and seas; he has heard the speech of its little bays of silver-sand, its tiny fairy harbours, and his success is complete.

The hero of the events which take place in these enchanting surroundings, Harry Trojan, has returned to the town of "Pendragon" after an absence of eighteen years, to find his ancient and historic home the centre of a little cult of language æstheticism, in the toils of which his son Robin has been caught, and the theme of the book is the struggle of this strong, hearty man for recognition among his own people. Very finely is the situation portrayed. He has looked forward for months to the first stroll with Robin: Robin has some books to see for a friend. He opens the windows to let in the glorious sea-sounds and the salt wind; his sister shivers and closes them. Things have altered since he went to New Zealand all those years ago; the town has changed; people look down on him superciliously from intellectual heights, and the son whose love and comradeship he had longed for so keenly has been learning "to adjust ties correctly and to choose waistcoat-buttons." Only the dear land is the same, but he hears with dismay that the fishing hamlet of "The Cove" is doomed to become fashionable.

As he passed down the crooked, uneven stone steps that led to the Cove he felt indignant, almost unhappy. It was as if a friend had been insulted in his presence and he had been unable to defend him. They said that the Cove must go, must make way for modern jerry-built lodging-houses, in order that middle-class families from London and Manchester might be sufficiently accommodated. The Cove had meant a great deal to him when a boy—mystery, romance, pirates and smugglers, strange Cornish legends of saints and sinners, knights and men-at-arms. The little inn, "The Bended Thumb," with its irregular, red-brick floor and its smoke-stained oaken rafters, had been the theatre of many a stirring drama—now it was to be pulled down, and there would be electric trams. It was a wonderfully beautiful morning, and the little twisting street of the Cove seemed to dance with its white shining cobbles in the light of the sun. It was as mysterious as ever, but colours lingered in every corner. Purple mists seemed to hang about the dark alleys and twisting ways; golden shafts of light flashed through the open cottage doorways into rooms where motes of dust danced, like sprites, in the sun; smoke rose in little wreaths of pearl-grey blue into the cloudless sky; there was perfect stillness in the air, and from an overflowing pail that stood outside "The Bended Thumb" the clear drip, drip of the water could be heard falling slowly into the white cobbles, and close at hand was the gentle lap of the sea, as it ran up the little shingly beach and then dragged slowly back again with a soft, reluctant hiss.

It was the Cove in its gentlest mood. No one was about; the women were preparing the dinner and the men were away at work. No strange faces peered from inhospitable doorways; there was nothing to-day that could give the stranger a sense of outlawry, of almost savage avoidance of ordinary customs and manners. Harry's heart beat wildly as he walked down the street; there was no change here, it was as he had left it. He was at home here as he could never be in that new, strident Pendragon with its utter disregard of tradition and beauty.

The reader will see at once that the place is inseparable from the story, and Harry is a pathetic figure, moving about listlessly, seeking friends, and for a long time finding none.

Robin gets entangled with a girl, and when he is disillusioned she refuses to give up his compromising letters; it is left for his father to gain them at last by his sincerity and charm where the arts of the other members of the household had failed; this pitiful period through which, as through a purifying fire, the miserable boy passes is recounted with most convincing reality. Then, to the consternation of the others, Harry falls in love with Mary Bethel, the daughter of a couple who have settled near. The progress of this late love of his is told very beautifully and tenderly;

we could not wish a single passage altered or a word varied. The return of Robin to a sane, healthy outlook on life concludes the theme. Our thanks are due to the author for a book which we hope will give many of our readers as much unadulterated pleasure as it has given us. We hope, also, that Mr. Walpole will write again about the county he loves so well, for we shall look forward to his next book with exceptional interest.

WAVES

THROUGH the window-panes of the Fir-Cone Inn, across the garden, with its stiff fence of hollyhock, lies the sea; wave upon wave, gemmed with sunshine, uncoiling below upon the beach, or breaking in showers over an old wizard-shaped rock that sailors call "The Spirit of Solitude." Impassive, exiled from the clover-scented cliffs, it gives emphasis to the moving waters about it. Seaweeds cling around its musseled sides, iris-coloured and coral-pink; and once, long ago, so they say, Merlin, the Enchanter, touched "The Spirit of Solitude" with his wand, and ever since it has been under the dominion of the Moon. Why Merlin severed the rock from the land no one knows. Some think that down, deep down, lies buried the Enchanter's secret mysteries. And there is always a strange glamour just there about the sea. Beyond the old-fashioned garden of the Fir-Cone Inn, with its pinks from India and its white and black columbines, the waves break and the sea-gulls pass like pearls against the blue. An amusing contrast to a seventeenth-century seascape, one thinks, with each wave an ingenious curl! Less restrained this glittering mass of water, alluring and sequined as an actress's robe.

There is a delightful seascape in the Brussels Musée which hovers perversely in the mind: A *Court* seascape, with jade-green waves and ivory foam, curled and correct as a Louis XVI. perruque. Issuing from the shadow of a Greek temple, a lady, with no more serious luggage than a fan, a bouquet of flowers and a little black page, is seen to descend a flight of marble stairs and place, with studied grace, a satin slipper on the side of a barque that seems only made to capsize. Far away, beyond the drooping drapery of her sails, two small clouds, in close conspiracy, thread their way. It seems certain that before this reckless lady has been many hours at sea there will be a storm. One wonders what her destiny can be, whither she is bound, and vaguely—what she will do when she gets there. Will the fan, the flowers and the little black page, the only luxuries that seem left to her, fall victims to the curved treachery of the waves? Impossible to say.

Less artificial, and also less speculative, are the more modern seascapes of Anton Mauve, or of Marais. Take the Mauves and the Marais from the Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam, and compare them mentally with the "Spirit of Solitude"; Mauve, with his predilection for white twilights falling in loneliness over windy sand-dunes, where moor-fowl call in infinite sadness above the tufted grass, whose sole note of colour may lie in the blue smock of some peasant, solitary against the cold colouring of the sea; or Marais, scientific Marais, who knows every caprice of the waves, and sees them with the unemotional eyes of a doctor. Could either render on canvas the elusive fantasy of Merlin's Rock, catch the changing greens, the hurrying violets as they swell and fall, suggest the mystic sheen, the glamour of the Enchanter?

"Merlin! Merlin!" the seagulls scream, and in the garden the flame-red poppies sway, and the gold-tinted leaves of a magnolia blossom unfold wider in the strength of the sun.

Near by, in the village of Seven Stones, a clock strikes noon, twelve mellow notes, like the petals falling from a rose. A siesta? But it would be disgraceful. "If it were only Italy," you sigh. Rimini! to be at Rimini! little sun-baked town. Still, Merlin never had a rock at Rimini! And to return to the invisible flock of sheep, who in all the world could capture "The Spirit of Solitude" if Mauve could not, and Marais could not? . . .

Through the windows of the Fir-Cone Inn (it is not impossible to think and observe the world's happenings at the same time) one can see Pomona, bare-footed Pomona, gathering strawberries for lunch. There is nothing quite so blue in all the sea, or in all the sky, as that print frock of hers, you reflect; and then suddenly comes the flash, the inspiration.

But, of course, how absurd! Nobody *could* paint "The Spirit of Solitude"; it required music—music alone could describe it; music only could create the atmosphere, conjure up from the depths the forgotten secrets of Merlin, the Enchanter.

"Claud Debussy! Claud Debussy!" scream the seagulls, with the accent on the wrong syllable.

"But, silly birds, why not have said so at the beginning?"

Down on the beach the waves are breaking slowly in showers over an old wizard-shaped rock that sailors call "The Spirit of Solitude," and in the garden Pomona has seated herself on an empty bee-hive in the shadow of a cherry-tree, and is eating all the strawberries herself. A. F.

ADVENTURE

It is a large thing to write of Adventure. So much glamour and romance, such blare of trumpets summoning to arms, such drums throbbing and calling to great deeds are in the wind that a man's heart must quiver to be up and away upon the road to fortune, leading the regiment of his ambitions and in front the standard of chivalry. For I have no patience with those who cry that Adventure is dead and lies among the limbo of forgotten years. The trumpets, perhaps, are somewhat rusty and the drums are not so insistent in their call, but the regiment of ambition is ever upon the march and the standards honourably stained with the red tokens of war are yet to the front.

But it is not of these adventures that I wish to write now. "The most beautiful adventures are not those we go to seek," said Stevenson (he who was so perfect a knight), and if this is true how pitiful a thing it is to think how many men there are who go forth to find adventure, court danger and even make love to Death, whom they boast with a fine bravery of words they like to encounter; how few there are content to stay at home allowing Life to take them by the hand and lead them up the hill to their journey's end, leaving it for the little gods to place in their path these beautiful adventures. It is of this latter, The Gentle Adventure, I write. Of the former, The Joyful Adventure, you may read in Sir Thomas Malory's great book and many others.

But not to all who are content to wait does the Gentle Adventure come: many may go down to the grave and never have looked upon her face, and it is a sad thought to think that when the end is reached they must look back a little wistfully upon the years and acknowledge themselves to have been unworthy: for Adventure is seldom mistaken in the choice of her ministers. But for those who meet her Life will not have been spent in vain. I remember as a small boy being taken to see an old man whose end was not far; for many years he had faithfully done his country's work and was hailed as good friend by men and

women of great name. I was ever full of curiosity about old men, how they had gone through the entrancing years of life, what honourable scars they had to show of past conflicts, and with my head full of high deeds and gentle knights I asked him if any great adventure had come to him. And he told me that once unexpected, un hoped for, Adventure had swung from the realms of romance and laid wait for him as he journeyed; he told me of the beauty and the joy of it, of the uplifting of his heart in brave songs of gladness, and of his sorrow when it was finished. "But," he said, and I can still see him in his chair, his grey locks sweeping over his ears and his eyes very tender, "you will learn one day, boy, that a broken heart is not bread nor sorrow the means of life: the memory of pleasant days will outlive and conquer the sadness of their ending." I did not understand then, of course, but I learned the story, the adventure of which he had spoken in later years. A tragedy of no great novelty: the passionate love of a man of great intellect and a poet for a woman who proved unfaithful. But the memory of pleasant days outlived the sadness of their ending: a fitting epitaph for so beautiful a life.

But there are men whose souls are blind; when the Gentle Adventure comes to them upon wide wings they do not see; sightless they are born and sightless they stumble on, because there is no doctor who can heal the blindness of the soul; it is their misfortune, though not their fault, and the majority of those who are blind do not even know of their blindness: it is the more pitiful since often these men's hearts are good and true and they have great affection; but of passion they do not know.

About these beautiful adventures there is not much to write: they are a man's own concern; quietly he will meet them and in the playing of them take his part; intoxicated with their mystery he will not talk, for the more we keep strange happenings to ourselves the more strange and delightful they will appear; and when the play is played and the curtain rung down the chief actor does not speak much upon the part he played. If he played his best he will not care whether the audience was meagre and the critics hostile or the audience large and the critics laudatory, if he made money or if he lost it; it is enough that he played his best and was pleased to play it. And the memory of the part becomes the more precious if he played to please another: some good comrade who could understand, some friend whose tongue was glad to cry "Well done," or, most beautiful, some woman to whom he had given his heart, at whose disposal he had placed his life. Not in vain will he have lived.

"To die would be an awfully big adventure," cried Peter Pan the valiant; and Death is, indeed, a great adventure that must come to all, worthy or unworthy. With stiff limbs and hair grey with the toil of years, with eyes tender because we have learnt the secret of things hidden from youth and to know is to pardon, great of soul we prepare for the last riding out. We take little with us: the record of a life which was well or ill spent; the memory of happy hours or sorrowful; the hope that is born in us and held by many creeds and men that life upon this earth is not all nor in vain, the hope in the immortality of the soul. There are many ways of Death and many opinions as to the best way: for me, that of the man of whom I wrote earlier. One evening in August, when the years were heavy upon his heart, he turned to his dearest comrade: "I am tired," he said simply. He went and lay down in his bedroom, and the members of that simple household gathered round: his friend, his sister and the few servants who loved him because of his ever-ready courtesy to those below him. Kindly and as though he were going but a short journey he bade each fare-

well. His sister he kissed and said: "You will not mourn," and she answered "No." She, too, understood. There remained but the friend: for a moment they held hands: "Good-bye, old friend," said the man; "I will wait for you upon the other side." He paused and showed the one touch of sentiment: "Do not be long," he whispered, his old voice slightly broken. Soon he turned his face to the wall, and, with courageous heart and high hope, entered upon the long quest. It is the men who do great deeds quietly that keep the beacon of chivalry alight before us.

Though I set out to write of the Gentle Adventure only, there is one side of the other, the Joyful, of which I wish to speak; a side little noticed in the books upon the subject. He who goes into the world as Knight of the Round Table can have no friendship—that rare gift which is as the sweetness of a spring shower upon the grass or as the dew upon the flowers. Many acquaintances he may have, but no friends. For the soul of the Joyful Adventurer is ever equipped with winged feet: from one place to another he goes, nor has time for the quieter realities of life. The cry of the South is in his heart and in gallant ships he sails to the far countries of music and song. Over many lands and waters he travels to drink the bubbling wine of Youth and dance in the revel of the roses. Southward with the swallows his desire leads him, and eastward to hail the sun at the gates of dawn. To feast his eyes upon the treasure of fabled realms; to feed upon the flower of sleep; to taste the spices of the Orient.

But though he travel across the world and follow the winds that blow, he will surely return with longing in his heart to the land of his birth; he will return to seek that for which his soul cries—he knows not what: the cry that sooner or later comes to all wanderers, bringing them back to the land where they lived as boys. But upon the wind-swept quay there will be none to welcome, no smile will lighten the lips of waiting friends. The cry of the South is lonely, and lonely must be the man who answers. He who would up and follow the Piper of Hamelin must become as a little child and take no thought for the delights of later years. Life, gay, irresponsible, heedless of mortal man, holds out her hands; and we have but the two to choose from; in our destiny none can interfere. We are the "masters of our fate," and with us lies the choice.

THE COUNTRY LIFE

WE walked up from the station; the house-agent had said two miles and a bit to the village, and it hardly seemed the good three it was, and the dust was not as the dust of London which we had shaken from our feet. When it rained a little we sheltered under an oak in a cornfield. The hamlet—which "nestled in the heart of rural England," just as the agent had said—was a mere streak of flower-trimmed cottages, and the few slow-going folk we passed wore the fixed unseeing expression of country people, so unlike the alert glance of your Londoner; little flowers grew on the very thresholds. This puzzled me at the time; afterwards I learnt that these front doors were rarely opened, and that the cottage life ebbed and flowed through hidden doors at the back. It all helped out the peaceful impression. A couple of school-children did bob-curtseys as we passed.

Well, we came. We saw the house that day and were conquered, and for long that first impression of welcoming, kindly peace persisted. It is tangled up with the scent of sweet-briar and "old man's beard," and the milk and eggs of our first tea. We wanted it early, and square, that first tea, but had to wait till the

cows were milked. Ah! that was something like being in the country. I had forgotten how new milk looked till the hind brought it in from the byre, all foamy and warm.

So long as we only had a surface knowledge of the village and our own ideas of the inhabitants our illusions flourished.

There was old Hobden the Hedger, for instance, his very self, you would say; and the lady of the nearest flower-wreathed cottage was Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. She passed every morning on her way to the shop, in a velvet mantle, always cheery and odd. Peter said she had a look of the late Dan Leno, but Mrs. Wiggs had it on the whole.

Early in our career the Vicar called. He had been vicar a-many years, so must have known his flock, and I can only wonder now at his forbearance when I (still under the spell) held forth about the unspoiled charm of place and people. It did strike me that his acquiescence was more polite than hearty. Anyway, he used the word "ensorious" in that connection and may have intended a warning. However, for quite a long time that surface knowledge was all we had. But there is an insidious quality about rural tongues which cannot be withstood; by degrees our first fair impressions were effaced, and we learnt at last what the kindly Vicar tried to teach the day he came.

"ensorious"—and I had put the word aside almost indignantly! Now I know that as a description of his flock it was profoundly understated. Behind those muslin curtains, across those flower-locked porches, from old Hobden the Hedger to the bobbing school-children—over all was the same trail. Call it village gossip, or call it evil speaking, lying and slandering—it's one and the same thing; and for that the village lives. Yonder lad, with a knot of flowers in his cap, who calls the cattle home with a stout stick, stops for a word with the old hedger, while the cattle drink at the wayside pond. It is a pretty picture, just completed by the human interest—let us say the *deep* human interest. In all likelihood the simple pair are discussing the latest stranger within their gates, and speculating on his sources of income. They are seriously annoyed because the "Nuss" spends so much on white gowns, considering her wages, and they have the gravest doubts of the respectability, or solvency, of "Him." The bluff farmer and his boys have decided, in the pauses of their harvest homing, that it's not for nothing that artist-chap has taken the old Orchard cottage. "Painting scenery" they hold to be the merest blind at all events.

A group of labourers, in stiff Sunday garments, streeled past our gate. They are intimately dissecting life up at the Chapel Farm. Now the Chapel Farm had been interwoven with our early romance about the hamlet. A nice, fat churchwarden, Mr. Penney, had come down on our first Sunday in his shirt-sleeves to enquire if he should "Keep the pew for us," as it was Harvest Thanksgiving. It seemed so friendly, just what you would expect to happen. These honest villagers were now employing their Sabbath leisure in the old, but ever fresh speculation whether Penney's wife had really died of drink, or whether she had been driven to suicide by Penney's evil behaviour. On the whole, they favour the latter surmise. As they approach us they drop Penney's wife, and, turning a bovine gaze on Peter and his bulbs, mutter (audibly outraged) something about "gardening on Sunday!"

It's a dear house—ideal, you'd say. The black ceiling beams are so low that Peter has acquired a chronic stoop. We dine by the light of wax candles, a ring of them in an old iron chandelier, which hangs over the oak table. There are but eleven upstairs, and one of my windows commands a distant prospect of the pigfold. Outside it is half-timbered and draped with a

gorgeous wistaria, forbye roses, ivy, and clematis on the porch. The privet-hedge between lawn and garden is clipped into a formal pattern. And I wonder, when all this becomes a memory and I am looking backwards, I do wonder what I shall think of it. You never can coerce these records, they are all on the knees of the gods.

But I hope, I trust, that as the realities recede, the first blessed impression will return, clear and true again. Vague prospects scented with sweet-briar in the early mornings after rain, cowslips at hot noon. Spacious forgotten green lanes shut in by towering, blossoming hedges, where weasels stroll across your path, and garden flowers grow wild and ungathered. The still meadows where mushrooms are found at dusk, with the mist rising. Where the loneliness of crowds is clean forgotten, and Nature lets you come very near.

Something, at least, of all this I hope will come back in time.

I hope that the villagers who break off their scandalous chronicle to scowl at our Sunday gardening will drop out of the picture, and that the women in motor caps and aprons at their bitter gossip over hidden back doors will seem merely an impertinent interruption.

F. W.

POOR BURRAGE

THE *Hippopotamus*, a review of literature, science, art, politics, society and the drama, is, as everyone knows, one of the leading literary weeklies. Its original promoters decided on its rather eccentric title, with a symbolism now outmoded. The *Hippopotamus* was to be impregnable to outside contributors, and the editor was always invisible. The vile and secret arts of *réclame* and puffery were to find no place in its immaculate pages. One afternoon some time ago a number of gentlemen, more or less responsible for the production of the *Hippopotamus*, among whom was the editor, were seated round the fire in the smoking-room of a certain club. For the last hour they had been discussing with some warmth the merits of signed and unsigned articles and the reviewing of books. A tall, good-looking man, who pretended to be unpopular, was advocating the anonymous. "There is something so cowardly about a signed article," he was saying. "It is nearly as bad as insulting a man in public, when there is no redress except to call for the police. And that is ridiculous. If I am slated by an anonymous writer it is always in my power to pay no attention, whereas if the slate is signed I am obliged to take notice of some kind. I must either deny the statements, often at a great sacrifice of truth, or if I assault the writer there is always the risk of his being physically stronger than I am. No; anonymous attack is the only weapon for gentlemen."

"To leave for a moment the subject of anonymity," said an eminent novelist, "I think the great curse of all criticism is that of slating any book at all. Think of the unfortunate lady novelist or the young man first entering the paths of literature, and the great pain it causes them. You should encourage them and not damp their enthusiasm."

"My dear fellow," said South, "I encourage no one, and writers should never have any feelings at all. They can't have any, or they would not bore the public by writing."

The discussion was getting heated when the editor, Rivers, interfered.

"My dear South," he began, addressing the first speaker, "your eloquent advocacy of the anonymous reminds me of a curious incident that occurred many years ago when I was assistant editor of the *Hippo-*

potamus. The facts were never known to the public, and my old chief, Curtis, met with much misplaced abuse in consequence. There were reasons for which he could never break silence, but it happened so long ago that I cannot be betraying any confidence. All of you have heard and some of you have seen Quentin Burrage, whose articles practically made the *Hippopotamus* what it now is. His opinion on all subjects was looked forward to by the public each week. Young poetasters would tremble when their time should come to be pulverised by the scathing epigrams which fell from his anonymous pen. Essayists, novelists, statesmen were pale for weeks until a review appeared that would make or mar their fame. In the various literary coteries of London no one knew that Quentin Burrage was the thumper who thrilled, irritated or amused them. With the exception of myself and Curtis, no one knew exactly how much he wrote, though he was, of course, recognised as an occasional contributor. The secret was well kept. He was practically critical censor of London for fifteen years. A whole school of novelists ceased to exist after three of his notices in the *Hippopotamus*. The names of painters famous before his time you will not find in the largest dictionaries now. Four journalists committed suicide after he had burlesqued their syntax, and two statesmen resigned office owing to his masterly examination of their policy. We were all much shocked when a popular actor set fire to his theatre on a first night because Curtis and his dramatic critic refused to take champagne and chicken between the acts. This may give you some idea of Burrage's power in London.

"One day a curious change came over him. It was Monday when he and I were in the office receiving our instructions. Curtis, after going over some books, handed to Quentin a vellum-covered volume of poems, saying, with a grim smile: 'There are some more laurels for you to hash.' An expression of pain spread over Quentin's serene features. 'I'll see what I can do,' he said wearily. But his curious manner struck both Curtis and myself. The book was a collection of very indifferent verse, which already enjoyed a wide popularity. I cannot tell you the title, for that is a secret not my own. It was an early work of one of our most esteemed poets, who for some time was looked to, by his friends, as the natural successor to Tennyson. The *Hippopotamus* had not spoken. We were sometimes behindhand in our reviews. The public waited to learn if the new poet was really worth anything. You can imagine the general surprise when a week afterwards there appeared a flamingly favourable review of the poems. It made a perfect sensation and was quoted largely. The public became quite conceited with its foresight. The reputation of the poet was assured. 'The giant must be dead,' someone remarked in my hearing at the club, and members tried to pump me. One day a telegram came from Curtis asking me to go down to his house at once. A request from him was a command. I found him in a state of some excitement, his manner a little artificial. 'My dear Rivers, I suppose you think me mad. The geese have got into the Capitol at last.' Without correcting his classical allusion I said: 'Where is Burrage?' 'He is coming here presently. Of course, I glanced at the thing in proof and thought it a splendid joke, but, reading it this morning, I have come to the conclusion that something is wrong with Burrage. You remember his agitated manner the other day?' I was about to reply, when Burrage was announced. His haggard and pale appearance startled both of us. 'My dear Burrage, what is the matter with you?' we exclaimed simultaneously. He gave a sickly, nervous smile. 'Of course, you have sent to ask me about that review. Well, I have changed my

views. I have altered. I think we should praise everything or ignore everything. To slate a book, good or bad, is taking the bread out of a fellow's mouth. I have been the chief sinner in this way, and I am going to be the first reformer.' 'Not in my paper,' said Curtis angrily.

"Then we all fell to discussing that old question with all the warmth that South and the rest of you were doing just now. We lost our tempers, and Curtis ended the matter by saying: 'I tell you what it is, Burrage; if you ever bring out a book yourself I'll send it to you to review. You can praise it as much as you like. But don't let this occur again with anyone else's work.' Burrage turned quite white, I thought, and Curtis, noticing the effect of his words, went up, and, taking him by the hand, added more kindly: 'My poor Burrage, are you quite well? I never saw you in so morbid a state before. All this is mere sentimentality—so different from your usual manly spirit. Go away for a change, to Brighton or Eastbourne, and you must come back with that wholesome contempt for your contemporaries that characterises most of your writings. I'll look over the matter this time, and we'll say no more about it.' And here Curtis was so overcome that he dashed a tear from his eye. A few hours later I saw Burrage off to the sea. He was very strange in his manner. 'I'll never be quite the same again. If I only dared to tell you,' he said. And the train rolled out of the station.

"Some weeks later I was again in the editorial room, and Curtis showed me a curiously bound book, printed on hand-made paper, entitled 'Prejudices.' I had already seen it. 'That book,' Curtis remarked, 'ought to have been noticed long ago. I was keeping it for Burrage when he gets better. Shall I send it to him?'

"'Prejudices' for some weeks had been the talk of London. It was a series of very ineffectual essays on different subjects. Sight, colour, sound, art, letters and religion were all dealt with in that highly glowing and original manner now termed *Style*. It was delightfully unwholesome and extraordinarily silly. Young persons had already begun to get foolish over it, and, leaving the more stimulating pages of Pater, they hailed the work as an earnest of the English Renaissance. Instead of stroking 'Marius the Epicurean' they fondled a copy of 'Prejudices.' I prophesied that Burrage would vindicate himself over it, and that the public would hear very little of 'Prejudices' in a year's time. The book was sent; and the first part of my prophecy was fulfilled; Burrage spared neither the author nor his admirers. The pedantry, the affected style, the cheap hedonism, were all pitilessly exposed. London rocked with laughter. Some of the admirers, with the generosity of youth, nobly came to the rescue. They made a paper war and talked of 'The cruelty and cowardice of the attack,' 'The stab in the dark,' 'Journalistic marauding,' 'Disappointed author turned critic.' The slate was one that I am bound to say was *killing* in both senses of the word. A less worthless book could never have lived under it. It was one of those decisive reviews of all ages. 'Prejudices' was withdrawn by the publisher, fearful of damaging his prestige. Yet it was never looked on as a rarity, and fell at book auctions for a shilling, for some time after, amidst general tittering. The daily papers meanwhile devoted columns to the discussion. I telegraphed to Burrage in cipher and congratulated him, knowing that secrets eke out sometimes through the post office. I was surprised to get no reply for some weeks, but Curtis said he was lying low while the excitement lasted. One day I got a letter simply saying: 'For God's sake, come. I am very ill.' I went at once. How shall I describe to you the pitiful condition in which I found him? The doctor told me

he was suffering from incipient tuberculosis due to cerebral excitement and mental trouble. When I went in to see him he was lying in bed, pale and emaciated as a corpse, surrounded by friends and relations. He asked everyone to go out of the room; he had something of importance to say to me. I then learned what you have divined already. The anonymous author of 'Prejudices' was no other than Quentin Burrage himself, or, rather, not himself, but the other self of which neither I nor Curtis knew anything. He had been 'living a double life.' As a writer of trashy essays and verse, an incomplete sentimentalist surrounded by an admiring band of young ladies and gentlemen, he was not recognised as the able critic and the anonymous slater of the *Hippopotamus*. When he first received his own book to review he recalled the words of Curtis. He must be honest, impartial and just. No one knew better the faults of 'Prejudices.' As he began to write, the old spirit of the slater came over him. His better self conquered. He forgot for the moment that he was the author. He hardly realised the sting of his own sarcasm, even when he saw them in proof. It was not until it appeared and the papers were full of the controversy that the *cruelty and unfairness* of the attack dawned on him. I was much shocked at the confession, and the extraordinary duplicity of Burrage, who had been living a lie for ten years; and his denunciation of poor Curtis pained me. I would have upbraided him, but his tortured face and hacking cough made me relent. I need not prolong the painful story. Burrage never recovered. He sank into galloping consumption, only aggravated by a broken heart. I saw him on his deathbed at Rome. He was attended by Strange, and died in his arms. His last words to me were:

"Rivers, tell Curtis I forgive him."

"We buried him in the Protestant Cemetery next to Keats and Shelley. His sad death provoked a good deal of comment, as you may suppose; Curtis, of course, being blamed by the public. Strange has often promised to write his life. But he could never get through 'Prejudices,' and I pointed out to him that you can hardly write an author's life without reading one of his works, even though he did die in your arms. That is the worst of literary martyrs with a few brilliant exceptions; their works are generally dull."

"Is that all?" asked South.

"That is all, and I hope you understand the moral."

"Perfectly, but your reminiscences have too much construction, my dear Rivers."

"The story is perfectly true for all that," remarked the editor dryly.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ROMANCE OF THE WRANGLER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—That England cares nothing for education is the tritest of sayings; and seldom is the saying better exemplified than upon the rare occasions when a spasmodic interest is aroused in the doings of one of the ancient universities. For the salient points on which the public seizes are almost invariably the least essential.

In the eyes of the British nation—or, rather, in the eyes of the nation's spokesman, the daily Press—the Valhalla of the noblest sons of Cambridge is the Mathematical Tripos. This is regarded, like the Derby, as a race for three-year-olds, a race for the Senior Wranglership. And again, as of old, Eclipse is first, and the rest nowhere. Each year the Senior Wrangler becomes, not indeed a nine-days' wonder, but a hero for part of a day, until, in fact, the two o'clock winner at Ascot shall oust him from his pride of place.

Now, how is this glamour that enwraps one solitary individual in one solitary tripos to be accounted for? It may

be a relic of bygone days, for the Mathematical Tripos is the oldest of the honours schools. But it is hard to credit even British conservatism with such persistence; the Classical Tripos has been established for nearly a century, and at the present day there exist more avenues to academic honours than can be easily counted.

"To be a Senior Wrangler," the papers annually repeat, "is the opening of a brilliant career in life." Is this the case? Has it ever been the case? Ask any ordinary man to name a dozen Senior Wranglers of the nineteenth century. He could not name even half a dozen; probably not even two, or one. And in truth there are but eleven whose fame has had a chance of travelling beyond their own university and their own branch of learning, and the names of some of these are scarcely household words. Four astronomers there are, Herschell, Airy, Challis, Adams; three physicists, Stokes, Tait, and Lord Rayleigh; two lawyers, Lords Justice Romer and Fletcher Moulton; while Cayley (a doubtful competitor) and Todhunter complete the eleven. Colenso, Todhunter's companion in crime, was only Second Wrangler; a position also occupied by the two Thomsons, Maxwell, Whewell, and Lord Courtney of Penwith.

That high Wranglers lead useful lives afterwards there is not the shadow of a doubt; but fame and fortune seldom fall to the lot of a student. For brilliance of career it is necessary to refer to the Classical Tripos lists of the years from 1824 to 1882. In 1883 the arrangement of the names in order of merit ceases. Here we find heading the lists such famous divines as Selwyn, Wordsworth, Vaughan, Westcott, Perowne, and Lightfoot; headmasters such as Kennedy, Butler, Kynaston, Weldon, and the younger Westcott; three judges, Denman, Macnaghten, and Kennedy, and many other equally familiar names.

Another point on which much stress has been laid during the last few years is the absence of the representatives of the greater Public Schools, and many strange deductions have been made therefrom. "It is well," wrote a member of the staff of a much-circulated daily paper, "that ability is thus enabled to assert itself, and that poverty is now no bar to the highest academical and professional distinction. The success of the Board-school and Grammar-school boys is a symptom of national progress." One thinks at random of Becket and Wolsey, of Wood and Whewell, Green and Newton, Shakespeare and Keats, and wonders what part national progress and the County Council schools, to say nothing of the educational ladder, can have played in the academic and professional distinction of men such as these.

But, as a matter of fact, the Mathematical and Natural Science Triposes at Cambridge have always been regarded as the peculiar preserves of the poorer men, and socially speaking, have been looked down upon accordingly. In default of further evidence, a mathematical man is held to be probably an "outsider," and, as such, to be avoided until further evidence arrives. The higher Wranglers generally hail from the Scottish and provincial universities, and from the smaller grammar schools. Taking, for instance, as an average sample, the first six men in each of the years 1894, 1895, 1896, we find Marlborough represented twice and Eton once, while no other Public School occurs at all. The Scottish universities have three representatives, and the colleges at Liverpool and Belfast each one, while King Edward's School, Birmingham, Leatherhead, Coleraine, Liverpool Institute, Manchester Grammar School, and the London International College account for the remaining seven.

Since 1882 the Senior Wrangler has lost even the little significance that he may have possessed at an earlier period; for in that year an innovation was introduced, and the tripos was divided into two parts. Of these the first is now an examination in the more elementary parts of Mathematics. The second is taken a year later, if at all; but as it is not in any way necessary for a degree, it is only as a rule a few of the best men who enter for it. In this more advanced examination, rather than in the first part, success should be an indication of ability, and five times at least has it occurred that the Second Wrangler has beaten the Senior in the second part.

At the time of the introduction of these new regulations the Smith's Prize competition was also remodelled. Two of these prizes are awarded annually, and up to the year 1883 they were given as the result of an examination on the subjects of the Tripos itself. Under this unsatisfactory method of allotment it naturally happened nearly every time that the prizes went to the first two Wranglers, and it would have saved much trouble and led to practically the same result if the second competition had been dispensed with altogether. But for the last quarter of a century these prizes have been awarded, not

as the result of examination, but to the authors of the two best theses in exemplification of original work done by the candidates themselves. In consequence, on ten occasions the Senior Wrangler has failed to win either prize; while in the year 1900 one of the prizes was obtained by the last but one of the Wranglers.

Now, if future brilliance is in any way foreshadowed by youthful academic success—and this is a doubtful proposition at best—it is safer to prophesy on the evidence of original work, rather than from pre-eminence in an examination. And in future, the British public, if it wishes momentarily to idolise the budding mathematician of the year, must devote itself exclusively to the study of the senior of the two Smith's Prizemen, for next year there will be no order of merit in the Tripos, and the Senior Wrangler and the Wooden Spoon will equally cease to exist.

A. J. S.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

"That is, hot ice, and wondrous strange snow."—"A Midsummer Night's Dream, V. i., 59.

SIR,—In my edition of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" ("Arden" Shakespeare, Methuen, 1905) I adopted the conjecture of Cartwright, *stained*, in lieu of the folio corruption *strange*, the epithet of "snow," as being "the least unsatisfactory of the many suggested readings" of the passage. Herein I was chiefly influenced by the probability that the necessary antithesis in Shakespeare's mind had reference to the colour of snow, and not to its coldness. Moreover, he had already in the play referred to the usual characteristic of snow (III., ii., 141), "That pure congealed white, high Taurus' snow." And the probability was somewhat increased by the fact that the correction of nearly every editor or critic proceeds on this hypothesis. It certainly does seem probable that Shakespeare might have used some epithet denoting colour, if we had any warrant for assuming that he had ever heard or read of coloured snow. In my note on the passage I observe that "in the Alps, and particularly in the Polar regions, snow is sometimes coloured red by the presence of innumerable small plants, consisting of brilliant red globules resting on a gelatinous mass. The plant is an Alga, and is known as the *Protococcus nivalis*. Red snow was observed in the Arctic expedition under Captain Ross in 1818 (see his narrative, 1819), extending along the cliffs on the shores of Baffin's Bay for eight miles, the red colour extending to a depth of twelve feet. If Shakespeare, as is probable enough, had read an account of this phenomenon in any of the descriptions of the old Arctic voyagers he would have been quick to utilise it, and hence it is no extravagant assumption to imagine that he might have written either 'stained' or 'orange' as an epithet of snow, signifying 'colour' without exactly defining it. Up to the present, however, no reference that I am aware of has been made to any passage of this kind in the old narratives." The phenomenon must have been known in Shakespeare's time, since Aristotle refers to it; and it is well-known at the present day. I find in a London daily paper of March 28, 1906, a paragraph that "snow of a reddish-brown colour has fallen on the banks of Lake Woerth in Corinthia. The phenomenon was accompanied by thunder and lightning and slight earthquake shocks." However, I am still unable to discover any authority which Shakespeare might have read, and which might warrant us in believing that he had utilised his knowledge in this passage to employ an attribute for snow denoting its colour.

I am now of opinion that the correct reading is "flaming snow," and that Shakespeare refers to nothing more abstruse than the phenomenon of a snow-clad volcano, like Hecla, Etna, or Teneriffe. He would have had no difficulty in ascertaining this phenomenon from the well-known volume of Hakluyt, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, etc., by Richard Hakluyt, preacher and sometime student of Christ Church in Oxford. Imprinted at London by George Bishop, Ralph Newberie, and Robert Barker. Anno. 1599." The date of this volume is four or five years after that of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1594-1595), but it must not be forgotten that it included the two smaller volumes, published by Hakluyt in 1582 and 1587, which Shakespeare had, beyond question, read and assimilated. In "A Preface to the Reader, etc." of 1599 volume we find the following suggestive passages:—". . . as likewise of the continuall flaming of mountains, frange qualities of fountains . . ." and in "A Briefe Commentarie of Island

[i.e., Iceland] wherein, etc., By Arngrimus Jonas, of Island, (p. 556), the sixth Section," "There be in this Island mountaines lift up to the Skies, whose tops being white with perpetuall snowe, their roots boile with everlasting fire. . . . As though in thefe kinds of inflammations (i.e., a marueilous eruption of smoake and fire) there did not concur causes of sufficient force for the fame purpose . . . (p. 557). But yet there is somewhat more in thefe three fained mountains of Ifland, which caueth the layd writers not a little to wonder, namely, whereas they fay that their foundations are always burning, and yet for all that, their toppes be never defitute of snowe. Howbeit, it befeemeth not the authority and learning of fuch great clearkes to marueile at this, who can not but well knowe the flames of Mount Aetna, which (according to Plinie), being full of snowe all Winter, notwithstanding (as the fame man wittneffeth), it doth alwayes burne . . . What, if in Teneriffa (which is one of the Canarie or fortunate Ilands) the Pike so called, arising into the ayre, according to Munster, eight or nine Germane miles in height, and continually flaming like Aetna. . . ."

The necessary antithesis to "ice" is "hot"; and having regard to the above passages from Hakluyt it is in the highest degree probable that Shakespeare's thought did not change its course, but dwelt on the same antithesis as being applicable to snow—viz., *heat*; and that consequently he wrote *flaming* snow. In fact, the probability here is so strong that it amounts to a certainty. If we are to surrender the idea of a word denoting colour being an epithet of snow, there is no word other than *flaming* which so well fulfils the necessary conditions of sense and rhythm; and it is equally essential that the epithet should be disyllabic, as in no other passage in the plays does Shakespeare use the word "wondrous" except as a disyllable; and therefore we cannot treat it for metrical purposes as a trisyllable—i.e., "wonderous," if it is followed by a monosyllable like the Folio "strange," or "strong," or any similar word.

It is necessary to remember that such evidence as the foregoing does not deal with ascertained facts, but only with probabilities, however strong and convincing. As Bishop Butler says (p. 3 of the Introduction to his *Analogy*, vol. 1. Ed. Gladstone, 1896), "Probable evidence is essentially distinguished from demonstrative by this, that it admits of degrees; and of all variety of them, from the highest moral certainty to the very lowest presumption"; and (p. 5), "Probable evidence, in its very nature, affords but an imperfect kind of information . . . But to us probability is the very guide of life." And see chap. x. of Gladstone "Studies Subsidiary to Butler," p. 334.

HENRY CUNNINGHAM.

"SCIENTIFIC TOYS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Enclosed is a sheet issued along with a recent number of Harmsworth's "Children's Encyclopædia," and bearing what is described as a "scientific toy." It is alleged that a square divided into 64 small squares (Fig. 1) can be cut into pieces which, placed in position as in Fig. 2, will produce a rectangle containing 65 squares of the same size as the original 64; and we are told that the solution of the mystery "can only be that the space occupied by the line of the join, which runs from corner to corner, is equal to the space of the extra square."

It would take a clever man to cut the square as indicated by the dotted line in the top figure and place the pieces as indicated in the bottom one. They wouldn't fit; and it is only by deliberate false drawing that the second figure is produced. This latter is visibly absurd, and can easily be proved so: for the diagonal cut or join, which is supposed to be a straight line, passes from corner to corner (1) of a block of ten squares (five by two), (2) of a block of three squares (three by one), and (3) of a block of ten again; which is impossible, the block of ten and the block of three not being similar rectangles. Further, a line has no area, and therefore cannot be equal to the extra square; and, besides, there is more "line" in Fig. 1 than in Fig. 2. Still further, will Messrs. Harmsworth explain to the children, whom they profess to be educating, why, if they start by cutting up Fig. 2, and then place the pieces as in Fig. 1, they do not produce 66 squares, and so on *ad infinitum*?

I beg leave to protest, through your columns, against the dissemination among the young, in the name of science, of such manifest rubbish.

J. H. FRASER.

THE JOHNSON BICENTENARY CELEBRATION AT LICHFIELD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In connection with the bicentenary of the birth of Dr. Samuel Johnson, it is proposed to hold an Exhibition of Johnsonian Manuscripts, Books, Portraits, Pictures, Relics, etc., at Lichfield, in September next.

As Mayor of the City, I have been asked to appeal to all those who possess memorabilia of our great citizen to allow them to be placed on public view on that occasion. To make the Exhibition as representative and reminiscent as possible, it has been resolved to allow books, papers and articles to be sent either on loan or sale. All goods will be adequately insured, and the utmost care exercised to prevent damage and to return them in safety to their owners.

I venture, therefore, to ask all lovers of Johnson to co-operate in this undertaking, and to assist in making the Exhibition worthy of the name and fame of the great man of letters whose memory we desire to commemorate.

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H. M. MORGAN,
Mayor of Lichfield.

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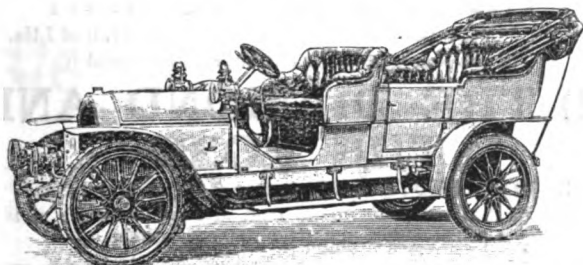
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It is usual for publishers to make considerable play with "first reviews," particularly when they happen to be favourable reviews. The Academy Publishing Company published on Thursday last a book of SONNETS by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, and with that great enterprise which so distinguishes it the "TIMES" of Thursday apportioned to the book its first review. Here it is in letters of gold :

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JUNE 12, 1909

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We do not gather that G. B. Shaw's outburst of indignation against the Licensor of Plays has brought any ponderable amount of grist to his mills, even in the shape of sympathy. In spite of the cocoa-fed Nonconformist *Nation* and the cocoa-fed Nonconformist *Daily News*, the intellectual feeling of the country is entirely with Mr. Redford. Shaw has succeeded only in showing up himself for a person who has little or no respect for the natural decencies, and his rash supporters in the Press have succeeded only in bringing upon themselves the condemnation of their own readers. Nobody can doubt that the passage from Mr. Shaw's play, which we quoted in these columns last week, was, to say the least of it, an undesirable passage, and a passage which could serve no useful purpose to anybody. The *Nation's* contention that it was essential to Mr. Shaw's dramatic expression of himself is simply nonsense, and it indicates quite plainly that the *Nation's* estimate of Mr. Shaw's powers as a dramatist is not flattering to Mr. Shaw. The merest knocker together of crude melodramas for the three night bookings in the provinces could have got all the dramatic effect Mr. Shaw can possibly hope to obtain out of Blanco Posnet's wicked speech without employing language to which official objection could be taken. But the fact is that in passages of the type in question Mr. Shaw does not really aim at dramatic effect at all. His intention is to shock rather than to move, and though people may prattle about his dramatic artistry till they be black in the face, it is impossible to get away from the obvious facts. We trust that the general upshot of the matter will serve as a lesson alike to Mr. Shaw, Mr. Massingham and the editor of the *Daily News*. The agitation for the abolition of the censorship is an agitation to which no sane person can lend support. We are told that there is no censorship over literature, and that, consequently, there should be no censorship over the drama. In point of fact, however, there is an ultimate censorship over literature, which censorship takes the unpleasant

form of prosecutions at Bow Street, instead of refusal to license. We believe that the managers of theatres and that actors and the theatre-going public as a whole will be found to be more or less in accord with the present system. When the licensor of plays has passed any given dramatic work the manager may produce his play with a perfectly easy mind and the performers may play their parts with an equally easy mind and the theatre-goer may buy his seats in the full assurance that he will be spared anything in the way of exhibitions of downright unseemliness and impropriety. If the censor were abolished nobody could be sure about anything. We believe that out of a desire to accommodate the supposed public demand for the discussion of this, that or the other "problem" on the stage the censor has more than once licensed the performance of plays which the police would have stopped if there had been no censor. And we are sure that the abolition of the censorship will be the signal for an outbreak of unseemliness, undesirability and prurience the like of which has never before been witnessed in England.

It is singular that the supporters of the agitation against the censor are for the most part puling and unacted dramatists—many of them mere children, not to say minor poets. They have failed utterly in literature and in journalism, and even in musical comedy. As for writing a competent drama, they know that the job is entirely beyond them, and they have the good sense not to attempt it. But it is always open to them to make an excursion into cheap pornography and to bring the result under the notice of the censor, who, of course, promptly "turns it down," and by that act installs our beautiful young dramatic author among the martyrs for all time. This, to our mind, is the only real drawback to the censorship; but it is a small affair and we shall not weep over it. Of course, if the control of the drama, like the control of literature, were to pass into the hands of the police our young friends would shriek horribly. So that looking at the circumstances as a whole it were perhaps best that well should be left alone. Meanwhile, the censor has got the best of Shaw once again, and nobody is sorry.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, of the *Spectator*, has begun the climbing-down process. In a long article, entitled "Confirmation and Communion," he trots out once more the stale arguments of Nonconformity and Latitudinarianism as to what is intended by certain rubrics and canons of the Church, and assures us that because these rubrics and canons are "habitually violated" the rubric in regard to Confirmation and the Communion should also be violated. Our contemporary goes even to the length of asserting that "the rubric in regard to Confirmation is one where it is extremely doubtful whether what we may call the technical and pedantic interpretation is really valid." Here we have a guarded statement, if you will, but it is the kind of statement in which the *Spectator* is ever ready to indulge when occasion serves it. Mr. Strachey's article will not deceive or throw dust into the eyes of plain churchmen. It contains, however, what Mr. Strachey no doubt considers a very choice final appeal, to which we must take grave exception. Here is Mr. Strachey's appeal:

We feel bound to say there seems to us something, if not blasphemous, at any rate wholly inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity in arguing such a point as this as if it were solely a point of law and not of religion. But if it is essentially not a point of Church law but a point of Christianity that is being considered, can any man who looks into his own conscience, and who desires to do the will of God as it is found in the Gospels and the teaching of Christ, really doubt what would be the

will of our Lord in such a matter? Would our Lord have repelled any man from His side, from His gifts, and from His ministrations on a punctilio, on a point of law, on a matter of ritual? Would He, who told the ritualists of His day that they laid on men burdens too heavy to be borne, have given His approval to those whose misdirected zeal prompts them to shut, as they believe, the gates of heavenly mercy upon all who did not conform with rigid accuracy to the rubric? We, at any rate, cannot read the Gospel or the will of Jesus in any such sense as that. If we look to the spirit of our Lord's teaching we shall surely find, not repulsion but embracement, not exclusion but inclusion. What we said at the beginning of this controversy we must say again. We are neither theologians nor ecclesiastical lawyers, and we, of course, make no pretence to a monopoly of Christian truth. We will not condemn Pharisaism in the spirit of the Pharisees. But at least we have a right, as Englishmen, to ask other Englishmen, whether bishops or clergymen or laymen, to remember so to be churchmen as not to forget they are Christians.

The subtleties here set forward are very subtle indeed. Mr. Strachey knows as well as we know that if we begin to enquire as to what our Lord would have done in this, that or the other circumstance Nonconformity at least might find itself in a very awkward situation indeed. There is no question of embracement or repulsion involved in the present argument. Nobody is suggesting that Mr. Strachey's friends are not Christians, or that they are indifferent Christians, or that our Lord would repulse them. But to say that the next Nonconformist, merely for the purpose of suiting his own whim and convenience, has any sort of right—legal, moral, Christian or otherwise—to insist that the Church of England shall abolish or loosely interpret her rubrics and canons is sheer nonsense. If a High Churchman insisted in taking part in a Wesleyan class meeting or a Wesleyan love-feast there would be a bitter outcry; yet there is nothing in the constitution or laws of Methodism to prevent such participation. And when a churchman happens to reside six miles from the nearest church, he travels the six miles when he wishes to go to church rather than disturb the close handy Methodist conventicle. If the good soul for whom Mr. Strachey is taking all this trouble and setting up all this speciousness will look at matters in a serious, impartial and Christian light we think that she will recognise that the best thing she can do is to be confirmed with all convenient dispatch, and thus become a proper member of the church for which she is evidently possessed of an admirable affection.

Our old friend Mr. Shorter has been at it again. He informs us in the current number of his paper that "long before their deaths, both Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Meredith had reached the position of classic writers with regard to their first editions and also their autographs." Whether they were classic writers in the literary sense is, of course, no affair of Mr. Shorter's. It seems that some of Mr. Meredith's handwriting has been found to be more valuable than the first editions of his novels, "by the test of the auction room," and that "a few weeks before he died a single letter was sold for £5," which is stupendous reading. The market in first editions and autographs is no doubt important from Mr. Shorter's point of view, and it is quite natural that a critic who is apparently incapable of distinguishing good writing from bad should fall back on a sort of paragraphic book-prices-current when a great man dies. In the meantime it is interesting to note that Mr. Shorter "sincerely trusts that Mr. Thomas Hardy may be the next recipient of the Order of Merit." We have nothing but admiration for Mr. Thomas Hardy in some of his phases, but we may promise Mr. Shorter

that we shall never read of Thomas Hardy, O.M. There are lions in the way; besides which it seems to us highly probable that Mr. Hardy would not accept such an honour, even if it were proffered to him. The Order of Merit business might suit some of our clever popular novelists; but it can have no attractions whatever for a competent literary person.

There is a rumour abroad that Mr. Watts-Dunton proposes to hand over to the Royal Literary Fund the goodly number of thousands of pounds bequeathed to him by Mr. Swinburne. For our own part, we sincerely hope that Mr. Watts-Dunton will do nothing of the kind. If he wishes to honour the memory of Swinburne he can easily accomplish his purpose without troubling the Royal Literary Fund, which is not by any means an ideal organisation, and which would also appear to have funds enough and to spare when mediocrity is concerned. A separate and independent Swinburne fund, which would provide suitable pensions or grants for capable poets, would be far more honourable to the name of Swinburne. We are rather astonished that Mr. Swinburne did not provide for something of this sort before his death; but probably he felt that the matter would be handled more satisfactorily by his lifelong friend. Of course, the matter lies entirely with Mr. Watts-Dunton, and nobody would blame him if he did nothing.

The *Nation* is advertising itself as "the best and brightest of the weeklies." Now, if anybody had at any time so described the *Nation* there might be some reason in the advertisement, but Mr. Massingham does not quote his "best and brightest of the weeklies," and, in point of fact, the legend has been bestowed upon and belongs to another paper, the name of which modesty forbids us to mention. However, in order to give Mr. Massingham a good run for his money we have inspected number ten, volume five of his cocoa-fied sheet, and we are quite certain that it is not in the least bright and that even the poor old *Outlook* is a good deal better. Here is a sample of bestness and brightness, which we cull from one of the *Nation's* middle pages:

Following up his book on "No. 10 Downing Street" Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe has just finished a volume on similar lines dealing with "Admiralty House, Whitehall," the official residence for over two hundred years of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Its history may be traced back to the Duke of Buckingham of Charles I.'s reign, and it contains a large number of portraits and other relics of historic interest.

Again:

We understand that a monthly literary review will be issued in October next, under the direction of Mr. T. P. O'Connor. The aim of the new venture is, we believe, to deal in popular style with the literature of the month. It will contain critical sketches of notable authors, book reviews, and gossip about all that relates to the world of letters.

On the whole, this is pretty good for sixpennyworth of the "best and brightest," particularly as it appears under the heading of the "World of Books." And it seems to us more than doubtful if either of the paragraphs we have quoted was written in the office of the *Nation*. Every editor receives from the publishers a hundred such paragraphs every week, and he merely waste-paperbaskets them. Mr. Massingham prefers to retail them for sixpence. It is true that out of the paragraph about Mr. T. P. O'Connor's forthcoming literary monthly sparkling copy might have been made, but Mr. Massingham dare not make it. The truth about T.P. and "literature" by W. H. Massingham might create strife at that well-known pothouse, the

National Liberal Club. T. P. announced at a meeting of the Imperial Press Conference the other afternoon that he had never found himself able to discover the difference between literature and journalism. We are not astonished; neither is Mr. Massingham. Leaving the *Nation's* paragraphs for the *Nation's* poetry, which should be the chief thing, we come across two sublime stanzas "from the Chinese." The last of them concludes as follows:

The pencil falters and the song is naught,
Her beauty, like the sun, dispels my thought.

We have read better stuff in the "books" of traveling pantomimes. And the price is only sixpence! It is lucky for the Rowntrees that their chocolate is excellent.

Messrs. Bottomley and Vivian are becoming quite pathetic. One of them—we should not like to wager which of them—writes in the current *John Bull* as follows:

Everybody who is worth his place in the world performs a hundred or a thousand services for his fellows, for which he never asks and never expects and never gets a farthing payment. In all service for humanity there is an element of sacrifice.

We have heard of shares being sold at an enormous sacrifice, and on a warranty similar in kind to the warranty that so-and-so's pills are worth a guinea a box. The editor of *John Bull*, it seems, is convinced that the *John Bull* League for the extirpation of kill-joy, humbug and cant is going to be a big thing. If it can extirpate the humbug and cant which appears from week to week in *John Bull* it will indeed have performed a notable service. Bottomley and Vivian, not to say Odhams and Elias, as the executioners of "cant and hypocrisy in every shape" undoubtedly fire the imagination, particularly after their fearful exposure of the mud-stained condition of English justice, and their courageous endeavours to heap contempt upon Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., because of his piety.

Curious things happen in the publishing trade. Some day possibly we shall find an author of the temperament of Isaac Disraeli compiling a book on the Romance of Publishing, and the Fairy Tales of Paternoster Row. But strive as we will to overlook the fact the book manufacturer is a person who delights in the curious situation. Examples will readily occur to the initiated. It is romantic that A. should publish B.'s books and elope with B.'s wife. We do not say that the thing has been done; but it would be romantic and a distinct change from the usual practice of dissipating B.'s royalties and going bankrupt. Apart from this kind of romance, however, we are face to face at the present moment with a publishing romance of the first order, in which romance at least three, if not four, more or less respectable publishing houses are concerned. In the eye of the public these four publishing houses are very distinct and separate affairs. Two of them publish fairly naughty or foolish books and declare very fat dividends in consequence. The other two hold up hands of pious horror at the bare idea of naughty books and are entirely for religion and the world well lost. Yet on close examination it will be found that the men behind these concerns are delicately inter-related and inter-connected. For example, the head and front of one of the religious, high-toned houses is a large shareholder in one of the grub-along, foolish, low comedian, anything-for-money houses, and thus pays to Peter the large dividends which he receives from Paul. We have a proper number of striking facts at our disposal with reference to this matter, but we will forbear for the time being.

THE PAGEANT

SEE how Life moves, a cunning-fashioned mask,
A tale unfolded, quaint and full of meaning,
Where some look on and of each other ask
What new surprise the masquer Time is screening:

And others at his prompting play their parts
Of tragical dismay or April gladness;
Fate comes like June with roses to their hearts,
Or wraps them in a winding-sheet of sadness.

When music sounds be ready for a measure;
Muster up all your grace, and you may win
Rewards that fall not unto every wight:
Nor question why some watch and laugh at leisure,
Nor why all evermore come newly in,
And evermore go out into the night.

S. S.

ROSEBERY, MORLEY & CO.

AT a more or less recent house-warming in Oxford Street the abounding Mr. Gordon Selfridge explained to a company of journalists that he was pleased and proud to see them, inasmuch as he had always considered himself to be three-parts a journalist. The journalists, for their part, might have retorted quite fittingly that journalists though they might appear to be, they were really three-parts drapers. And such a retort might have saved us all a great deal of trouble, and might have kept Lord Rosebery, and Lord Morley and Co. in particular, from having so much to say at the various dinners and meetings of what is now called the Imperial Press Conference. Far be it from us to offer a cold shoulder or a stock-fish hand to the sundry worthy journalists and their wives—from "overseas"—who during the past few days have made such havoc with the White City claret and the Sutton Place early peas. Gentlemen who run newspapers "overseas," or, as a decent person would put it, in the Colonies, are no doubt just as good and just as "charming to meet" as other people from "overseas," and it is quite possible that they are also really profound publicists, not to say, Empire-builders, and "custodians of the language of Shakespeare and Burns," whatever that may mean. Lord Rosebery, with an effusiveness smacking properly of the loving-cup, has bid them "Welcome Home," and Lord Rosebery may be presumed to know what he is about. On the other hand, nobody acquainted with the subject can have perused the multifarious lists of the names of persons who are taking part in our yeasty Imperial Press celebrations without indulging a feeling of mild astonishment, mingled, perhaps, with a dash of the emotion of gratitude; for there can be no doubt in the world that whatever may be the intellectual status and literary and philosophical parts of our Colonial visitors, the intellectual status and literary and philosophical parts of the indigenous section of the Conference are not calculated to dazzle one. In point of fact, and so far as the journalistic sons of the Mother Country are concerned, the functions and meetings have of necessity taken pretty much the form of so many Sunday-school treats, which are being attended with a sort of condescension by our Roseberys and our Morleys, and a sprinkling of duchesses and society people, whose interest really lies more in the crush than in the Press, and who, beautiful as they may appear in the eyes of the gaping journalists, are not exactly fitted by either education

or intention to be the saviours of their country. In order that we may more vividly illustrate the situation we take from a report of a garden party, "arranged in honour of the Imperial Press Delegates," the following sublime words:

Buffets were set up in several of the rooms, and tea and coffee and all kind of light refreshments were on hand.

It is impossible for us to assert roundly what "all kinds of light refreshments" may or may not have included. But this simple sentence brings to our recollection a semi-private evening party arranged by a great lady in a great house for the benefit of a certain charity. For this affair the Press were invited on appealing gilt-edged, properly-crested paper, and, recognising, no doubt, that it was the chance of a lifetime, sundry influential newspapers put down their best and brightest to represent them on the eventful evening. So that, instead of receiving a few hundred two-pound-a-week reporters, the great lady in question really received a considerable number of able editors, and, for that matter, even two or three real live bloated newspaper proprietors. We need scarcely say that "buffets were set up in several of the rooms", and that "tea and coffee and all kinds of light refreshments were on hand." Sailing gracefully up to one of these buffets, a gentleman of high editorial rank, and a notorious Empire-builder, demanded of the venerable feudal servitor at the back of the bar a small item in the way of a whisky and soda. The venerable servitor eyed our Empire-builder with a perfectly menial and subservient eye, and remarked: "I am very sorry, sir, but 'er Grace 'as given orders that no whisky is to be served to the Press." There were ructions of a highly decorous kind, and after the whisky had been produced the Empire-builder left it untasted and left the house. This is less than five short years ago. It was a small matter, but it showed rather painfully which way the wind blows in certain minds when journalism is concerned. Thanks to the efforts of the hapenny Press, we have clearly changed all that. Lord Rosebery comes to dine with us, and makes the "oration of his life" for our honour and glory. Lord Morley comes to talk to us, and concludes another "oration of his life" with the remark: "I am very proud to have met you, and I am always very proud to have been a member of your profession." We can assure these worthy noblemen that they are both of them wasting their delicate breath; there is no glory and honour about journalism, and a man who says that he is proud to meet journalists is simply doing his best to be courteous; while as to being proud "to have been a member of your profession" Lord Morley ceased to be a member of the journalist profession in time to preserve absolutely unimpaired his colossal ignorance of it. These are the short, sharp, ungetoverable facts, and we commend them to Lord Rosebery and to Lord Morley and the rest of them. There is not a practical journalist in England who is not giggling in his sleeve over the whole business.

It may be that the Imperial Press Conference has further meetings to hold and further soirees to attend, and if further eminent orators are down on the bill we shall offer them a few words of advice. Lord Rosebery and Lord Morley have convinced the world at large that they are exceedingly nice gentlemen, but that their contempt for journalism is really profound. Lord Rosebery has never been a journalist, but for all that it is safe to credit him with a small amount of intelligence, particularly as he happens to be a person of some literary parts. Yet he goes to the White City in the spirit of an alderman on a reception committee. He has nothing but praise of the most treachly and dumplingy kind for the Press in all parts of the King's

dominions, which, as his lordship professes to conceive it, is the finest, most creditable and most immaculate affair under the sun, and he bids us drink bumpers to it. Lord Morley, for his part, is an equally blind and crapulous worshipper. Of the true inwardness of the journalism of the moment we will presume him to know next to nothing. On the other hand, he can read, and he also happens to be a person of literary parts. Further, he confesses to having heard rumours as to the unsatisfactory and discreditable condition of the newspaperdom of the moment; yet he affects a sane and humorous scepticism. There is nothing wrong with the Press; the man with his hapenny paper—and if he be of an æsthetic turn of mind, his illustrated paper—is a sane, sound, honest person whom it is impossible to corrupt or demoralise, and who is simply being given what is best for him by your high-minded public-spirited, philanthropic hapenny newspaper proprietor. We shall only reply to Lord Morley in the words which he himself quotes: "My brother, we beseech you to think it possible that you may be mistaken," and our advice to elderly noblemen who may have in preparation orations for the remaining meetings of the Imperial Press Conference is that a few words of honest criticism would be of much more worth to the country just now than tons of bouquets and fawning and soft speeches.

POETRY AND DEMOS

FROM time to time attempts are made to establish for poetry, as well as for other forms of imaginative art, a test which shall depend upon widespread popular appreciation, and although nothing is easier than to defeat such attempts they often recur. If they were made only by unthinking persons they might well be neglected, but the heresy is often adopted by men of superior understanding, and occasionally even by men whose principal concern in life is literature. The arch offender among these is Count Tolstoi, who, in "What is Art?" upholds the proposition that all art not understood and appreciated by the masses is bad and counterfeit.

False views are based less commonly upon altogether false foundations than upon truth misapprehended or partly seen; indeed, the same fundamental perception may inspire both true and false statements upon any matter. Thus, those who say falsely, "Good poetry ought to be such as everyone can understand," are putting a truth backward, and should rather say, "Everyone ought to understand good poetry."

It is not difficult to understand how the heresy arises. It will be admitted by all who love poetry that at the present time in England a true appreciation of it is excessively rare. Those whose professional duty it is to pass some kind of judgment upon contemporary verse are helpless when any new volume appears. The majority of reviewers are guided by one golden rule, depending upon the rarity of good poetry: except under special circumstances, condemn all new verse. This they do, and in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred they are right, though they do not know why. Yet so timid are they that if but one voice of any strength is raised in praise they all follow like sheep, so that about once in each year, or perhaps more rarely, a new verse-writer is hailed as a poet. It may sometimes happen that the newcomer is truly an inspired singer, and that the word of recognition was spoken by a true judge; and then, many are the pitfalls for these critics. Unless they should be so fortunate as to learn from their leader what they should admire, they will certainly, if they venture upon quotation, choose the poorest lines from the volume, and

offer them as an example of the poet's quality. And to pass from these professional critics to the general public, here the same ignorance is found. Among the widest section of the public two views commonly prevail: the one, that poetry is an idle triviality with which a sensible man need not, or perhaps should not concern himself; the other, that its proper function is the direct expression in verse of estimable sentiments, such as patriotism, paternal or filial love and the like, or of the most luscious sentimentality. Above these comes a much smaller and yet considerable class of persons who—generally in early youth—consider any high-sounding lines, especially of the descriptive kind, to be beautiful. A still smaller class admires fine, skilful verse, especially if it bear evidence of a scholarly mind. And among all these persons the statement that a profound gulf exists between the simplest stanza of poetry and the most correct, skilful, and dignified verse that can be composed by a writer of refined taste and scholarly acquirements, is regarded either as nonsense, or as the irritating pose of the "superior person," although in the last class a few sophisticated persons will be found who are aware that such a difference is held to exist, but are not able to understand it.

But notwithstanding all this ignorance, there is a widespread, though not universal, belief that in very truth poetry is one of the noble and delightful things of life. There are many blameless households in which finely-bound, but—alas!—unread copies of the works of the poets are kept, perhaps from an obscure feeling that the mere possession of them is creditable, and forms a bond between their owners and spheres too high for them. There are many excellent persons to whom the names of Shelley and Keats are of sweet savour, though they know not their works. The great newspapers, dedicated to the practical affairs of life, sacrifice columns of their space when a poet, whom they have been taught to consider great, is dead; and, however blindly and blunderingly, pay to him and to poetry their tribute of honour. For after all, those who know and love poetry have not been silent; their delight has been spoken again and again, and the public has heard their praises. It is seen that the memory of the poet has a life more vivid and enduring than kings and statesmen can claim. It is seen that some few persons, not foolish or without authority, preserve for the works left by the poets a high and almost holy enthusiasm. Above all, it is seen that the praises showered upon the poets are of a kind which few other men can win; and yet are of the kind that every man who has anything good in him would wish, in his secret heart, that he might be capable of winning. It is recognised widely, however faintly and dimly, that the beauty which is prized in poetry is akin to all the finest elements in the nature of man; and so there still exists a great body of persons who hold poetry in a reverence which, though it is weak because it is not allied with understanding, is yet enduring because it is the product of the better parts of their nature. It is similar to, and in the same way estimable as the respect in which great numbers of persons, not themselves religious, continue to hold religion.

It is natural, especially in a day when, for good or evil, more or less democratic theories hold the field, that among those who are aware of these two facts, the general incapacity to step into the enchanted regions of poetry, and the widespread belief that these regions are delightful to man, there should be some who wonder at, and some who resent the apparent exclusion from such delight of the great mass of men. From such wonder and such resentment spring two schools, both, I believe, mistaken; that which holds that poetry is an esoteric mystery belonging as of right to a chosen few, and regards almost as intrusive and impertinent the wistful glances cast at their garden

by those who would but cannot enter, and that which demands that the garden be thrown open to all. It is with the last only that we are here concerned. They put forward a false syllogism. They promise truly that poetry is delightful to the soul of man, and that the most of mankind do not taste its delight, and conclude falsely that the nature of poetry is to be changed, and that it is to be lowered to the comprehension of the many.

I know not how far among lovers of poetry the following will be accepted: that poetic feeling, emotion the same in kind though not in degree as that of the poet in his sublimest moment, is not rare, but common to the extent that those who never know it, though they are many, are yet the minority. Is it not true that every fine emotion of the human heart is in its essence poetic? That man, however "practical," who will pause in involuntary admiration when he comes unexpectedly upon a beautiful scene, is capable of poetic emotion; he is, in some faint and dim degree, a poet. The beauty of the landscape does not please him, as some would have it, merely because its harmony is grateful to his nerves and brain. He is not critical, and knows nothing of the mechanic laws of composition, nor of the values of tones and shades. If he has any true pleasure, however fleeting, however quickly obscured by the commoner activities of his mind, it is because he has a sense of beauty: there is something in the landscape, not to be identified with its material parts, though conveyed to him by them, which seems to him strange, magical and suggestive. This feeling, from which is derived the whole of such pleasure as he gains, he cannot express; if he could do so he would be, in very truth, a poet. If his pleasure is great he will perhaps say baldly to his companion, "That is beautiful!"; and it may sometimes happen that he will go on, in his wish to communicate the pleasure which he has felt, and endeavour to pick out the features in the landscape which he may call especially beautiful. But such conversation soon dies, and not only for the plain and obvious reason that such a man is not much interested in beauty. It is felt vaguely that it is unsatisfactory. It is not what is wanted. *It is not poetry.* That is why most people talk rarely, and sensible people never, of the pleasure which beauty of any kind gives them. It is felt instinctively by all, that such pleasure cannot be communicated by ordinary methods of speech, however skilfully used; it cannot be contained within the terms of statement and description, and by too many it is concluded that it cannot in any way be communicated. It is not too much to say that the vast mass of people are unaware that the function of poetry is to express, with a sweetness and intensity far beyond their power to imagine, those strange and magical suggestions which, for some rarely, for others more often, enhance and glorify their perception of the material realities of Earth with a spiritual perception of beauty. They do not know, and could hardly be persuaded, that when they try feebly to communicate their own pleasure in beauty of any kind, and fail, they give evidence of their own and the common human need for poetry.

If this be true, if poetry is indeed the expression of emotions common to most of the human race, then there is an end to the pretensions of those who would have it a mystery. There is an end, also, to the claims of those who, because it is not comprehended of the many, would have it leave its proper functions to serve others. Their demand that the garden should be thrown open to all is idle, for it lies open already.

But yet the many do not enter. That very man whom we have imagined, who can receive some touch of poetic pleasure from beauty, has no care for poetry. He does not, it is true, know what poetry is: he has a false notion of its functions. But if he did know he

would still not care for it. He values such pleasure too lightly to be at any pains to secure it. He thinks it idle, and puts a thousand things above it, some important, some trivial. Grosser pleasures, more easily obtained, please him better. This is true of the world: there is no such strongly-felt and widespread desire for poetic pleasure as might lend a sentimental if not a reasonable force to the claims of those who hold that poetry should submit to the test of popularity. Although the poetic faculty is not an abnormal one, although it is a constant element of human nature, yet in the vast majority of men in the present day it is so weak, so atrophied, that they feel no necessity for satisfying its claims.

So, by far the larger part of the world's indifference to poetry must be set down to this weakness of the poetic instinct in most persons: yet ignorance also plays its part. It is not intended to offer here an educational recipe for the universal inculcation of a true appreciation of poetry, yet it may be said that education might do something. Cannot poetry, after all, be defined? Would it not be possible to teach the average human being two things, the first, that it is the function of poetry to convey such poetic emotion as he can and does experience, though in a higher and intensified degree; the second, that he must not expect to find such emotion communicated in poetry as in his own familiar vehicle of prose, by statement and description? Could he not be made to understand something of that indirect suggestion which is the essence of lyrical poetry? And for a last question, would not this lessen the impatience with which the inept sees that poetry is not what he expected in that it does not give him the plain statements for which he looked; and might not this open the door to at least a few who alone will never find their way into the garden?

REVIEWS

TACITUS

The Annals of Tacitus. Books XI. to XVI. An English translation, with introduction, notes, and maps. By GEORGE GILBERT RAMSAY. (John Murray.)

MOST men remember nothing about school but incidents of school life; their minds when they were school-boys are blotted out as if they had belonged to a former unknown existence. The few to whom their youthful ideas are still only the distant prelude to their present ideas, will probably recall their relief when they escaped from Livy to Tacitus, especially if they possessed more native wit than latinity, and especially again in cases where masters had not by that stage of their instruction stamped out with grammars any taste for literature which had been born in them. Livy was and probably still is, particularly exasperating to such boys. He lures them by easy stages into a sudden fog of confused sentences. Men who have such memories will first sympathise with Professor Ramsay for pointing out that when Livy pretends to be accurate, he is hopelessly inconsistent. His record of Hannibal's passage of the Alps is consequently valueless. Next they will sympathise with Professor Ramsay for again exposing the enemy of their remoter childhood, Cæsar, who disgusted them by thinking confusedly in spite of his preciser language. They found it incredible that the author of the Gallic War was the great man that he is represented to have been, and either doubt it still, or pretend that all his works were written by Hirtius. Professor Ramsay notices that Cæsar is often nearly as vague about his own business as Livy is about Hannibal's. Tacitus comes to such boys like a saviour; it is impossible to pretend that he cared a fig for gram-

marians. He used Latin as he chose; he obliterates grammarians. They can no longer conceal ideas by their inept rules, for Tacitus has power of laying hold upon his readers' minds, which no schoolmaster nor grammarian can hinder. No Latin writer, scarcely another in any language, possesses it in the same degree, except Dante and perhaps Shakespeare. When the mind has once been emancipated from grammar it is not difficult to seize the meaning of Tacitus. His concentration is so intense that it compels comprehension. To young Ishmaelites craving for bread he comes as the confounder of those who have hitherto compounded it chiefly of gravel. Professor Ramsay is just now at once the guardian, the evangelist, and the high priest of the oracle. He defends the text, he expounds, and he admires. His English version will send back many early admirers to the Latin text, and they will gratefully rejoice with him in the completion of his long and very difficult task.

As regards the text of the Annals, Professor Ramsay explains that we owe our knowledge practically to one manuscript, Medicean M.S.A., for the first ten books, and Medicean M.S.B, for books eleven to sixteen. But *Med.B* is exceedingly difficult to decipher, consequently until recently the printed texts of the later books were more or less accommodated to grammarians' rules. Professor Ramsay has used the great edition of Mr. Furneaux, whose "sane and cautious judgement" he has "learnt more and more to respect"—revised, as to the text, by Mr. C. D. Fisher. He considers the Fisher-Furneaux text (F2) now probably the best in existence. This is what he says:

Mr. Fisher has done good service by clinging tenaciously to the readings of *Med.* wherever possible. He might perhaps have gone even further in this direction; for whenever the reading of *Med.* can be deciphered, and presents a construction not impossible [Professor Ramsay might have written "comprehensible by me"] it is safer to assume that Tacitus may have used an unusual or unknown construction than to pronounce that M.S. corrupt. I have myself ventured, for reasons given in the notes, to accept the readings of *Med.* rather than those adopted by F2 and others, in the following passages.

He then indicates some fifteen passages, which show the wisdom of the course which he has taken. It must not be supposed that the scribe of *Med.* was infallible, nor that Professor Ramsay is uncritical, for he frequently corrects obvious clerical errors, but his very distinct preference for Tacitus before grammarians is the first excellence of his book. As he points out, Tacitus's style is closely condensed; it is not confused like Livy's, nor unphilosophical in the use of words, like Cæsar's.* Tacitus's style was intentional, and to tamper with it is to obscure his mind. Hence comes the enormous difficulty of Professor Ramsay's task, and the constant demand through centuries for interpretations of Tacitus, couched in the terms most expressive at the moment, which are also able to reflect his mind most accurately.

An idea of the interest and scope of these later books of the Annals can be given best by quoting at length from Professor Ramsay's admirable Introduction:

These books admit us to the private councils of Emperors, to the intrigues of the Palace, to the proceedings of the Senate, and to the State secrets of the time; they show us how luxuriously the great Roman nobles lived in their lordly mansions, amid hordes of slaves and freedmen gathered from every nation under heaven, and how meekly and ingloriously, on receiving a message from their Imperial master—it might be at the family dinner-table, or at an entertainment of friends, or perhaps in some distant province—they were content to die. They paint the vice, public and private, of that most vicious of capitals with all the realism, but without the coarseness, of Juvenal; they describe the great fire of Rome with a pen not

Inter conjugum et liberorum lamenta, qui dum assident, dum deflent, saepe eodem rogo cremabantur: this is a sentence which seems absurd as it stands, so Professor Ramsay thinks, but it is perfectly intelligible and shows no confusion of thought.

less vivid, though more rapid, than that with which Defoe tells of the fire of London; they make the first mention in secular history of the name of Christ, and of His execution by Pontius Pilate; they describe the horrors of the first Christian persecution; while in the foreground of this varied drama there passes a succession of the most beautiful and the most wicked women that ever dominated a Court, or contaminated the springs of government.

To readers, therefore, who are not much concerned with the Latin text, Professor Ramsay's version will prove delightfully interesting, and his footnotes scarcely less attractive. Both tempt a reviewer to linger too long over the history alone. One out of very many absorbing pages must be noticed, since it gives examples of two different kinds of merit conspicuous in the notes; their adaptation of Tacitus to the present time, and their emphasis on his dramatic effect. Concerning the economic condition of Rome in the year 51, Tacitus says: "It came out that there was not more than fifteen days' supply of food in the city. . . . And yet, great heavens! in the days of old Italy used to send supplies for the legions to distant provinces; nor is her soil unfertile now. But we prefer to cultivate Africa and Egypt, and commit to ships and accidents the sustenance of the Roman people!" Whereupon Professor Ramsay remarks: "This page of history may be commended to the zealous Tariff Reformer of to-day"; and adds, "We import 80 per cent. of the wheat or flour consumed in these islands; and the Royal Commission on our food supplies reported in 1905 that in the month of August there is seldom more than five to six weeks' supply of bread-stuff in the country." Referring to the practice of fratricide common in the Parthian reigning house, Professor Ramsay quotes from Marco Venier this poignant sixteenth century analogy:

The new Sultan seems to be a resolute man and terrible. The moment he arrived at the Seraglio he went to look on his father's corpse; then his nineteen brothers were brought to him one by one. They say that the eldest, a most beautiful lad and of excellent parts, beloved by all, when he kissed the Sultan's hand, exclaimed, "My lord and brother, let not my days be ended thus in my tender age." The Sultan tore his beard with every sign of grief, but answered never a word. They were all strangled, all the nineteen. . . .

To tell Tacitus's own story of the splendid young ruffian Radamistus related in Book 12, Chapter 51, would be to spoil it, since it is too long to quote in Professor Ramsay's words. It recalls some scenes from the Arabian Nights, or one of the more dramatic episodes of Boccaccio.

It is inevitable that appreciation of Professor Ramsay's rendering as an interpretation of Tacitus's style cannot be so unqualified, for every admirer of Tacitus would render his words differently. Professor Ramsay's version is eminently attractive, without reference to the Latin. It accurately represents Tacitus's meaning when examined with the Latin. But as compared with the original it fails to interpret Tacitus's mind to the reader, as the Latin does in spite of all its difficulties. This is inevitable; Tacitus would not have the appellative power for which he is so famous, if his were readily translatable. All English versions must seem verbose, comparatively succinct as Professor Ramsay's is. But let anyone accept his challenge, and consider how he would translate the following passage:

Caesonio Paeto Petronio Turpiliano consilibus gravis clades in Britannia accepta: in qua neque A. Didius legatus, ut memoravi, nisi parta retinuerat, et successor Veranius modicis excursibus Siluras populus, quin ultra bellum proferret morte prohibitus est, magna, dum vixit, severitatis fama, supremis testamenti verbus ambitionis manifestus (14.29.1).

If we accept the challenge, thinking that we could render it better than Professor Ramsay has done (pages 205 and 206), as we shall no doubt all think in this and other difficult passages, let us reflect that

he has kept up to a high standard throughout the whole of the Annals left to us, and though isolated passages or phrases might be better rendered by *tours de force*, a translator must be Tacitus himself bred in the writing of English, to be able to write so much at such an imaginary pitch. Professor Ramsay remarks, "When learning to write Latin prose at school, we used to be told to 'think in Latin.' In translating Tacitus, the converse operation must be performed, and we must 'think in English.'" He should mean a little more than he says in this Tacitean manner. The perfect translator of Tacitus must think in Latin and write in English, for until, impregnated with Greek and Latin thought, we have reduced our vague English thinking to precision, we cannot hope to be sufficiently unanimous with Tacitus, to express his mind in any language.

THE SIMPLE TURK

The Awakening of Turkey. By E. F. KNIGHT. (John Milne, 10s. 6d. net.)

It is just a year since we last reviewed a book by Mr. Knight, "Overseas Britain." His contributions to literature are always welcome, and in "The Awakening of Turkey" we find no exception. There are few men who have studied more closely the East, near and far, than has Mr. Knight, and in his three earlier works, "Albania and Montenegro," "Letters From the Sudan," and "Where Three Empires Meet," we have record of his experiences which have peculiarly fitted him to form a just judgment of the astounding events which have taken place in Turkey during the past twelve months. Through all his life of travel and adventure Mr. Knight has realised that the "best study for mankind is man," and thus we find in "The Awakening of Turkey" a very human document. We infer from page 282 that the title is an adaptation, that it is not quite original, though we would never accuse the author of the slightest plagiarism, for every page of this book would refute such an imputation. But in the autumn of last year, shortly before the first Turkish Parliament assembled, Mr. Knight witnessed in Pera a patriotic play given by a company of amateurs, all Young Turks, entitled "The Awakening of Turkey." The characters represented well-known men, creatures of the Palace, reformers, and others. The play opened with a prologue, "The Pasha's Dream." "The curtain rose and disclosed a room in which a white-bearded old man was sleeping in an armchair. He was recognised by the audience as a well-known victim of the Despotism. The Pasha, as he slept, dreamt a vivid dream, which now unfolded itself before us." And the dream which the Pasha dreamt might well have figured as the Prologue of Mr. Knight's book. The horrors of Despotism, its sensual joys while practising heartless cruelties, passed through its victim's sleeping brain, till he awoke and fled to Paris; on his death-bed, in exile, adjuring his only son to carry on the father's work of devotion to the freedom of his country. The play included a funeral oration over the remains of the dead patriot at the Mussulman burial ground, and we witnessed his apotheosis "when angels bore him upwards to Paradise." The final scene represented an entertainment at the Turkish Embassy, into which rushed a newsboy carrying a poster announcing the proclamation of the Turkish Constitution!

But perhaps Mr. Knight would consider this too dramatic a prologue. At no too great length we read the early history of the Turkish invasion, and the establishment of the great Ottoman Empire. Then the arrest of conquest, and the gradual dismemberment of that Empire, so that now, with the loss of Greece and all the Balkan States, as well as of those regions on the northern

shores of the Black Sea (once a Turkish lake), Turkey "is left with but a narrow strip of territory stretching across the centre of the Balkan Peninsula from the Black Sea to the Adriatic." But, himself a lover of the Turk, Mr. Knight brings before us in strong contrast the true character of the Turk himself (and particularly of the rural Turk), when compared with the action of Turkish Despotism, of the Palace Camarilla, and system of espionage which has made the name of Turkish rule detested, above all during the reign of the late Sultan, Abdul Hamid, since 1878, when he abjured the Constitution which he promised to support. As we read these pages we are reminded of the old friendships of Englishmen and Turks of earlier days. British officers during the Crimean War made of their comrades in arms friendships which lasted sometimes for a lifetime. Merchants (who were most generally also sportsmen) who lived in Turkey held usually the opinion of the Turk which is quoted on page 6, as that of an eminent authority: "The men that I liked best among all that I met in the East were Turks. In some respects the Turk struck me as more like an Englishman, and more like a gentleman than any of the other races except the Magyars. He is a quiet, manly fellow, with great repose and charm of manner, and does not wear his heart on his sleeve. Europeans who live in the country look on the Turk as an honest man and a man of his word." It is an attractive character in every way. He is ferocious in war without doubt, but gentleness and humanity are among the most marked characteristics of the Turk. He is hospitable, temperate, devoid of meanness, and is a sincere friend. His kindness to animals is proverbial. On page 8 is a very generous tribute by a good English sportsman, "who knows the Turk as well as any Englishman can," to a robber friend of his, Redjib, now dead.

The political history of the country begins with Mahomed II. in 1808, and his successor, Abdul Mejid, who died in 1861, under whom the Hatti-Sherif of Gulhane was promulgated in 1839, which has been called the Magna Charta of Turkey, and again the Hatti Houmaïoum Firman in 1856, after the Crimean War, which announced the complete equality of the Christians and Mussulmans in Turkey. Abdul Aziz succeeded to the Throne in 1861, and began what seemed a most promising reign. He made the Turkish Navy, and organised that army which fought so splendidly at Plevna. But under ill advice, and influenced by Russian diplomacy, always opposed to progress, his policy became retrograde, and that final "struggle between the Palace and the Sublime Porte commenced which has resulted in the overthrow of Despotism." So in 1876 Abdul Aziz was forced to abdicate, after the publication of a notable *Fetva* by the Sheikh-ul-Islam (see page 31), who, in the name of the Mohamedan religion approved of the revolution in 1876. History repeated itself when again a *Fetva* was signed by the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and this time presented to the National Assembly when, on April 27 of this year, Abdul Hamid was deposed, but the approval of the Mohamedan religion was expressed in even stronger terms in this case (see page 351). The real story begins with the accession of Abdul Hamid in 1876, having sworn to uphold Constitutional government, which he repudiated in 1878. We have most forcibly brought to us the marvellous grip and power with which that wonderful man centred in himself all government, the absolute disposal of the armed forces of the country, and the direction of the finances. But we are brought face to face in this character with most astounding contrasts. Very able, a skilled diplomatist, and of indomitable will, his ruling impulse through life was fear. He feared any concession of liberal rights to his people because they

would possibly be used first to control his own absolute authority, and so finally might make his own person less sacred. He feared even to maintain the Navy which Abdul Aziz had recreated, because in foreign ports liberal ideas might be instilled in his sailors, and thus his fear deprived him of a force which best of all could support his throne and the wealth of his country. He feared any assembly of men, and so social functions of the most simple and harmless kind were limited, for they could only be held with the approval of the police. And here Mr. Knight gives us pause, and shows that, owing to enforced seclusion and repatriation from social intercourse, the intelligent Turk became an assiduous reader and a deep thinker, and by the Sultan's own craven precautions the impulse grew for the liberation of Turkey from tyranny.

The Young Turk party were first heard of about forty years ago. They were a number of educated men who had fled to London and Paris when Abdul Aziz broke his promises and crushed the growing liberalism of Turkey. When Midhab Pasha, under Abdul Hamid, became a factor in the Government, their hopes revived, and many returned to Turkey; but when the Sultan, in 1878, dissolved Parliament and suspended the Constitution, they fled again and made Geneva their headquarters. Soon after the Central Committee was moved to Paris, and there the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress was founded in 1901 under the direction of Ahmed Riza Bey. This Committee, which was to reform Turkey, was not taken seriously in Paris or London, and when Ahmed Riza Bey spoke at a meeting in London as late as 1904, he was by no means well received. The aim of the Young Turks was and is the Government of Turkey by Turks. They from all time were vowed to ensuring for all nationalities and creeds equal rights, absolute liberties. So when Ahmed Riza Bey spoke in London he "condemned European friends of Armenia and Macedonia for wrongfully and artificially inciting a rising, and so playing the part of the Pan-Slav agents, and he practically put it that by fomenting insurrection among the Christian populations in Turkey they were more or less responsible for the massacres which followed." The meeting appears to have become seriously agitated, and an influential humanitarian expressed the view that "the liberties of Christians would be just as unsafe under a Sultan with the sentiments of the gentleman who has just sat down as under the present Sultan." But, in spite of want of sympathy in the England of 1904, the Young Turks persevered, and when they succeeded they proved that influential humanitarian to be quite wrong and have won much sympathy and admiration from England.

In 1906 the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress at Paris chose Macedonia as their headquarters. They felt that they were strong enough to carry the war into the enemy's country, and they chose Macedonia in consonance with their first principles. Macedonia was more or less in the hands of the international gendarmerie. The programme of England had been rejected, the programme which they recognised as unselfish. That of Russia and Austria (the Mürtteg Programme) was adopted and caused much offence, for a strong and united Turkish Macedonia was not well viewed in those States. So the Young Turks felt that their cause could best be served by smoothing over difficulties between Greeks, Bulgars and Turks. They won over the Army by slow degrees, and all the more enlightened of the Civil administration became members of their ranks. With the finished system of espionage of the Palace, it seems wonderful that the Committee should have been able to continue their work without destruction. But a secret system possessing a whole country makes men experts in secrecy. Initiation in the Young Turk

association was conducted on the most approved principles of mysterious masonry, and after a year at Salonica the terrorists of the Palace became terrorised and the committee came to be feared by those whom they were working to upset. Among those who had joined the committee were many Hodjas, or religious teachers. The Army Corps at Adrianople and in Asia Minor were proselytised to Liberalism largely by the action of these Hodjas and by officers disguised as Hodjas, who were freely admitted to barracks in their capacity of preachers. So when a large force was ordered from Asia to overpower mutinous troops in Europe those Anatolian battalions were received as brothers and fellow revolutionists by their comrades of the Second Army Corps of Macedonia.

On the 3rd June, 1908, Major Niazi Bey raised the standard of revolt at Resna on the Albanian frontier. Enver Bey (late Military Attaché at Berlin) and others organised bands who won over the men of isolated garrisons and captured others. Their twenty days' wanderings on the hills, on the borders and in Albania read as a veritable romance. They lived ascetic lives, abjured all thought of self; they all took a vow to devote themselves alone to their country, and so in a few weeks every village was a "well-ordered centre of revolt," and all was ready for the final act when the Constitution was demanded on 23rd June and granted on the 24th. It was a triumph with very little bloodshed. Mr. Knight does not deny that men dangerous to the committee were killed, but each death was an *execution*, not a *murder*. And certainly Niazi Bey showed great discretion and knowledge of human nature in ordering in one village "The execution of a particularly obnoxious tax-gatherer . . . and the man's rams were divided among the members of the band, who were thus enabled to enjoy a luxurious meal."

We have all read in the Press how all Turkey fraternised and rejoiced together on the grant of the Constitution. But they are simple-hearted people, and, having been granted freedom, they thought, of course, they could do just what they liked, and it resulted in much obstruction of traffic and in many humorous incidents which Mr. Knight describes admirably. There was comparatively little license, and the only dangerous incident was the coal strike, which was suppressed by the promptitude and courage of two young officers. The General Election of last October found a people who did not know the value of a vote, and who in many cases feared to register their names in case doing so might entail some new tax. The election in Constantinople produces some picturesque writing on page 300 and following pages.

We are given the whole electoral system and the qualifications for franchise, and for membership of the Assembly. One election law is quoted which commands our whole-hearted admiration: "By Article 72 of the Constitution the penalty for influencing elections by false statements and calumnies is a fine of forty pounds and a period of imprisonment of from one year up to five years according to the gravity of the offence." Happy Turkey! Would that England were equally happy. The posters about Chinese labour at the last election would have materially reduced the enormous majority of the present Government, for it is not yet five years since the calumnies were printed, painted and uttered.

The temporary success of reaction and the final triumph of constitutionalism have due attention, and we are shown conclusively that the energy and power of organisation of the Committee of Union and Progress are undiminished. We come to the end of this most attractive book all too soon. It brings us up to the events of to-day almost. But it does more: it fills us with hope that this great-hearted people may

now rule themselves in peace and prosperity, ensuring to the many races that are combined under the national term Ottoman the freedom and happiness which has been won by such long years of patient labour.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Fancy O'Brien. By ELLA MACMAHON. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)

THE simple elements of so many deplorable tragedies—the wronged woman, the man promised to another—are used in this short but powerful story with telling effect. Francis O'Brien, the "Fancy" of the title, is a crude, uneducated young Irishman, whose tastes lie in the direction of lurid clothing and swaggering behaviour; Bridget, or Bridge, the girl whose love for him is so disastrous, is a pathetic, trustful little drudge in a "general" shop. The reader can hardly help wondering what poor little Bridge could have seen in the unspeakable Francis so to cleave to him, but, undoubtedly, such things do happen. Juliana Corcoran, a wealthy publican's daughter, is also fond of Francis, and these two become engaged, for the lad has wasted his substance and is in need of money. His despicable treatment of the other girl, who would have died for him, leaves the reader with little sympathy for his tragic end; all the sadness seems to be for little Bridge in her hour of trouble, with perhaps a trace of pity for the blowsy, overdressed Juliana, whose wedding-ring will never be used. Not much of the leaven of humour enters into this story, and in the nature of things it can hardly avoid being sombre; but it is excellently told, and contains some realistic studies of lower-class life in the Irish capital.

The Gay Paradines. By MRS. STEPHEN BATSON. (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.)

THE early years of the nineteenth century, with their queer poor-laws, their occasional wife-sales, and their curious country customs, offer a profitable field for any enterprising writer who can construct a good story, and Mrs. Stephen Batson has utilised them with conspicuous taste and ability. Few recent novels, we fancy, have so successfully conveyed the atmosphere of a definite period without lapsing into occasional aridity; in this book the history of the young Paradines, two scions of a county family, is related with an energy and a humour which forbid the faintest suspicion of failing interest. The theme most prominent among the vicissitudes of Charles and William Paradine is their search for a lost relative, a girl whose sorrowful story is woven with the events recounted in a manner which permits the reader to learn the secret; there is little mystery, but one criticism which suggests itself is that the circumstances of Nan's disappearance might with advantage have been expounded more clearly in the opening chapter. Nan, persecuted by the attentions of various men, is a charming character altogether, rarely cast down for long even when things seem at their darkest. Her marriage with a gross farmer—almost an alliance of brute with angel—and the unexpected proximity of William, her former lover, as an inmate of the same house, precipitate matters, and she is saved from a cruel fate—that of being sold to any amorous bidder—only at the very last moment. Charles and William for years had been searching for their little relative, but Nan herself, who was, unknowingly, their object, had changed her surname to that of the woman who had adopted her, so that even before her marriage the quest was fruitless. The ending is somewhat abrupt and unsatisfying after the clever working towards a climax of the previous chapters; but to conclude on a note of complaint when

the book has given us so much pleasure would be ungrateful, so with the small reservations mentioned we can heartily recommend the story to all our readers; the standard is high, and the tone good in every way.

Sixpenny Pieces. By A. NEIL LYONS. (John Lane, 6s.)

THIS is rather a heart-aching book to read, not by reason of any shortcomings on the part of the author, but because of its subject-matter. The scenes centre round the dispensary of a doctor in the East End of London (the usual fee for treatment being sixpence), and, while humour abounds in the various characters which step in to have their say, it is generally tainted with the grim, poverty-stricken atmosphere of the slums; the laughter is choked with a sigh; it is all so hopeless. Yet the little doctor's cheery, profane, sarcastic remarks and dissertations are at times very apt and very mirth-provoking, while the study of "James," his daughter and loyal assistant, is capital. A young artist, Mr. Baffin, who occupies a room in the same house, seems to be introduced rather superfluously to lengthen the book; he is not particularly amusing, nor is he convincing.

Apart from the dialogue, and the occasional dramatic incidents which Mr. Lyons recounts, there are two or three fine passages which show the author in a vein which we could well wish him to pursue more frequently, such as, for instance, this little interlude of description:

The April sun had come out sharp to time, and was winking fitfully upon all of us, like the unsettled, rakish fellow that he is. And a girl with two great baskets full of wondering daffodils had come out, too; and some conscienceless vagabond was extracting melody from a cornet. So that even the Regent's Canal, with its sombre vicinage and sulky craft, seemed, as if by some surprising effort, to have taken on an air of sweetness and youth and hope. As one looked down upon the face of these waters, so strangely heartened by the sunlight, a sort of certainty grew upon him that they would suddenly break into perspective; that their vista would cease to be obscured by coal wharves and cranes and hoardings; that somebody's whisky, commended to your notice in large white letters on a blue-enamelled background, would fade and fade and fade, until it merged with the white clouds and the blue sky behind it. Then need you but sigh and sit back, beholding a silver streak set snugly between hills, and flowing, flowing, flowing to the edge of the world. Instead of which . . . Pooh! There was no instead. The April sun kept winking at the daffodils, and the daffodils kept staring at the sun, and the cornet-man made music by the waterside. So that even a poet might have smiled at it all. For here, I'll swear, was none of your mere "waterways" created by syndicates for profit; here was none of your world-capitals. Just a little old river, sunning itself gratefully in a little old town that God had made.

The conclusion of this chapter from which we have quoted is tragedy of the deepest and saddest, and the constant repetition of this mood makes the whole book a depressing one, in spite of its cleverness of observation and its excellent sketches of character. As a glimpse of a corner of London life which has not often been exploited, it bears every indication of reality and avoidance of exaggeration, and comes under the heading of good work in literary style and the handling of unpromising material.

A Family Influence. By W. H. WILLIAMSON. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

THE position of Ida Venn, the central figure of this capital novel, reminds us very much of the dilemma of Rose Jocelyn in "Evan Harrington." Rose was desired in marriage by young men in high places, but loved the son of a tailor, "the great Mel"; with Ida, "the heir to a baronetcy asked her to marry him, and she hesitated; the son of a chemist talked to her and she was thrilled." The son of a chemist, however, was a fellow of sterling qualities and abounding intellect,

and, it must be admitted, not such an irritating person as Evan Harrington often shows himself; he forges ahead in the career of a barrister and seems in the way of making his fortune, so he wins the heart of this lady fair in spite of the amiable and somewhat clumsy wooing of young "Del" Gillan-Wells, heir to a title and an impoverished estate. The sketch of the little circle of people whose bosoms are flurried by this course of true love is very cleverly done; the dialogue is most happy, humorous with no straining after brilliance, and sarcastic at times with a pungency quite amusing. A love affair almost equal in importance is that of Del's brother, who, refusing to enter the Church, becomes partner in an enterprising motor business; he also succeeds, and well deserves to do so. The girl of his choice, Miss Templa Bellams, is quite irresistible, an inconsequent, ambitious little creature always with an eye to the main chance—even in the letter to her mother, which announces the clandestine marriage, she does not forget to emphasise the advantages of her husband's motors:

We are going to Brighton for our honeymoon; we are going there so as to motor it. I hope you are well. Please don't worry about me. I am very, very happy. At any rate you can't be upset since I have married somebody you know. . . . And if you hear of anybody who wants to buy a motor don't let them buy any kind except a Templa, made by Shufflebottom and Co. They are the best on the market. They go better than any other make, and don't send out nasty noises like most of the others. But I'll enclose a prospectus with this, and you can read it up and then get people to buy them. I should think Dante would allow you a commission if you'd sell a few cars.

The author has a pretty knack of comment, as exemplified in the following sentences:

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" The laughter was forced, inadequate, bloodless and hollow, but it was expressed and so deserves a place in this history. In its way, too, it may strike a keynote and be of great psychological value. A laugh is a personal matter, and the laugher can be identified with the "vacant mind," the humorist, the man who not only sees a joke but enjoys it, and not merely enjoys it but revels in it, etc. The distinctions are limitless. But a hollow "Ha, ha, ha, ha!" in a minor key! Surely laughter missed its footing there. And yet the noise was distinct; it was not melodramatic. There was no big-hatted, big-moustachioed villain to thunder it out and stamp supremely at the same moment. They who laughed so were ladies.

This personal interlude, however, is rarely used, and the story goes on straightly and clearly from the very first page. We have found the book very entertaining, and, in places, brilliant.

Inns of Court. Painted by GORDON HOME. Described by CECIL HEADLAM. (A. and C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE fascination of old-time London is an influence which few can avoid when straying from the beaten tracks, the noisy, populous thoroughfares. All about the city, even in these days of despoliation and reconstruction, little islands of antiquity remain in the sea of modern brick and stone. Saint Bartholomew's Church, Smithfield, with its wonderful tiny graveyard; the "Little Wonder," not far away, curiously lonely amid huge, straight walls; the old houses in Fetter Lane and Neville Court, weatherbeaten and shot with faint colours; and many other unexpected survivals, greet the exploring stranger. Most interesting of all, perhaps, in the antiquity of its origin, is the group of buildings which we know under the name of the "Inns," and of these historic halls and squares the author of this volume discourses in a manner which cannot fail to charm the reader, although some disagreement with an occasional dogmatic statement is possible. To dismiss his book as one in the category of mere "colour"-publications would be to do it an injustice; its text is far more important than its illustrations. So much of history is bound up in these

places, so many famous names are recalled by them, that it was a praiseworthy task to jot down with some method a compact survey of their inception and their careers.

Law-students, congregating together for mutual convenience in the Hostels, or Inns, of Court, formed the nucleus of the present powerful association whose headquarters are so familiar—exteriorly, at any rate—to Londoners of the later days. As early as 1344 apprentices of the law were housed "near Fleet Street, at Clifford's Inn," and Thavie's Inn was leased from one John Thavie, "a worthy citizen and armourer," who died in 1348; these seem to be the two first-mentioned gathering-places for ambitious lawyers-in-embryo. "In such hostels," says Mr. Headlam, "voluntary associations or guilds of teachers and learners of the law would congregate, and gradually evolve their own regulations and customs." By the middle of the fourteenth century these colleges—for the training was on a system closely allied to that of Oxford and Cambridge—were well established, clustering about the boundaries of the City from Holborn to Chancery Lane, and from Fleet Street to the river. Customs differed then from those that now prevail. Revels and dancing to the accompaniment of music were frequent diversions of the gentlemen of the Inner Bar, and All-Hallows, Candlemas, and Ascension Day were celebrated with the utmost festivity. "On Christmas Day, Service in the Church ended, the gentlemen presently repair into the Hall, to breakfast with Brawn, Mustard and Malmsey," says an old chronicler. Masques and plays were also in great favour, and Queen Elizabeth in her time is supposed to have patronised many of these gatherings. Dealing first with the Temple, Mr. Headlam traces the origin of the Knights Templars, and relates how the fine round church which lies hidden behind the traffic of Fleet Street derived its shape from the holy places of Jerusalem. About the middle of the twelfth century they are said to have been established in Chancery Lane, and their property embraced part of the site of what is now Lincoln's Inn:

But it was not long before they moved to a pleasanter site, to the "most elegant spot in the Metropolis," as Charles Lamb declared. For, about the year 1180, the Templars acquired a large meadow sloping down to the broad River Thames, on the south side of Fleet Street, and stretching from Whitefriars on the east to Essex Street on the west. Here they built themselves a lordly dwelling-place and a splendid church, again a round church upon the same sacred model, part of which still stands. Across the way lay their recreation ground.

This recreation ground, then known as Fitchett's Field, was the site of the modern Law Courts, that gloomy, Gothic pile which dominates the neighbourhood. From then the roll of names inseparable from the Temple and the Inns is a long and honourable one. Here was the Royal Treasury of King John. Henry III. endowed the Temple with manors and privileges. Dr. John Hooker was one of the Masters of the Temple, and Canon Ainger's name will occur to many as another famous Master of our own times. Thomas Day, the eccentric author of "Sandford and Merton," lived in chambers here; Goldsmith, Johnson, Fielding, often walked the gardens; here "Elia" was born, and Blackstone wrote his "Commentaries." At Lincoln's Inn John Donne was a student. "Canning, Perceval, Disraeli, Gladstone, O'Connell, William Penn, and William Prynne stand out among the makers of history who have been members of this Inn, while among men of letters, the George Colmans (father and son), Horace Walpole, Charles Kingsley, and George Wither are the most prominent." It is difficult for us to realise to-day that Great Turnstile and Little Turnstile were narrow lanes leading to actual fields, while Gray's Inn was on the borders of the open country.

We must not pursue the reminiscences any farther

in a brief review; suffice it to say, in conclusion, that the book is one which all students of ancient London should read, and which will assist many a casual explorer to appreciate the beauties of the old buildings that lie so near to the heart of the city. The illustrations are good, but not in any way remarkable.

COLLINS'S "ODE TO EVENING"

IN a letter to John Newton of March 19th, 1784, Cowper writes: "I have lately finished eight volumes of Johnson's Prefaces, or Lives of the Poets. In all that number I observe but one man—a poet of no great fame—of whom I did not know that he existed till I found him there, whose mind seems to have had the slightest tincture of religion; and he was hardly in his senses. His name was Collins." This was written five and twenty years after the death of the poet who had produced some of the greatest odes in the language, and yet in all that time one of his most distinguished contemporaries had never heard of him. When he did learn that Collins had lived and written, Cowper was misled regarding his poetical achievements through the inadequate criticism proffered by the biographer. Johnson gives a delicate and affecting memoir of the man whom he had known and liked, but he was as incapable of understanding the poet and his methods as he was of grasping the intuitional theory regarding the subjectivity of matter. The majority of the literary magnates of the time were with him, and Collins was depreciated by Dodsley, the eminent publisher, in comparison with Joseph Warton. These two poets, it would appear, had agreed to issue a common volume of odes, but presumably the arrangement was disturbed by the publisher, who gave Warton's lyrics to the world and left the friend to find another and an inferior outlet for his unfashionable wares. Collins's subsequent history is that of a man indifferent and sadly unstrung. He was yet to write his worthy tribute to the memory of Thomson, his exquisitely melodious "Dirge in Cymbeline," and his dexterously varied, comprehensive, and sonorous "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland," but he practically closed his literary career with the "Odes on Several Descriptive and Allegoric Subjects," issued in 1746 from the house of A. Millar in the Strand. Curiously enough, he was not altogether excluded from the great Dodsley's portals. In 1746 he contributed to the publisher's "Museum" his "Ode to a Lady on the Death of Col. Charles Ross," and two years later he is represented in "Dodsley's Collection" by this poem and the magnificent "Ode to Evening," each including important variations on the original text. One of the glories of our literary accomplishment, the latter triumph of descriptive fancy is very properly included in the late Mr. Palgrave's "Golden Treasury." As in that popular anthology it will have hundreds of readers for one who will see it in a complete edition of the poet's works, it is of importance to see how it has fared at the compiler's hands.

In its first form the "Ode to Evening" is very beautiful—revealing in its choice of characteristic features its appropriately suggestive imagery, and the melodious fall of its movement the poet's intimate grasp and appreciation of his theme—and had this remained without alteration the lyric would have held an indisputably high place among the great achievements in English verse. It so happens, however, that in the separate publication of the poem by Dodsley, two years after the author had given it an integral place in his little volume, there are certain variations too important to be overlooked. These, there can be no reason to doubt, are due to the poet himself. There is no evidence on the point; we can only infer

that for some reason Collins granted the use of his sovereign lyric for the projected miscellany, and re-touched it here and there in his desire to compose a symmetrical unity with an aspect of graceful comeliness. He then gave his ode the final shape in which he wished it to appear, nor did he alter it again, but left it thus as the finished product of his artistic skill. Against such a decision there should be no appeal, for an author's emendations, especially when all are improvements, as in this case, should invariably command consideration and respect. While fully illustrated in the practice of the poet's most worthy editors, this loyal demeanour, as we shall see, is not characteristic of the late Mr. Palgrave.

In his original version Collins thus opens his address to the mythical personage into whose serene presence he moves with votive fervour:

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, O pensive eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs and dying gales.

In his revision he presents what Mr. Swinburne justifiably calls "the exquisite recast of the originally exquisite second line," the touch in the third rendering it also worthy to sustain its enhanced relationship. Johnson blames Collins for indulging in "clusters of consonants," and had he specialised he might have taken a relevant exception to the hardness of effect produced by the juxtaposition of two syllables at the very heart of the second line in this its primary form. The poet himself had perceived the existence of the undesirable collision, and he removes it effectually by this felicitous resetting:

May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs.

As thus presented these two lines, in their new strength and cadence, surely reach perfection as nearly as possible both in imagery and in sweet and melodious phrasing. Verbal changes in the third and ninth stanzas are important and significant, evincing as they do the supreme artist striving after the utmost purity and grace of metrical expression. An alteration of the sixth stanza illustrates the same quality in happy and effective exercise, for it conjoins new plausibility of deliverance with the original play of refined and aspiring fancy. In his first delineation the poet described elves as those "who slept in buds the day," but on second thoughts he apparently realised that even these tiny entities required some accommodation for their time of repose, and so he substituted "flowers" for "buds" when he brought the lyric to its perfect and final blossom. The eighth stanza is so completely recast as to be practically new. In the author's volume it stood thus:

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

This is the greatly improved reading in "Dodsley's Collection":

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.

The rapturous vision with which the poem concludes is again variously altered throughout, and in every case for the better. It read in this wise in the earlier version:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, smiling peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

The bright and satisfactory rifacimento is as follows:

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipp'd health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

When everything conspires to show that the poet worked minutely on his lyric in order to bring it as nearly as possible to his conception of full and final beauty of form, it would surely be no more than fair for every editor to respect his preferences or to show reason for personal dissent. It might, of course, be possible to aver that the original text is undoubtedly the author's, while the second has only hypothetical and undisputed claims to that privilege, or alternatively it is open to a critic to deprecate the emendations, and to contend that the earlier is the better version of the two. In the "Golden Treasury," however, Mr. Palgrave takes an independent position, and gives not the slightest hint as to any peculiarity that may be discovered in his treatment of the text. In the original preface to his excellent and stimulating anthology, he expressed the belief that *inter alia* the work would prove "a source of animation to friends when they meet." This it may possibly be in a sense which the anthologist did not contemplate, for in various instances it may give occasion for sharp disputes over the character of his editing. He ought, most assuredly, to have respected the decisions of his authors, presenting them as they presumably wished to appear to readers for whom one, and only one, version of a lyric was to become familiar. In giving the "Ode to Evening" Mr. Palgrave uses the original text as it stands in Collins's volume, with the one exception of superseding its "brawling springs" by the "solemn springs" of "Dodsley's Collection." Having done so, he at once provokes the question, Why give this and nothing more? If he believed that one alteration came from the poet's hand, then why did he not recognise the others as having equal authority? He ignores the "exquisite recast" of the second line and all the other well-considered and felicitous variations, admitting into his version only what seemed to be worthy of his editorial *imprimatur*. So far as can be seen, he had no ground for assuming that the one change he adopted was genuine and all the others spurious, and he is therefore without justification in the exercise of his eclectic method. If he considered that Collins must be credited with one of the emendations for which Dodsley is sponsor and accepted it, he must have had some cogent reason for rejecting the others. Either he knew, which is extremely problematical, that they were not authoritative, or he thought them unsatisfactory. One is sorry to be forced to a conclusion derogatory to the critical judgment of an editor whose tact, sense of propriety, and fine discrimination have all been widely recognised and honoured, but in this particular case there seems, unfortunately, to be no alternative. All that remains to be said is that admirers of great poetry must go elsewhere than to the "Golden Treasury" if they would see the "Ode to Evening" as the author left it in the full perfection of its exquisite loveliness.

QUOIT

THE N.E.D. considers that the variants suggest a F. origin. These are *coyte*, *coite*, *c(h)oytte*, *coylt*, *coight*; *quaitte*, *quayte*, *queit*, *quait*. The word is used both of "quoting" and "curling." The N.E.D. quotes (1890) "*coiting*, *kuting*, or *quoiting* was for a long time in common use to describe the game (curling), and in some districts is still applied to it." See also Jamieson, s.v. *coit*. So that to the N.E.D. forms may

be added *S. quyte* (Jamieson) and *quite, quyte, quyte* (Jamieson, Supplement). Hone, describing "curling" (1827), says: "The stones are called *coits* or *quoits* or coiting or quoiting stones" (N.E.D.). The earliest record in the N.E.D. is (1388): "Les jeues appelez *coytes* dyces," etc. The Prompt. Parv. has "*coyter*, petreludus"; "*coyte*, petreluda"; "*coytyn*, petreludo." Palsgrave has both the noun and the verb. The modern game of "quoits" is probably only a special development of various games in which flat stones were thrown (as in quoits) or pushed (as in curling) with the object of getting as near as possible to a mark, as in bowls.* It is possible that Gargantua's *boulle plate* (Rabelais, I., 22) means something of the same kind. I do not believe that the word is of F. origin, for among more than two hundred games enumerated by Rabelais there is no word that can possibly be connected with *quoit*. The regular F. name for the most nearly corresponding game is *palet* (Palsgrave), diminutive of "*pale*, *pelle*, shovel." There is an older term "*bricoteau*, *palet de pierre*" (D.G.), which Palsgrave renders "*coyte* of stone." So also Cotgrave, who describes it as an old word. Assuming that the S. forms in *u* and *i* represent the older word and that E. and S. *quoit* is due to some undiscovered influence (cf. *recoil* from *reculer*), I should identify the whole group with E.S. *cute* (Jamieson), *quytt* (Jamieson, Supplement), "a cute, doit; a small Danish coin worth about one-twelfth of a penny," used by Dunbar, Lyndsay, etc., and derived (Jamieson, Supplement) from O.Dan., "*kvitt*, one-third of a Danish shilling." There are two games which may be regarded as miniatures of "curling" and "quoiting" respectively — viz., "shove-halfpenny" (formerly "shove-groat"), in which coins are pushed along a table to a given mark; and "pitch and toss," in which they are thrown at a mark in the ground. Now, Holyoak gives "discus, a *quoit* or *penny-stone*," and Shakespeare's use of the verb "to *quoit*" (2 Henry IV., ii., 4): "*Quoit*† him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling," also suggests a connection with something like the game of "shove-halfpenny." Cramer (1712) and Veneroni (1714) both render *palet* by *Plapperstein*. Grimm describes this as "ducks and drakes," and connects it with the verb "*plappern*, to babble," but Cramer says expressly "jetter le palet, pour mettre au plus près d'un but," etc., so that the first component may very well be the coin *plaphart*, *plappart*, *plappert*, which Grimm regards as of the same origin as F. *blafard* and explains as *Weisspfennig*. Thus *Plapperstein* does correspond to Holyoak's *penny-stone* (v.s.). Cramer also gives, s.v. *Plapperstein*, "*jouer à la merelle*," which was originally a game of the "shove-halfpenny" class, and now resembles "hop-scotch" (see Cotgrave, *merelle*, and D.G. *marrelle*, *méreau*). For *palet* Veneroni also gives It. *piastrella*, which appears to be still in use. Torriano has "*piastrellare*, to *quoit*, to play at quoits." In short, the various games played with a disc of stone or metal, of which *quoits* is only one development, take their names, like all other games, from the implements used. From the fact that in the earliest quotations in the N.E.D. "quoits" are coupled with "dice," it seems possible that the out-door game is the later. The general identification of the *quoit* with the *discus* (in the seventeenth-century dictionaries) is wrong, as throwing the *discus* was rather a test of strength. Cooper (1573) does not use *quoit* in defining "*discus*, a rounde thing of stone, leade, or yron, having an hole in the middes, which men used to throw up into the ayre for exercise or game." Cf. also Prompt. Parv.

E. W.

* "Playing at *coytes* or nine hooles" (New Custom, 1573).† Not "throw," but send him sliding down, cf. "and away slid I my man like a shovel-board shilling" (Middleton and Dekker, *The Roaring Girl*, 1613).

JUNE

It is not always wise to herald the advent of the midsummer month with a flourish of metaphorical trumpets, or to babble too early of green fields and flower-lined hedgerows, lest June be cruel and give from her store but five or six sunny days in which to venture forth. Sadly are Englishmen and Englishwomen at the mercy of a wet day and a low temperature, taking them at an average; only here and there will a brave spirit rise superior to drizzle and cloud, forcing the body to tramp defiantly and joyously through the rain and wind, to gain thereby health and a free mind. Most of us cultivate the art of sitting gracefully at the fireside and wishing for fine weather. Not many poets have been enraptured with the summer rain, but it has found apologists in prose on several notable occasions; best of all, perhaps, from George Meredith, the apostle of the outdoor life in England. We cannot refrain from quoting that magnificent defence of a drenching day from the "Egoist"—a passage which thrills the reader whether he find it for the first or the twentieth time:

Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling, much like that of the swine's trough freshly filled, as though a vast assembly of the hungrier had seated themselves clamorously and fallen to on meats and drinks in a silence, save of the chaps. A rapid walker poetically and humorously minded gathers multitudes of images on his way. And rain, the heaviest you can meet, is a lively companion when the resolute pacer scorns discomfort of wet clothes and squealing boots. South-western rain-clouds, too, are never long sullen; they enfold and will have the earth in a good strong glut of the kissing overflow; then, as a hawk with feathers on his beak of the bird in his claw lifts head, they rise and take veiled feature in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dawn; or, along a travelling sweep that rolls asunder overhead, heaven's laughter of purest blue among titanic white shoulders; it may mean fair smiling for awhile, or be the lightest interlude; but the watery lines, and the drifting, the chasing, the upsoaring, all in a shadowy fingering of form, and the animation of the leaves of the trees pointing them on, the bending of the tree-tops, the snapping of the branches, and the hurrahings of the stubborn hedge at wrestle with the flaws, yielding but a leaf at most, and that on a fling, make a glory of contest and wildness without the aid of colour to inflame the man who is at home in them from old association on road, heath, and mountain. Let him be drenched, his heart will sing. And thou, trim Cockney, that jeerest, consider thyself, to whom it may occur to be out in such a scene, and with what steps of a nervous dancing-master it would be thine to play the hunted rat of the elements, for the preservation of the one imagined dry spot about thee, somewhere on thy luckless person! The taking of rain and sun alike befits men of our climate, and he who would have the secret of a strengthening intoxication must court the clouds of the south-west with a lover's blood.

In spite of all this, rain in June is unwelcome, as we have had opportunity to prove this month. Thoughts are turning irresistibly holiday-ward; we know that fields are yellow with buttercups, pink with clover, fragrant with scents of flower-life in its prime, and the craving grips us to be out among it all, to behold something more open and less civilised than a park, something more inspiring than the stony vistas of the city. June calls; a midsummer madness is upon us; we are weak to resist. "A pleasant noise" is in the air:

A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

From the beginning of June until mid-July the night is but "a deliberate wink of the eye of light." The pale, triangular wing of radiance slowly wheels round

the north, to unfold when reinforced by the rising sun, and on any hill, given a clear atmosphere, the vision of that mingling of sunset with dawn is a memorable one. Still more beautiful is it to watch the sea-line change from deepest indigo to faint pearly gleams, flushed with crimson as the midnight recedes; nothing imparts so curiously a sense of the rotundity of the earth, its poise in space, as these summer dawns seen from some lofty cliff above the sea. It is as though we swung up from out the sunset towards the zenith, and dropped down into the sunrise-glow; the great stars and planets pale their fires, and the moon becomes a silver mask, a mere decoration for the vault of heaven. Only in June can this slow movement of the world be apprehended so perfectly.

For many ages the worship of the sun lingered in curious customs and festivals held on Midsummer Eve, especially in the country districts. In Cornwall promenaders used to carry lighted torches from village to village, perhaps a reminiscence of Druidical rites, and in Ireland as late as 1782 fires were lit "in honour of the sun," with accompaniments of solemn dances. Chester, Nottingham, and other towns had their peculiar methods of keeping up this festival, usually including some kind of masque and morris-dance. In Somersetshire, on the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, allotments were chosen by means of apples marked with the number of corresponding pieces of land. At the present day the delightful old ceremony of "cheese-rolling" takes place at Cooper's Hill, near Gloucester, on Whit-Monday—generally in June—so a brief description may not be out of order. On the summit of the hill, a steep spur of the Cotswolds, covered with turf and surrounded by lovely woods, are booths and shows and all the paraphernalia of a country fair—albeit quite orderly. At a certain hour of the afternoon the younger folk line up on each side, from the bottom of the hill to half-way up, and small round cheeses are rolled from the top. They fly down at tremendous speed, glancing from inequalities in the ground, often bursting in many fragments over the roofs of two or three little cottages which are clustered below. The boy who captures one is entitled, we believe, to a small reward. On a fine, sunny day it is one of the quaintest sights imaginable, and the affair is given "tone" by the presence of the clergyman and well-known people of the district.

Midsummer Eve used to be celebrated in London by the lighting of bonfires, and in olden times a procession of the "watch" passed through the principal streets, "To wit," says Stow, "from the little conduit by Paul's gate, through West Cheape, by the Stocks, through Cornhill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then backe down Fen-church Street, by Grasse-church, about Grasse-church conduit, and up Grasse-church Street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheape again." This procession was an extensive—and expensive—affair; some thousands took part in it; constables carried cressets, with attendants: "Every cresset had two men, one to bear or hold it, another to beare a bag with light, and to serve it"; while "divers pageants" also contributed to the humours of the day and night. On St. John's Eve, in 1510, King Henry VIII. came "to the King's-head, in Cheap, in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with a halbert on his shoulder, and there, in that disguise, beheld the watch till it had passed, and was so gratified with the show that on St. Peter's night next following he and the Queen came royally riding to the sayd place, and there, with their nobles, beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning."

One of the most interesting anniversaries that occurs during this month is that of the stone-laying of "New" London Bridge. This took place on Wednesday, June 15th, 1825. Hone, the chronicler of the

time, to whom we are indebted for so many pleasant comments, was present at the ceremony, and apparently bought a copy of each of the next morning's journals (not so formidable a matter as it would be now), in order that he might present his readers with a satisfactory account of the affair. Spectators gathered in thousands, of course—some few witnessed it from the top of the Monument—and the river was crowded with boats and barges bearing awnings until it resembled a country fair. The band of the Horse Guards escorted the procession of civic notabilities from the Guildhall, up Cornhill, and down Gracechurch Street to the scene of operations:

The Lord Mayor took his station by the side of the stone, attended by four gentlemen of the Committee, bearing, one, the glasscut bottle to contain the coins of the present reign; another, an English inscription incrusting in glass; another, the mallet, and another, the level.

The Sub-Chairman of the Committee, bearing the golden trowel, took his station by the side of the stone opposite the Lord Mayor.

The Engineer, John Rennie, Esq., took his place on another side of the stone, and exhibited to the Lord Mayor the plans and drawings of the bridge.

The members of the Committee of Management presented to the Lord Mayor the cut glass bottle which was intended to contain the several coins.

After a speech or two the mayor spread the mortar, and the stone was safely lowered to position; the sword and mace were laid upon it crosswise; the band played the National Anthem, and "three cheers were given for the Duke of York, three for Old England, and three for the architect, Mr. Rennie." In the inevitable English manner, everything concluded with a dinner at the Mansion House. The bridge was urgently needed, not only for the growing traffic, for ancient engravings show the river rushing through the arches of the older fabric with the force of a mill-race.

To-day, in this June of eighty-four years after, we cross that same bridge—widened, it is true—and can but imagine what Hone's surprise would be could he watch the roaring stream of vehicles which now pours ceaselessly across his beloved Thames!

AN AUTHOR'S POST BAG

I.

DEAR SIR,—We note in a recent issue of a morning journal an article from your pen. While fully recognising its merits as a whole, we cannot help being struck by the fact that it displays certain deficiencies of style and a general lack of descriptive power. We are confident, however, that this could be remedied if you would take up a course of instruction (by correspondence if necessary) as imparted by our unique system of literary tuition. A moderate inclusive fee, and complete proficiency guaranteed after six lessons (for leader-writing two additional lessons are recommended). One of our clients has just had a letter to the editor printed in the *Times* (Biddlecombe, N. Devon), and several others are on the high road to similar distinction. We enclose terms, and also explanatory pamphlet giving full details of system. By the way, with reference to the matter of style we have alluded to, you should note that prepositions must not be used to end sentences with.

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS BUNN, Ph.D. (U.S.A.),
L.C.C. (*Literary Correspondence Corporation*).

Reply:

How long is it since "with" has ceased to be a preposition?

II.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am told that you have just contributed a thoughtful article on "Taming Ghosts" to

the current number of the *Rag-Bag*. As I am extremely interested in psychical research I should regard it as a great favour if you would kindly send me full particulars as to the result of your experiments in this direction. What I am specially anxious to know is (1) sex of ghost recommended for the purpose; (2) language spoken by same; and (3) possibilities of photographing the apparitions. Any information you may be able to accord me on this subject will be looked upon as strictly confidential.

Yours very truly,

J. SIMON GULLIBLE (REV.),
Mudborough-on-the-Marsh.

Reply:

The article dealt with *goats*; not *ghosts*.

III.

SIR,—Will you permit us to draw your kind attention to the fact that, in accordance with your request, we recently forwarded you on appro. one of our new "Non-Splash" fountain pens. We should be glad to learn if the same has given entire satisfaction? If you could favour us with a few suitable lines directing notice to its merits we should be pleased to incorporate same in a little handbook we are bringing out for business purposes on "How Famous Authors Work."

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

THE "NON-SPLASH" FOUNTAIN PEN CO., LTD.

Reply:

I am quite unable to write with your pen. I lost it a month ago.

IV.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your ungentlemanly communication, in which you have the impertinence to demand payment of one guinea for the wretched little article I honoured by copying out of a vulgar English magazine and printing in the *Belfast Blade* five or six years ago. As you were sent *two copies* of the paper at the time your rubbish appeared in it, I have no intention of making a grasping Saxon like yourself any further honorarium whatever. Nor am I to be intimidated by your brutal threats of taking legal proceedings. The next letter you write on this subject will be treated with silent contempt, and I shall answer it in a way you won't like.

Yours, etc.,

TERENCE SHAUGHNESSY O'ROURKE,
Editor, *Belfast Blade*.

Reply:

May I live?

V.

DEAR SIR,—In this age of motoring it has, no doubt, often struck you that every author should have his own automobile. An idea, however, commonly prevails that this is an expensive luxury, and, as such, is beyond the means of those who do not enjoy the advantages of serial publication in the Sunday papers. We beg to state, however, that by availing yourself of our new and improved system a car can be supplied on highly favourable terms. All that we require is a preliminary deposit of £1,800, and seventy-five weekly instalments of £20, together with banker's reference and the names of two responsible householders as sureties. On making the last payment, the car (famous "Dashaway" pattern) will be delivered to yourself or legal heirs.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM SMITH,
Director, *Authors' Automobile Association, Ltd.*

Reply:

Please send particulars of higher-priced cars.

VI.

DEAR SIR,—As a prominent literary gentleman, you will doubtless appreciate the vast and growing import-

ance of having your name kept conspicuously before the public. This desirable object can best be achieved by placing yourself in the hands of our Press Publicity Department, which is conducted by a well-known journalist and ex-editor of *R.O.T.* ("Really On Top") the famous society paper. For a fixed fee (which may be paid by instalments) we send out ten paragraphs every day relating to your movements in the social world, etc. Our clients embrace many gentlemen, as well as authors. Hoping to hear from you in due course,

We are, dear Sir, yours truly,

MONTAGU PLANTAGENET-BROWN,
Manager, *Smart Set Publicity Syndicate, Strand.*

Reply:

State lowest terms for inserting report in the *Times* and *Morning Post* (leader pages) that I am spending week-end at Sandringham.

VII.

DEAR SIR,—I have just seen in the correspondence column of this week's *Flail* a letter signed "Paterfamilias" about your new novel, "The Aims of Coralie." I consider it *perfectly horrid*, and *most unfair*, and I shall write to the editor and tell him so. All my friends agree with me in thinking that the statement by "Paterfamilias" that "this deplorable work should not be permitted in a respectable home" is nothing less than *libellous*. Of course, everybody here is ordering it at once from the nearest bookshop.

Sincerely yours,

GERTIE PRINGLE,
The Vicarage, Little Puddleton.

P.S.—Kind regards.

Reply:

Thanks, but I wrote the letter myself.

VIII.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by my Committee to ask if you will be good enough to take the chair at a Social Evening (morning dress) of the Balls Pond Athenæum next Friday week, 8 p.m. The subject for debate on this occasion will be "The Press as a Power," and you will be expected to address a mixed audience, included among whom will be several of our leading Suffragettes in the district.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE ROBINSON,
Hon. Sec. B.P.A.

Reply:

Where is Balls Pond?

IX.

DEAR SIR,—In accordance with your carefully noted wishes, we have submitted your serial, "The Glamour of Gold," to a number of likely clients on our books. We regret to state, however, we have been unable to obtain any offer for same. The MS. is, accordingly, held at your disposal. Awaiting further instructions,

We are, etc.,

THE PINK PRESS SYNDICATE,
Walham Green, W.

Reply:

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X.

DEAR SIR,—I have derived so much interest from reading your *clever* and *charming* articles in the *Scrap-Heap* that I should esteem it a great favour if I might do your typewriting for you. As I am only a beginner, I am not yet very expert, and take rather a long time to finish any work. I live quite in the country, but the nearest post-office is only fifteen miles away, and we could send for your letters twice a week. You could therefore rely on anything you wanted in

a hurry being done in a fortnight or so. With regard to terms, I should be pleased in your case to reduce my ordinary charge to as low as three shillings and sixpence per 1,000 words. Hoping this will suit,

I am, yours truly,
DAISY JONES,
Llanrwst, near Pwllheli, N. Wales.

Reply:

It's more than I get for my articles.

XI.

ESTEEMED SIR,—It has occurred to us that there may be times (as is so often the case with distinguished literary gents in this age of hurry and turmoil) when you feel exhausted by your journalistic labours. We therefore beg to point out that any ill effects resulting from such employment may be completely dissipated by means of our invaluable specific "Braino." As a brain-builder for weary writers this has done wonders, in even the most obstinate and stubborn cases imaginable. We can see no reason, therefore, why you should not also benefit by it. A prominent author (fiction) has just telegraphed, "'Braino' has increased my circulation considerably, as well as improving my general health." This marvellous remedy is prepared from a strictly scientific formula, invented at enormous expense, and after many years' patient research among the Obbjibbaway Tribes in Central South America, and elsewhere. The principal ingredients consist of rare drugs and roots known only to our own analysts, and their existence has accordingly never been heard of by medical men. "Braino" is positively guaranteed to cure that tired feeling, lassitude, emptiness before meals, and pronounced disinclination for hard work, etc., so characteristic of our leading novelists nowadays. We enclose price list, and also a ten-page pamphlet of testimonials, written by a number of leading specialists.

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THE IMPERIAL PRESS BANQUET.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As THE ACADEMY must be read by many British journalists of the unimported brand, or of the sort not engaged in advertisement canvassing, medicine selling, or shopkeeping, perhaps you will feel warranted in publishing some of the following bits of information that have reached me concerning the recent Imperial Press Banquet:—

Some of the colonial guests appeared to imagine that Lord Burnham, Mr. Moberly Bell, Mr. Alfred Mond, Mr. H. H. Marks, and about 25 per cent. of the other British journalists at the banquet were present as representatives of London's Semitic colony.

The visitors also seemed to imagine that Messrs. Pomeroy Burton, Alfred Bukes, Robert Porter, and various other employes of the Harmsworth newspapers, were present at the dinner as representatives of our large American colony.

Lord Rosebery's failure to make any reference in his speech to the valuable services of the great Baron Northcliffe in building up the flourishing colony of American journalists in London was the subject of much unfavourable comment among the banqueters.

The absence, too, of any mention in Lord Rosebery's speech of the inestimable services rendered by the *Taily Noos*, the *Vestminster*, and the *Morgen Leader*, in opposing legislation likely to retard the growth of the foreign colonies at Wormwood Scrubs, Colney Hatch, and Dartmoor was also condemned.

A considerable proportion of the banqueters appeared dissatisfied because the food provided was not Kosher, and the bill of fare not printed in Yiddish.

Messrs. Captain Coe and Old Joe, who occupied seats at the same table as Brummagem Parke, J.P., of the *Morning Leader*, and Ulster Jim, of the *Star*, appeared to be surprised when the waiters refused to accept their tips.

The American and Jewish banqueters are said to have banqueted with their usual audibility, but the report that one of them accidentally swallowed his knife is without foundation.

The presence of Baron Northcliffe and Sir George Newnes at the dinner reminds one that it was Sir George's *Tit-Bits* which published the first article the Baron ever clipped.

The statement that Mr. Mark Cohen, of the *Dunedin Evening Star*, and Mr. Lewis Ashenheim, of the *Jamaica Gleaner*, have been engaged by Lord Northcliffe to edit *The Times* is, of course, untrue, as neither of these gentlemen has been in the employ of Mr. Hearst's *New York Journal* or Mr. Pulitzer's *New York World*.

The envy, hatred and malice which a certain class of men entertain towards those whom they regard as business competitors was made evident by the refusal of the proprietor and advertiser of Bung's Insomnia Cure to sit at the same table as Mr. Loe St. Strachey and Mr. St. Clement Shorter.

The many banqueters who were not Britons seemed to be Britain's.

Much surprise was expressed among the banqueters at the absence of any newspaper representative of the German pauper colony of Hertfordshire.

Among the other Pressmen at the banquet was Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who, presumably, represented the clothes press.

It was foolish of the colonial visitors to imagine that Mr. Alfred Mond, of the *Westminster*, was present as a representative of the German colonies. The population of the German colonies being simian in character, rather than Semitic, they would have been more suitably represented by a gorilla rather than a Jew.

Many of the "Pressmen" seen at the banquet are engaged in advertising free gold watches, electric belts, elixirs of life, etc., in the Metropolitan newspapers. The glances of withering contempt which these "schentlemen" darted at the editor of *Truth's* Cautionary List must have made that person heartily ashamed of himself.

As a member of the colony in London which resents any interference with the monopoly it has acquired of the local chestnut-vending business, it is, perhaps, fortunate that Mr. Chiozza. Money was not placed at the same table as Mr. Owen Seaman.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

BURNS'S POEMS FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The supremely superior air as a "literary critic" assumed by your anonymous correspondent, "Scrutator," may make it seem presumptuous to remind him that, after all, the late Mr. W. E. Henley had some repute in that line, and that the main gravamen of his charge against me is that I am saying ditto to Mr. Henley. It may be useless for me as regards "Scrutator"—though not, I hope, as regards the majority of your readers—to affirm that Mr. Henley was a most ardent admirer of Burns; that, next to Byron, he was his favourite poet among the moderns. I can also assure him, and them, that Mr. Henley was more than surprised at the accusation that he was endeavouring to depreciate Burns; he was of opinion that by the course of study he was following in editing Burns he was acquiring a fuller and more intelligent comprehension of him; and it was his hope that he might be the means of increasing the intelligent appreciation of the great Scottish poet in England as well as Scotland. What right has your anonymous correspondent to attribute bad motives either to him or me in the matter? What right has he to say that I am doing what in me lies to bring Burns down from his pride of place? Why, on earth, should either Mr. Henley or I have had a spite of Burns? Again, what is Burns's "pride of place"? Or do you bring him down from it when you seek to distinguish between his strong and his weak points, and between what he wrote and what he merely altered or amended? "Scrutator" is greatly concerned lest I should be assisting the wicked Germans in depreciating English men of letters! What a curious nightmare! If he knew much about educated Germans he would be quite cured of his apprehensions. They are enthusiastic students of English literature, and some German writers have done a good deal to elucidate the relations of Burns to his poetic predecessors.

I must protest against the assumption of "Scrutator" that I am depreciating Burns in asserting that he was specifically a peasant poet; that on "account of his peasantry" Burns as "a poet of Nature" has "a place of his own." The utterly inexcusable character of the superior "Scrutator's" misrepresentation will be sufficiently manifest from the following quotation from my introduction: "His uniqueness consists in this—that he was a man of essentially rustic tastes and experiences, dealing with rustic themes largely in his own rustic language, and in metrical forms specially suited to that language, but dealing with them in such a manner as to win for him a place among the classic poets of all time." May I also submit that the literary "Scrutator"—not I—is depreciating Burns when he supposes that "a nobleman with a gun on his shoulder"—how the gun would help him I do not quite see—could have written such lines as "the blackening trains of crows to their repose," "ye curlews calling thro' a clud," "deep-toned plovers grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill," etc., etc., or that "winter hurtling thro' the air the roaring blast" might, so far as the merit of the lines are concerned, have been found in verses to the Lass of Ballochmyle, supposing she had replied poetically to the Bard? Or is that what "Scrutator" means? The captious remarks on the glossary may almost be left to speak for themselves. The glossary is succinct. My aim was simply to give the nearest English equivalent. The "wail" of "Scrutator" about "be" as equivalent to "alone" implies that the book is intended for Germans who are ignorant of English! "The German aspirant to English knowledge," so writes the sapient "Scrutator." Also, he even takes for granted that I am explaining it not as a Scots but as an English word! For why else should he be guilty of quoting Hamlet's "To be, or not to be," and the Ancient Mariner's pathetic "Alone on a wide, wide sea," in order to make fun of my lamentable stupidity? However presumptuous it may be in me to differ on a literary point from "Scrutator," I venture confidently to affirm that Matthew Arnold, Shakespeare, and Coleridge were English, not Scots, poets, and that the sentences he quotes from them contain only English words. I quite agree that "churl" is not the exact equivalent of "sumph," but it is its nearest English equivalent. But my one unpardonable fault it would seem is the assertion that "cheep" means "to peep." "Mr. Henderson," writes "Scrutator," "may not know that nestlings are often called 'cheepers' by the adventurous boy who raids the spring hedges, otherwise he would have recognised that 'cheep,' which is a variant of chirp, has rare phonetic excellence." Whether in my youth I enjoyed the privilege of raiding the hedges with the adventurous "Scrutator" I, of course, cannot tell. I may or may not know the remarkable fact that the wicked boys called the poor things "cheepers," but I know that young birds are called "peepers" in English, and I also know that "peep" means to cry distressfully as well as to chirp.

T. F. HENDERSON.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Collier years ago made the remark: "Shakespeare always best illustrates himself." Since nowhere in "Othello" is Desdemona represented as repentant of her treatment of her father, the passage:

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse,

does not at all evidently convey the meaning assigned to it by Mr. Dey in his valuable communication to THE ACADEMY, May 29th, p. 161. In keeping with Desdemona's previous question, "Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?" the true interpretation would seem to be: "What can I have unwittingly done to cause him to put the worst possible construction on my pettiest misdemeanour?"

In the sentence from "King Lear," "All cruels else subscrib'd," the last word may be taken to have its exact original significance, and therefore to be simply equivalent to "written beneath us of inferior rank—i.e., negligible by comparison."

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Cuninghame's communication on "wondrous strange snow" in the current issue of THE ACADEMY with interest, and, though I am not convinced that "flaming" should be substituted for "strange," I think that there is much

to be said for the conjecture—even more than is urged by Mr. Cuninghame.

The New Shakespeare Society apparently never acted upon Tennyson's suggestion of a tabulation of probable cases of *literal* confusion arising from the old style of handwriting prevalent in Shakespeare's day, possibly because it was thought to be the province of critics to instruct poets, and therefore beneath the dignity of the former to take a hint from the latter. There can be no doubt, however, that the consideration of the *ductus literarum* is, at times, a most valuable aid in solving textual difficulties. In the present instance such consideration strongly reinforces the conjecture in question.

For we have only to remember that "m" was often in the old handwriting indicated by a mark above the preceding letter to recognise the obvious similarity in appearance of "fl" and "sl" (the "s" being the long non-final form of that letter), and to realise the possible addition of "e" after "g" to see how easily "flaminge" might be read as "strange."

With regard to the conjecture, however, there may be something in the objection that so far as "flaming snow" was a known phenomenon, as Mr. Cuninghame seems to infer from his quotations from Hakluyt, Shakespeare's language, if he wrote "flaminge," will lose in expected force. It was partly due to this consideration that I some time ago advocated reading "strong," which, as written, might have been taken for "strang"—a possible form for the word "strange."

ALFRED E. THISELTON.

THOMAS CARLYLE: PROPOSED NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—At the recent opening of the Annan Academy in Dumfriesshire, by Sir James Crichton Browne, F.R.S., he alluded to the absence of any national memorial to Thomas Carlyle in the land of his birth and the home of his early life and work.

Prompted by his remarks, I have, in co-operation with Sir James, undertaken to initiate a movement which I trust may meet with success, and remove too long delayed steps to perpetuate the memory of our great national philosopher in some fitting manner to be hereafter decided upon.

I shall be glad to hear from anyone interested in the matter, and who will allow his name to be added to a Committee to be formed to carry out the project.

C. D. O. Barrie, Esq., 39 Moffat Road, Dumfries, N.B., has kindly undertaken to act as Interim Secretary, and all communications may be addressed to him.

A. JOHNSTONE DOUGLAS.

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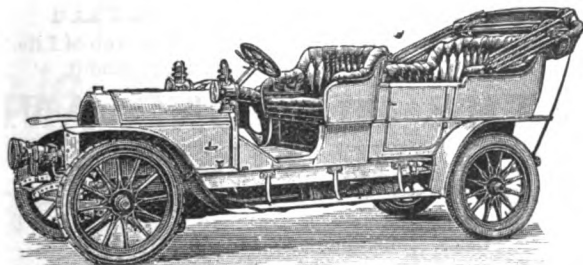
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LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS'S SONNETS AND THE "TIMES"

It is usual for publishers to make considerable play with "first reviews," particularly when they happen to be favourable reviews. The Academy Publishing Company published on Thursday last a book of SONNETS by LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, and with that great enterprise which so distinguishes it the "TIMES" of Thursday apportioned to the book its first review. Here it is in letters of gold :

"These [meaning the Sonnets] are marked by accomplishment in the sonnet form."

Of such noble and generous praise author and publishers alike may well be proud. The "Times" has spoken the truth, and the ACADEMY PUBLISHING CO. ventures to believe that the public which cares for verse will consequently hasten to purchase through their booksellers what is left of the first edition of the SONNETS. The price is still 2/6 net, though the encomiums of the "Times" might well have justified an increase.



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THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1937

JUNE 19, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

"SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

" He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible bitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

'A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedeizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
His votaries doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *ogressus* of feature coarse,
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-slaving. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

WE are glad to see our old friend the *Saturday Review* taking a proper line about the Imperial Press Conference. Last week it printed an admirable article on this subject, under the heading of "Bunkum in Excelsis." In striking contrast are the utterances of Mr. St. Loe Strachey's paper, the *Spectator*. We quote the beginning of an article from that dangerous and dismal journal. It is called "Lord Rosebery and the Press Conference."

Lord Rosebery may always be trusted to rise to a great Imperial occasion. He possesses to a degree not vouchsafed to other public men that inestimable art which enables a man not merely to think the right thing on the right occasion, but to say it, and to say it in words with which tact, good feeling, good humour, and good sense are equally blended. The Imperial Press Conference constitutes a great occasion, for here are gathered in the old home representatives of an institution of which the British race is peculiarly proud.

It is astonishing that sane people can be found in England literally in thousands to read this sort of canting fudge. The truth of the matter is, of course, that Lord Rosebery is an accomplished after-dinner speaker, and that out of politeness to the guests of the Imperial Press Conference he went through the necessary hoops with his usual agility and urbanity. One of these hoops was a highly held one and a difficult one to negotiate—the hoop of taking the proceedings seriously. Lord Rosebery went through it like a bird; but that does not alter the fact that the whole of the proceedings of this precious Conference amounted to an ignominious farce. As to the institution of which the "British race" is peculiarly proud (in other words the Harmsworth-cum-Pearson-cum-Newnes - cum - Cadbury - cum-Rowntree-cum-Strachey press), all we can say is that if the "British race" cannot find something more worth being proud about it had better go out and drown itself in a body. The present condition of the Press in England is quite horrible. Corruption, dishonesty, cant, humbug and religion for gain are what chiefly characterise it. The "British race," so far from being proud of it, is beginning to have serious qualms about it, and if Mr. Strachey fails to understand this so much the worse for him. Mr. Strachey may take it from us that the

"British race" is not proud either of him or the *Spectator*; and while the "British race" is on the whole, and not without reason, well disposed to Lord Rosebery, it would have thought a great deal more of him if he had given the assembled pressmen a little wholesome plain speaking and serious criticism.

Mr. Strachey is very strong on the "broad-minded tolerance" racket in religion; and Mr. Stead, if we remember rightly, made an effort some years ago to throw a very wide net in the religious way. In Mr. Stead's case the scheme took the form of sending an amiable Nonconformist minister to Rome, with a view of roping the Pope and the Cardinals and the Holy See generally into a concern beautifully and brightly denominated the "Union of the Churches." Needless to say, Rome received the proposals with inextinguishable laughter, and the whole project came to an untimely end. But a certain scion of a noble house, who in the intervals of exercising his feudal propensities is not above turning a nimble penny, has apparently come to the conclusion that in Mr. Stead's exploded scheme there may possibly yet be money; consequently, it appears that we are threatened with the appearance of a new paper, entitled, if we mistake not, the *Re-Union Magazine*. The bright young gentleman in question is connected with two publishing firms, which carry on two very different classes of business; for while one firm in which he is the principal shareholder is engaged in publishing religious works and translations of various Christian liturgies, the other has gone in chiefly for dubious stories of a highly spiced character and anything else that will bring grist to the mill without actually compelling the intervention of the police. It will be interesting to observe whether the beautiful Christian spirit which is expected to pervade the columns of the *Re-Union Magazine* will enter into this gentleman's business affairs to the extent of bringing about a union between Messrs. Dash and Co. and Messrs. Blank and Blank, the two firms in question. We withhold their names for the present, but we shall revert to this matter on a future occasion, and as it is one of obvious public importance and highly interesting from the point of view of letters, we shall leave nothing unsaid.

What Mr. Israel Zangwill would no doubt describe as a controversy between himself and Lord Curzon of Kedleston has been going on in the columns of the *Standard*. As a matter of fact, it has been much less of a controversy than a free advertisement for Mr. Zangwill which Lord Curzon and the Editor of the *Standard* were very unwise to give him. Gentlemen of the political eminence of Lord Curzon have no business to engage in controversies in the newspapers with third-rate novelists, especially on the question of Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Zangwill has made the important discovery that Lord Cromer, Lord Milner and Lord Curzon, who have all three of them occupied the positions of what the hapenny papers describe as "great pro-consuls," are all strenuously opposed to Woman's Suffrage. Naturally Mr. Zangwill is not surprised; no supporter of Woman's Suffrage ever is surprised at anything. "Ha, ha," says he, "we have here three eminent public characters all opposed to Woman's Suffrage, and on looking into the matter a little closely we find that they are all branded with the common stigma of having served their country in the most exalted positions in India, in South Africa, and in Egypt. What can one expect from such people?" If they had been minor novelists of the Jewish persuasion it would have been another matter. The general public, however, will not be disposed to accept Mr. Zangwill's view as to the relative weight of distinguished statesmen and undistinguished writers.

The misfortune of the Woman's Suffrage movement is that it has never been able to claim as a supporter even one single man who is intellectually distinguished in the broad sense. Their pride and their glory is Mr. Bernard Shaw, and we wish them joy of him. Any cause supported by Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Israel Zangwill, to say nothing of Lord Russell and "Dr." Clifford, is foredoomed to ignominious failure; and even the roars of Mr. Frank Harris in his best rabbit-skin coat will avail the Suffragists nothing. They are played out.

Mr. Frank Harris, in *Vanity Fair*, expresses himself as follows:—"We are very sorry indeed that Mr. Justice Darling comes into our black list this week." Mr. Justice Darling, on the other hand, will probably be consumed with joy, especially as the offence which has induced Mr. Harris to include him in his "black list" is that of sentencing to a month's imprisonment a disreputable scoundrel of the name of Harry Boulter. The man Boulter was charged some months ago with using indecent and blasphemous language in a public place, and thereby causing pain and disgust to thousands of people. He was charged before Mr. Justice Phillimore, who, on his giving a solemn undertaking not to repeat his offence, allowed him to go free on his own recognisances. Boulter deliberately broke his promise and violated his undertaking, and he was accordingly re-arrested and brought before Mr. Justice Darling, who very properly sentenced him to one month's imprisonment. Mr. Harris asks with a great show of indignation "Who is responsible for these disgraceful prosecutions?" As Mr. Harris is anxious to know who is responsible for these prosecutions we have pleasure in informing him that the police are responsible for them, and if Mr. Harris is anxious to add a month or two in gaol to his variegated experiences he has only to go out and imitate the example of his dear friend Mr. Boulter. Mr. Harris goes on to describe Boulter's opinions as "opinions which are almost universally held by educated people to-day." It was Mr. Harris who the other day informed the polite world that Mr. Lloyd George's Budget had been received on every side with acclamation; so that Mr. Harris evidently mistakes the opinion of his own limited circle for the opinion of the country at large. This is a serious blunder from the point of view of mere journalism. If Mr. Harris is impelled, whether by choice or by necessity, to frequent the society of ladies and gentlemen who approve of blasphemy and delight in the Budget proposals of Mr. Lloyd George that is his own affair; but he really must not assume that such people represent the feeling of the community at large, whether they choose to call themselves "educated" or not.

The Church Pageant, which took place last week, was more or less ruined by a continual downpour of rain; in fact, the elements of heaven, not to say the stars in their courses, fought against it for all they were worth. Our first feelings when we heard of this catastrophe were those of sorrow and commiseration, but subsequently we happened to pick up an illustrated paper containing a portrait of Mr. Chesterton dressed up as Dr. Johnson, and it appears that Mr. Chesterton, so caparisoned, took a prominent part in the Church Pageant. No wonder the elements of heaven and the stars in their courses were outraged and expressed their disapproval in the comparatively mild form of floods of rain. Under the circumstances we should not have been surprised to hear that an earthquake had swallowed up the whole Pageant. Needless to say, Mr. Chesterton no more resembles Dr. Johnson than Mr. Pawling resembles Dr. W. G. Grace.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of the public taste. Not many months ago Mr. Lewis Waller produced an admirable drama called "The Chief of Staff." Of its kind it was one of the best plays we have seen for a long time, and, while it was frankly melodramatic, it had, in addition to several thrilling situations, a distinct literary touch about the dialogue. For some extraordinary reason the play was almost universally damned by the critics, and was taken off after a run extending to only a few days. At the present time Mr. Waller is producing what is quite evidently destined to be a great popular success, "Fires of Fate," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. For our part, we make no complaint; for we are always pleased to see so conscientious and sterling an actor as Mr. Waller meeting with due rewards. On the other hand, candour compels us to say that we have seldom witnessed a more clumsily constructed play than "Fires of Fate" or listened to a duller or more wooden dialogue. The idea of the play is quite a good one—that of a man, apparently in full health and strength, suddenly informed by his doctor that certain symptoms, which he had taken to be merely passing manifestations of some ephemeral complaint, are in reality indications of an absolutely deadly and practically incurable disease, leaving their victim not more than a year or eighteen months at the outside to live. To do Sir Arthur Conan Doyle justice, we must say that in the first act he rose well to the situation, and we had begun to think that we were going to witness a good piece of work; but the remaining acts completely went to pieces. Some idea of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's conception of the way to import reality into a piece of dramatic work may be gathered from the fact that of the chief persons in his play (a very tiresome middle-class company of Cook's tourists on a Nile boat) one is a Scotsman, with dialect; another is an Irishman, similarly afflicted; another is a Frenchman, who talks the usual Frenchman's stage English; and two others—the heroine of the piece and her aunt—are Americans! However, all this did not prevent Mr. Waller from giving a fine performance in the part of Colonel Egerton, and the whole company made the best of their opportunities. We shall not particularise, except to note an accomplished piece of acting by Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm in the part of a rich young Cockney bounder, whose "better feelings" come out under the stress of misfortune, and to express our regret that Miss Auriol Lee, an exceedingly beautiful woman, had somehow or other managed to make herself look almost plain by putting on two of the ugliest dresses we have ever had the misfortune to gaze upon. We cannot help thinking that these dresses must have been chosen by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle himself, possibly with the assistance of Mr. Pawling, of the "house of Heinemann."

On the day of publication last Thursday week a "review" of Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets" appeared in the *Times*. It consisted of exactly nine words, and it seemed to us to be such a complete example of what a review ought not to be that we wrote up a full-page advertisement round it, and printed it for two weeks running on the outside back cover of *THE ACADEMY*. The *Times*, of course, would have been perfectly justified in ignoring the book of "Sonnets" sent to it for review; but we maintain that any paper which reviews a book at all is bound to do so seriously and honestly. We were not in the least chagrined by the foolish and undignified ineptitude of the method adopted by the *Times* for "getting back a little bit of its own" in revenge for the scathing criticism of its conduct which we have felt it our duty to put before our readers on several occasions during

the last two years. Anyone who has read THE ACADEMY at all carefully must be aware that our opinion of the *Times* under its present management is not an exalted one, and we should have imagined that it would have been impossible in the whole of London to find anyone so utterly lost to all sense of humour or appreciation of irony as to misunderstand the purport of the full-page advertisement of the "Sonnets" which appeared in the last two numbers of THE ACADEMY. But we have reckoned without Mr. Bottomley, or, as in view of all the circumstances, we shall take the liberty of naming him in future, Mr. Bolmondely. It appears that Mr. Bolmondely took the advertisement quite seriously and really imagined that the author and the publishers of the "Sonnets" were beside themselves with joy at receiving a one-line notice in the *Times*; and he has been regaling his readers with what he no doubt considers cutting paragraphs based on this childish assumption. Poor Mr. Bolmondely, in his desperate attempts to score a point against THE ACADEMY, has come a series of the most undignified croppers that have ever visited a professional company promoter, who is endeavouring to pose as a journalist; while, as for Vivian, the rejected of Constantinople, ever since we had occasion to reprove him for his dastardly attack on the honour and reputation of Lord Roberts, his features have become a map of woe, and his cheerful laughter is no longer heard in his favourite resort, the ground floor of the Café Royal, where, like the village blacksmith, he sits among "the boys."

SONNET.

CALL the musicians hither; bid them play;
For evening comes all ruthfully and needs
Deft clavicern, the fiddle-men, and they
That finger up and down their diverse reeds,
Pipes, flutes, and horns: and where is one who leads
These gentles on their quaint, harmonious way?
'Silence: and then the gracious viol pleads
From speaking strings; and the rest have their say.

Set forth, ye marching melodies austere;
Lest we remember wanton Youth gone winging.
Charm us away to Arcady's green glades,—
Where down the beechen solitudes we hear
Calm voices lifted in some golden singing
That we would have with us when music fades.

S. S.

CERBERUS IN THE HOUSE

In Saturday's *Westminster Gazette* there appeared what purported to be a review of Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets." On Tuesday the following letter was addressed to the *Westminster Gazette*:

HIGH POETRY.

The Editor, THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a review of Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets" which was printed in the *Westminster Gazette* on Saturday last. Your reviewer begins his notice with a quotation from a note of my own, which quotation I shall ask your permission to repeat:

Leaving out Shakespeare, who is a sonneteer to himself, Milton gave us a few good sonnets; Keats has given us a similar few; and the same holds true of Wordsworth, of Matthew Arnold, of Rossetti, and of Swinburne. To this general few—probably not a hundred all told—a good number of the sonnets in the present book must be added. Several of them will stand on their pure merits so long as the English language is understood.

These are my words. In the course of his lengthy remarks your reviewer pretends to controvert what I have said; but he is careful never flatly to say that he does not agree with me, preferring rather to do his work by innuendo. If I am unjust to him perhaps he will be so good as to assert in your columns that the opinion which both of us have now quoted cannot be justified out of the "Sonnets." At a moment when the question of the proper recognition of poetry by reviewers is being so widely discussed it seems to me highly desirable that spurious critical coin, whether it be mine or your reviewer's, should be nailed to the counter.

Yours truly,

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

June 15th, 1909.

As the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* has not printed this letter, we are forced to the conclusion that he has been unable to communicate with his contributor. It would have been courteous of Mr. Spender to advise us that this was the case. However, we will give him till next Tuesday to print Mr. Crosland's letter, or, in default, to offer some explanation to his readers. The matter is far too serious from the point of view of criticism to be allowed idly to pass.

THE House of Commons, under the baneful influence of the present Government, is rapidly becoming the abiding place of every kind of unseemliness. On Tuesday last one of the Labour Members, a Mr. W. Thorne, surpassed all previous records. "Mr. W. Thorne (Labour, South West Ham) asked the Foreign Secretary if he was aware that the Emperor of Russia intends to visit English territorial waters at about the latter end of July, and if the visit will in any way be officially recognised by the Government?" Having received a suitable reply, Mr. Thorne proceeded further to say: "Is the right hon. gentleman aware of the intense and growing feeling of the country against the visit of the Emperor of Russia? It would be a very good job if the Russian people—" at this point Mr. Thorne was interrupted by the Speaker; but a few moments later he again interjected the words: "I hope he (the Russian Emperor) will get his deserts when he comes here. The British don't want him." Major Anstruther-Gray called the attention of the Speaker to this observation, and the Speaker somewhat tamely said: "It is a rather discourteous expression to make towards the monarch of a friendly foreign power." Whereupon Mr. Thorne said "He is an inhuman brute," and there, amidst loud cries of "Order!" the incident came to an end. We consider that it should not have been allowed to end in this way. That any ill-bred working man who happens to get himself elected to the House of Commons should be allowed with impunity to make insolent remarks about the sovereigns of friendly powers is a disgrace and a scandal. The man Thorne should have been called upon to withdraw his disgraceful language; and if he refused to do this he should have been suspended and turned out of the House. It is bad enough that for our sins and follies we should have to endure the presence among our legislators of persons who would more properly be engaged in selling vegetables from a coster's cart or attending to the plumbing, but at least we might expect that they should keep civil tongues in their heads. We do not for a moment wish to say anything against costermongers or plumbers. On the contrary, we like them and respect them in

their proper places; but these places do not include the House of Commons. We have no knowledge of the particular form of "labour" which was honoured by the distinguished attention of Mr. Thorne before he took to politics as a profession; nor do we wish to suggest that Mr. Thorne was ever either a costermonger or a plumber. We have far too much respect for costermongers and plumbers to suggest anything of the kind; but we shall take the opportunity of saying quite plainly that Mr. Thorne has demonstrated once for all his utter unfitness to represent any class of working men. Working men in the lump are neither foul-mouthed, abusive, nor impudent; and they have, as a rule, a proper respect for things and persons which ought to be respected. Consequently, when they are represented in Parliament by men who think it a fine thing to indulge in ignorant and vulgar abuse of their betters they are, in fact, being misrepresented in the most serious way possible. We shall not waste the time of our readers by arguing out the question of the personal character of His Imperial Majesty the Russian Emperor. Those who have any knowledge of him are aware that His Majesty is the kindest, the most generous and the most humane of men. His position—that of a man in daily and hourly danger of violent death at the hands of bloody-minded and unscrupulous ruffians—is one which must command the sympathy and the respect of every decent man and woman in the world; and that he should be subjected to unprovoked insults at the hands of persons like Mr. Thorne is nothing less than outrageous. Of course, Mr. Thorne in his present attitude has in his mind's eye the shining example of the great Mr. John Burns. Owing to the unfortunate and deplorable action of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in making a Cabinet Minister of Mr. Burns, the horny-handed sons of toil who have achieved three hundred a year and a seat in the House of Commons have got the idea firmly implanted in their breasts that the royal road to honour and advancement is virulent language and violent defiance of authority. Unfortunately, what is done cannot be undone. The sop has been given to Cerberus, and Cerberus, after the manner of his kind, has devoured it and is asking for more. In point of fact, what Cerberus ought to get is not sops, but a big thick stick, not applied unnecessarily or cruelly, but always kept in reserve in case he deserves it.

PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENTS

FROM AN AUTHOR'S POINT OF VIEW.

A FEATURE common to practically every publisher's agreement is one stipulating that "all details connected with advertising the said book shall be left to the publisher's discretion." After the book has appeared and the advertising of it is completed, the author will probably think very little of the publisher's "discretion." It is quite likely, indeed, that he will be disinclined to credit him with any, and in doing so he will not, generally speaking, be far wrong.

Authors and publishers disagree on many points, but it is over this matter of advertising that they are more often and to a greater extent at loggerheads than over any other one connected with the production of books. The publisher complains that the author makes impossible demands upon him, and the author, for his part, feels convinced that the publisher is committing literary infanticide and that his offspring is deliberately strangled at birth. Hence the *entente* that should exist between the two often becomes a little strained.

When a writer finds that his masterpiece has fallen flat he naturally blames the publisher. As often as not, he is quite justified in doing so, for when the

average publisher brings out a book he seems to take quite extraordinary pains to prevent the fact becoming known. This may be very dignified, but it is not the way to sell books. Certainly no other tradesman would be fatuous enough to think that whatever he deals in will automatically find a market without any effort on his part. The truth is books are the most difficult of all classes of goods to sell, and therefore require both energy and enterprise to put them into circulation. But this appears to be persistently withheld.

The average sum spent on advertising an ordinary book is probably about £20. This is little enough, in all conscience; still, provided the money be intelligently applied, it is enough to secure the book a fair amount of publicity. In nine cases out of ten, however, the money is not intelligently applied. It is simply wasted. First of all, the advertisements in themselves are wrong, and, secondly, they appear in the wrong channels. Unless an advertisement whets the appetite, as it were, and induces the reader to buy the article to which it refers, its appointed mission is not served. Now, to make any sort of appeal to the reader is about the last result achieved by the average book advertisement. What it does is merely to frighten him away. This is because it is so unattractively worded that it looks as though it had been composed by the office-boy. At any rate, it only stands the very faintest chance of making the reader think that the book to which it refers is in the least worth buying. It is simply one among a dozen others figuring in the same list, and this list merely contains a bald announcement that the book has been issued. Indeed, beyond the title, the name of the author, and the price, no other details are mentioned. As likely as not, too, the list appears in an organ which, from its nature, makes no appeal to book-buyers. For example, to fill a column of the *Stable Boy's Whisper* with an advertisement of somebody's sermons may denote enterprise, but it is not likely to sell a copy. The average publisher, however, who seems constitutionally unable to see an inch beyond his nose, regards the matter from only one point of view when drawing up his precious "list." This is the question of cost. He cannot, or will not, realise that a suitable medium is always the cheapest in the end. Accordingly, he throws away money on obscure and foolish papers which, if they circulate at all, circulate only among people who would much rather have beer than books and who confine their reading matter to betting news and reports of suffragette meetings. The wonder is, accordingly, not that the average book has so poor a sale, but that it has a sale of any description.

Under the circumstances, accordingly, it is not surprising to find that there is a growing custom on the part of authors to eke out the publisher's advertisements with others of their own. Even those novelists who have attained the pinnacle of being "in demand" are by no means coy when it comes to banging the drum, and will bellow the praises of their works as lustily as any auctioneer engaged in selling brass watches to credulous yokels. In this they often display considerable ingenuity and fertility of resource. A favourite plan is to get up a newspaper controversy about the book which they wish to boom. If it is one that has been unfavourably reviewed, all the better, for then they can tell the critics what they think of them—which makes for entertaining reading and brightens the arid wastes of London's "literary" dailies.

Indeed, when it comes to exploiting herself the average lady novelist can give points and a beating to all her masculine confrères put together. One of their number, for example, has just organised what she is pleased to call a "literary competition" in con-

nection with her latest masterpiece. This takes the form of offering prizes for readers who write the "best" criticism upon it. Another much favoured device is to insert references to a book in the "Agony" or "Personal" columns of the morning papers. The sort of thing met with is more or less as follows:—

GEORGE: You positively must read "Pink Pastorals" by —. There is a reference to you on p. 165. Is it true?—MARY.

Or:—

ELIZABETH: Please send me "A Purple Passion" by — as a Christmas present. Everybody is simply raving about it here.—HENRY.

It seems very childish, but presumably it pays.

Fortunately, all London publishers are not alike in their methods, and the more enterprising among them have come to see that the old ways are not necessarily the best ways. Such as these, accordingly, announce their wares boldly, and when they issue a book take care that its existence shall be widely known. At present, however, very few of them seem to regard the boardings as a suitable means of bringing books and buyers into contact with one another. Still, this medium is gradually beginning to be recognised by certain firms that have emerged from the hide-bound traditions of the older houses. A case in point is that of Messrs. —, who have just issued a striking poster of one of the novels on their list. It is not a work of art, perhaps—such as was Aubrey Beardsley's design for "The Yellow Book"—but it at any rate catches the eye and arrests attention.

Where books are concerned, discretion, it may safely be contended, is the better part of advertisement. From a selling point of view, quite as much harm is done by claiming all sorts of marvellous qualities for tenth-rate writers as by leaving the world in ignorance of their existence. A combination of brag and bounce may answer once, but not a second time. Yet, according to some of the firms who adopt these tactics, every author of whom they can get hold is a Kipling and Corelli rolled into one. For fear there should be any doubt about it, they draw up a preliminary "par," which is sent round to the purveyors of "literary gossip" in the evening papers, "for favour of insertion," and which (if accompanied by an advertisement) is duly given hospitality. With a view, however, to making assurance doubly sure, the publisher will add a descriptive note of his own. Here is the modest strain in which one such authority refers to a forthcoming novel:—

In this great human story, which has its setting in a small Western fishing village, Mr. — presents an unconventional view of the position of the married woman. The simple dignity of the style, and the strange spell of the narrative, with its wild dramatic climax, should place — among the masterpieces of English fiction. Order your copy at once, otherwise you may be kept waiting for weeks on the waiting list.

After this, there can be very little left for the critics to say when the "great human story" at length makes its appearance.

A second scheme (and one often adopted when the story is being serialised) takes the form of printing in the advertisement columns a short extract from some particularly striking passage. The idea is to whet the appetite and induce the chance reader to secure the entire mental feast. Such literary *hors d'œuvres* are always made as sensational as possible, and they invariably break off short in the middle of a thrilling episode. This is the sort of thing with which one meets:—

The dark eyes of the beautiful Countess flashed menacingly. "Unhand me, sir!" she hissed.

For answer, the other seized her by her shapely waist, and then, uttering a fierce cry, hurled her over the frowning crag to the jagged rocks below. As she fell through the air the Countess clutched desperately at the branch of a tree. For a moment it trembled beneath her weight, and then—

For the continuation of this remarkable and soul-stirring story see the current number of —.

Who could decline the opportunity?

The sort of commendation that both publishers and authors value most is one that comes from a clergyman. To obtain this they will angle patiently for weeks at a time. Sooner or later success is practically bound to crown their efforts, since few of even the higher Church dignitaries seem able to resist the temptation of being "drawn." The book is sent to them by the aspiring author, together with a covering letter asking for an expression of opinion regarding it. As soon as this arrives an elegant extract is made from it and printed broadcast. Sometimes, the volume is even lucky enough to obtain a "pulpit puff"—that is, to be made the theme of a sermon. A notable case in point was that of a certain mixture of patchouli and religion masquerading as a novel which recently attracted a favourable mention from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey and achieved a sale of over 300,000 copies. Since then, as may be imagined, the good-natured—but somewhat indiscreet—clerical critic has had books delivered at his door at the rate of a cartload or so per week. However, he has very wisely refused to swallow the bait a second time.

But, after all, the great thing to remember is that publishers' advertisements are only the means to an end, and not the end itself. This is a point of which authors as a class are rather apt to lose sight.

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS

I.—THE MOUNTAIN FOREST.

"COME with me from Lebanon, with me from Lebanon, and look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the lions' dens, from the mountains of the leopards."

Leave the city in the dust below, the trim gardens and alleys of the town, leave the flat-faced plastered hovels on the hillside of the tillers of the Saturnian soil, the tortured vines, shining with new leaves, the olives silvering like puffs of smoke upon the grain-set slopes, the copsewood of oaks reddening with young leaf over beds of irises, rising among the cool, grey bloom of their leaves. Do not fear there is but little grass, blent with bitter herbs on the summits. Here is the fine-breathed mountain, the immeasurable air, the milk of dangling torrents, the unextinguished hearths of east and west, the cloths of morn and even: for olives you shall have the oil of gladness, instead of wine, the vintage of the Vine of Heaven and milk of torrents from the mountain breasts.

The pebbly way winds among a low growth of oaks just breaking into knots of fine amber leaf, the fresh shoots, varnished as if with rain, are sharp against the blue dome-like sky, without a taint of cloud. The bunches of leaves dance upon the short grey stems of the oaks mottled with white lichen; and mats of budding purple irises straggle by the precipitous way, while purple orchises and blue squills are half hidden by the dewy grass flushed with the first green of Spring. Here, too, are chestnuts, their leaf-fans bursting from their gummy buds, lifting their clear stems and snake-like tangle of roots above the earth which is patched with olive moss, and half covered with drifted oak leaves, shining pebbles and low-growing broom. On past the tangle of trees is

the bare promontory of the hill-crest, where a peasant with a basket of stones is throwing them at the lean sheep who are straying among the ledges of the vines below. And all around the dry, singing air, moving about the circle of mountain-crests—a wave-tossed sea of vales and mountain summits, spreading pyramids, blue as the many-faceted sea, flecked on the tops, too, with a foam of snow, frozen in calm as they were rocking towards a fall. Blue as moulded mist, various as the sea, unchanging in splendour save when a rolling indigo cloud-shadow spreads like a blot upon the fields at their feet, where all the towered cities, villages, vineyards and grey olive yards on the lower slopes are merged in blue, aerial, translucent, exquisitely pure. In this ethereal fabric of azure, the most real of realities, the most solid of substances, seem films upon some crystal sphere, infinitely withdrawn and visionary.

The air is windless, and the light streams softly through the haze on the horizon and the soft-edged clouds, not sharply enough to chequer the floor of the wood with a mat of moving shadows. The air is full of the sound of rushing water, the turbulence, the resonance, the smoke of the shivering waterbrooks, the hurry and incoherence of the headlong threads of falls passing like the current of their cooling water-breeze through the long-drawn aerial pines, close set, their trunks tufted with dark moss and mottled with white lichen. Below, in the sloped clearing near the old monastery, the primroses are dropped like stars on the turf, and the sapling beeches unfold in the air their pale down-fringed leaves. It is the *divina foresta spessa e viva* where Matilda plucks flowers in the meadow on the banks of the river Eunoe.

The long, stony path ascends gradually into the light almost encircling the abrupt mountain, leaving behind it the little hut-like shrines on the pine-shadowed, paved path, the pine-dark gullies, with their volleying streams spraying the mossy stones of their precipitous bed. Beyond the shadow of the pines the track winds through sunny beechen slopes "with shadows numberless," where the red, imperishable autumn leaves fly up in the cool gusts that move about the unfooted slopes of the hills, or rustle when a brown lizard darts from stone to stone over the dry bleached hill grass. The way is fringed with broom, and the light streams upward through the first red-amber knots of the sycamore, through the translucent screen of delicate beech-sprays, fine as thinnest vapour, that clothe from crown to root the grey trunks marbled with white lichen and dark moss. Every now and then from the buff mat of last year's leaves a whirling drift leaps upward with the spirit of unextinguishable mirth over the close sward, which is bright with the silver of tremulous wind flowers, of clear purple crocuses opening their petals to show their inner spark of gold, and blue squills burning like the transparent flame of a fire of drift wood. This mat of myriads, colouring the giant slopes, choking the thread-like brooks under their arching shades, must have remained in the memory of Milton as the strongest image of profusion in his tremendous simile of the fallen angels, who lay

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa.

And soon the pathways, where the green beeches meet overhead, open before a distant circle of hills, which show like cold and moulded clouds remote, withdrawn in their milky vales, only less fantastic than the clots of cloud thrown up from them like foam sundered from the grey-blue sea. In this finer air, the months have been set back; it is early April, and

the beeches are not yet in leaf, their pointed russet buds shine like sparks against the blue of the superincumbent heaven; the turf is dun and sapless, untouched by the dews and breath of Spring; the wind-ruffled crocus grows more sparsely, and here and there glows the five-pointed blue gentian, that arctic flower of the heights; while under the singing wind the beeches dwindle to dwarf shrubs scattered among the drifts of snow that silver the northward slopes, its crystal shining in faint prismatic radiance under the intolerable glory of the sun of heaven, that golden hill-flower that withers daily, and daily is renewed.

The mountain clefts are bright with milky threads of torrents spun from the abrupt heights, spirting down the gullies they blacken with their shivering spray and making the pale leaves of the sapling beech that overhangs it tremble like a flame in a current of air; volleying under the arch that supports the roadway, a thin thread of grey resonant water, then widening into grey and brown shallows, trembling as they ebb down the hill into pale reflections of the far-off blue and white sky. Among a congeries of grey misshapen boulders, green with saturated, sweet-smelling moss, it flies, shadowed by the mast-like trunks of the pines that stream upward and sunward from the clefts of the hill; and the air about it is filled with the tiny drops, with the savour of moss and weed, of the soft rubble of pinings, of odorous chips from some felled and stripped pine that lies, mighty and mightily fallen for the snow-white oxen to drag away down the slopes. And through the blue and motty interstices of the pines, among the reticulated shadows of their branches that dapple the trough of this headlong torrent, its voice seems to whisper in somewhat inarticulate speech, in the old language of the country, *siste viator*.

On the floor of the half-lit sanctuary of the tall pines the red beech-leaves lie in crisp drifts, with here and there a silver residuum of unmelted snow; through one far aisle the distance glimmers greyly, as through a darkened window, and nearer, between the framing stems of a pair of trees with "sapless green and heavy foliage dun," a space of plain and valley is included, chequered with shadows of wood and faint divided fields and villages. Here a film of white cloud rises slowly, like an Assumption, with accompanying angels fixed in a solemn *tripudio celeste*, and whitening into a closer curd in the colder air of the heights, against the blue bloom of the distant pine-wood, and against the long summit of the many-breasted ridge, greening over with budding beeches, where it finally melts into the cloudy sky. Above on these higher slopes are conical turf huts of charcoal-burners, and near by a blackened platform of their labours—the only signs of human life in these solitudes peopled by the silvery web-rooted beeches, whose russet leaves whistle in the wind beside the crowded buds of Spring, and whose fallen myriads bury the light of laughing purple crocuses; higher, again, the dwarfed beeches are left behind for the bare wind-tormented summits, speckled silver bleached thistles and dried heather, with slabs of grey boulders, overscrawled with blots and arabesques of palest lemon and green lichen, and multitudinous weather-stains. The grass, too, is bleached and dry, matted like the locks of wool upon a mountain sheep. By a cairn of scattered stones is a short rude pillar, raised as it were to the *genus loci*, while above this desolation the air streams, pure and yielding, as over the unfooted sea.

The pale summits send their promontories over the cloven valley like blunt rocks jutting over a wine-faced sea. It is as if one were an insect folded in the flower of the purple iris that opens so freely in the

valleys below; the sky and the far-distant horizon—fused into one here and there by a brooding mist—like the pale erect petals of that flower, while the valley and the rear heights are purple as its drooping leaves. Below, in the valley, the cities show like dim indeterminate stains, and lessening villas and farms shine dimly like sprinkled salt; the web of road-ways and rivers but wire-like lines and scars upon the melting surface of the vision.

REVIEWS

A BOSTON FAMILY

The Chippendales. By ROBERT GRANT. Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

ON the few occasions when the reviewer confronts a novel which consists of six hundred closely-printed pages, his feelings are apt to be somewhat dismal, but we are sincerely pleased to be able to congratulate the author of this lengthy book on the success with which he has accomplished his almost epic task. It requires considerable courage to introduce so large a number of characters, and great ability to keep them all in view—and in correct perspective—without hopelessly tangling their motives and bothering the reader. Mr. Grant has exercised a very pretty art of selection and management and amid all the competitive interests the thread is never in danger of being lost. From the outset, however, we realise that this is no ordinary glib story to be “skipped” or hurried through. In remarking this we do not intend to convey that it is difficult or an undue strain on the attention. It is not involved either in language or plot, nor does it betray in the least degree that spinning-out process so affected by writers who lack ideas; it comes, in fact, to a perfectly natural conclusion when the fortunes of the principal actors are fairly settled. It is not possible to give any accurate sketch of the story in this notice; we must confine ourselves to a brief indication of its strong points, which lie in the direction of studies of character. The scene is set entirely in Boston, U.S.A., and Henry Chippendale Sumner, the uncompromising young lawyer, is one of the finest types of the “straight,” mildly defiant, ascetic Puritans of the older American school that we remember to have met. The story of his confident and clumsy wooing of Priscilla Avery is told with consummate skill, and it is quite with a sigh of relief that we find Priscilla’s years of indecision and her strained idealism lapse at last into her surrender to her lover’s arms; a little longer, and they would both have been perilously near the age when love’s fervours have fled. Her sarcastic tongue never daunted him, and as for a long time she saw only his bad points she is sometimes rather hard on him. She is continually critical:

As she looked at Henry, he reminded her of a hungry—yes, a faithful and well-meaning—dog, on his hind legs, watching for scraps which she dangled before his nose, and just when he thought one of them was his, jerked away. She felt almost like stroking him. But if she were to do so, would he not be certain to bite her in his clumsy efforts to lick her hand?

From which we observe that there was a cruel side to the good Priscilla’s heart, although the confusion of her mind did not deceive Henry, who was a fine fellow, if a trifle narrow. The real hero, we suppose, is one Hugh Blaisdell, whose rise from clerk to millionaire is so penetratingly and pitilessly traced, but we are inclined to place the curious, complicated idyll of Sumner and his lady above this in human interest and genuine fascination. It would take a good deal of space merely to allude to the many other people whose careers are mingled with these—the Chippendales as a family, for instance, are numerous. The picture of

Harrison Chippendale, the man who has fallen behind, who sees his sons and his friends keen and hot in the modern life, hustling in the front rank, who is so pathetically conscious of the old days when Boston was smaller and the tide flowed more smoothly, and who is such a thorough, patriotic gentleman, is one full of charm and delicate feeling. His interview with the impertinent reporter who calls scenting a family scandal, and his scathing resentment of “smart” newspaper methods, is a telling piece of work:

“And have you seen fit,” he asked, “to invade my privacy in order to show me this disgusting screed?”

While Mr. Chippendale’s eyes were on the newspaper his visitor reproduced the card which he promptly presented in response to these fiery but august words. As Mr. Chippendale ignored the outstretched hand, he laid it on a little table which held an electric lamp and stepped back. “These are my credentials. My name is Bliffel: on the staff of the *Mercury*.”

“Are you responsible for this outrage?”

“It came to us from an authentic source,” replied Mr. Bliffel. “We’re the only evening paper which has it; so naturally we want to make hay while the sun shines. . . . We’re no worse than the others. The newspaper must live. Its business is to circulate news, not to suppress it. The story is true, isn’t it?”

“My brother left a widow, who was once his stenographer, if that’s what you mean.”

“Formerly in the employ of your nephew, Mr. Sumner, the late candidate for Mayor on the citizen’s ticket. And there’s a posthumous child—you admitted that.” Standing on the hearth-rug with his hands in his side pockets and his legs apart, the visitor was obviously making a magnanimous endeavour to point out to his auditor that he had nothing to complain of. Did not this first citizen stand in need of enlightenment on the score of what every free-born citizen of a democracy was expected to put up with? “That’s all we’ve said,” he continued, “though, of course, we had to put it picturesquely. An octogenarian blue-blood marries his typewriter and her posthumous son becomes the heir to millions. Rather striking for conservative Boston. King Cophetua and the beggar maid are back numbers to the general public, but it will want to read about this.”

Mr. Chippendale gives the reporter a bit of straight talking, and the man is about to depart with a ruffled spirit—“Wait and see how the yellow journals treat you,” he says, “before you get your back up”—when Chauncey Chippendale, a son, happens to call; he, knowing the unfortunate importance of remaining on friendly terms with the *Mercury*, calms the censured news-gatherer by his tact, while the old man looks on amazed. We should have liked to quote the whole scene, having done it scanty justice by so brief an extract, but it extends to several pages, and our available space is at an end. It must suffice to say for the present that this is one of the really fine books that go to hearten us amid the welter of crass futility which now disgraces the name of literature; that the perusal of it has been a great pleasure, and that our readers who are judges of what is worthy in modern fiction will, we believe, find themselves thoroughly in accord with this opinion.

GOYA TO VELASQUEZ

The School of Madrid. By A. DE BERNETE Y MORET, translated by MRS. STUART ERSKINE. (Duckworth & Co., 7s. 6d.)

“THE School of Madrid” is an account of an interesting and brilliant artistic circle, the school of Spanish painting between Goya and Velasquez, omitting, as superfluous, anything more than a most brief introductory account of the latter, and treating with fuller detail those pupils and followers, and certain contemporaries of the master, whose works had been confused with his, and “whose *œuvre* had been merged by history in that of the more dominating personality.” Throughout the book, the originality of Señor de Bernete y

Moret's views, his scholarly and profound study of the art of the seventeenth century, his knowledge of technique, is everywhere remarkable.

"Almost all celebrated painters," he writes, "have gathered around them pupils or imitators who have produced work which very much resembles their own. Of these imitators, there were generally some who had sufficient talent to reproduce the external appearance of the style imitated and to produce pictures which, painted at the same time, in the same country, from the same or very similar models, and with like colours and canvas, have been, after the lapse of centuries, confused with the original work of the master. Only deep and prolonged study and a constant comparison of one with another permit the critic to differentiate between the typical, original and unique works of the artist and those of his imitators." Hence the fascinating game of attributions.

The personality and work of the giant Velasquez have been studied by so many critics, especially in recent years, that the author has decided to abandon this study, as he "could do no more than repeat what others have said already." He is content with placing in its position and in its time the figure of the great *naturaliste*. But a clearer definition is given to this figure by the illumination of his background, the study of the *terra incognita* which has hitherto surrounded him, his obscure contemporaries, and his artistic offspring, the school of Madrid. A critical analysis of the doubtful pictures ascribed to Velasquez, which closely resemble his work in externals, but have not the stamp of undoubted originals, leads the author—as it had led his father, the well-known critic, de Bernete, in his work on Velasquez—to the conclusion that they are the work of Juan Bautista Martinez del Mazo, pupil and son-in-law of the master, whose works are here for the first time studied in detail. The three chapters devoted to del Mazo, with his prodigious talent for imitation, who gained by assimilation not indeed the fundamental qualities of his master, but what was purely external in his works, are of great interest, though the author states his results somewhat briefly, and in a form which only partially suggests the synthesis of complex impressions derived from a close study of these works. His starting-point in the study of del Mazo is the analysis of the "Family of the Artist," in the Imperial Gallery of Vienna, which, as de Bernete has written in his "Velasquez," "supplied the means of clearing up all the doubts which troubled me relative to several pictures attributed to Velasquez. At first sight several parts of the composition seem to have been painted by him, but compare the elements of this picture with those of authentic works and you will find in the arrangements of the groups, and in the drawing of each of the figures, so much that is commonplace and insignificant that it is difficult to understand why there could have been much doubt as to the authorship of the canvas." The work, though of the school of Velasquez, has nothing of the elegance and grace of the greater painter, and is remarkable for its peculiarly *gauche* and uninspired grouping. It is a work of talent, as compared with the work of genius.

Signor de Bernete y Moret follows his father in claiming for del Mazo three well-known paintings once universally attributed to Velasquez—the portrait of Admiral Adrian Pulido Pareja (rejected on account of its heavy and ill-drawn feet, the inartistic curve of the left arm, and the uncertainty of the execution in some parts from the works of Velasquez); the Lady with a Mantilla at Devonshire House, and Prince Balthazar Carlos in the Riding School at Grosvenor House, the latter, with its very frank and bold touch, a very clever imitation of the master. The fine portrait of Philip IV. in the Dulwich Gallery, and that of Prince Balthazar Carlos at the age of sixteen, in the Prado Museum, are also given by father and son to del Mazo.

From a study of these works, and from del Mazo's interesting landscapes, the figure of del Mazo, who has been forgotten for so many years and whose name has been overshadowed by that of his master, gradually emerges. As in art, so in life, del Mazo is always by the side of his father-in-law, "he seems to have had no wish to detach himself from his master, or to distinguish himself either as an official or as an artist." He is absolutely in bondage to the greater painter, from "the *ensemble* of the figure to the most insignificant detail." His work is lacking in design, poor also in the setting and disposition of groups and figures, and of a more opaque colour than that of Velasquez; but with his wonderful talent for the imitation of his master's style, the earlier attribution of many of his works to Velasquez is not incomprehensible, especially in the case of his portraits of single figures. This peculiar talent, the author adds, "is not rare among Spanish artists, although it seldom rises to such a pitch of perfection as it does with Mazo. The Spanish temperament has, in all ages, shown a facility for assimilating all sorts of knowledge, and the racial instinct showed itself in art as it did in other developments." The author passes in review Carreño, and those pupils, or rather successors, of Velasquez, who carried on the great tradition of Spanish art, down to Claudio Coello, the last artistic "heir of the house" of Velasquez, thus bringing the art of Madrid down to its decline and fall in the last few years of the seventeenth and the first few years of the eighteenth century. The reign of Charles II. was one of decadence and political ruin for Spain; it was also the beginning of the decadence of the great tradition in painting.

The King was desirous of decorating the principal staircase and vault of the church of the Escorial, and "having heard of the great reputation acquired by Luca Giordano, sent for him to accomplish this work." Coello understood at once how this would turn out, and when Don Cristobal Ontañon said to him, "Giordano is coming to teach you how to make a great deal of money," he replied, "Yes, sir, and to absolve us from our sins and our faults and to take away our scruples."

The advent of the Neapolitan artist, in 1692, marks the introduction of a new and mannered style, quite opposed to the national genius. He broke the Spanish tradition, and when he left Spain, "leaving nothing behind him but his works, the Spaniards who attempted to imitate his style were not successful; the realistic and sober Spanish art was not suited to produce works of the type of Giordano." He at once won the favour of the King, and in consequence he was charged with commissions and yet more commissions, which he executed to the great admiration of the ignorant, and with that deplorable facility which earned for him the title of *fa presto*; he reigned, at last, as sovereign master of that school which he had debased and dragged down into a complete decadence."

The translation of Señor de Bernete y Moret's manuscript is excellent; the only *erratum* to be noticed is on page 182, where *Epimetheus* is given for Epimetheus, in "Pandora and Epimetheus."

SHORTER REVIEWS

Manual of Occasional Offices for the Use of the Clergy. Compiled by the REVEREND J. L. SAYWELL. (London: Cope and Fenwick.)

ALTHOUGH the compilers of this manual inform us that it has been "called into existence by the inadequacy of the Book of Common Prayer to meet the various occasions and manifold activities of the Church, it is difficult to see the necessity for this work. It has all been done before, and much better and more

amply done, in that admirable *vade mecum*, the Priests' Prayer Book, which contains a great number of offices and prayers for every possible occasion, and, moreover, is drawn up from strictly Liturgical sources. In the manual before us we notice some unnecessary alterations and departure from precedent. There are also many remarkable omissions: no offices being provided for the Visitation of the Sick in special cases, except one for the administration of unction. Nor is the office for hearing Confession included, nor any office for the Communion of the Sick with the Reserved Sacrament. Only one prayer for the departed occurs, at the end of an office with the curious title: "Reading Over." There is an Order for the Burial of Unbaptized, with a wholly unauthorised and indefensible rubric implying that the insane who commit suicide are not entitled to the ordinary service. There are a considerable number of very modern collects, but the spiritual art of writing collects has been long in abeyance, as is well known. But it is possible that those priests (and we fear they are many) who are not acquainted with the wealth of the Church's Liturgical lore may find this book fairly useful, so far as it goes.

The Pools of Silence. By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

MR. STACPOOLE has succeeded, as is usual with him, in writing a strong and very readable story, but he has weakened it by bringing in a "cause"; few novelists can venture to do this and at the same time retain a high level of interest. He attacks the Congo administration, and makes a good many sweeping statements which can hardly be profitably discussed in a review, but which in fairness we must say he seems to substantiate by referring to various authorities. Apart from this, the story is a study of a mighty hunter, one Berselius, who after spells of civilised life in Paris hears the call of the tropical forest and sets forth after big game, ostensibly, but really to satisfy his lust of killing; his nature is essentially ferocious and bloodthirsty. From the point of view of Dr. Paul Quincy Adams, a man who becomes his travelling medical adviser and assistant, the plot is unfolded, and up to a certain incident the attention of the reader is held irresistibly. Then, with the stampede of a herd of elephants, in which Berselius is knocked down and loses his memory, the whole thing becomes tame and unconvincing; Mr. Stacpoole's good fairy seems to desert him, and the result is disappointment.

The paragraphs of description in the book are often very fine. Even if they are sometimes a trifle strained the effect is at least original. We may instance a few lines from the first page:

The sun was setting over Paris, a blood-red and violent-looking sun, like the face of a bully staring in at the window of a vast chill room. The bank of cloud above the west, corrugated by the wind, seemed not unlike the lowermost slats of a Venetian blind; one might have fancied that a great finger had tilted them up whilst the red, callous, cruel face took a last peep at the frost-bitten city, the frost-bound country—Montmartre and its windows, winking and bloodshot; Bercy and its barges; Notre Dame, where icicles, large as carrots, hung from the lips of the gargoyles, and the Seine clipping the *cité* and flowing to the clean but distant sea.

Everybody may not care for so urgent and unpoetic a metaphor as that exploited in the opening lines, but not many people will miss reading it. "The Pools of Silence" does not rise, we think, to the level of some of Mr. Stacpoole's previous work, but it is certainly a relief from the ordinary course of fiction. And if the author would drop his irritating habit of using a comma when a semi-colon is demanded the pleasure of many to whom these things make a difference would be increased.

Wheel Magic. By J. W. ALLEN. (John Lane, 3s. 6d.)

A FRIEND suggested to Mr. Allen that there was as yet no Izaak Walton of cycling, and that he might be the man to come. But there is still no Izaak Walton of the road; it is a far cry from the inimitable manner of the classic to the self-conscious but pleasant manner of this modern. Mr. Allen is quite conscious of it. "The little book is done; but it is not the thing we dreamed of. It is a quite other thing. Even from the first I knew in my heart that it was not for me, in the good, old, unsophisticated fashion, simply to set down my delight. From the first I knew that, so soon as I took pen in hand, I should become that anxious, posing, really contemptible being, a petty artist. . . . I knew, even at the first, that Izaak Walton is dead and has no fellow." In "Wheel Magic"—which bears the alternative title, "Revolutions of an Impressionist"—the author speaks "with a strange sense of joy" of his bicycle. He blesses the machine that enables him to find and to see. His delight on the road recalls the fervour and the pleased expectancy of Stevenson's walker who "cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on or takes it off with more delight." His enthusiasm knows no bounds. "The perfected cyclist," he writes, "is a wandering spirit, full of eyes, like the beast in the Revelation. All the burden of humanity falls from him as he mounts. He has no past, neither does his future extend beyond the flying day. His is the zenith of optimism. The flower by the wayside is for him the sweetness of the world made visible. His easy downward glide is the very movement of life. Sorrow and pain are far-off accidental things, as irrelevant as death. All toil and vanity his wheels have left behind. The abodes of poverty are bright with his happiness. A puncture, a patch of stones in the roadway, a dust-compelling motor, these are the worst of life's troubles. The goodness of God is manifest in the sunshine." We hope this is all true—for Mr. Allen's sake! But why will the pilgrims of to-day insist so loudly on their means of locomotion, whether motor or bicycle? Can they not get to their destination, like Childe Harold, without a word of coach or diligence? In Mr. Allen's book we hear more of his machine than of the countryside whose beauties he feels so keenly, and of which, when he can forget his bicycle, he gives some charming vignettes. A weakness of the book is a certain poverty of subject matter. One whole chapter is given to the accidents common to bicyclists, and such faint ghosts of unimportant vicissitudes; while a wet afternoon and trifling with an atlas is the *motif* of another. In two the barrenness of reality is supplemented with long dreams—or, rather, nightmares—at an inn. But, as Dr. Johnson said, "Adventures to the adventurous."

Elizabeth Visits America. By ELINOR GLYN. (Duckworth & Co., 6s.)

MR. PRICE COLLIER, in a recent book, explains why the Englishman is the most generally disliked of men. "It is," he says, "the superiority or superciliousness of the race," and he suggests that the American enthusiastic and indiscriminating hospitality to foreigners, especially to Englishmen and Englishwomen, is simply looked upon as an acknowledgment of this superiority. Perhaps this book, with its note of superiority, will be another ground for dislike. It presents the superficial view of one who has seen America rapidly and as a guest, and treats only of the things which leap to the eye in the everyday life of the nation. It is not, of course, a sober study, like Mr. H. G. Wells's book, or M. Bourget's. Elizabeth's contributions to our knowledge of America are not considerable. "America is too quaint," she writes. She deplores the snobbishness in America, and yet can write pleasantly enough, "I suppose you have to be up where we are for it all to seem nonsense and not to

matter." Her views on the question of divorce in America are equally characteristic. "The tiresome part" of the facilities for divorce is, "that it must quite take away the zest of forbidden fruit that European nations get out of such affairs," while flirtations, to a married woman, have no zest, "because you can get a divorce and marry the man so easily, it makes it always *une affaire de jeune fille*." Mormonism, as a system, is ridiculous, in her opinion, in a country which is generous enough to allow men and women as many mates as they please, so long as they have them one by one and not all at once. "A man to have six wives is an impossible idea—specially as now it is not necessary the way they behave." Surprise is expressed at the virtuous conduct of the American women, and an amazing explanation of this is put into the mouth of an elderly *grande dame* of Southern blood:

"The young men nearly all drink too many cocktails, and that is what makes them so unreserved when they get to their clubs, so the women can't have them for lovers, because they talk about it."

The progress of the narrative is constantly interrupted by protestations of innocence surprising in a person of Elizabeth's often-expressed tendencies, and absurd enough when one remembers her earlier visits.

Perhaps we have considered Mrs. Glyn too seriously in the matter of her criticism of life. It is an impertinent and vivacious book; not Lord Chesterfield's Letters, but the Letters of Elizabeth. But her English cannot be taken too seriously, as we pass from clumsy construction to confused thought, from incredible grammar to haphazard punctuation, surprising in a person who is able to "discuss some phase of the Renaissance" at luncheon, and to resent a mistake in the knowledge of that period. Here are some astonishing sentences:

"The footmen are in full dress with silk stockings and one or two places they had them powdered."

"Nobody appeared English—I mean of origin, even if their name is Smith or Brown, every other nation, with the strong stamp of 'American' dominating whatever country they originally hailed from, but not English."

"I asked him what his views were about us in England. We of the leisured class, and he said he thought most of us were pretty sound."

"The effect of Wild is intense."

Altogether a deplorable book, deplorably illustrated with thumb-nail sketches by an untrained hand. It is more than probable that Elizabeth will not pay a second visit to America.

Round the Lake Country. By the REV. H. D. RAWNSLEY. (Maclehose, Glasgow, 5s.)

DISPUTANTS are often engaged over the small-change of conversation in fruitless efforts to decide which is the most beautiful district of England. In the nature of things it must be a question of temperament and associations, since there is no standard of natural beauty. One man will prefer the flat estuaries of the east coast, with their bird-haunted solitudes, their wonderful sunsets, and their expanses of poppies and shallow meadows; another will assert that he is a man of Kent, and therefore (curious egotism!) that county must come first on the list; Yorkshiremen with reason claim that their fine river-valleys and moors and ranges should give their big county a high place; Devonshire men are notably pugnacious where the honour of the bonnie West is concerned, and dwellers in the lake country yield to none others the palm. So when experts differ we will not place ourselves in an invidious position by attempting to evolve any conclusive theory on the subject. At the same time it must be admitted

that the rarity of lake scenery in these islands makes a very strong point for those who write of Cumberland and the neighbourhood—many people hardly ever saw more in the way of inland sheets of water than a town reservoir until they visited the Wordsworth country.

Canon Rawnsley is not so emphatic on the beauty of his chosen land, perhaps, as on the richness of its historical and ecclesiastical memories; he probably thinks that we have already plenty of exponents of the artistic and descriptive kind, beginning, of course, with the poet whose name is for ever linked with this corner of England. We do not mean to insinuate that in this book the natural charms of the district are not alluded to, but it specialises in happy stories of the olden times and explanations of the various monuments and crosses which the traveller meets with in profusion. In so doing it is to be placed in a far higher category than the mere guide-book; it forms a most useful and interesting companion for anyone of an inquiring turn of mind who contemplates explorations among these delightful mountain-ways. All along the coast are remains of the settlements of the Viking rovers and the ancient races; hut circles of stone, not unlike the weird Dartmoor "rings," are found in many spots—at Hampsfell, Thwaites Fell, up Crosby Ghyll, and at Seascale, to mention but a few. The Roman road of Agricola can still be traced, and the remains of a Roman general's house in a remarkable state of preservation can be seen at Ravenglass. The author has some excellent comments on the evidence of the dialect and the place-names as to old occupation by invaders from over the North Sea:

Anyone who looks at a map of Cumberland and Lancashire—north-of-the-sands, will note the abundance of Scandinavian village and hill names. The terminations of *thwaite*, *rigg*, *fell*, *dale*, *seat*, *side*, *wick*, *garth*, *how*, *holme*, abound. Those who journey up Dunner Dale or on the Thurston Water (Coniston) or to Gosforth, will find remains of Thor the Thunderer, while as they go from Ulpha's town by Dalton to Ulpha in the Duddon vale, may have echoes of Norse chieftains, Ulph and Dali, in their ears. If they enter into the farmhouses they will see the "rannel boke" and the creamstick made of the Viking's holy ash-tree or *Igdrasil* as charm against the bewitching of the milk. . . . They will hear the old Norse tongue spoken as the shepherd bids them see "hoo t' sheeps raking to-daily." . . . If they look at the blue eyes and the fine-cut profile and heavy jaws, and large limbs and long arms of the shepherds and farm folk of the dales they speak with, they will feel that just such were the Norse sea-rangers, who probably in two invasions under their leaders, Thorolf and Ingolf, between 874 and 920 A.D., ran their beaked ships across from the Isle of Man to Ravenglass and the Fore Ness, and came with further force to take complete possession of the Lake Country between 1000 and 1060 A.D.

The analogy between the old Norse legends and the central facts of the Christian faith is pointed out well. "Odin is sung of in the Sagas as having offered himself to himself, and as hanging for nine whole nights on a wind-rocked tree sore wounded by a spear." Of the resemblances the Christian teachers of the ninth and tenth centuries were quick to take advantage. "If the Norsemen had their tree of life, so had the Christians in Christ and His cross their tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations." And with such memories in our minds it becomes a fascinating study to inspect the mysterious carved crosses at Gosforth and other places, each cross, of almost imperishable stone, representing by figure and letter some myth or some story to be impressed on the minds of the strong, simple men gathered round it. "Crosses were set up," says Canon Rawnsley, "at a time when the congregation that assembled here remembered their Norse myths, but had accepted Christ."

Of St. Bees, and the poem of Beowulf, a most interesting chapter is made; another treats of St. Cuthbert's last journey in Cumberland; the Countess Pillar and its story forms the subject of a third digression.

In fact, the author has in quite a noteworthy manner compiled on the history of the district a treatise which is so compact that it calls for admiration on that point alone, leaving out of consideration the literary graces of the narratives, which are by no means scanty. In avoiding the conventional manner Canon Rawnsley has done well, and his book is a welcome addition to the literature of the celebrated scenes which form its theme.

THE TWILIGHT OF THE POETS

It is a common fallacy to suppose that what is clearly expressed must necessarily be lacking in depth; and, on the other hand, that what is unintelligible must as necessarily be profound. Poets have often deliberately played upon this erroneous notion, and by a studied obscurity of utterance have won reputation for depth of thought. Wycherley had this type of poet in his mind when he put into the mouth of Mr. Novel, in the "Plain-Dealer," his advice to the incipient dramatist to write his plays in verse, on the ground that rhyme "often makes mystical nonsense pass with the critics for wit." Never was truer word spoken. Throughout our literature there has arisen from time to time a school of poets whose common doctrine seems to have been that obscurity is the soul of wit. Under Elizabeth the idea found expression in the tortured words and suffocating metaphors of Chapman, and above all in the insane theory of English prosody propounded by Richard Stanyhurst. This worthy maintained that quantity rather than accent ought to be the guiding principle of English as of Latin metre. In accordance with his theory he translated the first four books of the *Æneid*. The result is a literary monstrosity.

For the unsauerye rakhel with collops bludred yfranked
With chuffe chaffe wynesops like a gourd bourrachoe
replennisht,

His nodil in crossewise wresting droune droups to the
groundward,

In belche golph vometing with dead sleape snortying the collops
Raw with wyne soused, we doe pray toe supernal asemblye.
Round with al embaying thee muffle maffe koller; eke hastily
With tooles sharp poincted wee boarde and perced his oane
light,

That stood in his lowring front gloomish malleted onelye.

To the initiated, the above lines (chosen at random) tell how Ulysses blinded the Cyclops Polyphemus. Nash in his preface to Greene's "*Arcadia*" (1589) mildly parodied this work:

Then did he make heaven's vault to rebound with rounce,
robble, bobble
Of ruffe, raffie roaring, with thwicke, thwack, thurlerie,
bouncing.

It is not too much to say that the original is at least as silly as the parody; yet Southey, in his "*Horæ Otiosiores*," professes to find Stanyhurst "very entertaining," and, to a philologist, a very instructive writer." Thus is the wit justified of his witticism; whilst nonsense masquerading in rhyme has seldom lacked sympathetic critics and an admiring public.

Stanyhurst was still living when, under the first of the Stuarts, the fantastic conceits and the perverted ingenuity of the metaphysical poets, Crashaw, Donne, Quarles, and Herbert became the vogue. The greatest of these was Donne. His best work is, however, marred by remote analogies and absurdly incongruous similes. In one poem he complains that his affection "is grown corpulent," and he is obliged to limit it "to a sigh a day." Shrewd old Ben Jonson had no illusions as to the metaphysical school of poets. He saw that Donne and his fellows were too witty to swim.

In one of his conversations with Drummond he said that he "esteemed Donne the first poet in the world in some things, but that he would perish for not being understood."

This mental obliquity, however, is not indigenous to England. Le Sage has justly ridiculed the folly of such writers in the person of the literary barber in "Gil Blas." "You find this sonnet unintelligible?" asks the poetical shaver, in explaining his method to the hero, "so much the better, my dear fellow! Sonnets, odes, and indeed all works which attempt the sublime are not adapted to the simple and the natural; obscurity is their chief merit. It is sufficient if the poet thinks he himself understands what he means."

Shakespeare himself has sometimes fallen under the temptation to write in riddles. In Act IV., Scene 4, of "All's Well that Ends Well," for instance, occurs the line:

All's well that ends well: still the fine's the crown.

It does not at first dawn on the reader that Shakespeare has been betrayed into making a feeble jest on the motto, "*Finis coronat opus*." Another instance of a meaningless verse in Shakespeare is the well-known line in Mrs. Quickly's description of Falstaff's death in "Henry V.," Act II., Scene 4, which in the original text read:

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a table of greene fields.

A friend suggested to the commentator Theobald that the verse should be:

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a talked of greene
fields;

whereupon Theobald at once improved upon the hint by writing:

His nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of greene
fields;

an emendation which had been generally adopted.

Such lapses on the part of the great are a constant snare to the lesser men, and the great satirists from Horace downwards have levelled their vitriolic utterances against those who affect the vices of their betters. In this way many a poetaster has been rescued from oblivion, and "damned to everlasting fame." It was thus with the unhappy Shadwell, who in an evil moment had the temerity to attack Dryden. His lesson was drastic:

Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

The biting satire of "Mac Flecknoe" holds the name of Shadwell up to infamy and contempt, and he is known to posterity as the Prince of Dullards. But it is written, "He who laughs last, laughs longest." After the Revolution Dryden was removed from the Laureateship, and the butt of generous canary went to beguile the palate of Thomas Shadwell, his bitterest foe, who was elected to reign in his stead. But however much nonsense is to be found in Shadwell's work, for sheer inanity it would be difficult to match Dryden's own line,

My wound is great because it is so small.

On the first representation of the play in which this rhetorical gem occurs it is related that Buckingham, at this point, rose from his seat, and, mimicking the voice and gesture of the actor, finished the couplet with

Then 'twould be greater were it none at all!

Coming to the latter half of the 18th century, it is at least probable that Macpherson's "*Ossian*" owed half its popularity to the stimulus derived from its

frequent unintelligibility. In our own day it is scarcely necessary to recall the many occasions on which Robert Browning and Mr. Meredith have fallen under the spell of the obscure; whilst we can often only divine the suggestive beauty which the Symbolists, and the poets of the modern Celtic Renaissance (among whom there is good reason to class M. Maeterlinck), so seldom do more than half reveal to us.

A DOUBTFUL AFFAIR

THE factory hooter proclaimed to the world within its range the fact that six o'clock had arrived. Its deep-throated, stentorian buzz, stifling all other sounds, penetrated into the depths of distant engine-rooms, crept through the rumble of the grinding-mills, and echoed across the water from the heights beyond. Loose papers, held in the hands of the office clerks, responded to the vibration of the air by a faint "tickling," and the invoices on files rattled. Two miles away, in the town, when the wind was right, people set their watches by the swelling note, which at that distance became musical; while close at hand, amid the dust and clatter of the mills, the men of the day-shift heard it as a welcome signal of release.

The entrance of the boiler-room abutted on the narrow quay-side. From the opposite wharf, on the sunniest of days, it showed as a black, cavernous hole in the high, weathered wall, with two or three luminous specks gleaming in its remoter recesses. If the onlooker were sufficiently curious to stroll round the dock-head and enter, his eyes would require a minute or more to accustom themselves to the gloom, and then, in the dusky light of the nude, yellow gas-jets, he would distinguish the shadowy circles of four immense boilers frowning down on him like black, impassive faces, and he would notice that the air was surfeited with a certain ceaseless, sleepy hiss that carried with it a rather alarming sensation of power held in leash. Before he had time to note much more he would probably find that the blue eyes of Tom Burton were looking into his from a smeared but genial face; and Tom, if the stranger showed an enquiring turn of mind, would most likely give him a handful of cotton-wool and take him round.

Tom stood at the door, having closed his dampers to check the draught (for there was an hour's interval at six o'clock, and the chief snubbed you if he came round and found the steam roaring off), to watch a big coal-steamer coming in to the opposite quay. The strong rays of the summer sun painted a bronze-like sheen on her dark, curving side, and as she emerged from the golden haze of the harbour she took upon herself the airs and graces of a liner. At her not unshapely bows a lessening curl of foam made a speck of pure white; all the rest was colour: blue of the harbour, gold of the sky, greys and greens and faint, fine purples of the middle distance, where several indeterminate shapes of vessels took their way along the buoyed channels. Yet with all this colour the eyes were rested by regarding the scene, for not a single tint was intrusive or flamboyant; it resembled a delicate pastel drawing, and seemed as though everything had been softened by a curtain of fine gauze. The boat slowed until her bows merely marked the apex of an advancing triangle of ripples, and the sinuous reflections of her masts, cordage, and thick, stained funnel became almost as steady as herself. Nearer and nearer she crept, swerving to a spin of her wheel till parallel with her berth, the blackest thing in the picture, except that uncommonly black hole where Tom leaned against a rusty waste-pipe and gazed at her. Already her men had removed the great tarpaulins from her hatches and uncovered the

cranes; on the granite coping stood others, neither sailors nor landmen, blue-gerseyed, waiting for the flung ropes. These flew across, uncoiling in mid-air, and with shouts and hoarse orders were hauled in until the heavy, many-ply cable came dripping ashore. The weighty bights were carried along and made fast; a few feet farther glided the great tramp-steamer, then, with a surly backward swish of her screw, she came to rest.

A little waif, the kind of boy that haunts all water-side localities of large towns, had also watched the arrival from his post on the top of a pile of timber, and now, clambering down, came shambling aimlessly along the quay. His rough, light hair—he wore no cap—was fluttered about his eyes by the evening breeze; every now and then he brushed it back with a hasty movement of a dirty little hand. Clothes, in the sense which a well-to-do person assigns to that word, he had none; it would have puzzled a tailor to dissect or to name the conglomeration of shoddy material hanging round the poor little chap. His shoes gaped, and held together with string; his coat—since one must give it some designation—would most certainly never pass on to anyone else after he had discarded it, it almost settled the question by dropping to pieces; his trousers were a masterpiece of patch-work. Tom Burton transferred his attention to the unkempt, grimy little mortal as it moved here and there in front of him, picking up stray bits of stick and rubbish, alert for other people's leavings. The boy was happy, it seemed, for he whistled as he wandered; brave blue eyes he owned, too; they shone finely when he faced the sunlight, although his cheeks were pinched.

From the deck of the tramp a stoker—come up for a breather before he started on donkey-engine duty, unloading—also watched the boy, contemplatively. Presently a banana shot over the intervening strip of water and skidded at the youngster's feet. He dodged after it and made short work of devouring it, peering across and laughing, the merry little imp, when he caught sight of the form that leaned carelessly over the rail of the steamer.

"Hungry, sonny?" called the stoker, his face wrinkling into a cheerful, encouraging grin.

"Yas," answered the boy, his eyes glistening.

"Catch, then!"

Over flew another ripe banana. The boy rushed forward to catch it, slipped and fell . . . there was a splash, and a shrill cry. There were two bigger splashes immediately after, and numberless whirls of grime and dirty bubbles, and dark, liquid lanes, marking where the two men had plunged in and the black mud of the bottom been disturbed.

Tom emerged first, then the stoker, and, treading water, they both looked round for the scrap of humanity at whose call, without a moment's conscious thought, they had taken the leap. Something was floating out helplessly past the end of the stone pier, turning slowly in circles with eddies of the receding tide. Both men swam for that pale, pitiful little gleam of yellow hair, and Tom, reaching the boy first, pushed him towards the slippery, green-coated steps that led down to the water near the end of the jetty; the other man came up in time to help, and fortunately, for Tom, being portly, was a bit blown. Together they brought the boy to the boiler-house, and there were many encouraging shouts from those on board the steamer who had heard the splashes and crowded to the side.

Bedraggled and panting they were, but their burden looked half dead and very white. He had not been in the water more than a minute, perhaps, but his reserve of life-force was too evidently very scanty. His wet hair shone like clear gold in the deepening

rays of the sun, and the water that trickled from his shapeless garments traced bright lines and formed little pools among the coal-dust that lay thickly over the cobbles of the quay. The men looked anxious as they laid him on a bench. Tom kicked open the furnace-doors of one of the boilers, and dragged the bench in front of it, wrapping a sack tenderly round the quiet form. The rich, strong glow of the huge fires beat straight on the boy, making his soaked odds-and-ends steam steadily, betraying, as the men went through the necessary movements to restore him, the pitiful thinness of his arms, the leanness of his poor body.

His face, which had shown a false ruddiness in that warm illumination, by and by was tinged with a shade of real colour from within, and he opened his eyes. Just then there was a sound of running feet, and a woman, hard-faced, untidy, stood silhouetted in the doorway against the outside radiance.

"O, my Gawd!" she cried, seeing them bending over the listless form. "O, my Gawd! is he dead?" And she reeled to a heap of coal in the corner, sat there, pining, repeating her exclamation, wringing her miserable hands. The two men took but little notice of her, striving to fan the tiny, flickering life-flame into a steadier burning. Tom's tea-can had been placed in a corner of the furnace close to the door; in two minutes its contents were nearly boiling: the hot liquid revived the boy, and he came round quickly. . . .

Tom picked up the queer little shape in his strong, hairy arms, and turned to the woman.

"Now then, missis, you'd better take him home quick, an' keep him warm," he said, gruffly, for he did not like the look of her. "Wait a minute." He gave his burden to the other man, and, picking up a dry sack, slashed with his pocket-knife a large hole through its bottom, holding it and turning it for a minute in front of the roaring fires. Then, slipping it deftly over the head of the boy, who looked on wonderingly, he pressed the warm, coarse folds comfortably round the dank, drowsy figure.

"Now, mum, can you carry him?"

Apparently she could not, for even as she stood waiting she swayed ominously, her eyes staring, her lips muttering unintelligible words. So the boy was set upon his feet, a quaint, sad little spectacle, to take the woman's hand. The two men stood at the doorway watching, comprehending dimly a tragedy of life that might be worse than the averted tragedy of death. She led him off. Her words came back to them thickly and indistinctly as she jerked him along by the wrist.

"Ah, you little devil, you——" The boy began to cry quietly.

Tom and the stoker of the tramp exchanged understanding glances, and stood for a while talking, frowning, following with their eyes the two who shuffled along in the sunshine. The snarling syllables gradually became unrecognisable as words.

A bell jangled in the boiler-house behind. Tom disappeared in the gloom to slice his fires, to open his dampers—for it was seven o'clock—and to change his steaming overalls; while his companion, glancing thoughtfully at the red sails of a trawler that was running out on the freshening wind, lit a short, shabby pipe. Presently he turned, facing inwards, hands in pockets.

"Mate!"

"Hello!" answered Tom, pausing and looking up in the act of clearing out the clinkers, bathed in the fierce heat.

"Better 've let the kid drown, p'raps."

"Shouldn't wonder," shouted Tom, slicing away vigorously. The other, with a brief nod, sauntered round the edge of the silent dock-head back to his ship.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE last meeting of this Society for the present session was held on Wednesday afternoon, the 16th instant, at 70 Victoria Street, Westminster, Mr. H. Mellish, President, in the chair.

A paper by Mr. R. C. Mossman, F.R.S.E., on the "Interdiurnal Variability of Temperature in Antarctic and Sub-Antarctic Regions" was read by the Secretary. The author discussed the day to day difference in the mean temperature of successive days at a few places in the Antarctic regions for which the necessary detailed daily observations are available. The greatest mean annual temperature variability—viz., 59° —was recorded during the "drift" of the *Belgica* in the ice-pack, this high value being closely followed by a mean of 53° at the South Orkneys. In the Victoria Land region, Ross Island and Cape Adare have a somewhat lower temperature variability of 45° , the values of the southern station being higher in summer and autumn and lower in winter and spring than at the northern station. South Georgia occupies an intermediate position between a continental and oceanic climate in its curve of variability, the mean monthly values varying according to the proximity of the pack ice. At this station the seasonal values show a small variation, and this is also the case at Ushuaia in Tierra del Fuego. The variability at the Falkland Islands and New Year's Island is very small, pointing to the conserving influence exerted by the insular conditions which prevail at these places. The maximum variability occurs in winter, and the minimum in summer, at the three Antarctic stations as well as at South Georgia and the South Orkneys. The smallest variability at any season for any station occurs at the South Orkneys in summer, being only 14° . It is at this season that cloud amount and fog frequency are at a maximum, while at the same time rapidly moving cyclonic disturbances are of infrequent occurrence.

Mr. Ernest Gold described some experiments which he and Dr. W. Schmidt had made with a view of ascertaining if appreciable errors could enter into the temperature recorded in balloon ascents owing to errors in the alcohol-carbonic acid method of testing the apparatus.

Mr. L. C. W. Bonacina read a brief paper advocating the use of freely exposed thermometers in addition to sheltered ones.

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENERAL MEETING, 3RD JUNE, 1909.

DR. D. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., President, in the chair.

The minutes of the Anniversary Meeting of the 24th May, 1909, were read and confirmed.

Mr. Richard Siddoway Bagnall was proposed as a Fellow.

The Lady Isabel Mary Peyronnet Browne, Capt. Stanley Smyth Flower, Mr. Valavanur Subramania Iyer, M.A. Madras Univ., Miss Julia Lindley, and Mr. William Robert Price, B.A. Cantab., were elected Fellows.

The President announced that he had appointed the following as Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year:—Sir Frank Crisp, Mr. Horace W. Monckton, Prof. E. B. Poulton, and Lieut.-Col. Prain.

The first exhibition was by Prof. Dendy, F.R.S., Sec.L.S., of photomicrographs showing nuclear division in *Galtonia candicans*, Decne., and nuclear division and fertilisation in *Ascaris megalocephala*.

The President added some observations on the interest of these slides.

Mr. A. D. Cotton, F.L.S., showed dried and recent specimens in formalin, of *Colpomenia sinuosa*, Derb's & Sol., from Weymouth, explaining how this Mediterranean species had advanced during the last few years up the French coast, into the English Channel; it was

believed to act injuriously to young oysters, by breaking them adrift on its rising by buoyancy when distended with air.

An animated discussion followed, in which the following joined:—Mr. E. M. Holmes, Dr. J. C. Willis, Prof. Dendy, and Mr. J. C. Shenstone, Mr. Cotton replying.

The first paper was by Mr. A. R. Horwood—"On *Calamites* (*Calamitina*) *Schutzei*, Stur, and on the correspondence between the length of internodes and the position and function of the short internode in the genus *Calamites* and in the recent *Equisetaceæ*"—which was communicated by Mr. E. E. Lowe, F.L.S.

The author stated that a specimen of *Calamites Schutzei*, Stur, shortly to be figured, exhibits graphically the fistular character of the stem in *Calamites*, a specimen 3 feet long having been split into two portions longitudinally and so preserved.

In the same specimen (from the Main Coal, Stanton-under-Bardon, Leics.) and in another from Brighouse, Yorks., provisionally referred to this species, the regularly uniform length and position of a short internode at the commencement of each period of uniformly longer internodes are specially marked. In the first case no other figure illustrates the hollow pith in *Calamites* so well, and in the second case the uniform length of the internodes is interesting.

As a result of a study of this specimen and of a comparison made between it and specimens of the recent species of *Equisetum*, it is found that there is a strong resemblance between the two groups, *Calamariæ* and *Equisetaceæ*, in the position of the short internode, and a marked similarity in the uniform rate of increase or decrease in the length of the internodes in both groups also, most apparent in *Calamitina*, but probably in a modified form in *Eucalamites* and *Stylocalamites*, and in subterranean stems of *S. Suckowii* there is a strict homology. The function in both extinct and recent groups was probably the same. It does not appear that similar observations have so far been made.

The following general conclusions have so far been arrived at from the investigation:—

(1) *Position*.—The short internode precedes a new period—i.e., is situated (a) at the base of the aerial stem, (b) between branchless and branch-bearing internodes, (c) before the strobilus or cone, or (d) in *Calamariæ* before a combination of (a) and (b).

(2) *Function*.—Its function appears to be to add strength to the stem by the occurrence of two girder-like nodes (with diaphragms) within a short distance of each other, thus serving the purpose of a double girder.

Equisetum is regarded as a degenerate form derived from the *Calamariæ* through *Equisetites*.

The second paper was by Mr. H. O. S. Gibson, B.A., on the Cephalochorda—"Amphioxides"—of the *Sealark* Expedition, and was communicated by Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner, F.R.S., F.L.S.

Prof. Dendy and Mr. H. W. Monckton, V.P., put some questions, to which the author replied.

The last paper, by Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, on the Alcyonaria of the *Sealark* Expedition, was also communicated by Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner, and in the absence of the author was read in the title.

CORRESPONDENCE

A NEGLECTED COMMA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A few days ago, whilst enjoying the reading of an article in a critical half-crown quarterly review, I came across the following sentence, which I had to read twice before I could grasp the full meaning of its first paragraph:

"To possess a literature purely its own a country must be independent politically, and it must have a language peculiar to it."

The pause I had to make somewhat disappointed me as a linguist fond of clear prose, and also because the chief beauty of the style of the author in question is precisely what I admire most in literary productions—namely, "clearness." I then tried to find out the reason for what I shall call the exceptional want of clearness in that author's style. It was, to my mind, owing to the absence of a comma between *own* and *a country*.

This incident reminded me of a sentence which I read, years ago, in one of Susan Warner's works:

"She would shrink from a stranger's eye, and yet when spoken to her answers were as ready and acute as they were marked for simplicity and gentleness."

When I had read it the first time, it had no meaning at all. "When spoken to her answers," etc.; I was not happier at the second reading: "When spoken to her," etc.; I attempted the reading of the sentence a third time, and by putting the "neglected comma" after "when spoken to," I could at last understand its full meaning.

From that moment, I have many a time wondered why the majority of English writers make it a point to discard the comma in similar cases. Would it be ungrammatical if they were to insert a comma after an adverb or an adverbial clause? Barnett is of opinion that it is a matter of taste. Nestfield is of the same opinion. Morell is entirely in favour of its use in "They that are drunken are drunken in the night," the adjunct "in the night" is not separated by a comma; but in the sentence, "In the night, the enemy stealthily approached," the adjunct is *better* marked off by a comma, as being an emphatic phrase (extract from Morell's Grammar).

The best French authors, from the seventeenth century to the present time, and also the best French modern journalists, etc., concur with Morell in this opinion:

Extraits d'auteurs du 17e au 20e siècle.

17e siècle.

Pendant que nous mangions, il a fait mettre la galère en mer, etc.

Molière (*Les fourberies de Scapin*).

17e—18e siècle.

Là, je trouve une croix de funeste présage, etc.

Boileau (*Les Embarras de Paris*).

18e siècle.

Quand le Khan de Tartarie a dîné, un héraut crie que tous les princes de la terre peuvent aller dîner, etc.

Montesquieu (*Lettres persanes*).

Après l'exécution de la cantate, un chambellan lui fit une harangue de trois quarts d'heure, etc.

Voltaire (*Zadig* devenu ministre).

18e—19e siècle.

Une heure après le coucher du soleil, la lune se montra au-dessus des arbres à l'horizon opposé, etc.

Chateaubriand (*Une nuit dans le Nouveau Monde*).

19e siècle.

Dès onze ans, Mlle. Necker composait des portraits, etc. Sainte-Beuve (*Me. de Staël*).

Lorsqu'on lui signifi cet arrêt, il répondit simplement: "Je vous trouve plaisants," etc.

Guy de Maupassant (*Histoire d'un condamné à mort au royaume de Monaco*).

20e siècle.

Hier soir, un violent incendie a éclaté à B.

(*Le Petit Parisien*.)

I can even add that this pause, after the adjunct, gives some grace to a speech. The English orators, whom I have hitherto heard in London, generally stopped for a second or two after the adverbial phrase; and this, to my French turn of mind, seemed to give more charm to their diction. Now, if they think that a pause is necessary after the adjunct, in their speeches, why do they not indicate that pause, in writing, by means of a comma?

I make bold to say that, in course of time, the neglected comma *shall* claim its right. I beg to be allowed to make use, here, of the "prophetic" future. My reason for doing so is this, because in the best written books and in the newspapers of high repute, now and then the neglected comma creeps into the place which diction has already assigned to it. Amongst my notes, I have over a score of examples that can bear out this statement. However, in order not to trespass too much on my readers' time and attention, I beg to quote only two cases in point.

(Extract from Leslie Stephens's "Memoir of J. D. Campbell," in one of the pages of the preface of the book):—

"After reaching Mauritius" (*with the comma*), "Campbell made a trip to Bombay in 1866. On his return" (*without the comma*) "he found the island suffering from an outbreak of malarial fever," etc.

(Extracts from the *Weekly Times and Echo*, November 6, 1904, first page):—

(a) "On September 9th" (*without* the comma) "the Japanese mines reached to within fifty metres of Kuropatkin fort," etc.

(b) "On the 28th" (*without* the comma) "the Japanese bombarded the Russian fleet," etc.

(c) "On the 18th" (*with* the comma), "Russian prisoners said that the fate of Port Arthur was near at hand," etc.

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S "GENIUS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—That the author of the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" was, in degree, "a man of genius" goes without saying. Yet that he was an actual genius in a broad sense is not to be so readily granted. For seldom was there an author of fiction of any note who wrote in a more confused and enigmatic style and fashion than did George Meredith. Take, for example, "The Egoist," than which I do not scruple to affirm never was there perpetrated in the name of "literature" a more chaotic production outside the portals of a madhouse. Nevertheless, the recently deceased and lamented novelist was a gifted and accomplished writer, even though a vastly over-estimated one. But such genius as he had was best manifested in his poetical productions, and presumably in his "Pastorals"; for these were, indeed, beautiful, and never, perhaps, did so misunderstanding and "misunderstood" an author indulge in loftier and sweeter poesy than did George Meredith when under the spell of Nature. But that is not to say that he displayed even then transcendent genius; since he lacked the versatility and comprehensiveness of the heaven-born and universal genius, his lays were sweet, his metre harmonious, his allegory delightful, and his metaphors and symbolical blendings most admirable; but he held not the "key" to the human heart, and could never do better than tickle and captivate the intellectual fancy, for his sympathies were contracted and his temperament was uncongenial.

Consequently his Pegasus was a halting jade, and, save only when in green pastures and flowery meadows, could never be induced to canter freely and gladly. For Mr. Meredith's was a brooding and foreboding nature and mentality; his ego was too pronounced, and yet narrow, to permit of wide-reaching or of broad human sympathy. He could never shake off completely his obsessing ego, or, like Dickens, Thackeray, and other great Victorian masters of fiction, lose himself entirely in the characters of his creation and depiction. And therein, I think, consists the gist of my contention, to the effect that he was in no true sense a man of genius of the highest order. For if (as who shall gainsay?) genius is exceptional capacity to shed light and to fathom the remotest depths of human nature (as distinguishable in literary genius) then George Meredith was *not* a genius in the fullest sense; since in nothing he ever wrote in prose, with the exception perhaps of the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel," did he display any evidence of such *capacity*. Indeed, so *dark* and obscure was he in his novels generally that none but professed "mind readers" or devotees to the *occult* could pretend to "interpret" his actual *meaning*, or to proclaim his precise "gospel!" In other words, were we to accredit him with any deep and earnest desire and purpose to serve mankind and to impart light of any kind on the problems of the human soul and of life we should look in vain for any evidences of the same in his prose works; for not even in the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel" do we observe anything better than admirable diction, biting sarcasm, graceful portrayals, and mournful pessimism, even though he did evince unwonted capacity in a single instance of a distinctively *creative* nature, as in his depiction of the scene in which his "hero" appeared in a veritable *human* and pathetic attitude! Moreover, Mr. Meredith was not a bit more fortunate in his public character, or as an authority on social and public questions, than as an author of fiction. For while as an author he had evidently no didactic *purpose*, so as a private individual and a social unit he would not appear to have been actuated by any definite and exalted motives; and so far from ever having proffered his services and efforts to the cause of humanity, or to the correction of abuses and errors, he rather *added* to than ameliorated the scene of human confusion, as, for instance, in his astounding comments upon the marriage question! Yet, in spite of everything, Mr. Meredith was an excellent poet; and such genius as he had found its happiest vent in his "Pastorals," the most graceful, melodious, and delightful bursts of genuine poesy, eclipsed

only by Tennyson and Wordsworth in the Victorian epoch.

But whereas Wordsworth and Tennyson devoted *their* genius to *humanity*, and *their mission* and "gospel" were obvious to all men, it would not appear that Meredith had any *mission* or *gospel* at all! Yet he ever wrote, as a prose author at all events, as though he *thought* he had some kind of a "message" to deliver!

Unfortunately, however, he was plainly more concerned about the *manner* of delivery of his "message" than about its actual delivery. At all events, he never *did* deliver anything of the kind! In song alone did he excel, and then only when under the spell of Nature, or in his "Pastorals." So beautiful, however, were these that the memory of their author should be respected by all lovers of English verse.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

ENGLISH HISTORY THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We have had in recent years English history from the States that has made our accepted British historians sit up. Not long ago Mrs. Gallup informed us—*per her cypher*—that Francis Bacon and the Earl of Essex were the sons of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester!

The latest Yankee exponent of English history is Mr. Price Collier, who has published a book in London entitled "England and the English from an American Point of View."

In his chapter "Who are the English?" we are informed by Mr. Collier, "No man cares a fig what a man's ancestry was in this matter-of-fact land [i.e., Britain] if he succeeds, if he becomes rich and powerful." Then he gives two concrete examples of what he means:

(1) "The mother of the great Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of a plain English gentleman."

The mother of Queen Elizabeth was nothing of the kind. Queen Elizabeth's mother was Anne Boleyn, and so far was Anne's mother, also Elizabeth, from being "the daughter of a plain English gentleman," she was the daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, who, for his services in defeating the Scots at Flodden, was afterwards made Duke of Norfolk. She married Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire, and their daughter was Anne Boleyn, the mother of Queen Elizabeth.

(2) The other example of English history is the following:—"A pot-girl of Westminster married the master of a pot-house. After his death she consulted a lawyer named Hyde. Mr. Hyde married her. Mr. Hyde afterward became Lord Chancellor with the title of Lord Clarendon, and his wife, the former pot-girl, bore him a daughter. This daughter married the Duke of York, and became the mother of Mary and Anne Stewart, both afterward Queens of England." Then Mr. Collier makes the sapient comment: "It is evident that if Queens of England may have a barmaid for grandmother lesser mortals need not fret on the subject of ancestry."

Unfortunately for this American importer of English history the grandmother of the two Queens was never a "barmaid," or "pot-girl," as he calls her, never married "the master of a pot-house," and was not a widow when she married Edward Hyde. She, Frances, was the only daughter, and sole heiress (after her brother's death), of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, Bart., who had been Secretary to George, Duke of Buckingham, and was afterwards Master of Bequests and Master of the Mint. She was carefully brought up by her father at his seat, Cranbourne Lodge, Windsor Park; and it is safe to say that she never saw the interior of a "pot-house." At least there is no trace of such introduction to low life in Clarendon's "Autobiography," Lister's authoritative "Life," Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," or "The Dictionary of National Biography." There is a letter extant to Hyde's father from Sir Thomas congratulating him on the marriage—*young Hyde* was only a struggling barrister at the time—and stating that he gave the youth his daughter, describing her as "a child that none could have had from me but a good man." The couple spent a long and happy life together, Lady Hyde on her death being buried in Westminster Abbey, and her husband dying in exile at Rouen.

It will be interesting to learn Mr. Collier's authority for the statement that Frances Aylesbury was ever a "pot-girl."

Mr. Collier shows his further knowledge of English history when, on the next page, he speaks of "down to the commencement of the reign of Charles the Second, 1649"; and again when he includes among the "Peers who have taken their places among the peers by force of long purses gained in trade" the name of Lord Lister.

Mr. Collier's powers of observation are on a par with his knowledge of British history when he writes, among his "First Impressions" of England, the following *dictum*:—"The complexions of the English have often been exploited for our benefit. The damp climate and the exercise out-of-doors produce the red, they say. But on examination it proves to be not the red of the rose, but the red of raw beef, and often streaky and fibrous at that. The features are large and the faces high-coloured, but it is not a delicate pink, it is a coarse red. . . . Here the features of the women, even the features of the beautiful women, are moulded; while the features of our beautiful women are chiselled."

This is possibly the reason they prove so attractive to the British nobility! Mr. Collier, apparently, was never at an Ascot meeting, however.

GEORGE STRONACH.

FLAUBERT AND ST. GERTRUDE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—One should be apologetic, I suppose, in this age of "common-sense" in speaking of such things as tutelary guardians and the like. Still, even in these most modern of days one's fancy will roam, one's heart will rally with things mediæval, sometimes, indeed, with quite a feeling of kinship! For instance, one might think of this or that saint of old, might come across in the record of their lives this or that which suddenly stirs one with quite a sense of fellowship. And if one forgot one's modernity one might even find oneself turn to them as one would in life, craving for a kindly hand, sure of an instinctive sympathy. And if one fancied this for oneself one might fancy it for others. Hence the thought that brought to mind the two names—Flaubert and St. Gertrude.

Two books are open before me as I write—"The Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude" and a book of essays, by Henry James. The latter is open at the essay of Gustave Flaubert. I read: "His life was that of a pearl-diver, breathless in the thick element while he groped for the priceless word. . . ." Thus Flaubert, with his life-long, soul-absorbing search for the one word, the inevitable word, the Eros to his unwedded, expectant idea.

And I turn over the pages of the "Revelations" and surely the same vivid sense of some intimate, indissoluble correlation of word and idea! Not, indeed, as in Flaubert, revealing itself as a *search*, as the endeavour to establish such correspondences. In St. Gertrude this vivid sense of union of word and thought reveals itself as some sudden rapturous apprehension of the thought when the word is presented—as though indeed the word came to her with same fulness of sacramental grace. The word is uttered, and the soul of St. Gertrude is uplifted—the vision comes. ("For on the second Sunday, as they sang Mass, before the procession, the response which commences *Vidi Dominum Facie ad Faciem*, a marvellous and inestimable coruscation illuminated my soul with the light of Divine revelation, and it appeared to me that my face was pressed to another face. . . .") How refreshing to the soul of Flaubert might have been the thought of such instinctive veneration for the "priceless word, during the wearisome, disheartening toil of his forty years at the battered table at Croisset." And had he thought of tutelary guardian, whither more fittingly could have been turned "bent head and beseeching hands!" I turn over page after page of these "Revelations of St. Gertrude," and page after page shows the same almost unique exquisite appreciation of the word, this instant coming of the "vision" at the sound of the "priceless word." And the toil of Flaubert seems justified. I say of Flaubert, but I mean of all others who enrich us that way. St. Gertrude's is a name that might be spoken softly by lovers of fit words—a tutelary guardian, perhaps, were not such things out of date.

T. W. COLE.

BURNS'S POEMS FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—When a Burns editor can ask a casual commentator on his work what he means by the poet's "pride of place," he practically makes further discussion hopeless. A few final words, however, seem to be imperative. It will be noticed, to begin with, that this is not the first time a complaint has been made regarding the treatment accorded the Scottish bard by the conjoint editors. "Mr. Henley," says Mr. Henderson, "was more than surprised at the accusation that he was endeavouring to depreciate Burns." Apparently his own feel-

ing now may be similarly described; he, too, throughout his communication shows that he is considerably "more than surprised." In his preliminary observations he makes one unwarrantable inference, for it was not suggested in the contribution he discusses that either Mr. Henley or himself cherished what he is pleased to call "a spite of Burns." It is open to his readers to say that he and his collaborator thought, and that he still thinks, the poet over-rated, and that they, together, and he at his own hand, decided to see whether or not it were possible to give him his true position in the poetical ranks. If such was the attitude, taken in unison and separately, it was perfectly legitimate, but Mr. Henderson need not expect that either the combined performance or his own individual experiment should command universal assent. He either misapprehends or he quaintly misinterprets the remarks offered here on the illustrations he advances towards proving Burns's peasant origin. What was said was that members of the aristocracy might have seen and heard (not necessarily put into poetical form) what he reports of the poet, and that therefore the evidence of peasantry is not manifested in the examples chosen. One illustration may suffice: Mr. Henderson says that Burns's line, "The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree," proclaims "his peasant mastery of Nature's idiosyncrasies." Such being his contention, it would be interesting to know how he would place the nobleman who wrote "Don Juan" for his touch about the moonlight "hallowing tree and tower." Manifestly in his application of philosophical analysis Mr. Henderson leaves something to be desired.

"The glossary," says Mr. Henderson, "is succinct"; and he ought to see that it was this very quality of succinctness that prompted the comments on his stimulating entry "be, alone." Here he endeavours to explain a sound example of English phraseology in a manner that very conceivably leads to the large and bewildering issues already indicated. It is also because he is too succinct that he fails to be clear in defining "bracken," "braik," "cheep," "hallan," and other terms that might be specified. With regard to "cheep" in particular, he ought surely to have said that "chirp" as well as "peep" is an equivalent, if only to guard against imminent ambiguity. He declares himself satisfied with his interpretation of "sumple," thus inferentially declining the information proffered as to the word and the character it connotes. On this point Allan Ramsay might be profitably consulted.

SCRUTATOR.

NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Among sundry compositor's changes in my letter of last week is the substitution of "us" for "as" in the last line, which effectually obscures my meaning.

The word "subscribe," to which I was referring, has many related significations in Shakespeare's works. They may, I think, be classed as follows:—

- (1) To authenticate by signature, "Write to him (I will subscribe) tender adieu" (*Ant. and Cleop.*, IV. 5).
- (2) To enter names for any purpose in a document, "Blank charters, Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich, They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold" (*K. Rich.* II. 1. 4).
- (3) To explicate or set forth, "When I had subscribed To mine own fortune" (*All's Well*, V. 3).
- (4) To be surety or to answer for anyone, "To the possibility of thy soldiery, [I] will subscribe for thee" (*All's Well*, III. 6).—"I will subscribe for thee; thou art both knave and fool" (*Ib.*, IV. 5).
- (5) To act as a substitute or champion, "My uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid" (*Much Ado*, I. 1).
- (6) To give assent to, "To your pleasure humbly I subscribe" (*Tam. Shrew*, I. 1).—"Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done, And we will all subscribe to thy advice" (*Tit. Andr.*, IV. 2).—"Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?" (*Troil. and Cress.*, II. 3).
- (7) To be influenced by or be indulgent towards, "For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes To tender objects" (*Troil. and Cress.*, IV. 5).
- (8) To acknowledge or suffer defeat or yield precedence, "If I have fewest [roses], I subscribe in silence" (*1 K. Hen.* VI., II. 4).—"Death to me subscribes, Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme" (Sonnet CVII.).
- (9) To admit an error or retract an opinion, "Which fear if better reasons can supplant, I will subscribe, and say I wronged the duke" (*2 Hen. VI.*, III. 1).

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "QUOIT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The best account of this word is to be found in the great Oxford dictionary, the editor of the "Q" part being Mr. W. A. Craigie. From this article we may see that the word "coytes" is mentioned in a list of games in an Act passed in the reign of Richard II., and that "coyte" occurs in the *Promptorium* (A.D. 1440) in the sense of a flat disc of stone or metal thrown as an exercise of strength or skill. Mr. Craigie, cautious man, contents himself with saying that the word is of obscure etymology. In the current ACADEMY a correspondent boldly equates this fourteenth century "coyte" with a Scandinavian word "kvitt," used for a coin of the value of the third part of a Danish skilling. Let us examine this word "kvitt" a little more closely. Originally it meant a "white" or silver coin. From Aasen's Norwegian dialect dictionary we learn that "kvitt" is equivalent to the Danish "hvid," which in Larsen's dictionary is explained "doit, $\frac{1}{3}$ of a Dan. Skilling." Both the Norwegian and the Danish forms are derived from the old Norse *hvitr* (white), cp. Norw. dial. *kvit*, Dan. *hvid*, O.E. *hwit*, Eng. *white*. Now, your correspondent actually affirms that a Scandinavian word, which in the fourteenth century was pronounced like O.E. *hwit* (in Prompt. *whyte*), is identical with a Prompt. form written *coyte*. I think it must be admitted that even the French derivation mentioned by Mr. Craigie is a more probable one than the Scandinavian one suggested in this week's ACADEMY.

A. L. MAYHEW.

June 12, 1909.

OLD FRIENDS OF MR. LE QUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am much interested in the correspondence in your columns regarding my friends, and I am glad to see that they are also of interest to the public.

In reply to the query of your correspondent "O. K."—who has apparently never handled pearls of great price—the pearls in question were heirlooms of the Royal house of Saxony, and if your correspondent is so interested in them, I shall be delighted to furnish him with the name of the bank and that of my "old friend" its manager, who will bear out my statement that I not only introduced to him a certain Royal lady, but I later on handed him the order to deliver over to me the pearls in question to convey to the Continent!

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

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ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,
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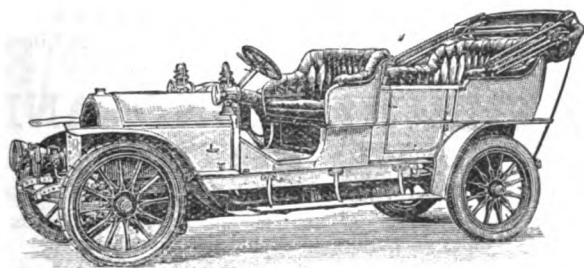
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No. 1938

JUNE 26, 1909

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'A fecund sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
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Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parvenus* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

ALTHOUGH as a rule we do not print the "puffs" which the publishers continually send to us under the heading of "literary intelligence," we feel that we must make an exception in the case of the following beautiful piece of writing which "emanates" from "the great house of Murray":

"The Earl of Rosebury (*sic*) has written an interesting preface to the 'Recollections of a Long Life,' by John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards Lord Broughton, which Mr. Murray is publishing next week. Hobhouse, as the reading-world well knows, was one of the most loyal of Byron's many friends, and tells in these revealing volumes a great deal which lovers of the poet (*sic*) will be glad to know."

We think that the great house of Murray might, with advantage, look out for a typewriting clerk whose admiration for the "poet" has not been cultivated to the extent of interfering with his grounding in "the three R's." But possibly "our Mr. Farquharson," who is presumably responsible for the wording of the guileless circulars with which Mr. Murray kindly favours us from time to time, does his own typewriting, and does not consider such a trifle as spelling worthy of his notice.

We are glad to see among the names of the Liberal members who are protesting against the Budget those of Sir Edward Tennant and Sir John Dickson-Poynder. As we have previously pointed out in these columns, it is men of this type who really stand for the Liberal opinion of the country. Your Lloyd Georges, your Winston Churchills and your Asquiths no more represent Liberalism than the Suffragists represent English womanhood. Claptrap and carpet-bagging may be made to look very beautiful by artists at the game; but sooner or later they are bound to come to grief. The Government now in power has been a Government of insincerities from the day of its formation. Liberals have put up with it because it went into power in the name of Liberalism. That it has since devoted itself to a fine exposition of the principles of Socialism, and even of anarchy, is not the fault of Liberalism. A good Liberal is no more likely to swallow the Budget proposals of David the Roost-Robber than is a good Tory. When it comes to open and unblushing confiscation party considerations must give way to considerations of natural justice. It is highly creditable to the gentlemen we have named and to their following that they

should make a stand against their popularity-hunting leaders. We miss the name of Mr. Ivor Guest from the combination, and we are a little sorry to see that the name of Sir Edward Grey is also missing. But probably both Mr. Guest and Sir Edward Grey are there in the spirit. If Liberalism is to be saved it will not be saved by the shouters and the distributors of other people's goods, but by the men who stand for principle as opposed to opportunism, and the broadening down of freedom as opposed to jumpiness and revolution.

Mr. Justice Darling has published a new book of verses under the title of "On the Oxford Circuit." The book is being described by the reviewers as "scholarly," "instinct with poetical feeling," and so forth. We shall prefer our indictment against it in a future issue. Meanwhile, here is a small extract from the title poem:

This that the Judge is to come—the Red Judge—to
hold the assizes;
Liberty bringing to some—but to other surcease
from life's labour—
Hard labour—delight of the good—awarding the
bad to chastise them.
He comes to attribute restraints—and, haply, with
that reformation—
For ordered revenge of the Law holdeth balm for
the wound of the wronged one;
Yet causeth maleficients pain—yea, dolour impel-
ling to virtue;
That virtue sufficing for joy in sense 'tis enough
to deserve well.
So shall the best remain good, while the worst
become possibly better;
Each rascal receiving his due—the cell, or the
scourge, or the gallows;
Pleasant to righteousness' taste the pain a trans-
gressor must suffer;
None taking more than his share, yet each a fair
portion receiving.

This is no doubt very scholarly, in so far as it may be considered an adventure with hexameters; and from the point of view of the *Daily Mail* it may also be "instinct with poetry." But we must say frankly that in our opinion a judge at King's Bench should not publish such stuff. Flippancy about the law from the administrators of the law is not engaging. Of course, it seems to us highly probable that Mr. Justice Darling wrote the lines we have quoted long before he attained to what are known as "Judicial honours." And as some men find it difficult to write anything like passable hexameters every day of their lives, Mr. Justice Darling may in a sense be excused. On the other hand, we wish that he had refrained.

Side by side with Sir Charles Darling we shall also arraign next week a Mr. Figgis, who has published a book of verses called "A Vision of Life," and a Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who has puffed Mr. Figgis. Mr. Chesterton, of course, will be there as an accessory before the fact. Mr. Figgis writes about babies under the head of "Multum in Parvo," and to the following effect:

Baby-feet,
Scarce distinguishable forms,
Must they foot amid Life's storms
Lonely; none to soothe its qualms,
None to weet?

Baby-face,
Shall it wear the print of Time,
Woven o'er with hoary rime:
Or shall death in sunnier clime
Pallor trace?

Mr. Chesterton says: "I will not deny that much of my pleasure in Mr. Figgis's work arises from a sympathy with his serious and sincere enjoyment of beauty and the great things that life begets."

The inspired Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been called in by the equally inspired Dr. Robertson Nicoll to give us views about Algernon Charles Swinburne. Here is Shaw:

"Swinburne needed a literary inspiration: he was really always a paraphraser, and he could rise to the ideas of the author he was paraphrasing with a power quite astonishing in a man who could not rise to the life and action round him at all, and who apparently passed by natural objects without seeing them—even those natural objects of which he had paraphrased descriptions again and again. He was a splendid sounding-board, vibrating grandly to other people's conceptions; and if he had spent his life in turning Greek thought into English music he would have enriched the nation enormously. As it was, he has left us nothing but a wonderful garment of words that clothed very little of himself. His prose, with its mechanical alliterations and its continual substitution of a violent superlative qualified by an 'all but' or a 'well nigh' for the right word which he never could find, is villainous in style and often not much better in temper; but his disregard for other people's feelings and his recluse's freedom from the social influences and superstitions which muzzle the rest of us even more than our timidity and good-nature enabled him to say many things that other critics would not say. He was never stupid exactly; but he often produced an impression of disloyalty by the transition from the splendour and vigour of his echoes of revolutionary writers to the conventionality of his own views, which were made in Putney. . . . One sometimes asks whether anybody but a very dull man could have swallowed the Elizabethan dramatists so indiscriminately as he, or whether he would have swallowed them at all if he had never read Lamb. . . . Always distinguishing and powerful at second hand, always commonplace and futile at first hand; great on paper, insignificant on Putney Hill."

Some day possibly somebody will be writing of somebody else: "always undistinguished and without dignity; always prancing and posturing and becking for the smiles of the half-witted; great in Battersea and Bayswater, insignificant in the Adelphi."

It seems that we have a poet amongst us who is a Member of Parliament. His name is J. Fitzalan Hope, and on Wednesday evening he recited to an amazed and tittering House the appended lines:

This is a tax on the increment value
One-fifth of which pay most certainly shall you
When the kind London gentlemen tell you how much
Is the difference of price they decide to be such
You might have got and might get from some sanguine fool
(But don't get at all in plain fact as a rule)
On a few chosen acres; meanwhile on the rest
With a decrement interest compound you are blest,
And, mind you, your house to the ground you must raze,
Your cellars fill up and your sheds set ablaze;
Your pipes you must block, and your timber must fell,
Your fruit bushes grub up and your cabbage as well,
And the lawns that proclaim your most exquisite taste,
You must forthwith reduce to a site value waste.

Then when all's a fair prairie, suburban I trow,
For the cost of destruction they'll something allow.
Thus the work goes on gaily, the owner may groan,
But the Chancellor resumes what was never his own.
On the whole the House of Commons would appear
to be in a very bad way just now. Speeches in verse
—and such verse—offer food for the gravest reflection.

Not to be outdone in this regard, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin—Litt.D., if you please—has been addressing the Authors' Society metrically, and in this wise:

Mr. Chairman, good friends, fellow authors at table,
I fear I shall find myself not very able
To deal with that difficult subject "The Guests";
Still, one cannot evade Dr. Gosse's behests.
If only he'd said: "Talk of 'Palates of Snails,'
'The Uses of Radium,' 'Women in Jails,'
'Revisions of Tariff' or 'Copyright Laws,'
'The Prospects of Holland' or 'Rumours of Wars'."

You can "read up" such topics in encyclopædias;
You're sure of your facts, if you're frequently tedious!

Everybody will admire such rhymes as "laws" and
"wars," not to say "encyclopædias" and "tedious,"
especially from a full-blown female Litt.D. Further
on, however, Mrs. Wiggin outwiggined Mrs. Wiggin
by remarking sublimely:

Yet though we meet often the Homer who "nods,"
We must still pour libations to gods and half gods—
Those who smile, grave, serene, from the heights of
Olympus,
And smaller ones, somewhat addicted to simpers!
We must bow to a genius whenever we see one.

For our own part we agree and bow. That it should
be possible for a society of authors in England, of
which George Meredith was president, solemnly to
listen to such doggerel, even after dinner, is almost
beyond belief. We hope in the interests of all parties
that Mrs. Wiggin's Litt.D. is an American affair.

Having discovered that its protestations of Christian
charity towards persons who wish to take the Com-
munion without being confirmed are not popular
among sensible churchmen, the *Spectator* has returned
to its old silly season enquiry: "Do Animals Reason?"
In last Saturday's issue of Mr. Strachey's excellent
journal we are treated to the ancient story of a dog who
possesses a conscience; and, of course, he is trotted
out as if he were the marvel of the age. In point of
fact, most dogs have had consciences this several
years back, and so have other animals. If Mr.
Strachey really wishes to know whether animals
reason he might visit the Palace Theatre, where he
will find on show every evening a middle-sized ape,
who can do everything except edit the *Spectator*.

The birthday honours, as usual, must have come
upon certain people with something of a shock. There
are no new peers, Mr. Pearson being still out in the
cold, and none of the Harmsworths has been made a
Duke. We weep; but we are not sorry. Art, science
and letters, however, have been remembered with
knighthoods. For example, Henry W. Lucy, Esquire,
is to be known for the future as Sir Hennerly (no con-
nection, of course, with Lloyd George); Arthur Wing
Pinero, Esquire, is now Sir Arthur Wing Pinero; and,
unkindest cut of all, Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Esquire,
commonly known as Mr. Tree, must for the future be
addressed as Sir Herbert. We had always believed
that Mr. Tree was being reserved for a more substan-
tial dignity. It is a little hard that he should be

fobbed off with what he might himself describe as an ignominious knighthood. However, we congratulate all partes concerned, and we do not suppose for a moment that Mr. Tree will worry. As for Mr. Lucy, we can only say that he is sure to be as pleased as Punch. And as for Pinero, we shall expect from him a rousing play on the subject.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll really must be careful. It appears that Mr. Justice Darling proposed the toast of "Literature" at the Associated Booksellers' dinner. Dr. Robertson Nicoll was present, and he writes of the Hon. Mr. Justice Darling as follows:

"To me, the surprise of the evening was the speech of Mr. Justice Darling, who proposed the toast of 'Literature.' I had never seen Mr. Darling, but had read many of his jokes in the papers, and, like most people, had formed an opinion of him. But we found him on Saturday night both clever and humorous. He is a spare little man with a parboiled look. The eyes are lustreless, and the speaker never smiles at his own jests. But he got out some pretty fair ones."

How grateful "Mr. Darling" will be! And Dr. Nicoll concludes his report of the proceedings with the following beautiful words:

"Among the most observed of the guests was Mr. Humphry Ward, whose strong, handsome, Jewish face would draw attention anywhere."

Surely the worthy author of "Sunday Afternoon Verses" is forgetting his manners!

We are afraid that our readers, like ourselves, must be beginning to get tired of the constant references in these columns to Mr. Frank Harris and his remarkable freak journal, *Vanity Fair*. For our part we should be delighted if we never had occasion to mention his name again. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Harris's vagaries are so astounding that it is impossible to allow them to go altogether unnoticed. Mr. Harris is a gentleman who imagines himself to be, among a great many other things, an accomplished critic, and by dint of roaring out his conviction that this is the case he has succeeded in making people believe it. As a matter of fact, he has no critical faculty whatever. The surest proof of this is to be found in the quality of the poetry which he prints in *Vanity Fair*. But there are other spheres of criticism in which one would have expected that at least he would be able to avoid making an exhibition of himself. Here is what Mr. Harris has to say about Yvette Guilbert:

"We went the other night to see Yvette Guilbert, who is, of course, as extraordinary as ever in her French songs, and who, strange to say, was rapturously applauded by the house in her English songs as well, which we found a good deal of difficulty in understanding."

It is almost incredible that anyone can be found to talk such preposterous rubbish. Yvette Guilbert's rendering of her French songs is certainly beautiful and striking enough, but for sheer unadulterated beauty and accomplishment we have never heard anything to equal her rendering of the old English ballads, "The Keys of Heaven" and the "Gallant Man." Mr. Harris, of course, belongs to that school of critics who think it the height of discrimination to assert that everything is done better in France, a country with which they usually have a very meagre acquaintance.

We shall print next week an article entitled "High Poetry," which will be delicious reading for Mr. Spender and for all persons who love their sea-green, incorruptible *Westminster*.

THE TRAVELLERS

OFT I consider jocund Youth, with song
And merrimake upon the sunlit road;
And Age, bowed down beneath his heavy load,
To whom the sorrows of the world belong:
One in the beauty of a gracious prime,
Exulting to the music of desire;
The other glad once to have held the lyre,
And to have dwelt in seigniorage of Time.

Sojourners are they from a distant land,
Who have come long leagues across the hills of Morn;
With eager, infinite hearts I see them stand,
Listening in dimness to the heavenward lark:
They are drunk with joy, with loneliness forlorn,
And they go forth again into the dark.

S. S.

THE CENSORSHIP AND COMMON-SENSE

ON the face of it, a body of poets seems scarcely an ideal organisation to debate upon so entirely unpoetic a matter as the dramatic censorship. To Mr. George Bernard Shaw, however—and quite properly, too, for that matter—any audience is better than no audience. The Poets' Club, accordingly, have just been "privileged" to hear Mr. Redford's latest "victim" hold forth in characteristic vein on the Censor and all his works. It is true that the gathering contained merely poetasters, instead of poets, and that only one dramatist, in the person of a young lady, was present; but the occasion was none the less an interesting one.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is never so happy as when he is talking about himself. At the Poets' Club last week he had a thoroughly congenial topic, and, as need scarcely be said, he did not fail to make the most of it. To Mr. Shaw, and those who agree with him, the sooner the Censor's head is served up on a charger the better. Nothing else, apparently, will satisfy him. Some of the *dicta* he laid down in support of his arguments strike people who do not happen to be distinguished dramatists a little curiously. One, for example, was "immorality is the very thing that is necessary to progress"; and another, "decency, in its essence, is not within the jurisdiction of the Censor at all"; while a third pronouncement was to the effect that a play should be produced first and licensed afterwards. These views are certainly somewhat startling. Fortunately, however, very few people are likely to take them seriously.

As with most matters to which he applies himself, so with this one of the dramatic censorship, Mr. Shaw sees only one side of the case. And he only sees this particular side from his own limited point of view. In all probability he quite honestly believes that no other exists. He has written a play and Mr. Redford, representing the Lord Chamberlain, representing the King, representing Tom, Dick and Harry, has banned it. Therefore the times are out of joint, and only Mr. Bernard Shaw can set them right. Such, briefly, are the premises on which is built up an elaborate argument for the abolition of the system under which plays are licensed at theatres controlled by the Lord Chamberlain. But, really, the argument scarcely holds water—much less anything more convincing. To begin with, there must be taken into consideration the extremely significant fact that the managers—who, after all, are concerned to a far greater degree than the dramatists—are practically unanimously in favour

of retaining the censorship. The system is one which, on the whole, has been found to work smoothly, and the managers are, accordingly, quite content to let well alone. Besides, apart from this, the people who conduct theatres recognise that the censorship really acts as a protection to them. This is because once a play has been licensed they can produce it, secure in the knowledge that no crank or busybody can subsequently demand its suppression on the grounds of its impropriety. We must either have a censor or Scotland Yard, and Mr. Redford—despite his sins—is the lesser of the two evils. In America—"the Land of the Free"—theatrical managers have to deal with Mr. Comstock. This, no doubt, explains why Mr. Frohman spends most of his time in London.

Besides, what, after all, is the particular hardship in the exercise of the dramatic censorship? It is really difficult to see that there is one. Under the present regulations practically any play is licensed as a matter of course, so long as it is neither indecent, nor irreligious, nor politically offensive. Surely, nobody can reasonably object to this. If people insist on writing plays to which these disqualifications apply—well, they have no business to expect them to be licensed. Certainly the censorship has never been put in force against any play to which one or other of these disqualifications has not applied in greater or lesser degree. It is no argument for the abolition of the present system to say that objectionable plays have been licensed. Mr. Redford is only human, and a great deal slips through his net. The contention that plays should be produced first and licensed afterwards is unreasonable and absurd. Managers can scarcely be expected to go to the trouble and expense of producing a piece which they might be called upon to withdraw the next night at the instance of the police or a common informer. They prefer—and very wisely—to know beforehand just how far they can go. From the elegant extracts, and synopsis of the plot, relating to "The Showing-Up of Blanco Posnet," which Mr. Shaw has published, most people would have but little difficulty in deciding that Mr. Redford was quite right to ban it.

The real truth about the censorship is not that it is too strict, but that it is not nearly strict enough. At one time Paterfamilias used to send his wife to the theatre and go himself to the music-hall. Now he changes the tickets. He knows from experience which offers the more suitable form of entertainment. Nor is his decision remarkable when one reflects on the fare frequently set before patrons of the theatre nowadays. Quite a number of authors appear constitutionally unable to distinguish the obstetric from the dramatic. For example, one of the recently prohibited plays actually dealt with an illegal operation, and the illustrious author thinks himself very hardly treated because this choice masterpiece was vetoed. What on earth did he expect? Probably a pension from the Royal Literary Fund and the Order of Merit. What he did get, however, was a vast amount of misdirected sympathy and support from sycophantic nobodies who here saw an easy way of hoisting themselves into publicity. Of course, there have been cases when the censorship has pressed a little unfairly, for in the exercise of his responsible duties the present occupant of the office strains at a good many gnats. Still, he also swallows camels to a much greater extent than did some of his predecessors. English playwrights, too, may perhaps take comfort from the fact that, whatever their grievances, they are nothing to those under which Continental dramatists have laboured. Not so long ago, for example, it was a strict rule on the Austrian stage that no pair of lovers should retire from a scene unless accompanied by a chaperon. It is also recorded that Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" was originally refused a

licence on the grounds that the title was "too frivolous"!

A point generally lost sight of or ignored when arguing this vexed question of the censorship is that the propriety of a play depends quite as much (if not more) on the acting than on the dialogue. On this account a censorship of acting is badly wanted. Thus, a musical comedy or a Palais Royal farce—although not perhaps the acme of refinement or literary grace—may be perfectly harmless in itself, but yet a most improper and salacious entertainment solely by reason of the way it is acted. Even "East Lynne" could be rendered indecent if the heroine and Little Willie gave their minds to the task. This is because on the stage visible effects always make a greater appeal than audible ones. When one goes to the theatre one remembers very little of what one has heard in comparison with what one has seen. Indeed, the average person, after witnessing a play, would find it difficult to quote six lines of the dialogue correctly; still—and unless bored to extinction by the performance—he could probably give a very fair account of the acting. But indecency must not be confused with vulgarity. There is a marked difference between the two. Where the drama is concerned a good working rule is for all practical purposes supplied by the etymological derivation of these respective terms. This shows that indecency comes from the French, and vulgarity from the Latin.

"THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY"

In the corner of a certain western English county a hillside field, thick with buttercups, rises steeply into the summer air. Its sweet, solemn curve of gold, first and lowest against the dark green woods far down the valley, then a fringe backed by white, stately clouds, then soaring till it stands silhouetted against the faultless ethereal blue of the sky, is one of those half-divine, mystical things for which our poor human speech can furnish no adequate name. Stunned by the shock of such beauty, our usual modes of expression do not respond. Our lips are silent, our eyes are dimmed, the wings of thought are suddenly expanded to lift on the winds of dreamland. We are as travellers enchanted "who may not laugh or weep," who, wandering some difficult high road, in glare and dust and dismay, should see the cool green gloom of a forest by-path, and, turning aside in their weary walking, should find fairy-haunted dells and bowers, the home of faun and dryad and elfin woodmen, girdled with shadowy streams and softly resounding with the songs of happy birds. What use to them, the ordinary desultory phrases of pleasure or adoration? The intensest form of adoration is silence; the shallow rill makes more noise in its whirling eddies than the mighty, measured flood of the river. Before that sweep of golden flowers, swinging between woods and sky, the earthly horizon narrowed, the bonds of time and space were loosened, the place where our footsteps trod became suddenly holy ground. Was it merely the entrancement of form, of outline, which induced this miracle? Was it merely the call of the massed, rich colour that charmed our senses? Or did colour and shape combine to thrill the heart? Or with the glimpse of that radiant line did the apprehension of some far-spoken syllable enter our consciousness, some divine breath of a language which no mortal has yet learned? Inaudible to the physical ear, its words might consist as easily of visible signs as of a series of sounds, our usual conception of language, and its appeal might be to our subtle, spiritual sense, that "sense of the infinite" by which we maintain our relationship with things unseen. Such a word might be spoken when the dawn, like some wonderful bloom of heaven springing from the blackest ground of night, grows and unfolds

its perfection in a single, silent hour. Such a word, faint and far, might be felt to have been uttered when from lofty mountain-tops the pale mist creeps down as though to veil some secret ceremony of angelic hosts; or when, bold and bare and grand, the crags rise in high fragrant summer noons from the purple garment of heather cast about their feet. The slightest things may bring a whisper of that outer, ineffable language; the laugh of a child, sudden and clear and fearless; the unexpected call of a name from beloved lips; the moon-path on the sea; the song of a drowsy bird; the salt ocean-breath blown across a garden of roses. The meaning of these signs has never been written, can never be wholly learned; we can but wait and listen and treasure each ecstasy as a gift from a land unseen, precious and imperishable. For the moment we are caught up and shown the kingdoms, not of earth, but the heavenly kingdoms, our mortal eyes being holden; we are breathless, wondering, worshipping at the feet of the eternal.

Man approaches the infinite, tries to place himself in appreciable relation with these vast, enchanted oceans which surround his little isle of consciousness, by various ways, and each way will have its own manifold deviations. Earth calls him with a voice that is not earthly:

He builds the soaring spires
That sing his soul in stone; of her he draws,
Though blind to her, by spelling at her laws,
Her purest fires.

The true artist, beholding the glory of the world in a woman's face, finds himself strangely elated by a glory as of the divine, shining through mortal eyes and revealed in curves of mortal flesh, and to those who see his finished portrait come moments of mystical communion, fleeting, delicate convictions, echoes as of music half-remembered, elusive adventures of the soul. His brother artist, no less true, beholding the glory of the world in a blossoming orchard, in grey evenings when the "dreamy, gloomy, friendly trees" stand listening for the last low sigh of twilight, in the dusky city streets, paints into his picture something more than the cloud of frail, pink petals, more than the dark, motionless woodland broken against the sunken fires of the west, more than the crowded houses and shops, and for him, also, "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." Even so another will set sail on the limitless sea to a wind laden with music, overflowing with harmonies, murmuring with song. Far below the horizon are the players, yet towards them he pursues his devious way, faltering often, but trimming his sails to right and left that the very breezes which baffle him may send his vessel slowly onward. To him music opens most widely the gate of the infinite. The poet finds in human language the cage by which his dreams, his imaginings, his desires, can be imprisoned, so we have the exquisite "Madonna Mia" of Swinburne singing itself into our hearts, the echoes of Browning's "By the Fireside" taking us unawares, or the purity and melody of Meredith's "Love in the Valley" haunting us in sudden summer hours. The door of the temple is unbarred—we have entered and heard beyond the symbols of written language, beyond the sound of the spoken, rhythmic word, the summoning voice from the holy of holies, whose veil no man till death may tear aside.

But the men who discover the vision are not all artists, poets, musicians. The poet is comrade with him who reads and thrills to the magical cadences, who yet may not possess the power to write; the musician, with him who listens and understands; the artist shares his dream with the man who sees that curve of golden flowers, that wondrous splendour of orchards in blossom-time, those brooding shapes at evening, that divine investiture of a woman's face and form, but who could never

set the faintest intimation of these things on the blank canvas. It is no disgrace to hear the music one can never make, to see the beauty one can never interpret, to burn with another's poetic fire.

As plants turn toward the sun, so does the human soul seek the light of this mysterious realm wherefrom it may draw knowledge of things divine. Into the great vague ocean man lets fall his hopelessly trivial measuring lines of conscious thought and laboured reasoning, only to feel how little he can know, how far he has "come short of the glory." He has his dreams, his hours of passionate delight, his tranquil hours of patient thought, his secret experiences of the mind, when he seems to stand on the verge of countries lost to memory, of unfamiliar seas, whence come echoes from the conversations of the great gods:

Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die; yet, ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

Reasoning avails little when the mind attempts to solve by intellectual pertinacity problems which belong to the realm of intuition, of impermanent, whispered suggestions, of quiet, receptive pauses in life's harsh and headlong career. For by its explicit nature reason is forced to proceed on prescribed lines, to argue and deduce from past events; its chief duty is "to receive, arrange, register, and transmit the traditions which are the real substance of man's experience." The transient fantasy of some poet's imagination, the prayerful vision of some trembling saint, clasping a hand unseen, are more living and real and decisive than all the syllogisms of clever logicians when confronting these impalpable things of the spirit. Keen, with an almost dangerous keenness, is the soul for any testimony that can by any twisted possibility aid it in its ingrained task, for any light, fierce or gentle, that may shine down the tortuous labyrinth of fruitless days, any guide that may haply lead to that unknown Bethlehem where its gifts of adoration may be sweetly laid. Hence many who crave the answer to the eternal world-question as to the meaning of it all, of life, of death, of these premonitions of immortality, find false stars, worthless guides, prophets whose message is pitiful and vain. Too eagerly they pursue the deceptive sensation of a passing voice, a tempting hour, too closely follow the poet's words:

Methinks with all this loss I were content
If the mad Past, on which my foot is based,
Were firm, or might be blotted; but the whole
Of life is mixed: the mocking Past will stay;
And if I drink oblivion of a day,
So shorten I the stature of my soul.

The quest, after all, resolves itself into the search for God. Nature and art are both manifestations of the Divine, paradoxical though the statement may seem; for art is of man, but man is of God. (So much the more, we may observe in parenthesis, should man be very careful not to debase his art, whatever form it takes, since by just so much as he dishonours his powers at the call of cupidity or sensuality or popularity, does his soul become enveloped by a treacherous brightness that binds it to earthly and unworthy ideals; and by just so much as he preserves his talents and himself pure and sincere and shameless, does his spirit draw near to the throne from whence they were given. The artist who dishonours his art sins against his own soul, not only cramping its wings, but—which is far worse—depriving it little by little of those aspirations for finer, more splendid flight which had kept it strong. He flies wilfully at the golden chain which binds him to the divine.) The answer to Zophar's remonstrance with Job, "Canst thou by searching find out God?" is that to a certain extent we can, though not "unto perfection." Mystery

upon mystery surrounds us; we are as children in the simple rules of an arithmetic-book confronted with the immense bewilderingments of the calculus, confounded, embarrassed, even at times rebellious. Let us ponder the words of a great philosopher, and note his comparison:

To the minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident of its little native creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the ocean tides and periodic currents, the trade winds and monsoons, and moon's eclipses, by all which the condition of its little creek is regulated, and may from time to time (un-miraculously enough) be quite overset and reversed? Such a minnow is man; his creek this planet Earth; his ocean the immeasurable All; his monsoons and periodic currents the mysterious course of Providence through æons of æons.

The little dried acorn that we hold in our hand, that lies on our table—it may stay there for years, inert, apparently dead; but we place it in a handful of mould, and it becomes alive, with roots that strike deeper and deeper, leaves that press upward and, like clenched baby fists, unfold to the morning light. Mystery of mystery! Wherein dwells the miracle—in the dark mould, in the acorn? And why brings this seed an oak, and that one a beech, and a third a blade of wheat, and another a frail, marvellous flower? The flower dies, but the touch of the pollen from some lover unseen has given its casket of precious seed the kiss of life, and the circle of reproduction is completed; so, too, happen the sacred mysteries of human love, of motherhood, of the birth of a new soul. Is there no God behind all this, seen as “through a glass, darkly”? From our tiny point of vantage in the awful expanses of space, whereon the brain cannot think without confusion, we watch the dazzling silvery crescent of Venus, the ardent flame of Mars, the clouded golden glow of the giant Jupiter, the slow sway of Saturn's tremendous rings, the faint, far globe of Uranus, the frugal light of remoter Neptune, deliberately hurling his ashen orb in the deeps round our sun, held immutably to his track as by chains of firmest steel; then past them all we descry, as it were round our horizon-line, the signal-lamps of ships whose long courses will never come near to our own—the pale, pure radiance of Vega, the steady glare of Arcturus, the wax and wane of Algol, spelling to us his ceaseless word across the million leagues of gloom, the iridescent shimmer of kingly Sirius, and a thousand lesser lights—and suddenly we realise that with us in solemn harmony float worlds upon worlds, suns beyond suns, swinging majestically in stupendous motion through distances so vast that the flight of their gleam to us has to be counted in years, not seconds; realise that they have been so from unfathomable time, and will be so when, in the abyss of ages, we are but the dust of an angel's dream. Is there no God behind all this? O poor, dull Atheist, fumbling with thy little keys at the portals of the eternal “whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp,” canst thou not pause for one luminous moment? “Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion?” “Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?” Truly “we are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days upon earth are a shadow.”

From these profound mysteries that can only be sought adequately with the aid of instruments of man's devising to that wave of flowers breaking down the steep June meadow is but a step; in them all is the God we seek. “The merest nothing reveals His presence, and the greatness of our lives depends on so little.” “The Spirit itself,” said Paul, “beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God,” and it is permissible to think that in these moments of vision arising from simple, natural things seen under certain transforming conditions, or in certain exalted moods,

we approach very near to the central fact of the universe, from which all hope springs and radiates—the existence of that immanent, perfect God, careful of man, anxious for his happiness, craving for his worship and his highest thought, yet forbidding him save through his own efforts to touch the divine. The frailty and the ineffectiveness of our few moments of reproach can perhaps be ascribed to the competitive energy of modern life. We find little leisure for contemplation. Time overwhelms us; it is a tragedy; “there are hints of it in the movement of the dial-hand, in the withering of flowers, in the wrinkles on the beautiful face; it comes home with the harvests of autumn, and darkens hope in the eclipses of the sun and moon; the yellowing papers of the poet and the crumbling pyramids of the builder tell of it; it speaks in the waves that break upon the shore, and in the histories that commemorate bygone civilisations; all things decay.” All things decay, but to-day we are too liable to suppose that death stands, a grim oppression, at the end of a short vista of years, ravenous and pitiless; held in the grip of this undercurrent of imagination our best strength is sapped in the endeavour to seize the passing hour, to cheat that spectre of a portion of its prey, to eat, drink, and be merry with a feverish earnestness, to accomplish some earthly fame with an almost spiteful triumph. We cannot bring ourselves to regard the collapse of the body as a climax to which life inevitably and easily ascends, a stage in the progress of the soul as absolutely natural as that of life, by which we may in one splendid instant attain that indivisible union with God which in our unspoiled state we crave. In this earthly part of life the body is the soul's only means of expression, its only means of entreating sympathy and companionship from others; the glance of the eye, the clasp of a hand, the tone of a voice, are its strivings after speech, often utterly incompetent to convey the whole passionate, perfect truth when one soul salutes its fellow. What tremendous freedoms, splendid communions, heavenly reasonings together might not be possible when the body has served its purpose and is discarded as the new-winged creature shakes off its clumsy chrysalis—when the soul takes upon itself the finer, untrammelled sight and speech and touch of the infinite? “Write the things which thou hast seen,” came the voice to St. John, “and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter;” but the vision does not come save by prayer and fasting, and they have gone out of fashion. The vision, however, exists, and if here we stumble towards the light by paths unknown, over hills of desolation and loneliness, and through valleys peopled with unfriendly shadows, it is well to remember that “now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face.”

A PROBLEM—AND A SUGGESTION

THERE are some interesting people of whom the world, with every opportunity of mending its ways, takes not the slightest heed, perhaps partly, as a critic has said, because the world is ignored by them. Chance and still chances have been offered to the public to make the acquaintance of an inspired dramatic poem, and, apparently the world is blind. The work was published in Charles Wells's twenty-fifth year—in 1824; the young man then sauntered off to the Continent, where he did nothing for the rest of his life; in 1876 Swinburne and Rossetti clamoured for its republication, and Mr. Watts-Dunton wrote in the *Athenæum*: “The poem itself—in the revised form—is before the public, to win—for it cannot again miss—its place in English literature.” Lastly, in 1908, it was included in Mr. Frowde's edition of the “World's Classics.” The total result of these things appears to be that the

man who wrote a great poem in a spirit of rivalry with Keats at the age of a little over twenty—and created nothing more, except some vanished prose—attracts as little public attention after death by his work as he did by his extraordinary personality during life. To ninety-nine informed readers out of a hundred Wells is the author of "Tono-Bungay," but that fine novel is not "Joseph and His Brethren." Time proceeds; heroic efforts have been made; yet little emerges. The obscurity of the prior Wells is a problem.

In one of the letters written from Samoa Stevenson bewailed his friends. Wells cared little for his work and less for his reputation. But if he were alive now even he might have a word of reflection upon those who have made it their business to introduce him to the people. Rossetti, Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton are three admirers of whom any poet, living or dead, might be proud; and they have, especially the last two, interpreted his poetry with the generous and penetrative criticism which is their incomparable monopoly; yet we suggest that they have unintentionally done a man of original genius an injury which has worked in a very subtle manner. Both were impressed with the fifty years' neglect of the poet's work—Mr. Watts-Dunton has forwarded many explanations of that neglect—and both proceeded to make amends by brilliant and unquestionable comparisons with former writers. Swinburne, in his introduction, penned many phrases like ". . . stateliness of manner, which recalls the more equable cadences of Shakespeare"; "two such lines . . . would suffice, with a certain school of commentators, to establish the unquestionable partnership of Shakespeare"; "recalls the luxury and exuberance . . . of Marlowe." In fact, a large part of Swinburne's essay is a proof that "Joseph" is Elizabethan. Rossetti stated that the play was more Shakespearean than anything out of Shakespeare, and cited the influence of Blake. Mr. Watts-Dunton, quoting from both, compares the richness of Keats, and we learn that in richness Wells comes nearer to Shakespeare than did Keats. In the midst of all this—the above is a microscopic selection—one is tempted to ask: What of Charles Wells? From a perusal of the Prefatory Note on Rossetti and Wells the answer might come: Oh, he was a *protégé* of Rossetti!

Of course, this method is the most accredited and customary of estimating a poet's position; and, of course, since Swinburne has said it, the affinity with Shakespeare exists. But more, it is obvious. One might fill columns with phrases and lines which seem to come right out of Shakespeare, without drawing from Swinburne's selection. Not merely is the influence of Blake apparent; such phrases as:

"To me a simple flower is cloth'd with thoughts
That lead the mind to Heaven"

suggest Wordsworth to the first observer. Not merely is much of the richness comparable with Keats, there is the same delight in words, playing on words, and repetition to excess. "Umber" occurs thrice in a few lines, "zon'd" is a favourite, "golden" is almost cheap by reason of its frequency. Not merely is the inspiration of these English masters in poetry easily demonstrable, but

"Surely, my brothers, you are not so bad,
So bloody, so unnaturally given,"

is plainly derived from a source which, naturally, considering the subject, supplies very much. Indeed, it would be surprising if, in work so young, what Lecky called the formative influences of style were not superficially and abundantly manifest. But it is just because the influences are so patent that it would have been

perhaps advisable not to have drawn such extreme attention to them at the first; it is perhaps just the intended praise that has worked as blame. For what sort of an effect would such criticism have upon the public which was to see that this poem did not again "miss its place"—upon *αἱ πολλοί* for ever a-gape for some new thing? Here was a man not merely unknown—worse still, forgotten. They were told he was a great poet, worthy of revival, although on a first publication his work "fell dead from the press." What was the "apology" of his admirers?—he wrote Shakespearean blank verse. That was something, of course, but it was also rather too obvious. They wanted more—a message, a fresh touch, something new. In the case of Wells it was difficult to find. Wherein was the man justified as an original poet? Would the critics point it out? In fact, it is possible that those who saw, and see, no difference between slavishly imitative work and the rich fruits of study, have been inclined to reject Charles Wells as an imitator, as a man without a "style." Misunderstanding the critics and confirmed in their mistake by a doubting and cursory inspection of the text, many may have closed the book and its remembrance with a sigh for another secondhand. For the one thing no public will endure, in its poetry at any rate, is a *simulacrum* of plagiarism; it has no profound perception of originality, but it worships it; it will read Shakespeare, when it will—in Shakespeare; if it is told, or thinks it is told, that a new man is a disciple and again a disciple, it will have small time for his words. In fact, in the very peculiar case of Wells, very unlikely in any circumstance to make a great impression with but one published work, it might have been better to have drawn attention to the new features rather than to the old, at least to defer the method by comparison to an analysis of his own particular worth.

But to prove to a public that refuses to read him that the man was unique (as Swinburne and the rest never intended to deny) is something of a problem. It is all the harder precisely because his originality was profound and his art impersonal. For he did not rely—as so many writers do to-day—on shallow trick-work or a facile exhibition of his own superficialities. "Joseph and His Brethren" must be read, even reread, before it convinces by a combination of poetic and dramatic feeling which, in no other writing, produces exactly the same effect. We freely admit, at the risk of repetition, that the passages which appeal most strikingly at a first reading may often be found to be derived. But the age of the writer may be remembered; and, even so, Mr. Watts-Dunton's phrase, "The Great Might Have Been of English Poetry," is liable to misinterpretation. The wonderful close of the First Act, culminating in the stricken Jacob's simple words:

"Carry me in, for I am very weak,
And let there be no noise,"

is proof by itself that the author possessed an instinctive and developed dramatic sense. The delineation of Potiphar's wife in the second act could only have been done by one man; if in the subtle and passionate dialogue the influence of Shakespeare is felt, Browning is anticipated throughout. "At last I leave you, sir," says the infuriated and baffled Phraxanor, "without a single comfort in the world," and, as she goes, the ruined Joseph replies, "God is in Heaven, madam, with your leave." Much study does not enable a man to write like that.

With a general analysis of Wells's excellence we can have nothing to do here. His absolute fidelity to the Bible story in spirit and in phrase (in spite of some anachronisms) has been pointed out before. It is enough to say that the original is expanded to contain

the poetry, the poetry does not swamp the Eastern tale. But a man who can be witty in such a story without writing out of tone is surely something rare. Extractive quotation is nearly always destructive, and the following is hardly the best possible example, but it suggests the heavy sort of irony that is Wells's compromise with wit and humour. "Come—come," expostulates Joseph, "you are too dull—churlishly given." "Aye," grumbles the Chief Baker, "I am given to a dungeon cell, and, wonderful to you, do not rejoice." But of all the factors that make the personality of "Joseph and His Brethren" the most significant of those that appear to have gone unnoticed is the apt exposition of the commonplace, or, rather, the individualisation of the universally appealing, which is one of the prerogatives of great writers. Wells is not always felicitous here; occasionally his immaturity shows through—immaturity though the work was revised in old age; occasionally the fourth act is dull, if not banal; and once, at least, crudity breaks bounds when Joseph exclaims:

"Strangers! What men are these?—not Egypt born—
Great God! they are my brothers—sure they're come,
Driven from valed tents in search of food."

But the nearly sublime is often ridiculous, even in greater poets, and Wells does not often offend. His method is various. Either he turns an obvious phrase into a striking one by a slight touch, as in:

"More than the mind of man dare *ape* to think,"

and in:

"I bless thee from the *middle* of my heart;"

or his effect is produced simply by artistic placing and skilful preparation:

"All is not love in sensuality"

loses everything but obviousness in losing the context. It comes daringly from Joseph to Phraxanor. Again, Myrah's simple interpolation:

"... Then you would say
That there is nothing in the world but love—"

shines with startling clarity in the midst of Phraxanor's burning metaphors. Thirdly, he sometimes convinces by sheer force of language, as when he writes:

"... Things of joy to die
Upon the action—Joy is the grave of joy.
And all the past that was so long a-doing
Is swallow'd in the minute that's to come."

Wells is not rich, because he gorgeously reflects Keats, or Shakespeare. Neither is his writing "thin," as even the most brilliant exercise must be. Space forbids quotation; but in the third act there is a 200-line description of an Eastern processional ceremony which, for sustained imagery, for a masterly exposition of the arabesque and the grotesque, for a combination of horror and beauty, would be hard to match. Surely an attitude that emphasises Wells's debt to others is in danger of minimising our debt to Wells. The best means of solving the problem of a century of neglect is to present him on his own merits to the public, not as a Shakespeare student or as a Rossetti find. "Brand" was played in Christiania. News comes that an English audience is to witness "Peer Gynt." "Joseph and His Brethren," with its twenty-four scenes and long monologues and prologues, was not written for production; but at least Act II. is fitted for the stage. If "In a Balcony" can be played, so can "The

Defiance of Phraxanor." We offer the suggestion, for what it is worth, to the managers of the Afternoon Theatre, who, at the time of writing, are in need of matter.

REVIEWS

LAURUS NOBILIS

Laurus Nobilis: Chapters on Art and Life. By VERNON LEE. (Lane, 3s. 6d.)

IN the essay as a form of literary art, the lady who writes pleasantly under the name of Vernon Lee has attained a fair measure of success, but the reader who approaches this latest volume of hers in a critical mood will find himself at a loss, for a while, to state a definite opinion on it. Many platitudes, much good sense, some beauty, and a few assertions which will probably strike him as altogether erroneous, combine to produce rather a wavering image in his mind. The style of her previous books has pleased us more, and the platitudes—that awful danger of the essayist—have not been so abounding. The parenthesis, when used to the unconscionable extent of seven or eight bracketed interpolations in a couple of pages, is an irritant to bewilder the most lenient reader; it almost spoils one or two of the papers. Again, the recurrent personal phrases—"I hope I have made clear enough"—"Let us now proceed to"—"I have said that"—"I think you will all of you admit that"—are inappropriate to and incongruous with the austerity of the subject, and are unhappily suggestive of sermonising or of platform oratory of a mediocre type; they get on the nerves and mar the prose irremediably.

All the essays concern themselves with branches of the same topic—the relation of art to life: a theme large enough, in all conscience, but one which demands, we fear, a deeper vein of thought, inquiry, and deliberation, a finer power of arrangement, elimination, and exposition, than the author can claim to possess. They would make pretty little separate flower-pot plants for—shall we say?—the window-sill of the *Saturday Westminster Gazette*, quite unambitious, and admirable in their way; but presented to the world as a stout tree we must say that a considerable amount of pruning and forcing would have improved the effect. Some of the foliage is too thin. Discussing the notion that love of beauty "can help to bring about a better distribution of the world's riches" the author asks: "What are the bulk of worldly possessions to their owners: houses, parks, plate, jewels, superfluous expenditure of all kinds (and armies and navies when we come to national wastefulness)—what are all these ill-distributed riches save ideas, ideas futile and ungenerous, food for the soul, but food upon which the soul grows sick and corrupteth?" This sort of questioning comes perilously near the borderline either of nonsense or of incomprehensibility—it does not much matter which. Later on we have these sentences: "One thing seems certain, that the artistic activities are those which bring man into emotional communion with external Nature; and that such emotional communion is necessary for man's thorough spiritual health." So far we are in hearty agreement, albeit the sentiment is not new; but from the corollary which the author strives to maintain we can but differ completely: "Perception of cause and effect, generalisation of law, reduces the universe, indeed, to what man's intellect can grasp; but in the process of such reduction to the laws of man's thought, the universe is shorn of its very power to move man's emotion and overwhelm his soul." Surely precisely the reverse holds good for any thinking human being? The more we learn of cause and effect, of law and splendour of law in the cosmos, the more we

thrill with adoration, the more we feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. The flower loses none of its beauty, nor a whit of its power to move us, when we can perceive its pistil and stamens, its various, marvellous, methodic equipment for preservation and reproduction. The mysterious perturbations of Uranus, worked out with infinite care by the finest and most delicate mathematical formulæ, did they not lead to the most astounding and beautiful discovery of modern astronomy, to the assertion that at a certain spot in the heavens at a certain hour another planet ought to be found, a planet which had never yet been seen; the direction of the telescope to that spot, and the recognition in a moment in the pale disc that swam into view of an outer world in allegiance to our sun, in harmony with ourselves, hurling itself in lonely grandeur round its prodigious orbit? Is there no poetry, no "power to move man's emotion" in this? Surely, yes.

We like best of these essays the one entitled, "The Art and the Country." Vernon Lee is at her highest level when she discards philosophy and merely describes things seen. Take, for instance, this charming little picture of a corner of her favourite land:

Save in the lushness of early summer, Tuscany is, on the whole, pale; a country where the loveliness of colour is that of its luminousness, and where light is paramount. From this arises, perhaps, the austerity of its true summer—summer when fields are bare, grass burnt to delicate cinnamon and russet, and the hills, with their sere herbs and bushes, seem modelled out of pale rosy or amethyst light; an austerity for the eye corresponding to a sense of healthfulness given by steady, intense heat, purged of all damp, pure like the scents of dry leaves, of warm cypress resin and of burnt thyme and myrrh of the stony ravines and stubby fields. On such August days the plain and the more distant mountains will sometimes be obliterated, leaving only the inexpressible suavity of the hills on the same side as the sun, made of the texture of the sky, lying against it like transparent and still luminous shadows. . . . That effect is the most powerful, sweetest, and most restorative in all Nature, perhaps; a bath for the soul in pure light and air.

The severest critic could hardly improve on this, and we could have wished for more papers in the same happy strain. Other dissertations on "Art and Usefulness" and "Wasteful Pleasures" are interesting, and in parts suggestive, but on the whole the feelings of pleasant anticipation with which we usually open a book of this author's prose have suffered a slight interruption.

CORNISH TALES

Our Little Town. By CHARLES LEE. (Gibbings and Co., Ltd., 3s. 6d.).

THERE are not many abstract qualities more difficult to weave into words than the charm which pervades any particular district, such as the western portion of our island, and especially does this difficulty make itself felt when the fact is taken into consideration that the majority of readers must naturally be ignorant personally of that charm, that *aura* of the land which is so irresistible to those who have once experienced it. Whatever strangers to the West-country may think of this book (and they can hardly be hostile to a work so full of humour and humanity), to one hailing from Cornwall it is a pure delight. "Our Little Town" is Porthjulyan—there is a lingering music in the sound; it is reminiscent of Luxulyan, Polperro, Porthpean, Burngullow, and a hundred other haunting Cornish names, and it has evidently a beloved original for which is reserved a very warm place in the author's heart. The life of the village is portrayed in chapters which are as good and as exciting as those of many a novel, and as a sure test of their quality, the reader finds himself as absorbingly concerned about the ultimate fate of the silk hat of "James-

over-to-shop," or the choice of an organist for the Methodist chapel, or of twenty other breathless events, as he usually is when the destinies of great nations swing in the balance. Of that tall hat—the only one in the locality—we must just sketch the history; it is too good to miss. James had recently married Julia—the surnames do not matter—and a visitor from London, staying with them, lost his hat in a high wind and had to return to town hurriedly in a cloth cap belonging to the young fisherman, promising compensation. This arrived duly in the shape of a brand-new "topper," much to James's discomfort and his wife's pride:

"Well now," said Julia, as she carefully extracted the gift from its swathings of tissue paper—"well now, I do call this handsome of Mr. Smith! A drum-hat! How it do shine! Real handsome, to be sure, and cost a pretty penny, I'll be bound."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Jamesy, regarding it with uneasy disfavour. "But what's going to do by en? That's what I want to know."

"Do, thou bufflehead?" cried Julia, with a fond smile to soften the rude word. "Do? Why, wear en, to be sure!"

Their walk to chapel next morning was humorously elevated by Porthjulyan into a triumphal procession. Subdued cheers were raised, hats were doffed, curtsies dropped, and a band of urchins beating imaginary drums cleared the way for the pair. Julia walked along, rigidly unconscious, her pretty nose in the air; while the victim of fashion, his hand convulsively grasping the unruly hat, alternately twisted an uneasy deprecatory grin on the spectators, and relaxed the same to whisper a savage, "I told 'e so!" in his wife's ear.

James's life becomes a misery for a short time, but he "gets even" by wearing the objectionable article every day, and standing fire of chaff from his mates manfully; strange tales of a mad fisherman circulated, and Julia was almost in tears. But a day came when the weather kept James at home idle, with the hat on the table, brim upwards, and his wife silent and miserable. Then entered Spotty, a pet Bantam of privileges, hunting for a suitable depository for eggs:

From the window-sill to Jamesy's shoulder was a single fluttering leap; another took her from Jamesy's shoulder to the table. Two steps she advanced, then she paused, with one diminutive foot upraised, the claws of it clenching and relaxing with emotion, her abstracted left eye on Julia, her excited right on the hat. . . . Jamesy drew a long breath. Spotty lowered her foot, took a slow hesitant step, and stood again at one-legged attention. A deft jump, a balancing wing momentarily outstretched, and she stood safe and steady on the hat brim. She peeped within. Her right eye ascertained that the interior was as roomy as any bantam could desire; her left made sure that it was clean, and comfortably, nay, luxuriously lined. The next moment Spotty had disappeared inside the hat. . . . Two interminable minutes they waited, with hearts that beat absurdly high. Then, as in a conjuring trick, Spotty appeared on the hat-brim, shook her ruffled feathers into composure, ogled her two friends simultaneously with two divergent glittering eyes, and remarked in tones of triumphant assurance: "Tuk-tuk-tuk-tuk-tra-a-aa-tuk!"

Together they rushed to the hat, and Jamesy's arm was about Julia's waist as they peeped within and beheld the tiniest, frailest, most delightful egg that ever mortal bantam laid.

So came reconciliation, and the solution of the difficulty of their first quarrel for Jamesy and Julia; and now the hat is only used by neighbours on the occasion of a wedding—neighbours, of course, who in turn occupy the urgent and honourable position of bridegroom.

Not one of these little sketches is dull, and nearly all of them touch the comical side of things, although the letters of Thyrsa, who was desirous of writing "potry" for the editor of a local paper, border at times on the pathetic. Thyrsa, however, did the sensible thing—married a strapping young fisherman who gave her no

encouragement so far as literature was concerned, but dowered her with a jolly baby and the joys of a cosy household. Mr. Lee has done well in merely suggesting the Cornish speech—had he tried strenuously to reproduce that inimitable music he would have spoiled his book; for in truth no arrangement of letters can give that cadence, that singing “lift” at the close of a sentence, which is so entrancing. Our readers should keep this delightful volume by them—they will want to dip into it again and again.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The King in Yellow. By ROBERT CHAMBERS. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. CHAMBERS is responsible for a lengthy list of novels, and is apparently content to take second or third place and to bid for popularity when he might achieve, judging from a portion of his work in this collection of short stories (noted as a re-issue), something really fine. For “The King in Yellow” and its dependant sketches, which give the book its title, we care nothing—indeed, they are simply sensational, and for the most part absurd fiction, which had better have been consigned to the friendly oblivion of magazine pages. But such little studies as “The Street of the Four Winds” and “Rue Barrée,” strangely incongruous in such company, have the essence of true artistry, and compensate in a measure for the disappointment and the unconvincing horrors of the first hundred pages. Mr. Chambers can be exceedingly gruesome if he likes, and it is possible that some nervous people will shudder creepily and find it necessary to leave the bedroom light burning if they happen to read of the frightful little man with the false ears at an unwisely late hour.

“The Street of Our Lady of the Fields,” and the other sketches of student life in Paris, are excellent, and if the author had only kept the whole of his stories on the level of these we should have found little comment but that of praise for his book. It seems to us a mistake, however, to have bound examples of two styles so very different between the same covers.

Concerning Himself. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. (Unwin, 6s.)

MR. WHITECHURCH has given us here a story in the autobiographical manner, dealing in his usual interesting way with ecclesiastical matters. The hero, Gerald Sutton, recounts the chief events of his career from boyhood to the achievement of a small living in the country, and if there is nothing startling or even very remarkable in his development, the material of human affairs is displayed in an attractive style. His father, as irresponsible as “Roy Richmond,” but not quite so honourable and courtly a personage, is cleverly drawn, but the uncle upon whose shoulders falls the burden of Gerald’s education and support is rather more of an automaton than the author intended him to be, we fancy; his stiffness and his absorption in the interminable study of genealogies are not very convincing. We like the boy and girl, Alec and Maud Winter, who are very natural indeed, and who do not lose that characteristic when they arrive at the adult stage. Through the vicissitudes of a misplaced affection for the Squire of Frattenbury’s daughter, Gerald passes safely to the final discovery that Maud and he were more suited for each other, and thus all ends happily. There are some capital glimpses at the inner life of a big theological college, and on the whole the book repays reading; but an author who can quote a scrap of Greek and drop into French should be more cautious to avoid such mistakes as “neither the Squire nor Violet were

at home”; also we really think he need not take such desperate pains to split his verbs—“to utterly abandon” and “to suddenly show” are a couple of unpleasant examples.

The Actress. By LOUISE CLOSSER HALE. (Constable, 6s.)

WE all, it is to be presumed, desire originality in the books we read, and in the hour or two spent with the sprightly little actress who is the heroine of this story hardly anybody will be disappointed. Miss Rhoda Miller, the lady in question, tells her adventures in the first person, and manages to attain an effect of familiarity which is piquant without becoming obtrusive or annoying. Starting as a fairly successful member of a New York company, the chance of her life comes with an offer to take one of the principal parts in a play to be staged in London; but she has a great friend, Aaron Adams, a broker, who is strongly set against the thought of the stage as a career for her. In fact, he presents to her in a charming spirit of *camaraderie* the attractions of domesticity, with himself as the “leading man.” Rhoda, however, does not think she is in love with him, and at any rate the idea of captivating an English audience pulls too hard for resistance, so over here with the company she comes. Her hopes are realised—the play goes well, the Press is kind, and the public responds to every joke readily; the description of the state of mind of the actors on the first night is splendidly done. Then creeps in the spectre of loneliness, and at last Rhoda breaks down utterly, discovering that she has loved Aaron all the time, and believing, through specious evidence, that he has married a girl friend of hers. Aaron’s arrival on the scene in London at the precise moment when he is most needed is a trifle too near the limits of probability, but that is the only fault we have to find with the book. The life of the stage, its friendships, jollities, disappointments, is admirably depicted, and with it all more than one little romance is outlined. The story is told in terse and very effective style, without any superabundance of the offensive and transitory slang terms which seem to be the only method known to some writers of indicating an American “atmosphere.” A happy ending, as we have suggested, is conceded, and after the heartbreaking struggles of the heroine to conquer her loneliness and her nervous dread, we deserve it as much as she does.

Maurice Maeterlinck. By GERARD HARRY. (Paris: Charles Carrington, 2fr. 50c.)

WHAT delicate philosophy of life may eventually evolve itself from the gossamer speculations and mellifluous theorisings of M. Maeterlinck it is hardly yet possible to say, but, without going to the extremes of admiration which are affected by some of his compatriots and disciples, we may admit that the works of so calm an observer, so fine a thinker, so beautiful a writer, as he has shown himself to be, are worthy of a high regard in contemporary literature. In the little volume which has reached us from the Faubourg Montmartre no attempt is made to discuss Maeterlinck deeply, or to estimate with any exactness his position; it is merely a friendly portrayal of the man and his aims. It is, in fact, a trifle too obviously friendly to be considered as good criticism, even as far as it goes. Resemblances are mentioned as having been traced between Maeterlinck and Shakespeare, Marlowe, Webster, Poe, Baudelaire, Ibsen, which may or may not exist; in any case the labour of defining such affinities seems to us unnecessary. Maeterlinck is quite charming in his mystical wanderings among the flowers and the bees, quite competent to stand alone, and his work is so individual that comparisons are not of much use.

The text is adorned here and there with those gems of metaphor and allusion which seem brought to perfection only in the French language, and there is a very happy page comparing Maeterlinck to one of a company of travellers on an unknown journey by train, silent, apart, endeavouring by scrutiny of the flying country—"apparitions brusques, apparences fuyantes"—to ascertain his position and destination. "Quel mystère avons nous laissé derrière nous? Dans quel mystère entrerons-nous au bout de ce voyage d'un jour?"

A little prose sketch from the short-lived "Pleiade," dated 1886, is given at the close of the book, and some excellent reproductions of photographs complete this interesting little study of the Belgian writer.

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS—II.

TWO GARDENS.

A DIM, mellow atmosphere, through which the swallows wheel and dip, swims over the closely cultivated fields, the flat-faced farms, the villas marked by the spearhead of a single cypress or the sable cloud which shows a congregation of them, the vine-ridged slopes, the ashen-grey olives, the tall poplars, fantastically sharp against a background of hills which are here, not the bare and snow-scarred mountainous sort, but "the kind the early painters loved, the blue ones low and shapely, that we see as suitable backgrounds for Virgins and saints and angels in so many pictures, better loved than the overwhelming kind where Death and Morning walk."

The windless day is heavy with heat, the leaves of the hedgerows are so tender and sappy that their very essence seems to cool the air, to fall like a spray of water into the thirsty lanes, where the red-tasselled mules are driven by the dust-covered peasants. But within the grounds of the villa is the greenness of a watered garden, *Paradisi semper amœna virentia*. It is shaded by plantations where the filmy-winged moths are fluttering in the green light, above the tall, seeded grasses of the meadow blue with salvias, and gilt with branching buttercups, coloured with all the "cool, meek-blooded flowers" of the fields, while overhead white and rosy-flowered pyramidal chestnut trees and snowy acacias rustle down their honey-scented showers and wreck of white and red. A still, grey lake enclosed in a thicket, cooled by a slender drizzling fountain, and rimmed with rushes and tall grasses upon which a bloom-like mist lies thickly, has in its centre an island, which is a temple of the Nymphs, while, scattered about the garden is a profusion of *exedras* and semi-circular arbours of pink brick or pink-washed plaster. Galileo, a weather-stained Medicean Venus, the term of an indistinguishable emperor, stands forgotten among the rising wheat, or on the edge of the plantations, littered with falling blossom-scales and the fading petals of acacia and rose, while over the quiet precinct passes "a meadow gale of early spring which mingles the fragrance of all the flowers of the field," and the nightingales begin among the pyramidal chestnuts of the villa.

"What greater delight is there," writes an old author, "than to behold the earth apparelled with plants, as with a robe of embroidered work, set with orient pearls and garnished with great diversitie of rare and costlie jewels?" But the Puccini, the owners of the garden, were not living in the villa, but in their house in the streets of a town not many miles away. Only the dead Puccini, in their mausoleum in the most weed-grown and deserted portion of the garden—a mausoleum washed pink and daubed with a pitiful imitation of ornaments of black and white marble, guarded by a ridiculous and tottering *gardieu des morts*—know the dews and keep watch upon the promise of the gardens.

The Giusti garden, with its main walk an avenue of

dark cypresses, won the admiration of Goethe, both for its beautiful situation and for its monstrous trees, pointing like spikes into the air. "A tree," he writes, "whose branches, the oldest as well as the youngest, are striving to reach heaven—a tree which will last three hundred years is well worthy of veneration, and judging from the time when this garden was laid out, these trees have already attained that venerable age."

The garden is laid out in a series of terraces, like the garden of which Sir Henry Wootton writes, "for the mariner perchance incomparable," into which "the first Access was a high Walk like a Terrace, from whence might be taken a general view of the whole Plot below, but rather in a delightful confusion, than with any plain distinction of the pieces. From this, the Beholder, descending many steps, was afterwards conveyed again by several mountings and valings to various entertainments and of his scent and sight, which I shall not need to describe, for that were poetical; let me only note this, that every one of these diversities was as if he had been magically transported into a new garden."

In the Giusti garden, the lowest terrace is but a square and not very extensive plot full of parched flower-beds, in the midst of which stands a two-tiered fountain, with a weedy, rank-smelling basin, glazed by its dripping water, rimmed with a sharp golden light against the descending sun, and tenanted by one harsh-voiced frog. A terrace where the grass grows tall, where the grey midges are floating over the shimmering awns like many-coloured pollen, or winged and wandering seeds, is presided over by its weather-stained Nymphs, or garden deities. The sun is melting in his descent over the melting horizon; the pale wave-like serrations of the mountain-range are fading in the amber pool of light that surrounds him, where thin wisps and filaments of cloud idling motionless in the air are rimmed with a light as of fine brass, and between them lie yet more faint and extended webs of vaporous light, amber thistle-down, fine, evanescent, hardly more noticeable than the faint lines and pencillings of translucent horn. Sharply into the air rise the shafts and campaniles of the towered city, more sharply still the long drawn cypresses, dark as a blade of bronze, tapering to the height of the rocky back-wall of the steep garden.

The crescent of an unkindled moon hangs very high up in the paling sky, above the roofs of Verona, brown and grey like the irregular tesserae of some ruined Roman pavement, above the dusty and fragrant alleys of box, above the cypresses, above the upturned mirror of the grey Adige—so smooth, seen from afar, so tumultuous on nearer view as it washes round the old city walls.

The bloom of twilight falls upon the irregular roofs as the sun dips behind the blue bastions of a western cloud, where in a rent he kindles into a steady rosy light, like glowing charcoal. A little cool wind of evening rises and blows the leaves of the bronze-hued trees together, and blows the blackbird's mellow whistle and the hiss of the flying swallows about the steep garden, where the paths are littered with the dry and wrinkled blossoms of the once-honeyed acacia and laburnum. The trees sink into twilight, become sombre and formless. The light goes out from the mirror of the Adige. Suddenly the air overhead becomes filled with a shrill, confused noise from a numerous body of swallows, looking like a great swarm of gnats, small specks floating like the lees in a yellow wine, high up in the air, while a frog lifts his harsh, melancholy cry from the weedy basin of the fountain, and the *angelus*, with its plangent note of appeal, is rising from all the rolling bells of Verona, as if in lament for the flowery splendour and consummated glory of the year, "as thereafter immediately beginning to draw near its end, as the first yellow leaf crosses it, in the first severer wind."

M. J.

THE END OF JUNE

THE broad grey river, netted with variable wrinkles, fled away like a mill-race in mid-steam, bright with moving silver scars and scales of splintered light, spinning little dimpled maelstroms to the sides, and knocking against the grey stones of the bank, that are patched with brown moss. Over the expanse of its shining street, over the dry-tongued reed-beds, where the tall plumes are still high above the young green, numberless insects floating like flying blossoms—sulphur butterflies, bees droning their distant organ-notes, and pale insects involved in their own white blur of beating wings:

Out of the river issued living sparks
And on all sides sank down into the flowers.

The low, cool-rooted willows, with the sun filtering between their grey leaves, pale as the silver of gossamers, waver in the yielding air. Over all, many white clouds float like a thick curd within the blue bowl of the sky; and upon smooth, grayling-haunted pools where the shadowy unrealities seen on their shining glass are perhaps not less shadowy than the realities they mirror. The voice of the high-stationed lark comes to us enriched by the stream. To the north, one smoke-coloured cloud obscures one side of the bright sky with its veil, and upon it a double rainbow, so bright that its chorded colours seem printed by the eye upon the neighbouring continents of cloud, shines through the trickling rain. The smaller and more intense arc has an outer band of transparent flame-colour, separated from the inner rim of clear ice-green by a narrow interspace of melting yellow light. Between the span of this arch the rain trickles down upon the warm tree-muffled hills and field; here the beeches shine in the vivid light, here the odorous snow drips from the chestnut, and the hawthorn upon fields of uncrushed grass, where the moist breath of vapour is rising from the rushy bottoms and in blue upon the horns of the hills.

The succulent flowers in the meadow, the millions of hollow-globed dandelion docks, like some carved toy of laborious Orient ivory, the tall umbrells of cow-parsley, delicate as the powdery spray of a fountain, the branching gilt-flowered buttercups, the honey-breathed clover, low-growing speedwell and herb-robert, with many invisible "cool meek-blooded flowers," each lending its own peculiar fragrance to the moist wind, move continually in a wavering morrice above the grey and green grass, perfuming it with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant.

The sun, from beneath a blue cloud, pours his rayed water-carriers, regular as the pale amber sticks of a delicate fan, upon the heavy-headed elms, steeped in a film of blue, and upon an infinite distance built up of wet light and pale blue cloud-like forms of hill and plain. In the hedges the wreath of the hawthorn is pink and seared as if with a fiery breath, its fallen snow lying upon the ripe grasses, or blown this way and that by the gushes of the wet wind that passes over the meadow, smoothing it into evanescent grey furrows, like ripples rocking light upon the sea; so that the rich colour of the meadow, clouded and barred like the shining pelt of some wondrous animal, rich with the gold dust of buttercups, the warm brown of seeded grasses, the infinite variety of broken colours of indistinguishable flowers, wavers like the sea, suffering, like this, a perpetual change

Into something rich and strange.

In the wood a host of slender rods and brown-tipped croziers of the bracken are rising from the warm, ruddy soil, above the fading blue-bells, between larches bearing on their languid branches a heavy weight of tiny cones, rosy and brown. The wood is filled with the

vibration of many bees, the drone of wasps, the thinner murmur of innumerable hovering flies, the noise, perhaps, that Richard Jefferies knew when the sunlight strikes the resonant harp of the earth; while louder still, from beyond the wood, the corncrake is heard, calling harshly to his mate among the green corn; and the wood pigeon among the heavy-headed elms summons to an eternal sleep.

Upon the floor of the wood the sunlight lies in moving discs of gold, irregular patches of gold leaf, bars of freckled light between the shadeless larches, upon the open rides leading to the motey distance, where the tall masks of the pines, with their drooping banner-like boughs, are so close together as to make a "concentrated light, a light quite special, meaning enclosure, almost sanctuary, in which all colour takes a solemn vividness," the redness of the beech leaves on the ground, the green of knotted moss, and of beech saplings. Here the "chapels' lone desire" in the many-aisled woods look as though they were intended to hold some holy relic and brood over it, in the green sanctuary light where the long-drawn flowers shine strangely, like votive-candles before some bright reliquary.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

LINNEAN SOCIETY OF LONDON.

GENERAL MEETING.

17TH JUNE, 1909.

SIR FRANK CRISP, Vice-President, in the Chair.

The Minutes of the General Meeting of the 3rd June, 1909, were read and confirmed.

Mr Thomas Parkin, M.A., was proposed as a Fellow.

Mr. William Booth Waterfall, Mrs. Mary Jane Longstaff, Mr. Richard Williams Harold Row, and Mr. William Robert Price, B.A. Cantab., were admitted Fellows.

Mr. William Dinnis and Mr. Edward John Woodhouse, B.A. Cantab., were elected Fellows.

A letter congratulating Sir Joseph Hooker on his approaching 92nd birthday was read from the Chair, and signed by the Fellows present.

The first paper was by Mr. J. G. Otto Tepper, F.L.S., "On the Growth of a species of *Battarea*," and was, in the absence of the author, read in title.

A paper by Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., F.L.S.—"The Deposits in the Indian Ocean"—was epitomised by Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner, F.R.S., F.L.S., and spoken to by Mr. H. W. Monckton, Dr. Longstaff (Visitor), and Prof. Dendy, Sec.L.S.

Mr. L. A. Borradaile read his paper, communicated by Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner—"The 'Sealark' Penaeidea, Stenopidea, and Reptantia"; upon which Mr. J. Stanley Gardiner added some remarks.

The third paper on results from the same Expedition, also similarly communicated, was by Mr. T. Bainbrigge Fletcher—"The 'Sealark' Lepidoptera"; a discussion followed, in which the Rev. T. R. R. Stebbing, Prof. Dendy, and Dr. Longstaffe engaged.

Mr. R. W. Harold Row, F.L.S., explained the chief points of his paper, entitled "Report on the Porifera collected by Mr. C. Crossland in the Red Sea—Part I. Calcareia," which was followed by remarks from Prof. Dendy in illustration.

Mr. T. A. Sprague, F.L.S., and Mr. J. Hutchinson contributed a paper on "The African Species of *Triumfetta*, Linn.," with lantern slides. Mr. G. E. Baker expressed his satisfaction at this much-needed revision.

The remaining papers were taken as read, in the absence of the authors:—Dr. H. Christ, "New Species of Malesian and Philippine Ferns," communicated by Mr. C. G. Matthew, F.L.S.; and Mr. A. W. Hill, F.L.S., on "The acaulescent species of *Malvastrum*, A. Gray."

PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

PROCEEDINGS AT THE MEETING HELD JUNE 11TH, 1909.

Dr. C. CHREE, F.R.S., President, in the Chair.

A paper by Dr. Russell and Mr. Arthur Wright on "The Arthur Wright Electrical Device for evaluating Formulæ and solving Equations," was read by Dr. Russell. In this device special slide resistances are used. If R be the resistance of one of these and a metallic finger make contact with it at a point where the scale reading is x , the resistance between this finger and the terminal of the slide is R/x . The scales of the slides are graduated logarithmically as in the ordinary slide-rule. Hence the processes of multiplication and division can be done mechanically by sliding them against exactly similar fixed scales. If we connect a number of these slide resistances in parallel, since the current is inversely proportional to the resistance, the sum of the currents through them will be proportional to the sum of the readings of the contact fingers. We can easily balance by a null method this current against the current going through a single slide resistance X by means of a Wheatstone's bridge arrangement. In this case the reading on X when there is a balance gives the sum of the readings on all the other slides. Similarly we can subtract numbers by putting slides representing these numbers in parallel with X and then obtain a balance by altering the reading on X . It is also shown how the variable arms of the bridge can be usefully employed in making the calculations.

By clamping the contact fingers inclined at certain angles to a rod which can be moved at right angles to the slides, it is easy to obtain the values on X of $f(x)$ when

$$f(x) = ax^m + bx^n + cx^p + \dots,$$

where the indices m, n, p, \dots may be positive, negative, or fractional, and the coefficients may be positive or negative numbers. In particular if the reading on X be zero when x is x_1 then x_1 is a root of the equation $f(x) = 0$.

A model of this device for solving an equation of any degree consisting of not more than four terms was shown. In this model the slide resistances are fixed on a rigid framework and the contact fingers are wires which can be fixed at any desired angles $\cot^{-1} m, \cot^{-1} n, \cot^{-1} p$ with the slides, where m, n , and p are the indices of the powers of x in the equation. A few dry cells and a lecture-table galvanometer were employed. Moving the framework until there is no deflection of the galvanometer, the pointer attached to it indicates at once a root of the equation. The inaccuracy of the results found by means of this model is of the order of one per cent. It is explained how approximate values of the imaginary roots of numerical equations can be found by the device. It is also explained how it can be employed to solve very complicated equations. It is shown, for instance, that a device with four slide resistances like the model exhibited can be used to find approximate values of the roots of numerical equations of the form

$$a/x^m + b/f(x) = cx^n + dF(x),$$

when the values of $f(x)$ and $F(x)$ have been computed or found experimentally for various values of x . The same device also can be used to find the approximate values of x which satisfy the equation

$$a_1/x_1^{b_1x} + a_2/x_2^{b_2x} + a_3/x_3^{b_3x} + a_4/x_4^{b_4x} = 0$$

when the numerical values of the constants are known.

Prof. C. H. Lees expressed his interest in the device and referred to the large number of calculations that could be performed with it.

Dr. W. H. Eccles congratulated the authors, and referring to the fact that the machine could be used to solve a bi-quadratic, asked if it was possible to determine the two quadratic factors by means of it.

A paper on "The Echelon Spectroscope, its secondary action and the structure of the green mercury line" was read by Mr. H. Stansfield. The paper describes an investigation of the action of an echelon spectroscope and the results obtained as to the structure of the green mercury line given by an Arons lamp. The echelon spectroscope employed was arranged so that the auxiliary prism could be mounted next to the echelon. The dispersion of the prism may be added to, or subtracted from, the dispersion of the echelon, and the change of four per cent. in the dispersion thereby obtained gives a method of determining whether two lines in the spectrum belong to the same order. The theory of the primary action of the echelon in the reversed position, when the light leaves by the largest plate, is compared with the theory of the echelon in the usual position. Fabry and Perot spectra are produced by the secondary action of the echelon, that is by the reflection of light at the surfaces of the plates. When the echelon is tilted the twice reflected or secondary light may be separated from the primary and parts of the Fabry and Perot circles observed with a wide slit. The secondary light also undergoes the primary echelon treatment, and, with a narrow slit, is confined to the points of intersection of the two systems of spectra, giving spectra similar to those obtained by Gehrcke and Baeyer by crossing two plane-parallel plates, a single wave-length being represented by a point in each order and a short continuous spectrum by a line. When the echelon is in the ordinary position, the secondary spectra are lines similar to the primary echelon lines and may be observed moving across the broad central line when the echelon table is slowly rotated; they show up much more clearly on the continuous background of the spectrum of the green line given by a hot quartz lamp. The results as to the structure of the green line are compared with other echelon results, and with those published by Gehrcke and Baeyer. The agreement between the independent methods, as to the number and position of the components, is now fairly close.

Dr. Lees referred to the importance of the secondary action, and asked the author if it was now possible to say definitely whether a line observed in an echelon spectrum is genuine or is produced by the instrument.

The author said that Gehrcke and Baeyer had hoped to supply the means of settling doubts of this kind when they eliminated the ghosts from their green line spectrum by their method of "interference points." Since then, however, two faint lines had been added to the list of components. With the possible exception of one faint line agreement had now been arrived at between two independent methods.

A paper entitled "The proposed International Unit of Candle Power" was read by Mr. C. C. Paterson. The paper discusses the units of Candle Power at present officially accepted in Great Britain, France, the United States of America, and Germany. The numerous intercomparisons which have taken place during the past five years between these units show that the candle, as interpreted in France, Great Britain, and the United States respectively, has practically the same value in the three countries. The authorities in the gas and electric interest in the United States are prepared to adjust their units of candle power to bring them to a single value, which is to be the same as the British and French units. The paper gives the results of comparisons showing that within the limits of experimental error the British and French units are identical. The change involved in the unit at present maintained at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, is shown to be 1.6 per cent.

The agreement thus established forms the subject of an official memorandum from the National Physical Laboratory (with the concurrence of the Metropolitan Gas Referees), the Bureau of Standards, Washington, and the Laboratoire Centrale, Paris. The proposal to call the common unit of light to be maintained jointly by the National Standardising Laboratories of America, France, and Great Britain the "International Candle" has been submitted to the International Electrotechnical Commission, and through it to all the countries of the world which are represented on that Commission. The Hefner unit is shown to be almost exactly $\frac{1}{80}$ ths of the new unit. The comparisons between the units have been made by two methods:—(1) The direct comparisons of the flame standards in France, Germany and Great Britain. (2) Through the medium of electric sub-standards which have had values assigned to them in the National Laboratories of the four countries. The agreement between the ratio values by the two methods is very close, and is shown by a table giving the results of the various comparisons which have been made.

A paper on "Inductance and Resistance in Telephone and other Circuits" was read by Dr. J. W. Nicholson. A general formula for the effective inductance of a circuit consisting of two long parallel wires has been given by the author, and is suitable for cases in which the current distribution in either wire is greatly affected by the frequency of alternation. In the present paper certain important cases are examined in detail, and formulæ are obtained capable of immediate use. A calculation of the effective resistance is also made in each case. Attention has been mainly directed to that of the simple telephone circuit, in which the leads are not twisted round each other in order to annul the inductive effects of the earth and of neighbouring circuits. Throughout the investigation only iron and copper wires as the two extreme cases are considered. The large permeability of iron completely changes the character of the effect of frequency on its self-induction, as compared with other metals. To all metals greatly used in practice, except iron, the formulæ developed for copper wires may be applied with a nearly identical order of accuracy.

A "Note on Terrestrial Magnetism" by Mr. G. W. Walker, and a paper by Mr. A. Eagle, "On the Form of the Pulses constituting full Radiation or White Light," were taken as read.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

JUNE 15TH, 1909.

DR. A. SMITH WOODWARD, F.R.S., Vice-President, in the Chair.

Mr. H. W. Unthank, F.Z.S., exhibited a skull of *Sphenodon* with two bones on each side in the nasal region, and made the following remarks:—"In place of the usual single nasal on each side there appear to be two bones, one near the median line, the other more external, the line of division running from before backwards. On sawing across the middle of the nasal region the anterior part of the median pair of bones came away with the premaxillæ and vomers, leaving the external bones *in situ*. These show bevelled inner edges where they were slightly overlapped by the median bones, so that the surface-marking is that of a suture in the middle of what is usually a single nasal bone."

The Secretary exhibited the ears of an Elephant shot by Mr. Sutton Timmis, F.Z.S., on the Guaso Ngishu Plateau, east of Mt. Elgon, B. E. Africa.

Mr. J. C. White, C.I.E., C.M.Z.S., exhibited photographs of a young living specimen of a Takin (*Budorcas taxicolor whitei*) from Ghassa, N.W. Bhutan. The photographs had been taken on board ship at Calcutta

and the animal was to be presented to the Society. The Secretary added that he had ascertained that the Takin had reached Genoa in good condition and might be expected at the Gardens about June 21st. It was the first Takin that had reached Europe alive.

On behalf of Mr. R. Lydekker, the Secretary exhibited photographs of a spotted bull Tsaine or Bantin, shot by Mr. Arthur Porter in the great forest of Siam in November, 1908, which Mr. Lydekker proposed provisionally to name *Bos sondaicus porteri*.

Mr. Oldfield Thomas, F.R.S., F.Z.S., exhibited specimens of a new Rat which had been obtained by Mr. G. C. Shortridge during the Society's collecting expedition to Central America. It was distinguished as follows:—

Otodylomys guatemalæ, sp. n.

Considerably larger than *O. phyllotis*, greyer in colour, and with the feet parti-coloured, as in some species of *Tylomys*.

Head and body 170 mm.; tail 161; hind foot 28; skull 40.7.

Hab. Tucuru, Guatemala. *Type.* B. M. No. 9.6.11.13.

Dr. F. Wood Jones, F.Z.S., gave a demonstration, illustrated by specimens, models, and lantern slides, of the method of formation of coral islands and reefs.

The purpose of the demonstration was to show that the theories of subsidence put forward by Darwin, and of solution put forward by Sir John Murray, were both untenable in the light of actual facts to be observed on coral islands.

A fresh hypothesis—that sedimentation is the most important factor—was substituted for these theories; and it was pointed out that the atoll was in reality a structure analogous to the Porites colonies the upper surfaces of which were made basin-shaped by sediment obliterating the zooids of their central area.

That the deposition of sediment below the "limiting line of sedimentation" probably accounted for the bathymetrical limit of the reef-building corals, and for the formation of sedimentation banks up to that line.

That in the making of the atoll from the basin-shaped reef the winds and the waves played the greatest part, and that atoll lagoons tended to shoal owing to the deposition of sediment within them.

That Le Conte in 1856 had said that barrier reefs stood out from shore because they were limited on one side by the depth and on the other by the muddiness of the water, and that his pronouncement accorded with every known fact.

That the question of the formation of coral structures was a zoological one and was to be solved by a study of the living zooid and that the chief agent inimical to the growth of the zooid was the deposition of sediment.

Dr. R. Broom, C.M.Z.S., exhibited an unborn foetus of *Chrysochloris hottentota* and two young specimens of *C. asiatica*, one probably only a couple of days old, and made some remarks on the habits and life-history of the Cape Moles. Dr. Broom also exhibited the skulls of two South African fossil reptiles, *Lycosuchus vanderietii* and *Bauria cynops*, the former being the most perfect Therocephalian skull yet discovered.

Dr. R. Broom, C.M.Z.S., presented a paper "On the Organ of Jacobson in *Orycteropus*."

Orycteropus has a long narrow organ of Jacobson which opens into the naso-palate canal. The arrangement of the cartilages is quite different from the type found in the higher Eutheria, and there is also a marked difference from the arrangement in *Dasypus*. The general structure comes nearest to that of the Marsupials, though there are a number of striking differences.

Mr. F. E. Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., F.Z.S., communicated a paper entitled "On some Points in the

Structure of the Lesser Anteater (*Tamandua tetradactyla*), with a note on the Cerebral Arteries of *Myrmecophaga*."

Dr. W. T. Calman, F.Z.S., presented a paper "On Decapod Crustacea from Christmas Island, collected by Dr. C. W. Andrews, F.R.S., F.Z.S."

A paper was received from Mr. H. L. Hawkins, communicated by Dr. F. A. Bather, F.R.S., F.Z.S., on "An Abnormal Individual of the Echinoid *Amblyneustes*."

Mr. Stanley Kemp, B.A., presented a paper, communicated by Dr. W. T. Calman, F.Z.S., entitled "The Decapods of the Genus *Gennadas* collected by H.M.S. *Challenger*."

The Secretary, Dr. P. Chalmers Mitchell, F.R.S., presented a paper entitled "Notes on a Young Walrus (*Odobænus rosmarus*) recently living in the Society's Gardens," and exhibited a sketch made from the living animal by Mr. Carton Moore-Park, F.Z.S.

A paper was received from Mr. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.Z.S., entitled "Notes on the Viscera of a Walrus (*Odobænus rosmarus*)."

CORRESPONDENCE

ROBERT BURNS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My curiosity as to "Scrutator's" notion of Burns's "pride of place" was due to his accusation that I was doing what in me lay to bring him down from it. I am not surprised that he cannot answer my question, but that I had reasons for my curiosity will be admitted when I explain that in the book I affirm that "amid all that he borrows and utilises Burns only the more strongly manifests his own great and magic individuality," that I state that in his treatment of the old songs he "gives, perhaps, even more striking indications than in his longer poems of his own marvellous poetic vitality and of sure natural endowments as a poetic artist," that I describe "The Jolly Beggars" as one of the most remarkable productions "in the whole range of poetic creation," and equally great as "a poetic *tour de force* and a dramatic triumph," that I refer to "Holy Willie's Prayer" as "an artistic triumph achieved by dexterous touches almost concealed by the subtle art of the satirist," to "Tam O' Shanter" as "a marvellously vivid piece of description," and to "Halloween" as "one of the pleasantest pictures of an old-world peasant interior with which," etc., etc., "ever depicted by poet." There is, of course, much more to quote, and whatever the demerits of these remarks as criticism, there is surely sufficient praise in them to glut the appetite of the most ravenous Burnsian. Yet "Scrutator" has the effrontery to accuse me of almost ignoring the merits of Burns and "laboriously magnifying" his faults. He even affirms that those who read my pages may actually turn "to seek higher ridges of Parnassus in the company of Allan Ramsay, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and Robert Fergusson"—this notwithstanding such statements as the following: "his [Burns's] poetic flame burns much brighter than that at which it was kindled"; "even his parodies far surpass the originals"; "partly a parody of 'Leith Races,' the 'Holy Fair' is infinitely superior to it in vividness and virility," etc., etc. True, I do not rank "The Cotter's Saturday Night" with his greater masterpieces, and I also affirm that his experiments as "a hesitating and inapt disciple of the English school" do not count in any proper estimate of him as a poet, and if this is what "Scrutator" means by bringing down Burns from his "pride of place," then I, shamelessly, plead guilty to the charge.

It is all very well for "Scrutator" to seek now to climb down from the high and mighty altitude—if I may say so, the "pride of place"—of his first letter by protesting that "it is open to say that he [that is, I] and his collaborator thought, and that he still thinks, the poet overrated, and that they together and he, at his own hand, decided to see whether or not it were possible to give him his true position in the poetical ranks." It is not open to "Scrutator" to say what I think unless I tell him what I think; and I should never dream of making a general announcement in the least resembling that which "Scrutator" puts, if not into my mouth, into my thoughts; but in any case

this is not what "Scrutator" originally thought it "open to say." This peeping, cheeping, or chirping note of dissatisfaction can hardly be termed a faint echo of the previous swelling and alarming bugle call: "It seems imperative on the part of everyone who respects English literature and is jealous of its foremost representatives in the council of the nations to enter a strong protest when manifest injustice is done among foreigners by one of themselves." "Mr. Henderson," now says "Scrutator," "need not expect that their combined performance or his own individual experiment should command universal assent." But I never expected this—no more than I expect that "Scrutator" by taking upon him to write "in the name of everyone who respects English literature"—or as the lord of the Universe—will secure very much assent to his protest. What the opinions about the poems of Burns are that command "universal assent" "Scrutator" apparently knoweth; I do not; and I have also yet to learn that the justice of literary criticism is to be determined by the count of heads. In reviewing "The Centenary Burns" in THE ACADEMY, the late Mr. Francis Thompson expressed the opinion that Mr. Henley was inclined to estimate too highly the gifts of Burns as "an absolute poet." He did not convince Mr. Henley, but I know that Mr. Henley fully recognised the sincerity and force of Mr. Thompson's criticism; he understood what it meant; he realised that the temperament and point of view of Mr. Thompson differed from his, and he never thought of accusing him of doing what in him lay "to bring down Burns from his pride of place." Mr. Henley's opinions and my opinions were published simply as our own; we did not assume the imperial authority of the anonymous "Scrutator"; we did not pretend to speak for the universe, or even for "everyone who respects English literature."

"Scrutator's" remarks on my examples of the allusions of Burns to Nature are quite misleading. I prefaced them by stating that they "find their place in his verse and colour his language almost without conscious effort." The example selected by "Scrutator" from Byron proves the very opposite of what he intends. Burns simply depicts the moonlight scene in its objective beauty; he could not have written the subjective "hallowing tree and tower"; and if I might presume to parody the opening paragraph of "Scrutator's" letter, I should be inclined to say that a "casual commentator" who cannot discern the poetical difference between the two examples "makes further discussion hopeless."

"Scrutator" does not deny that "let alone" is the common English equivalent for the Scottish or colloquial "let be," nor that his poetical quotations there anent were as ludicrously malapropos as I affirmed them to be. As to "cheep," he now affirms that I ought to have said that "chirp" as well as "peep" is an equivalent, if only to guard against "imminent ambiguity." But had I done so, the ambiguity would have been actual, not merely imminent, for "peep" like "cheep" refers specially to the cry of young birds, and "chirp" does not. Gamekeepers—if not noblemen—with guns on their shoulders, refer, for example, to young grouse as "cheepers," never as "chirpers."

T. F. HENDERSON.

BUNKUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There is a Year Book published in London and intended apparently to guide young aspirants to free lance fame, which is more noticeable for the unconscious humour of its pages than for the utility of the information in them; albeit from the manner of the preface it seems as though the publishers thought otherwise. It boasts a bright red cover, but of its identity I say no more.

Turning first to the latter portion of this invaluable work, we find a list of American journals and magazines with descriptions, some long and some short, as to the kind of matter they require. Where the information really comes from it is impossible to say, but here are some specimens which, if typical of our Yankee cousins, God help 'em!

Argosy: "Adventure tales most desired. Themes barred are the woes of wronged women and divorced couples, also tales based on newspaper anecdotes."

Compare with this the following:

Ten Story Book: "All short fiction. Every kind of short story printable may be accepted. Prefers love, passion, humour, 'Frenchy,' or suggestive tales inside the line of decency."

Then again:

Short Stories: "All fiction. No healthy theme barred, only the indelicate, salacious, and yellow press dramas."

Compared with:

Young's Magazine: "Prefers bright, risqué, spicy stories. Authors are urged to study the magazine before contributing."

What all-round fellows they are across the pond! There is, too, a candour about these editorial hints (if such they are) which just licks creation, as witness:

People's Home Journal: "Payment low and varying"—while

People's Magazine (edited, by the way, by a Mr. Moses), wants:

"Stories of criminal classes, but not the cheap, trite tales written in new Bowery dialect."

And what about this?

Pacific Monthly: "Eschews the morbid and neurotic. Office is low in acceptance of MSS., but exceeding courteous."

What in heaven's name does it all mean?

Broadway Magazine: Like many another lacking the courage of its convictions, "bars sex problems," while

The Delineator desires "the best little stories that are written," and wishes it may get them—cheap! And

Mother's Magazine strikes a highly original note by describing itself as "exclusively for mothers and would-be mothers, not necessarily U.S.A.—bright, vivacious, and bracing."

In conclusion it is only fair to add that the only person I ever knew who acted upon the advice of this weird publication received a courteous reply from the U.S.A. stating that the Editor was not responsible for the information published, and in fact, desired "copy" of exactly the opposite nature!

Yet it is not only the American end of the book that appeals to one's sense of the picturesque, for even our British journals have their happy (or unhappy) moments. For instance, the

Burlington Magazine: "Cannot accept MSS. compiled from works of reference." While the

Halfpenny Comic calls loudly for "sensational jokes." Why, too, does

Home Chat go out of its way to say that its stories need be "not necessarily of intense love interest"? And

Yes or No that it will take: "tales of adventure, crime, humour, or love," when it would have been so much simpler to say "takes anything"?

But one might go on *ad infinitum*, were it not for stress of space, so I will conclude with what is probably the gem of the book—the limit of droll, libellous sarcasm on the part of somebody or other.

Fluck: "Carmelite House, E.C. A magazine for boys. Established by Messrs. Harmsworth, and provides healthy boys' yarns against the pernicious factor of the penny and half-penny papers"!

After which—good-night.

M.S.

"CLEARNESS" IN PROSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your interesting correspondent, "A French Linguist," and one or two other writers in your last issue, raise the question of clearness in prose, and it is generally regarded as the chief beauty in style. There are one or two considerations dominating this question which, so far as I know, have been overlooked by writers on style in literature.

The writer who is clear to all readers is working on a very low and commonplace plane of thought. A writer may express a profound idea in most fitting terms, but he will be clear only to the few who have glimpsed the thought for themselves, or are mentally prepared for it; other readers will impute their own confusion of thought to the writer. Those "clear" and bright sentences which are regarded as the perfection of style may, quite unintentionally, be utterly misleading. They express bright and clear but narrow conceptions, those petty fragments of truth which set men quarrelling. They are those *ex parte* statements which are so demoralising in the political Press.

From the philosophical standpoint it is seen that every fact is rooted in infinity; every event is a moment in an endless chain of cause and effect, all things are interwoven in the warp and the woof of the "garment of God" by which we see Him, as Goethe has it. So we cannot isolate anything in thought to get a clear conception of it without falsifying it to some extent. We do as the artist does who puts a sharp and clear outline round his objects, which make them as untrue to Nature as the stained glass saints are with their leaded outlines! Clearness of conception is needed for clearness of expression, and only the smaller things can be clearly conceived, and they are falsified in the process. So the clearest writers are necessarily both false

and shallow. This is seen instantly if we look at the matter from the painter's standpoint instead of the writer's.

The problem, then, for the writer as well as for the painter, is the means by which things which have been "clearly" described and emphasised, and to that extent isolated, can be restored to their right setting as part of a stupendous whole, and to their right relations. Here the artist steps in, and clearness is only part of his aim. Clearness belittles, deprives things of their atmosphere; so the true aim is to give the truth of impression, and to suggest infinitely more than he can say. The writer who gives me a new thought is my benefactor, but the man who stimulates me to think a new thought for myself is doubly my benefactor. So stimulating suggestiveness, in literature as fine art, is of higher value than clearness.

The mind should be so stimulated as to arouse into activity those transcendent faculties which rise above time and space, and give us glimpses of that larger, that cosmic consciousness towards which we are slowly ascending. This is done by appealing to the sense of beauty; by beauty of statement our words are enriched with an emotional accompaniment giving them a double appeal, as the soul is stirred by music enriching the words of a song. When the soul soars it is in touch of the larger realities, and the facts presented to it will be seen or felt in their larger relations, and a higher order of truth is attained. So the great prose writer is virtually a poet in sight and feeling, and he tends to merge into the prophet.

I have only hinted one aspect of a many-sided truth, but hints suffice for the wise. Of course, I have no word for the unskilled sciolist who cannot make himself clear on the lower planes of thought; my contention is that before condemning a writer for obscurity we should be quite sure that we can rise to his standpoint. Then we should be sure of his aim; he may be content to stuff us with the food of facts and sauce of comment; or he may be trying to jolt us out of our ruts, and to stimulate our own mental activity, and lack of clearness may be on the side of the reader, and not on the writer's part. Setting aside faults in technical construction, I should say that the absolutely clear is either small or commonplace, and it is by keeping thought on these lower planes that we set men quarrelling when they should be co-operating.

E. WAKE COOK.

GEORGE MEREDITH'S "GENIUS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is my humble opinion, and, I believe, the opinion of those who understand literature, that George Meredith, even though dead, has not yet "come to his own." Your correspondent, Mr. Ridley, will perhaps, therefore, pardon me when I deplore his letter, published in your issue of the 19th of this month, which appears to contain an expression of the average person's point of view *plus* a statement that Meredith's poetry is greater than his prose. Mr. Ridley finds in "Richard Feverel" nothing better than "admirable diction, biting sarcasm, graceful portrayal, and mournful pessimism." I will not insult a correspondent of yours by pretending to believe that he imagines he is adopting a novel and interesting attitude by saying this, but I should like to remind him that there was no need to say it; 90 per cent. of those who have read the book have already said it; surely it is a pity for these to be encouraged in their misunderstanding. In another passage Mr. Ridley uses the terms "confused" and (with reference to "The Egoist") "chaotic," which strike me as terms one would have expected from a schoolgirl just beginning to read, not from a person of Mr. Ridley's eminent understanding.

Mr. Ridley will not care to know what I find in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," but may I ask him to fetch out his Stevenson?—Stevenson, the seeker after, the lover of clearness, if ever there was one in this world. If he will do so and will read through "Across the Plains" he will discover, in a certain later essay, what "R. L. S." found in the first meeting of Lucy with Richard. Somehow I do not think that Stevenson (the seeker after the right word) would have endorsed "confused" with reference to the art of a man, the consideration of whom suggested to him the name "Shakespeare." Would not "a stumbling-block to babes" have been a better phrase?

Mr. Ridley says that Meredith "could never shake off his obsessing ego, or, like Dickens . . . lose himself entirely in the characters of his creation." Could he not? Did he not, in "The Adventures of Harry Richmond"? I admit that he did not in "Beauchamp's Career," but did he not, in—yes, even in "The Egoist"? There is a story that on the publication of "The Egoist" a young man rushed wildly to Meredith and said, "It's me! I'm The Egoist." Meredith replied, "So am

I. So is every man." Surely to criticise oneself one must shake off one's ego, hold it at arm's length and laugh at it. I do not think that Meredith will be found to have been the one obsessed.

I am very glad that Mr. Ridley admits "... the lamented novelist was a gifted and accomplished writer." Such praise is good indeed. But he also writes "... so dark was he, that none but professed ... devotees to the occult could pretend to interpret his actual meaning, or to proclaim his precise 'gospel.'" I do not want to be rude, but is Mr. Ridley really referring to Meredith? Has he not made a mistake in the name, intending some other one? "*Dark?*" Meredith, more than all, was a painter with light colours. He was a writer of brilliant comedy; he *abhorred* the dark; look how, even in "*The Ordeal*," he *could* not confine himself to gloom. "Devotees to the occult"! Does Mr. Ridley refer to "*The Shaving of Shagpat*," or perhaps to Mrs. Berry? But it is necessary to be serious. I hope, sir, that there are other points in Mr. Ridley's letter on which you do not agree with your correspondent. Permit me to close with the suggestion—trite enough to you, but possibly helpful to Mr. Ridley—that Meredith's gospel is the gospel of sanity, of courage, of the bright duty of youth; and that it is only by realising that the great novelist was *not* "more concerned about the manner of delivery of his 'message' than about its actual delivery" that one can understand that message. Mr. Ridley has not understood the meaning of the mission; he therefore concludes that there is none.

LEONARD INKSTER.

FLAUBERT AND ST. GERTRUDE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have been reading with interest the letter which appeared under the above heading in your last week's issue.

Your correspondent touches on some view of Flaubert as typical of the active seeker after the "fit" word, and of St. Gertrude as symbolising, as it were, the faculty of immediate and vivid apprehension. It has occurred to me that perhaps the writer's thought has been dominated by symbolism further than he realised, or, at least, more than is immediately apparent. I mean in regard to the choosing of a woman as contrast to a man in the complementary functions of selecting and of passively appreciating. Whether purposed or not, I think the point is suggestive. A woman by her very nature spends how much of her life in an attitude of waiting, listening as it were! There is something in the soul of a woman that is attuned to expectancy, to the sitting quiet with folded hands and hushed breath and ear quick to discern the distant footfall. With what quiet of concentration does a woman wait to hear how you will say her name, how alert is she to catch the most delicate of even unconscious inflections! And, too, is it not the things that must be said quietly that most appeal to her, that she is ever the most anxious to hear? Mary, sitting "awed" in her "white bed" (pictured with what sense of quietude by Rossetti!), is typical of the attitude of woman in so much of her real, her inner life. And so in the quick apprehension of the "fit" word, there is already there a naïve aptitude by her very nature. A woman's ear is quick to detect the delicate subtleties in words, to catch the *implication*, to feel, as with some sort of immediate sense, the light and colour, laughter, sadness, tears in them. She is trained to a sense of the value of delicate suggestion—witness her rooms—the pot-pourri on the table by the bedside—the lavendered chests for cambrics and laces. And in words the same trained instinct has a sort of immediate, pleasurable consciousness of the individual fragrances of those things that give to a word its distinction and personal grace. Thus perhaps might St. Gertrude be taken to stand for a further symbolism, for the receptivity of *all* women, their power of recognising, of responding to the fit word. For is it not typically woman's peculiar privilege to listen—to hear the "word" spoken as in the stillness of dawn—and to respond, with eyes alive with the joy of the full meaning, "*Ecce Ancilla . . .*"?

AMY FITZMORRIS.

June 22nd, 1909.

HIGH POINTING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—A French Linguist, whose comments on "knotty points" of English grammar I find interesting and suggestive, seems to think that some writers are too sparing in the use of the comma. Not being an authority on the subject,

I do not venture to offer any opinion on the general question, but I believe I am correct in saying that in one part of his last letter your correspondent has erred in inserting a comma where none ought to appear. (I assume that he is responsible for the punctuation, though it has been frequently stated that compositors take that matter into their own hands.)

Here is the passage referred to:—"The English orators, whom I have hitherto heard in London, generally stopped for a second or two after the adverbial phrase," etc.

This might be taken to mean that all English orators "generally stopped," etc., whereas, of course, the writer meant the remark to apply only to those of them he had heard in London. No doubt the word "hitherto" should be taken into account by the reader, but had there been no comma after "orators" the meaning would have been quite plain, even though "hitherto" had been left out as well. It is unmistakably a case where the adjective clause should be in the restrictive, not in the co-ordinating form; and according to Bain's "*Higher English Grammar*" (1879 edition), page 337, "A restrictive adjective clause is not separated by a comma from the noun."

Bain, in this instance, would probably have preferred the relative pronoun "that" to "whom," so as to add to the restrictive force of the clause, "The English orators *that* I have heard," etc. Many writers, again, would dispense with the pronoun in any form in such a case.

I am, etc.,

W. C. M.

June 23rd, 1909.

WILKIE COLLINS AND MR. LE QUEUX.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Le Queux is quite right. I am one "who has apparently never handled pearls of great price"—unless, indeed, the thumbing of a sample or so of Mr. Le Queux's amazing fictions may be so described. Like Mr. Le Queux himself I am by way of being "a literary gent," and I am content to leave the "handling" of pearls to—the pawnbrokers. But, perhaps, I may be permitted to handle a correspondence in my own little way.

It has taken a considerable time to draw Mr. Le Queux. And even now that he has stooped to take up the challenge thrown down to him in your columns he does not appear to have got us any "forrarder." For my letter at which he makes a feint was but supplementary to a communication published in THE ACADEMY so long ago as April last. Therein Mr. Le Queux was invited to make good his statement that he was an "old friend" of Wilkie Collins. In my, more recently published, letter I ventured to add an expression of my own scepticism regarding the existence of any such old friendship, and I proceeded to quote from an experience of Mr. Le Queux's, recently published in *Printer's Pie*, as illustrating the fact that the author of it is prone to the imagination of vain things, and that, on the whole, he takes himself rather too seriously.

In his comments on the communications of "N. N." and myself, Mr. Le Queux makes no reference whatever to his alleged friendship with Wilkie Collins—the only thing in the correspondence that matters—but obligingly offers to convey to me privately the name of a bank manager in the Strand who really is an "old friend" of his. I do not desire any private correspondence with Mr. Le Queux. His statement that he was an "old friend" of Wilkie Collins has been publicly made. It has been publicly challenged in THE ACADEMY by "N. N." and by the writer of this letter. Cannot Mr. Le Queux see that he now owes it to himself either publicly to substantiate his statement or publicly to withdraw it? Many of us have the pleasure of knowing bank managers in the Strand and elsewhere; few of us enjoyed the privilege of being admitted to the friendship of Wilkie Collins.

O. K.

June 21st, 1909.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "QUOIT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Mayhew's strictures (ACADEMY, June 19th) on my note on *quoit* (ACADEMY, June 12th) should have been addressed to the editors of the Supplement to Jamieson. I do not go further than suggesting the identity of S. "*cute*, a *quoit*, or curling-stone," with S. "*cute*, a small coin," an identity which appears to me to be strongly supported by E. *penny-stone*, G. *Plafferstein*, It. *piastrella*, and by the quotations I gave from Shakespeare and Middleton. As for "boldly equating" E.

quoit with Scand. *kvitt*, if Mr. Mayhew will glance through my article again he will see that I only mention the Jamieson etymology without comment.

E. W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have a suggestion to make on this subject, which I beg to submit to the judgment of students of the English language. I think there can be no doubt that *coite*, the oldest form of "quoit" in an English text, is of French origin. I would suggest that *coite* (or *coyt*, the Promptorium form) is identical with a well-known Norman-French *coite*, used by writers of the 12th century in the sense of the rowel of a spur. Moisy has "*Coite*, molette, partie de l'éperon en forme de petite roue, munie de pointes, qui servent à piquer les flancs du cheval." The phrase "*à coite d'esperon*" is of frequent occurrence in Norman texts, as one may see from Moisy's "Glossary," and from Didot's "Appendix to Ducange."

Now, is it not possible, I ask any candid unprejudiced etymologist, that this Norman-French *coite* used in the sense of a rowel may be identical with the Prompt. *coyt*, used in the sense of another "petit objet en forme de roue," a small disc, which was the original shape of the quoit?

But what is the etymology of the Norman word? That's the doubtful point. There occurs in Norman texts the verb *coiter* "aiguillonner, pousser." Is this word (as Moisy holds) a derivative of *coite*, a rowel, or is *coite* a verbal substantive from *coiter*? I think that Moisy is wrong, and that *coite* is derived from *coiter*. The etymology of the verb is quite clear. The etymology of *coite* apart from *coiter* would be a difficult thing to find.

The Norman *coiter* "aiguillonner" appears in the Southern French form *coitar*, and is used in various senses. The Provençal *coitar* means "to hasten, to push on," and also "to torment, to cause sharp pain." It is derived from a Romanic form *coctare* (a derivative of *coctus*, pp. of *coquere*, to cook) "to cause pain, to torment." Compare the well-known use of French *cuire* "causer une douleur âpre et aiguë, Telle qu'est celle que cause une brûlure ou une écorchure"; and the use of *cuisant* "âpre, piquant, aigu: Une douleur cuisante." Now, what can be more "piquant, aigu" than the rowel of a spur?

The conclusion of the matter is that the Norman *coite*, a rowel, may be derived from *coiter*, to cause sharp pain; and that it is possibly identical with the Prompt. *coyt* and our modern word *quoit*.

A. L. MAYHEW.

ENGLISH HISTORY THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. George Stronach, at page 233 implies that Mr. Price Collier, an American writer, is incorrect in giving the year 1649 as the date of Charles II.'s accession to the throne. But, as the legitimate successor of Charles I., Charles II. began to reign from the moment of his father's death on January 30th, 1648 (old style), 1649 (new style). History-tellers who give 1660 as the year of Charles II.'s accession are incorrect unless we are to admit that "worldly men" can "depose the deputy elected by the Lord."

C. S. MILLARD.

June 21st.

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The King in Yellow. By R. W. Chambers. Constable, 6s.
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Ashes of Passion. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. John Long, 6s.
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The Forbidden Theatre. By Keighley Snowden. Werner Laurie, 6s.
The Butler's Story. By Arthur Train. Werner Laurie, 6s.
The Lady Calphurnia Royal. By A. Dorrington and A. G. Stevens (Mills and Boon, 6s.).

MAGAZINES

The Atlantic Monthly; *Mercur de France*; *Akados*; *Christ's College Magazine*; *Oxford and Cambridge Review*; *Pæsia*; *Windsor*; *Beautiful Flowers and How to Grow Them*; *National Gallery*; *Boy's Own*; *Girl's Own*; *Sunday at Home*; *Friendly Greetings*.

MISCELLANEOUS

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The Making of Species. By D. Dewar, B.A.(Cantab), I.C.S., F.Z.S. By F. Finn, B.A.(Oxon), F.Z.S., M.B.O.W. John Lane, 7s. 6d.
La Religion de Milton. Par Paul Chauvet. Didier, Paris.
J. Milton's Treatise on Education. By Paul Chauvet. Didier, Paris.
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ALAN E. CLAPPERTON,
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